

first step is close at hand. Where will it lead? We have little to fear, for "All power is given unto Me," and "Lo, I am with you." It was a great disappointment to us all not to have at this service Mrs. Booker, mother of our new missionary to Bolivia, who was ill at home. She sent her paper, however, to be read by an able representative, Mrs. St. Clair Balfour. Who? was the question for Mrs. Booker to answer. "Who" means every man, woman or child who has accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour. "Ye are not your own," "Redeemed with the precious blood of Christ," "Servants of God," it is our duty to obey His command. "Go ye." Have we done it? We do not doubt that "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest" and "Lo, I am with you alway," mean us; then why do we not believe the command? "Go ye" means us, means me! "He came not to do His own will." Can we be showing Christ in our lives if we are indifferent to the great need of the unsaved? Who? Our boys and girls. Have we, as mothers here to-day, no responsibility for the dearth of missionaries? How are we training our children? Are we praying the Lord of the Harvest to send laborers into the harvest? or are we afraid to lest He should send one of our children? Who? Perhaps there are some young women here to-day whom the Lord is calling. Perhaps you say, "I have not heard the call." Are you living so close to the Saviour that you can hear His still, small voice? Have you ever really faced the question, "What is God's plan for my life?" Mrs. (Dr.) Chute, from Akiddu, long ago answered the next question—When?—by going as a medical missionary to India when He called her. "When?" While the war was on every woman, all the time, did her best. She could not go to the front, so she helped all those who could go. Knitting needles were busy almost night and day, rag bags were searched, old linen brought out, old silver and odd bits of gold were sold to help make the war a success. Another war is raging between evil and right. Are we praying day and night for those who are in the thick of the fight, and for others to be sent now to occupy strategic places, where the enemy has his strongholds? Nine stations vacant! Sixteen young women needed! When? Now. Bolivia, there is work there, and China needing workers now. Europe groaning in pain. There is only one hope for them all, Jesus Christ our Saviour, and they all need Him now. Mothers! what are you doing to help meet this need? He is saying, "Come to Me, fellowship with Me, and you will want to do something toward letting the world know there is a Saviour." Every woman has the right to hear His message once before you hear it twice. We ask God to bring this message home. How we wish in writing this report that there was room enough in The Link to have given these messages from our workers verbatim. So much has been lost in condensing.

The convention placed on record a resolution of appreciation of Miss Folsom's years of faithful and efficient service. For the first time in the history of many of us we had the pleasure of looking into the face of our Bolivian, Mr. Johnson Turnbull. In 1910 Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull went to South America under the Bolivian Indian Mission. They were loaned to our society to relieve Mr. Mitchell at Oruro while he went on a sadly needed furlough. The result was that, in 1911, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull became members of our mission staff. We give here just a little of his fine address:

Beginning with an expression of the rare pleasure that it was to him to meet the Canadian friends and tell them something of his work, he secured our further interest by telling us a little of their first experiences with the Spanish language and Bolivian attitude at Oruro. One could fairly feel the sympathy of the housekeepers in the audience as he described the building up of a birthday cake his wife was making for him. "Flour and eggs and butter and allspice and cocoa, it rose up till it reached the zenith, and then began slowly to descend till it was only a sticky mass," and Mrs. Turnbull had learned that she could not use as much sugar as the recipe called for, nor expect potatoes to cook as rapidly, in the high altitude of Oruro. The people in Bolivia, as in other places, had very many disagreeable habits that the missionaries must learn to put up with, all of which became easier as they learned to love them. There were two concrete examples of the result of the late Mr. Mitchell's work of which he wanted to speak. One convert was taken seriously ill. Her friends wanted her to see the priest, but she would not. Her husband, who was a Christian, had left home. While she was unconscious someone placed a string of beads—the rosary—around her neck. When she found them she threw them to the floor, exclaiming: "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of my Lord