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FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT

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Many years ago, as a Christian lady sat on her verandah in Burmah, a wild jungle boy came hastily through the hedge exclaiming, "Does Jesus Christ live here?" She endeavored to explain to him, but there was ever the one earnest appealing cry, "Does Jesus Christ live here? I want to see him; I want to confess!"

"What do you want to confess?" asked the lady.

"What do I want to confess? Why, I lie; I steal; I do everything bad; and they say Jesus Christ can save us from hell. Tell me, does he live here?"

Then the missionary told the child he could not see his Saviour with his bodily eyes, but Christ was there. That heathen boy was won to Christ, and lived to testify of His love.

To day, ten thousand times ten thousand women and children, with ideas as vague as that poor boy's, still know and *feel* there must be One to save them from their sins. Where can they, in their ignorance of a Heavenly Father, turn, but to the servants of the living God; but too often they seek for such in vain.

One missionary to a million souls! We know it; sometimes we feel it, but if we fully realized that thousands of souls, since last we met here, have gone from heathen lands to meet their God, our heads would be bowed, as we cried, "O Lord, unto us belongeth confusion of face; to the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness."