

fishes, found them multiplied into food for a vast company.

"That's what the Master can do with the crumbs I put in His hands," she gloried, preparing thoughtfully for her girls. "I'm an arithmetic teacher—not just dull, poky addition, but swift, glad multiplication is my forte!"

The eve of Mrs. Marsden's sixtieth birthday she was hugging old Butterball in the same couch-corner, but this time smiles, not tears, were raining on his long yellow fur.

"Yes, I'm growing older but my girls—my daughters in Christ—are young and they are doing all the things I have always wanted to do myself and couldn't. There's Susan, strong and practical, helping at Mrs. Edwards' Inanda—think of the wild African girls she's training into faithful Christian mothers! There's Isabella, the intellectual, how proud I've been of her A. M. and Ph.D.; but I was prouder yet the day she announced, 'I want to teach where there are just hordes of ignorant people—China for me!' There's Dr. Grace, driving ahead in her profession—looking for a big job and finding it in the Ahmednagar Hospital. There's Eulalie, my neighbor, whose mother hesitated till I ventured, 'You know Japan isn't half so far a country as heaven where my treasure has gone,'—Eulalie brightening the lives of scores of factory girls in the Land of the Rising Sun. There's Josephine, the president of the Georgia Branch, and Agnes, deep in the slums of New York City. Forty more were right in class last Sunday—it doth not yet appear what they shall be. They are still X, the unknown quantity, but we've graduated from arithmetic into algebra and I'm working out with them their life problem—how best to double their dollar."

Butterball's great amber eyes gleamed at the glad prospect, while his mistress went meditatively on:

"I had a lovely dream last night—it doesn't seem as if it ever could come true; and yet—and yet it somehow sounds just like God. For He hath not seen, neither hath ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man what God hath prepared for them

that work for Him. I seemed to have been some five hundred years in heaven when one day a group of dark-skinned folk loomed up over the hill. Their garb was strange to me till I remembered the sari sari Dr. Grace brought home from India on her first furlough. Salaaming way down to the ground, they explained that the doctor had healed their souls as well as their bodies and they wished to thank me for putting it into her heart to cross the seas to them.

"Behind came another group, similarly clad, declaring they had heard of the Great Physician through the first lot; behind them a third whom their words had brought there; then a fourth—till, just as I was wondering how many more there were, my attention was attracted to a cloud of black heads, thick-lipped and kinky-haired. 'Teacher Susan told us about Jesus,' they rejoiced, 'and these with us, being born-in to the Christian homes she taught us to set up, were also born into the kingdom of Heaven; those following are the ones they have led to Christ and those—'

"Again I could see no end of the procession, but from the other side a band of slit-eyed maidens in gay kimonos sang out to me, 'We are they who have come out of great tribulation—out of the horrible conditions of Japan's factories—and, because Sister Eulalie befriended us, have washed our robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' Back of them others hurried whom they had told of the Working Man of Nazareth and back of them still others, all rushing to press my hand and tell me in trembling accents their gratitude.

"But," I protested, 'what have I done to deserve all this? I only took my class Sunday after Sunday—'

"Yes," broke in a stumpy figure in a gorgeous mandarin coat, whose huge company was just approaching from behind. "Professor Isabelle told us all about it. You talked missions every minute; you had a chance; you only pleaded with the class one by one to go across; you only prayed for every single girl; every single day, you only—"

"It was only you," broke in her com-

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