

with its one or more groups of statuary, which are of never-failing interest to the visitor. One could fill pages with descriptions of the great buildings,—the Capitol itself, high above the city, a thing of beauty at any time, but a scene from fairy-land at night with the flares from search lights playing upon it; The White House, the home of each successive President; the wonderfully beautiful marble shaft in memory of Washington; the imposing and exquisitely beautiful memorial to Lincoln, with the colossal figure seated in a chair in the centre, facing the entrance, and the many other structures one would like to mention.

The Auditorium, where the Convention was held, is a newly erected building, indeed so newly erected that it is far from being completed yet. But the huge assembly room and its great balcony, together capable of seating 6000 people, were ready. Hanging over the desk, where the speakers stood on the platform, was a microphone, connected with the powerful amplifier, which solved any doubt as to whether all might hear. Every word went clear and true, even to the last row of the balcony. On the stage two pianos, side by side, played as though a single instrument, led by a young man who played the cornet, and directed by one who made the vast audience just one more instrument to play upon,—and the volume of the harmony of human voices and instruments mingling together was something never to be forgotten. On the first day, as each accredited Delegate showed his ticket and entered (the ticket had to be ready each time) he was given together with a program of the sessions and a map of the city, a copy of the Convention Hymnal, containing over a hundred hymns, most of them grand old favorites, with a few grand new ones which became favorites. At the back of the Hymnal were Scripture selections, which were used from time to time for responsive readings. Each delegate was presented with a large envelope and in this he could carry the program, map, hymnal, note book and any other material required for Convention use.

But all this is but the exterior,—the real heart of the Convention,—those three daily sessions,—what can be said of them? Trying to report them, it seems as if they were still

too close to be grasped,—as if one must wait until they had somewhat receded,—until they came into better perspective. Of a truth no report can ever do them justice.

The first session, the afternoon of Wednesday, Jan. 28, was opened by prayer by Dr. Abernethy, Pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church in the city. Then came the address of welcome by the President of the United States. It was good, quiet but vigorous, no oratory, but all felt its sincerity.

From that first session, on through the days, to the final one on Monday evening, Feb. 2, the quality of addresses meted out to us was of a high order, indeed sometimes one felt almost overwhelmed by the volume of it. Many sides of many topics and many varied subjects were discussed, at times one might scarcely agree with the speakers, at other times be fully in accord with them, but one thing is a joy to remember. All through those six days, Christ was uplifted, Christ and His Cross, the only reason and the only foundation for Foreign Mission endeavor. Taking the first and last addresses only for example: Dr. Mouzan, whose address came that first afternoon, spoke on "The Compulsion". The compelling power of His Cross, and the compelling power of the risen and reigning Christ. One of his forceful sentences was "Tell the story of the Cross, never cease to tell it, and as you tell it, men will turn from their false gods. As Jesus and His Cross come into the world, the faces of false gods vanish."

And the last night of all, in that masterly address which held that vast concourse hushed and yet deeply stirred, Dr. Robert E. Speer, spoke on "The Call of Our Unfinished Task." He spoke of the challenge of the present days as being calls to us, and one of these calls, he said, was "to set and to keep Christ in His rightful place,—His central place,—Jesus Christ, God's Son." One of Dr. Speer's sentences was, "If there is a language which can give Christ a larger place, let us learn that tongue."

B. C. S.

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Be sure to read that charming story by Margaret Applegarth, in the Young Women's Section, "The Great Grab."