

I became especially interested in missions by hearing Mrs. Armstrong (nee Miss Norris) address a meeting over thirty years ago, when she was forming her Aid Societies before going to India.

M. H.

Knowing the uplifting power of the Christian religion, and a desire to help lighten the burdens of my heathen sisters by sending the good news.

A. H. ROBBINS.

First I would say a dear mother's influence. Since I was a small girl I remember her taking the MISSIONARY LINK and being much interested in reading it, and doing what she could for missions.

Later, my interest was aroused by hearing a visiting Burman speak. More recently, by reading and study, my interest has continued to increase.

H. P. R.

The question, "What made me interested in missions?" carries my mind back to the days of childhood, when I heard my mother and father talk of their dear friend in India—Mrs. Churchill. Then followed a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Bessie. Strong impressions were made upon my mind at that time as I listened to the earnest words of those faithful workers in the dark land, and learned of the customs by being dressed, with others, to represent heathen women. After that time a missionary had for me a peculiar charm, and their words always made lasting impressions.

Eight years later, while rooming at school with the daughter of the loved missionary, my interest deepened, and the correspondence resulting from the genuine friendship then made has written upon my life in a way never to be erased, the life and claims of the needy ones of India.

KUZZIE BANKS ROSE.

My first real interest in missions was aroused by hearing a gentleman speak at a Y.M.C.A. Convention upon missions. He spoke to mothers about the good they could do among particularly their children, and as my only son had just left home to go among strangers, I made up my mind that I would always do something for missions, if ever so small, if not for my boy, perhaps for someone else's boy.

A. S.

My first interest was aroused when a mere child by Mrs. (Dr.) Boggs. She visited my home, and I heard her talk about the heathen and their terribly benighted condition. She corresponded with my mother for years, and her letters were

always full of interest. The thought of my becoming a missionary was born by her saying to my mother, "Perhaps the Lord will want your daughter for India by and by." My mother told me this, little dreaming that I would take it seriously, but I did, and as there was no good reason for my not becoming a missionary, I resolved to take a medical missionary course. Just then someone crossed my pathway and I became a missionary's wife.

NETTIE C. GULLISON.

What made me interested in missions? First, the knowledge of God through His Word, and the coming into union with Him through faith in His son, Jesus Christ, as Redeemer, Saviour, King. Fellowship with Christ, and obedience to his commands, means interest in missions. Second, a knowledge of the great white harvest-fields stretching out on every hand, and of the millions of human beings without a knowledge of the true God and way of salvation through Christ. Knowledge created interest, enthusiasm, zeal, power. Third, when the "Go ye" of the great commission came home to my own soul with peculiar force, and I realized that "Go ye" could only mean for me "Send ye," and I said "Thy will be done" to the staying rather than to the going. After all, I am only able to give a surface answer to this question, for the great, deep, hidden undercurrents of our lives—which have really played such an important part in moulding the trend of our thoughts and interests in life—cannot be written or told. What made me interested in missions? I answer once again—the great awakener and transformer, pain. It is God's way. True are the words written by the consecrated pen of Francis Havergal:

"For the song that echoes longest,  
Deepest, fullest, truest, strongest,  
With your life-blood you will write."

FAVIA ALLEN, Yarmouth.

#### FROM OUR NOVA SCOTIA PROVINCIAL SECRETARY.

*My Dear Sisters:*

I have dipped my pen into the ink, and like a child of six, with the other end in my mouth, sat wondering what to say. The Editor of our W.B.M.U. columns has twice written me for something and, on each occasion, the spare moments for this particular work could hardly be found.