

I wish you could have seen all those ladies sitting there so patiently for three whole days with paper and pencil, trying so hard to take in everything that was said. I had always thought that the ladies who attended these conventions were ladies who had nothing to do, like Mrs. Judge Burnham. But they all appeared to be hard-working women, like my own dear mamma, and they all did seem to love the missionary work so dearly. One afternoon they had an experience meeting, and it was very interesting to hear them tell how much good the Woman's Missionary Society had done them. Some said that before they joined the Society, they had been so taken up with self they had no time to think of anything else, but now they felt it to be a pleasure to deny themselves all they possibly could, to help forward this great work. I would have liked to have told how much I loved our Mission Band, but I felt ashamed when I thought how very little I had ever denied myself for it.

Of course the ladies talked about a great deal of business a little girl like me could not be expected to be interested in or understand. But some of these questions seemed to be of great importance, for often two or three of the ladies wanted to talk at once. But I can tell you whenever the word "Mission Band" was mentioned I was wide enough awake. Our dear Mission Band Cor.-Sec. gave such a nice report of the work all the Bands had been doing during the year, and of how much money had been raised. And Oh, Cousin Bessie! She made special mention of our own Band and told of some work we had done. I felt my cheeks getting so red that I was afraid people would notice me.

But what I liked the best of all the Convention was on Wednesday evening, when a real, live Missionary was introduced to us. She is a trained nurse in one of our Hospitals on the Pacific coast, and is just my idea of what a nurse should be. Her face is so pleasant and kind, and her hands looked so smooth and soft, I almost wished myself a little Indian girl so that I could have her wait on me when I am sick. But when I heard her tell of how few patients the hospital would hold, and that the Indians often came three hundred miles for treatment and medicine, I concluded that if I were a little Indian girl there would be no room for me among so many other sick ones, so I thanked God that I had been so fortunate as to be born in Ontario. She said that there was only our doctor and a doctor sent by another church in an area of one hundred thousand square miles. Why papa thinks it is terrible if he has to drive twenty miles to see a patient, and when I told him about Dr. Smith he just gave that peculiar whistle of his and never said a word, but I saw him drop something into my mite box afterwards. Then she told us how ignorant, degraded and superstitious the Indians were before they heard the blessed story of Jesus, and how changed they became when they learned to love Him. She said she had always been so kindly received by the people and allowed to read and pray with them, and when she told of how many of these poor

Indians there were who never yet had heard of Jesus, I felt that if God would allow me, when I grew to be a woman, I would so like to go and tell them of Jesus and His great love for them.

There is a great deal more I might tell you, but I think my letter is long enough. The very best wish I have for you is that some day you may be fortunate enough to be a delegate yourself.

Your loving Cousin,

A. C. W., Ontario.

MARGARET.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Miss Jennie M. Ford, whose death on the Mission Field in China, has been so widely deplored, was born in Ontario, but, when very young, removed with her parents, first to Chicago and afterwards to Milwaukee.

She very early manifested those qualities which, from what may be called an inherited tendency toward the religious life, and this was cultivated in a Christian home and fostered by the influence of church and Sunday school. Small wonder that when but a child she consecrated herself to God and began the service of Jesus. The Seed of the word found fertile soil in her heart, and its growth was rapid and strong. Trials only seemed to make her Christian character more sturdy and stalwart. She was naturally of a studious disposition, and she became a diligent student of the Word of God. That word became the man of her counsel and the guide of her life. Her familiar acquaintance with it was the sword with which she repelled the darts of evil. She delighted in all forms of Christian work that came to hand, and in the choir, Sunday School and Epworth League, she was ever ready and always helpful.

It was while she was in London that her mind was strongly led out toward mission work, in which she had always manifested a keen interest. It was about that time that our medical mission in China was instituted, and a conversation she had with Dr. Hart, prior to his going out as head of that mission, decided her to offer herself and prepare for that work. In preparation for it she spent two years in the city hospitals in London, from which she graduated as professional nurse in the spring of 1894. In the autumn of that same year she hopefully bade good bye to loving friends, whom she would never see more on earth and set out for her distant mission field in Chentu, China. After a short two years of difficult, and arduous, and anxious toil, just as the first difficulties were being overcome and she was beginning to master the intricacies of the language, she was called home to be with God.

Across a channel of fierce and fiery pain—conscious of the pain but unconscious of the gentle ministrations of loving friendship that would fain have assuaged it, she passed to be glorified with Him whom she had served.

And so she lies in that far-away land, alien skies canopying her grave and strange flowers blooming about it to await the day when His own shall be gathered from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

[From the Paper read by Mrs. Strachan.]