

young people, boys, girls, and always ourselves to be helped and strengthened and saved from being stumbling blocks in the path of any soul. Many led in prayer.

Mrs. Firstbrook, on behalf of the Board, presented dear Mrs. McLaurin with some chrysanthemums, as she retired from the Presidency. We all arose and sang "Blest Be the Tie." Why should the tears always start when we sing that precious hymn!

The elections followed, resulting in our securing Mrs. Albert Matthews for President; Mrs. S. S. Bates and Mrs. J. G. Brown, Vice-Presidents, and the following for Members of the Board—returned: Miss Tapscott, Mesdames Hooper, Davies, Jr., Elliott and Johnston; new, Mrs. Bigwood and Miss Trotter, Toronto, and Mrs. Veals, Hamilton.

Lunch at the church.

Afternoon session began with that magnificent hymn, "Our God, Our Help in Ages Past." Mrs. Zavitz led in prayer. Minutes of morning session.

Miss J. M. Norton, our indefatigable LINK Editor, through the persuasive eloquence of four of its subscribers, showed what a loss we were sustaining when we failed to take, read and inwardly digest the pages of the LINK. Miss Priest had taken it ever since she was a little girl. At a missionary meeting she had heard Mrs. McLaurin speak. She put 25 cents in the collection, and was told that, for that much, she could have "that book" come to her home for a whole year! It had been a comfort to her personally.

Mrs. Pearce, as Director, said: "It is nearly as good as having a missionary to talk to your Circle." She hoped the agents would realize they were servants of the King of Kings.

Mrs. Judson McIntosh thinks that the two articles in December LINK by Miss McLaurin and Miss Farwell would give sufficient food for thought and discussion and inspiration and heart-searching for a whole meeting.

Miss Dayfoot brought out the business view of it. Miss Norton followed with her report.

Nothing anywhere can ever equal the joy of looking into the faces of our own Missionaries and hearing them speak. Miss Ellen Priest—How good it was to see her!—took us right away into the heart of her work. We could almost see the brown faces as she talked to them—and note the gathering hope in the eyes of some, or saw the indifferent ones draw away. We shall pray for those white-robed widows she met on the train, taking the long pilgrimage in search of sin. She gave them the story so precious to us. What was the name of this marvelous One who could forgive sin? "What is His name?" "Jesus Christ!" How can her talk be condensed! We shall not try, but suggest to the women of the Convention that these, our beloved Messengers of Light, be given opportunity and freedom to talk to their hearts' content—hours and hours, if they wish it—till we, too, shall have caught a little of the passion for souls which so consumed the very heart of our Master, and now impels His servants out there. An old Brahmin prays, "Lord, I am such a sinful man. Forgive my sins and give me a steady mind." And Miss Priests adds, "That time Jesus drew near." Joy in heaven; joy in the old Brahmin heart; joy to our Missionaries, and to us who listen, joy; oh, joy all around. One such and we know that missions pay.