

had come all the way from Quebec to see and travel back with us. How we enjoyed that. Every day as we voyaged across the "wandering waters of barren foam" which separate our Canada from England, sunshine and quiet waves made the voyage a pleasure, added to by the comfort of a fine ship and congenial company. Every second day the news sheet printed on board kept us in touch with the worlds, both behind and before.

On Sunday, the 17th, we landed in Plymouth, and there spent the night. Most of our group made their way through the rain, which had begun to fall, to the nearest Baptist church, where they found a fine building and a crowded congregation and heard the truth as it is in Jesus, earnestly and winsomely set forth.

Monday morning we were gliding past beautiful English landscapes—all but Miss Archibald, who remained on the boat till it docked in London, and Miss Jones, who left us to visit friends in Wales. Reaching London at 2 p.m. we learned that the Foreign Mission Club was full, so we found quarters in a temperance hotel, in a convenient quarter, and fell to planning how to make the best of our few days in the great grey old city. We found it looking as staid and dignified as it did fifty years ago, and its big policemen controlling its enormous street traffic with old time imperious efficiency. Immediately on arrival we heard of the death on the 12th of an Anglican friend, Miss A. M. L. Smith, whom we had known in Bangalore as an honorary missionary, and who had invited us to be her guests while in the city. In later years she had served as secretary of the C. M. S. Women's F. M. Society, a woman well and widely loved. Again the next day we were startled to hear of the sudden passing of that noble defender of the faith, Dr. John Clifford. At a committee meeting he had just moved in words of tender sympathy a resolution regarding an afflicted member, when, in an instant, on resuming his seat, he was away. London

dailies gave prominent and appreciative notices of his death. Surely at 87 he had well earned his rest.

Joined by Mrs. Davies Sr., late a member of our Women's F. M. Board, Toronto, whom we are so glad to have with us as she goes to attend the Jubilee meetings in India and to visit our own and other missions, we expect to sail on the 23rd, and are due in Bombay on December 15th.

M. B. McLaurin.

London, Nov. 22nd, 1923.

THE CALL TO BE A MISSIONARY

The mission fields demand our noblest sons and our fairest daughters. Weak men and frivolous women are not of much value anywhere, but on the foreign mission field they are not only utterly useless but very much in the way. Let no one think that the church is wasting its resources by sending its ablest representatives out on the far-flung battle line. Sherwood Eddy, who was formerly a missionary and who as a general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, has spent most of his time among the students of non-Christian lands, put it well when he said:

"I remember the night when as a student in America my own life turned in the balance, and I had to count the cost. It was a struggle between an ambition and a mission, between silver and souls, between self and Christ; but the scale turned on the side of Christ, and how I thank God that it did! I was honestly afraid that I might be wasting my life by going abroad. I was willing to pay any price, willing to fall to the ground and die, if only I could be sure there would be much fruit. But I was not willing to throw my life away gratuitously from a subjective sense of duty upon an unresponsive people, where one would have nothing to show for his life work. How I smile now when I think of that fear! I have been overburdened with the opportunity of the work, crushed by the sense of my own insufficiency, humiliated by