

The annual meeting of the W. F. M. Society of Ontario will be held in the Park Church, Brantford, on Wednesday, Oct. 22nd, beginning at 9.30 A. M. Mrs. Arohibold, who has been a missionary in India for twelve years, is expected to be present and tell us some of her experiences.

Delegates will send their names to Mrs. D. Hutchinson, Brantford.

The annual meeting of the Board will be held in the same church, at 2 p. m., on Tuesday, Oct. 21st.

Applications for certificates for delegates attending the Brantford meetings must be addressed to Miss Davies, 599 Jarvis St., Toronto.

Please take notice that the meeting is on Wednesday, not Thursday, as formerly.

Lord of harvests, hear our prayer
Offered up with true desire ;
Thrust forth willing laborers
Who with all-consuming fire,

Will proclaim the wondrous message
To a lost and guilty race,
Till in humble adoration
Millions bow before Thy face,

Saved forever, yea forever,
Through the merits of Thy Son ;
Clothed in robes of righteousness
Furnished by the sinless One.

—D. SrD.

Petrolca, July, 1890.

Rescue.

The lines of this poem were suggested by the words uttered by a sick one, while in an unconscious state.

PART I.

Watching once beside a sick one,
Tossing with a feverish brow,
Words unconsciously were spoken,
Words which burn within me now.

Oh the storm—the mariners !
(And the sufferer, paused for breath),
Who will brave the surging billows ?
Who will rescue them from death ?

Do I know them ? Matters that
When their lives in danger are ?
Can I reach them ? Worth the trying,
—See—they're looking from afar.

Courage brothers—I am coming
With the life-boat safe and strong ;
Change your doubts and fears for gladness,
—And your sighing into song.

Join with us in thankful praises
For the storm is overpast,
And through weak, persistent effort,
All are rescued safe at last.

PART II.

Thus while listening on in silence
To those strangely spoken words ;
Scenes more real appeared before me,
Which the following lines record.

Are there not those perishing
Out upon the sea of life,
Who of us fond hopes are cherishing
For our efforts in the strife ?

'Mong the many called disciples,
There are those with arduous strong,
Who will rescue dying brothers—
Heed their calling loud and long ?

On the angry waves of error
Millions toes in sad despair ;
Some, 'He true, cry not for mercy,
E'en when drifting—they know not where.

Why No More Time for the Master's Work ?

"Ye have robbed Me. . . . Wherein have we robbed Thee ?"
Mal. iii. 2

I wish I had not attended the Bible-reading yesterday. It is not what Mrs. Manse says so much as it is the train of thought her remarks suggest that makes one feel uncomfortable. She never finds fault nor dictates duty, but has a way of putting reasonable questions that worry you into investigating your life as a Christian, that you may be sure you are not guilty of the omission or commission the question implies.

All day long I have been examining my life, and now, in this quiet twilight, I am doing it again, but do not see wherein I am withholding from God anything I have time or talent to give. But what more can I do so long as my days—I might say my nights also—are crowded with work ?

I am not injuring God's cause by dancing, theatre-going, card-playing, or gossiping. I give a tenth of the income John gives me for my private use. I attend the missionary meetings whenever I can, go to prayer-meeting, church twice on Sunday, besides Sunday-school. Last week I was so busy I had no time to study my Sunday-school lesson. I was finishing my table-cloth, that I might get it ready for the county fair. I did not finish it till after eight o'clock Saturday evening ; then my eyes ached so badly I did not dare to use them in the gas-light.

God does not expect impossibilities of us. Mrs. Manse said that. He knows our mortal bodies will not carry us beyond certain limits even to do work for Him. I am not a lazy woman. I am constantly hearing expressions of surprise at the amount of work I accomplish.

I must keep up my social duties, and read a little. Indeed, I have scarcely any time for reading outside of what I do in connection with the Shakespeare Club ; it takes so much time and thought. I was nearly two months, such time as I could spare to it, gathering materials, making notes, and looking up references for my paper on the "Doubtful Plays." The paper was nearly half an hour long. It was so much more work than I had expected it to be that I was obliged to excuse myself from the charge of the June missionary meeting. I was very sorry it so happened.

Then there is my fancy work. It takes hours and hours. I have such a passion for it that I cannot resist doing something of every new kind I see.

Then there is the Art Society. I must take my turn in leading it, and it does seem as if our turns at writing papers come very often. Last year our general subject was the "Old Paintings." What stacks of books I wandered through to find something about the "Madonna"