

HE CARETH.

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can he be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss untroubled by any strife;
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sorrows be,
When the lights die down in the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my spirit cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin in my heart is made,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through;
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love,
Each child is dear to that heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;
He stills the sigh, and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again;
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the strife is high;
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
O rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

—Christian Union.

THE SMALL SOCIETY.

BY FRANCES KIER.

I mean in point of numbers. Again and again this objection is brought forth as a plea for not organizing auxiliaries. I am sometimes prompted to say that this is the very reason an organization should be effected, for we know that, in this day of clubs and societies innumerable and for every purpose under the sun, there is an attractive power in organization, as by a magnet kindred spirits are drawn together for a common purpose, new enthusiasm is awakened, and the circle widens; other lives are awakened and brought into sympathy and fellowship.

The small auxiliary is destined to grow if composed of the right material; it cannot help it. Flowers grow because of right environment and seed-germ vitality; so auxiliaries grow if two or three, filled with the Spirit, meet together to pray "the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest," to read the divinely inspired word and the record of past heroic efforts. No being on this earth can estimate the power of such a

meeting; all are of one accord—that is not always the case in larger assemblies, and a note of discord will drive away the Spirit, the only source of power. Only a few are affected in large gatherings, even by the most eloquent speakers; that is, if we may judge by the change to be seen as a result in their lives, but in the little auxiliary meeting the weakest effort, judged by human standards, may have large results because we first of all claim the promise of Christ's presence, and what meeting can be called of little account with the Master present with power?

Perhaps the farewell message of Christ to his disciples is read from Matthew, 28th chapter, and then they bow in prayer. Their own friends, neighbors, families, are not forgotten; but as each presents her petition to the throne of grace, the other two breathe, if they do not speak, an "amen," and then in the sacred hush of the solemn hour, they unite in the Lord's prayer. If there is an unbeliever present he cannot fail to be moved; indeed, in just such a meeting I have seen souls seek the Lord.

Then a few minutes spent in business; the work of the auxiliary, Q. M., and state can be presented briefly, the collection taken, and a little time spent in work by turns, while the other reads aloud letters from our own missionary in the field, to whom our collection goes in part. Then from the *Helper* we learn of the unremitting labors and self-sacrifice of those whom we as a denomination have sent to do our work, and as we mentally compare their self-identification with our own we are stirred, a new pledge is made, and then with full hearts we breathe short prayers for our brothers and sisters who are far away in foreign fields, and our ideal auxiliary meeting is over.

Such societies in every community, with a children's band in connection, would work wonders in our mission fields in five years. Information, inspiration, power, effective service, come from such gatherings. There is no need so vital as missionary truth, now it broadcast. People may resent the implied demand for money, but the obligation will stick in the conscience until by and by, as surely as God's promises are fulfilled, somebody will see the harvest; perhaps only God and the angel reapers, but it is sure to follow.—*The Missionary Helper*.

HINDU WIDOWS.

BY A. A.

Some months ago, in the railway train, I found my fellow-travellers to be a Brahmin woman, with four little girls, and her widowed mother. The mother was groaning with fever and pain. It was chilly, and the daughtert was well clothed, and had on, besides, a handsome shawl. She and her children had on a large number of jewels, and looked very well-to-do. The poor widowed mother had nothing but her one *saree*. We soon entered into conversation, and I found who they were and where they were going, and then I began to ask the younger woman about her mother, and expressed my sorrow at seeing her so forlorn and comfortless.

"Yea," she said: "she is very sad. She was a mamlatdar's wife, and had her fine clothes; a handsomer shawl even than mine, and so many jewels" (suggesting a large boxful by the motion of her hands). "And now she has nothing, and she is ill with grief and suffering."