

army of women to-night. Oh! how many busy hands I see. How many loving hearts planing and wishing. I hear from a thousand secret chambers the whisper, "Father, the cause is thine." I look again, and I see many that I admire and by whose conduct I am stimulated. I see one whose home is a palace, everything about her is elegance and refinement, but all is consecrated to Christ, and Jesus is always a welcome guest. I see another who heard a cry from India or China, "Come over and help us, and she arose and said good-bye to father and mother, to brothers and sisters, to the home of her childhood, with all its fond association, and to Canada. Dear Canada, with all that the Bible has done for it, and yonder she is to-day a witness for Christ. Does she not merit applause, and shall not our prayers follow her? I see another, and oh! how different; she has no beautiful home, only the little cabin, the table is spread with only the necessaries of life. Her name is not public; she can't even allow her voice to be heard in the meeting in prayer. She is different, oh! how different. What can she do? When she was asked for a contribution it was very small, and when the collector was gone she went to her room and wept because it was so small. What can she do? She went to see her poor neighbour who was mourning for the loss of a child, and she could not speak a word of comfort to that troubled heart, only that she sat with her a little while and heard the story of the little one's sufferings, and they both wept together. What can she do? Only teach her little boy the name of Jesus and tell him that she loves that name. Only lull to sleep her little girl who closes the eyes in the middle of the prayer, "This night I lay me down to sleep." She is only like the poor widow who cast in two mites. Who can speak a word for her?

I shall not speak of all the little notes I received in the boxes and bales, containing words of cheer and encouragement and prayer.

We need not say how we have been assisted in our work by the W. F. M. S.

May God bless the society more and more.

We know we have an interest in the prayers of the good women of our church, and that from among the poor Indians there shall come many who shall be sharers with us of the inheritance that is incorruptible.