

Multiplication.

"But what are these among so many?" said
The wondering Andrew, as he saw the bread,
The five loaves and two fishes, all the store,
And knew that it was vain to look for more.
But, said the Master, "Bring them unto me."
And they were placed before the Lord, and He,
Gave thanks to God, and blessed and brake the food,
And gave to the disciples. The supply
Became enough the crowd to satisfy.

"But what are these among so many?" say
In doubt, the Lord's disciples of to-day;
The people are such crowds, and what have we
To give, that they no longer hungry be?
They feel their utter helplessness, and then
They count their little money and few men,
And think of heathen millions, and the need
Of those around whose "bitter cry" they heed;
Of little children waiting to be fed,
Of strangers dying for the living bread;
And what shall be the answer to earth's prayer,
But hopeless disappointment and despair?

Not so. The Christ is watching still, and He
Is saying, "Bring it hither unto me."
He has compassion on the multitude,
Does He not also know their need of food?
Again let willing hands the little bring,
And spread the meagre store before the King.

His blessing will increase a thousand-fold
The workers, or the talents, or the gold,
And make them all sufficient for the need,
Though there be countless multitudes to feed;
And though again the timid Andrew stands,
With sinking heart and almost empty hands.

The miracle that multiplies is seen
Renewed, when'er again the grass is green;
And God has made man's little ample prove
When he has brought it in meek faith and love
For Him to bless it first. And we shall see
That as the past so will the future be;

A little one shall to a thousand grow,
A small one shall the strength of nations know.
Therefore, be not faint-hearted or afraid;
Bring what thou hast to Him, and, undismayed,
Expect His blessing. There shall surely be
A miracle of plenty wrought for thee.

—*Marianne Farningham in the London
Christian World.*

Address

BY MRS. CASTLE, PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN
MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO, DELIVERED
AT ST. CATHARINES, OCTOBER 8TH, 1885.

Words of welcome are pleasant words away,—those
to which we have just listened peculiarly so, when we
consider the impulse that called them forth. We come
to you, and you greet us as co-workers in one branch of
a society that has this world's conversion to Christ for
its object, and we trust this coming of ours, and welcom-
ing of yours, will not only reassure us of the kinship
of the great family of Christ, but strengthen our hands and
your hands and hearts for a better service for the Master.

This is our ninth annual gathering, and you who have
attended the former ones will miss the familiar face of
our President, Mrs. Freeland, but I more. When, one day
last spring I received a note from her, saying, "I must
go to the west with my son to take care of his motherless

child, and you must take my place on the Board." I felt
as if an avalanche had fallen upon me. I had always
considered the position of Vice-President as a very pleas-
ing sinecure, but this was indeed a new feature. How
could I, so ignorant of the details of the work, take the
place of one so wise? We all looked to her as the embo-
diment of Telugu missions. Her very presence repre-
sented a self-surrendering spirit. It was only with the
overwhelming pressure of necessity that I could consent
to try to take her place for a time. There seemed to be
no other way. So, with her hasty instruction and with
the help of the other officers of the society, we have
reached the end of the year as best we could. We are
most truly grateful for her past work, and let us pray God
to abundantly bless her in her new position, and be her
comforter as she to-day watches by the sick bed of her
son. Some time she may return to us. But another has
gone, since we met last year, who will never return. We
can easily recall the thrill of sorrow and almost conster-
nation that filled our hearts, when the death of our senior
missionary and founder of our Woman's Society was an-
nounced, and what earnest sympathy was felt for his
bereaved wife and children—and for our mission that
had need of more workers, rather than one less,
and such an one. But if the workmen fall the work
must go on. And what has so turned the gaze of our
denomination to the needs of the Telugu country as this
same sad death? To-day while we are gathered here, a
new missionary and his wife, with Mr. and Mrs. Craig,
have just reached the scene of their future labors, and
the thought has come to me, "What are our duties to all
those who are, for us, in our stead teaching and preach-
ing Christ, far from home and fond connections? We
are all under orders to "go into all the world and preach
the Gospel," and some, yes, most of us, must "go" by
sending others. Are we fulfilling our commission when
we give a dollar a year, or a hundred of them? Is that
all that is required of us?

No, they do need our money, but they need also our
constant loving sympathy and prayers. If I have ob-
served rightly, they get little enough of money, but much
less of prayer. In the entire circle of the rolling year
every church holds at least fifty-two prayer meetings, and
of Lord's day services twice or thrice that number. In
how many prayers in all these services do we hear our
laborers for Christ specifically prayed for? Said Mrs.
Haswell, years ago, in Philadelphia, "We missionaries
sometimes think ourselves forgotten; you have no idea
how strong the very thought of your prayers at home
makes us." Ah, sisters, shall we place our Lamps of
Life along the shore of this dark world and then not
keep them burning? "I will be enquired of," saith the
Lord.

What a great force the Bartholdi statue, that is to be
placed in New York harbor and called "Liberty Enlight-
ening the World," would be without the light. The statue
were not enough, nor the outstretched hand, nor the
lamp, to guide the mariner through darkness, tempests
and rolling waves safe into the harbor. It must have
light, for which there must be provided a daily supply of
illuminating material. So let our missionaries feel, every
day, the electric sympathy and sustaining influence of
our prayers.

But I may not dwell upon one part of our to-day's
duties, to the forgetting of another. When the summer
is ended the husbandman gathers his grain, binds his
sheaves, and counts his gains. This is our harvest-eve,
the year is ended, our sheaves are bound and we are
come to lay them at our Master's feet, and what does