

*Presbytery* in 1913. We feel there is still need of this work being done, *but there is no one to do it.*"

Oh, is it not pitiful to think that over thirty years of such zealous, loving, and successful service should be allowed to lapse?

Surely there must be *someone, somewhere*, who will say "here am I, send me."

We owe it to these aborigines of the land, to give them the knowledge of the Saviour.

We owe it to Christ, who has done so much for us, to obey his last command and make Him known to every creature.

In the name of philanthropy, if on no higher ground, we owe it to these poor suffering, down-trodden Indian women, to do what in us lies, that they too may enjoy the blessings which Christianity has brought to us.

If this little biographical sketch of Lucy Baker's life but stimulates someone to take up her mantle, many hearts will be filled with thanksgiving and praise.