

your funds into the treasury, trusting your chosen board of officers to distribute according to the wisdom of the annual decisions. If your money and reports are promptly sent in this way to the proper person and place your Board may know for months in advance what to depend upon, and plan systematically for all expenditures. Try it, this year, and if all is not done as you think it should be, send up your well instructed delegate to the next convention to help correct the error. I think all will readily see the helpfulness of such a course.

Your convention wisely planned to enlarge the work in all directions, voting increased sums to Miss Rioch for much needed helpers and facilities for her school and industrial training department, and increased sums, as well, to the development of work in Canada.

Let us so far as possible lay aside the man made article in our creed which speaks of HOME and foreign, or FOREIGN and home.

With loving interest and sympathy in your work for the Master, I append these lines expressive of the same thought as above :

I had a dream the other night,
Just 'tween the darkness and the light.
Methought an angel came to me,
And standing there, so fair to see,
A heavenly halo round his head,
In tones like sweetest music said :
' Your many earnest prayers are heard,
Of this I came to bring you word.
You daily pray : ' Thy will be done
From set of sun to set of sun ;
Help us, that we may loyal be,
And sound Thy praise from sea to sea.'
Now, come with me to yonder height."
Then, in the morning's dawning light,
He showed me all the tribes of earth ;
Their depths of woe, their want, their
worth.

I saw Columbia's loved shores strewn
With cities, fair to look upon,
But undermined with sin and shame.
Striving for naught but wealth and
fame.

I heard the Hindu widow's moan ;
I heard the Chinese mother's groan.
I saw the universal grief
Of ignorance and unbelief.
I felt the universal woe
Of those who to their idols bow.
I saw the emptiness of life,
With all its struggle, all its strife,
With aught but Heaven for its end,
If filled with aught but Christ's com-
mand.

I waited then with bowed head,
Until my angel sweetly said :
" Think you the Father's will is done
In all the circuit of the sun ?
Think you 'tis not his loving will
That you His mandate should fulfill ?
How shall all nations praise His name,
Except His children go proclaim
The wonders of His love and grace
To every tribe, in every place ?
For this great need have you been
spent ?

To this great end hast gone or sent ?
My child, who prays in words alone,
As well might bow to wood and stone.
He who by works his faith doth prove,
Will bring rich blessing from above."
My angel stopped, and, with a sigh
Of pity, waited my reply.
With heavy heart and still bowed head,
" The home field is so great," I said.
" Wouldst have me go beyond the sea
While here at home there's need for
me ?

While we have heathen at our doors
Wouldst have us spend for foreign
shores ?"

" Ah, reads it so, the great command :
' Go preach the Christ in your home
land ?

Convert the heathen at your door,
Then go to, what's that ? ' foreign
shore ?'

I never heard our King so say,
And if perchance it reads that way—
But there's the Book you call your
creed,

Just find the place and let us read.

' To every creature—All the world—
Must our Lord's banner be unfurled.'
I find not ' Home ' and ' Foreign field,'
But every tongue must homage yield.
Your prayers no longer reach the
throne,

If thou but sayest, ' Thy will be done,'
Go give yourself, forsake your friends,
Go give your means to Heaven's great
ends,

Then let God's call come, when or
where,
Lo, He is with you always there."

'Twas but a dream. Some dreams are
true,

And reading the old commission thro',
With the heroic life of Paul,
You'll find no flaw in this at all.
We're adding to or taking from
Whene'er we prate of " foreign " and
" home."

'Tis " all the world for Christ our King,"
In every tongue His name we'll sing.

CANDACE LHAMON SMITH.

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**BACK TO HEALTH AFTER YEARS OF EX-
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From the Ottawa Journal.

Mr. George Argue is one of the best known farmers in the vicinity of North Gower. He has passed through an experience as painful as it was remarkable, and his story as told a reporter will perhaps be of value to others. " I was born in the County of Carleton," said Mr. Argue, " and have lived all my life within twenty miles of the city of Ottawa. Ten years of that time have been years of pain and misery almost beyond endurance. Eleven years ago, I contracted a cold, which resulted in pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs. Other complications then followed, and I was confined to my room for five years. The doctor who attended me through that long ill-

ness said, that the reason I was unable to move about was due to the contracting of the muscles and nerves of my



I could hobble around on crutches.

hands and feet through long confinement to bed. I could hobble around a little on crutches, but was well nigh helpless. At this stage, another doctor was called in, who declared my trouble was spinal complaint. Notwithstanding medical advice and treatment, I was sinking lower and lower, and was regarded as incurable. I was now in such a state that I was unable to leave my bed, but determined to find a cure, if possible, and sent for one of the most able physicians in Ottawa. I was under his care and treatment for three years. He blistered my back every three or four weeks and exerted all his skill, but in vain. I was growing weaker and weaker and began to think the end could not be far off. At this juncture, a friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I yielded to his solicitations and by the time six boxes of pills were used I found myself getting better. I used, in all, thirty boxes, and they have accomplished what ten years of treatment under physicians failed to do.

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