

But her health was not sufficient for the work she loved, and so in 1895, with great regret in the hearts of all, she had to return to Canada. As it was deemed unwise to attempt the work in India again, she resigned from the staff, but continued to do deputation work, and during the years of 1897 and '98 many Circles were cheered and edified by visits from Miss Rogers.

As soon as her health permitted, she became Superintendent of the Y.W.C.A. Home on Elm Street. For 15 years she retained this position, and only Eternity will reveal how many young women were helped by her strong, loving personality. Shortly after her death, in his address at one of the Sunday evening meetings her Pastor, Rev. W. A. Cameron, spoke of the beauty of her character, and the very wide influence it must have exerted upon young women. The next day fourteen letters reached him from those who had been in the audience the previous evening, bearing testimony to her influence.

But though her interests have been wide and her activities in Christian work many, she has always remained deeply interested in the work of the Women's Foreign Mission Board. In January, 1915, she became the Board's Corresponding Secretary for India and Bolivia, relinquishing the office in November, 1920, because of failing strength. The memory of her friendly letters to the lady Missionaries on the field, and the warm welcome they always received to her home when they came on furlough, will remain in their hearts through life. To the end, she retained this deep interest in and love for all that pertained to the Foreign Mission work. When, finally, after long, patient months of increasing weakness, the Lord called His servant home on January tenth, on the lips of many were the words: "Foreign Missions have lost a loyal and true friend."

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor and Me."

—James Russell Lowell.

THE UPLANDS OF LIGHT

I will lift mine eyes to the uplands of light,
Whence cometh the strength of God,
Though the road that winds over the brow
of the hill

Is marked by the chastening rod.
"Closer is He than breathing, nearer than
hands or feet,"

And the path of sorrow and suffering He
makes most strangely sweet.

I will rest my soul on the staff of God,
Which He presses into my hand,
And together we'll climb the mountains of
faith,

The bulwarks of Beulah land.
Standing on heights of gladness, with a vi-
sion longing and keen
The lifted turrets of heaven in the shining
distance are seen.

But down in the valley, where mists arise
And climbing the steep ascent,
Are weary workers, with sorrowing hearts,
And pilgrims with burdens bent.

And dwellers on the highlands are bidden to
stay their eager feet,
And bring their strength to making the Mas-
ter's work complete.

Then heaven will be the dearer, and rest at
last, when won,

Will come with a Father's blessing and the
dear Lord Christ's "Well done!" —Sel.
Note—One of Miss Rogers' favorite selec-
tions.

AFTER EASTER

I crave your pardon, that I did not know,—
But for you told me so,
Being a stranger here,—

This festival you celebrate each year
I took to be a sort of dress parade,
And fashion promenade,—
The matter of a hat, and gloves, and gown;
But for your telling me, I had not known
It had to do with linen grave-clothes laid
From the awakened Dead;
And with a napkin, folded by itself,
From the aroused Head.

—Gertrude MacGregor Moffat in
"A Book of Verses."