

cause to praise God for the work of the Woman's Missionary Society, *not only abroad, but at home*, in helping us to rise above self, and in giving a newer and a better meaning to life.

Again, Brethren, we ask you to help us in our work of

"HELPING THE PERISHING,"

"Who are crowding down the slopes of death,
A thousand million strong,
A soul is lost, at every breath,
Of that benighted throng.

"They're groping 'mid sin's hopeless ways,
A thousand million strong;
On them have dawned no Gospel rays,
No path of peace they find.

"O Christians, these have never heard
Of Jesus' precious name,
Have never read His Holy Word,
Know not to die He came.

"Go preach my Gospel, Christ hath said,
Go all my famished feed,
To every creature give Life's bread,
O'er earth my message speed.

"And yet, amid the darkened lands,
For light vast millions cry,
We, who are stewards of God's wealth,
How dare we pass them by?"

