

have hurried by since the devoted servant of Jesus, A. V. Timpany, urged the women to undertake work for heathen women and children. Then a small group of earnest women organized into a "helpmeet" society to the General Society. The backward glance fascinates us. Here and there are the events which mark the passage of the years, the appointment of missionaries, their outgoing, their homecoming, the establishment of medical work and the growth in the number of circles and bands. But the Father alone knows all the lilies that have made the work of these years possible. It is God's power touching the mustard-seed that has made it grow into a great tree, and has made the loaves and fishes feed a hungering multitude. The Master has not forgotten the loving acts of service, the self-denials, the willing hearts that prompted the gifts of hundreds of donors who must always remain unknown to men. No historical sketch could ever be complete, but God keeps a true record, not even the cup of cold water going unnoticed. To Christian women, life has been ennobled, petty jealousies have disappeared and wearing cares have been lightened where the heart is occupied with one sincere cry: "Father, glorify thyself." Indifference and selfish ease have fallen before purpose, zeal and love. Neither can we measure the growth of the work in heathen India. Statistics may seem bare and lifeless, yet they give cause for gratitude as we read of baptisms, of increased church membership, of the growth of schools, and of large gifts from these humble followers of Jesus. Yet we cannot understand all the slow process of character-building, nor all the gradual undermining of the ancient religions of India; darkened lives have been brightened, despair has given place to hope, and spiritual life has succeeded death in trespasses and sins. Be assured, far more has been accomplished than we can see. It has all hastened the day when the uttermost part of the earth shall become His possession. So many causes have we for thankfulness, why comes there a note of sadness? Ah, it is because of oft-times neglected opportunities, of hearts grown cold, of silent tongues when we might have been true witnesses. We are given no use of India-rubber to erase the past. Let us gather up the lessons of the years gone by, let us plead forgiveness for carelessness and disobedience, and—press on!

But it is not all retrospect to day. The future beckons, and allures to higher achievements. We

look with pleasure to the celebration of this "silver wedding" in the city of Toronto next November. We think of what we shall hear from workers at home and abroad, of the education and inspiration the days will bring to us, and of the friends whose hands we shall again be privileged to press. How can we help to make this gathering a success? How shall each enter into the spirit of so notable an event as this? By first coming in touch with our Lord. If these intervening weeks are spent at Jesus' feet learning of Him, we shall come to that meeting with hearts full of enthusiasm, for Christ never fails to impart to the true learner some of His own yearning love for lost souls.

Oh, still in accents sweet and strong,  
 Sounds forth the ancient word:  
 "More reapers for white harvest fields,  
 More laborers for the Lord."

As we pray for laborers the desire comes to go or send. How shall we praise if any debt hangs over our heads? To make the anniversary a success, we must give,—give self-denyingly, give abundantly, give cheerfully. Let us also plan to be present, and interest others in going. Yes, let me hint, that to help some tireless worker to this rare treat, a little practical assistance from a pocket-book might be useful. The afterward—that will mark the real success of this gathering which is being so carefully planned. If it shall enable the circles to do greater and better work than ever before, then shall its influence be felt throughout the years. Few of the older workers will be present at the silver anniversary. We must work to-day; the night cometh. We may rejoice that God is raising up an army of young people who shall continue to labor when we lie asleep.

"What matter we or they,  
 Ours or another's day,  
 So the right word be said  
 And life the sweeter made?  
 Hail to the coming singers!  
 Hail to the brave light-bringers!  
 We feel the earth move sunward,  
 We join the great march onward  
 And take by faith while living  
 Our freehold of thanksgiving."

S. M. BARBER.

St. George.

There seems to be a shaking among the dry bones in the Philippines. A list of 7,934 names of men, women and children who have banded together as a body in one district to leave Rome, has been received at the Mission Rooms, Boston.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine*.