

wasn't worth living with it that way for everybody said it was because the devil lived in her that her back was crooked, and she was tired of hearing herself called a devil—oh so tired of her big Limitation. The lady Doctor couldn't make it different, but what they could do, they did do, and the hunchback became a Christian, and asked if she couldn't stay and serve. They kept her and educated her. One day a call came for a teacher for a distant school away "up country" far away from any mission station. None of the trained girls would go—it was too far, too lonely. They were afraid. Little hunchback said "I'll go. Send me." The kind missionaries said "You poor little thing, you couldn't do it—your back, you know. You must always be near a Hospital." But, at last, because no one who could go, would go, they had to send her, limitations and all. She went on the long cruel journey. She arrived at the town, at the gate of the school. She alighted from the vehicle that had brought her and began to hitch and shuffle her way up to the door—for she was a cripple, too. When the children at the school saw her they ran screaming to their parents, saying "It's the devil. The devil is coming to our school!" The scandalized parents immediately removed their children. But she stayed; and won the children back, little by little, and her ability as a teacher, and the beauty of her character gave prestige and wonderful popularity to the Mission School. The time came when she must return to the Mission Station for more training. When she started on her journey back the head officials of the town personally escorted her out of the town and sent with her a letter to the head of the Training School in the Mission Station. "Dear Madam,—Please send little hunchback back to us when she is trained, for we will have no other."

Limitations? Nay, rather "power in Thy Power." "Able for anything, IN HIM." And isn't this the day when that power is needed if we are ever to accomplish our great task? This is no time to be

looking at our limitations and saying, "I can't." It is the last word we should be saying in this glorious day of Opportunity when we Baptist women are called upon to help save two nations—one in India and one in South America—and when we are educated, endowed and equipped to do it. Those weak and miserable two syllables aren't worthy of us, or of our glorious Master and the marvellous gifts He has bestowed upon us, and the doors of opportunity He has opened to us. If you had ever lived in India and had had men, groups of them, deputations, come from villages far and near, asking for teachers, schools,—“We would be Christians, we want to learn how—send us a teacher—give us a school for our children.” If you had had to receive them, only to shake your head and say “We have no more teachers, we have no more money,” you too, would feel that anything, any effort, any sacrifice, were better than to send them (and that Opportunity) hopelessly away. You, for your part, would never, never say “I can't.” You would simply have to say “In Him who strengthens me I CAN and I WILL do my part NOW! NOW! while the doors are open.”

“God has given you definite work, definite Powers, definite Limitations. He planned all three to fit, therefore you need not worry about Results, as long as you put Duty before Pleasure, and do your best”—IN HIM.

—*and forgive us for our incomprehensible slowness in making use of that Power.*”

The day may come when we will never be able to forgive ourselves; or to look Him in the face.

M.

The surest shield at home is the far-flung fighting line abroad. When life no longer radiates out to the circumference it stops pulsating at the heart. The religion that does not strive to gain the whole world is doomed to lose its own soul.

Sir Donald Macalister.