

write to the Treasurer, so that some satisfactory arrangement may be made.

If no application is made by the contributors of the above amounts before the end of December, it will be presumed that they are content to let the matter drop.

VIOLET ELLIOT, *Treasurer*.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

## WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

RECEIPTS FROM OCT. 20TH TO NOV. 20TH, 1895.

Deacons M. B., \$17; Clarendon, \$3 50; Olivet Circle, \$12 75; Olivet M. B., \$23; Kingston, First Ch. Circle, \$5; St. Andrews, \$7. Total, \$68.25.

ERRATUM.—\$13 of the amount credited to the Olivet Circle in the Treasurer's Annual Report should be credited to the Mission Band. Honor to whom honor is due.

MARY A. SMITH,

8 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

*Treasurer.*

## W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR. "We are laborers together with God."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR DEC.—For the work and workers at Hobbili, that the darkness may pass away. For Mrs. Churchill's school; and that those young men who are acquiring the way, may find Christ and be made workmen in His cause. Praise for Isaiah xxxviii: 1-2.

At the missionary meeting held at Keewick, this summer, the following poem (written by Mrs. Frances Bevan) was read by Mrs. Grubb:

"A homeless stranger among us came,  
To this land of sin and mourning,  
He walked in the path of sorrow and shame,  
Through insult and hate and scorning;

A Man of sorrows, of toils and tears,  
An outcast Man, and a lowly,  
But He looked on me and through endless years,  
Him must I love, Him only.

Then from this sad and sorrowful land,  
This land of tears He departed,  
But the light of His eyes and the touch of His hand  
Had left me broken hearted;

And I clave to Him as He turned His face  
From the land that was mine no longer,  
The land I had loved in the ancient days,  
'Ere I knew the love that was stronger;

And I would abide where He abode,  
And follow His steps forever,  
His people my people, His God my God,  
In the land 'beyond the River';

For where He died would I also die—  
Far dearer with Christ beside me,  
Than a kingly place among living men,  
The place that they denied Him."

## ZENANA MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Tell us, tell us the story,  
The old, old story of love—  
How Jesus left the Father,  
Came down to us from above.  
We tire not of the story:  
Do tell it over again,  
That loveful, Christian story—  
How Jesus suffered for men!

It is a beautiful story,  
Beautiful now as before;  
Nor can we tire of hearing,  
Tho' we have heard it before.  
We love to hear the story,  
'Tis music from heaven's shore  
We feel the angels nearing,  
And heaven opening its door.

It is a beautiful story  
Of Father, Spirit, Son—  
How all combined to save us,  
Blessed Holy Three in One!  
Yes: One, as says the story—  
All one in redeeming love;  
One in the will and power  
Of that great, Almighty Love.

Some poor women in Eastern lands, having heard from the lips of our former students the story of the love of God, and of the love for them individually, often repeated the story among themselves, and to their children; and when they travelled back to their—in some cases very distant—homes, they told the story over again, and also how the God of love of the Christians had given them ease, or quite healed them through the agency of our trained ladies. And those poor women would, when in bodily pain, or racked by disease, not only apply for bodily relief, but appeal to hear "the story" over again and again. I need hardly say how great was the benefit to the poor sufferers by the double ministrations to their spiritual and bodily wants, and how the balm administered to the mind, helped the medicines used for the good of the body.

Is it not written in the Word of God?—"He (Jesus) sent them (His disciples) to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick." This command, this double ministry our students are trained to fulfil at the Z. N. C. We therefore invite you to help by your offerings, by your prayers, by giving yourself to this work, and coming to be trained.

G. DE G. GRIFFITH.

Z. M. C., 58 St. George's road, S. W.

## SUGGESTED PROGRAMME FOR DECEMBER.

Hymn—"Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,"  
No. 211 in Psalms.  
Prayer, remembering the Topic.  
Scripture—Isaiah, ix. 2, 7, and also Luke, ii., 4, 20. Short address by the leader on Luke, ii., 10.  
Hymn 213—"Joy to the world! the Lord is come."  
Prayer.  
Reading *Tidings*.  
Reading of estimates for this year.  
Discussion—"What can our Society do to help raise this sum?"  
Prayer.  
Reading Corresponding Secretary's Report in Annual Report.  
Hymn No. 642 in Sacred Songs and Solos.  
Closing Prayer.  
We would suggest that the question, "What Christmas gift shall we make our King?" be asked at this meeting.