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MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR APRIL.—"Tekkali—That the Spirit's power may graciously descend on all the missionaries, helpers, schools and out-stations, that the halting ones may decide for Christ.
For the Schools at Grand Ligne.

A SOLITARY WAY

There is a mystery in human hearts,
And though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,
To every one of us, from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
Our dearest friend is stranger to our joy,
And cannot realize our bitterness.
"There is not one who really understands,
Not one to enter into all I feel;"
Such is the cry of each of us in turn.
"We wander in a 'solitary way,'"
No matter what or where our lot may be;
Each heart, mysterious even to itself,
Must live its inner life in solitude.
And would you know the reason why this is?
It is because the Lord desires our love;
In every heart he wishes to be first.
He therefore keeps the secret key Himself
To open all its chambers, and to bless,
With perfect sympathy and holy peace,
Each solitary soul that comes to Him.
So when we feel this loneliness it is
The voice of Jesus saying, "Come to me;"
And every time we are "not understood,"
It is a call to us to come again;
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have a "solitary way."

And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,
And say, "I cannot bear this load alone,"
You say the truth. Christ made it purposely
So heavy that you must return to Him.
The bitter grief, which "no one understands,"
Conveys a secret message from the King,
Entreating you to come to Him again;
The Man of Sorrows understands it well,
In all points tempted He can feel with you.
You cannot come too often, or too near.
The Son of God is infinite in Grace,
His presence satisfies the longing soul.
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have "a solitary way."

NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

AMID the snow drifts, under the gleaming piles the buds are extracting from the bosom of mother earth the whiteness, color and sweetness that will gladden forest nooks, fields and gardens next May and June.

So, we hope that many buds of missionary zeal are gathering life from enforced seclusion in country places, where the roads are nearly impassable. We hope so, and if these buds are moistened by prayer—in God's good time they will bring forth fruit.

Some may feel discouraged as the days go by and perhaps months may pass and no meeting possible. No need for discouragement, only keep our hearts warm in the sunshine of God's presence and by and bye, when the winter is over and gone we can show our "faith by our works."

In many ways God is trying our faith—Oh, may our hearts be stayed on Him and cry "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

To the dear shut-in sisters, those whom God is drawing closer to His side through the ministry of suffering, those whom He is teaching in the school of pain, these dark stormy days, are we hope, in the dark cloud that shows the silver lining of love behind it.

Let us all watch together, pray together, and health and light, peace and life will come with the Spring.

In the Autumn months the Aid Society work in New Brunswick seemed very active. More Societies observed Crusade Day, than in any previous year. Public meetings were held, resulting in many places, in increased membership in the Societies, with large collections for the work.

One new Society was organized, by the sisters of Newcastle Creek, at Hardwood Ridge, Sun