

and challenged us to enter in and possess the land. What are we waiting for? All things are now ready. A united movement all along the lines—more men and women to the front, and the Church of God backing them up with more money and prayer and sympathy; more Godly parents giving their children to God and to Missions from the cradle; more enterprise for God, pushing the conquests of the cross as we push secular and scientific endeavor for objects infinitely less important—who can tell what glorious and speedy results may follow a true awakening of the Church of God to the duty and privilege of proclaiming the gospel to every creature!—
Miss. Review.

Lost Opportunities.

Some of the members of the auxiliary in the Central Church in W—— did a good deal of thinking on the afternoon of the last Sunday in December. Surely it was not an accident that the regular time for the meeting should come on the same day that the earnest young pastor preached a searching sermon on the close of the year, taking for the text, "Inasmuch as ye did it not . . . ye did it not to me." The sermon created quite an impression—not to say quite a breeze—among the self-satisfied ones, who did not approve of the way in which the sin of omission was pressed home upon them.

Whether it was the effect of the morning sermon, or the bright December day, or the fact that a "real live missionary" from India was to address them, or a little of the three, there was certainly a very encouraging attendance at the meeting in the afternoon. The president, continuing the theme of the morning, spoke earnestly of the plans that had been made at the beginning of the year, which had been carried out in some measure, but which would have been so much more effective if more had entered heartily into them. Mrs. H——, the missionary from India, followed with a thrilling talk on the many openings for work in India, telling how the hearts of the missionaries sank within them as they saw one opportunity after another go by unimproved because of the inadequacy of the force of workers. The meeting was one of unusual spiritual power, and at the close the president made another tender appeal for more earnest work for foreign missions in the church, asking that each one present should honestly try to find the might-have-dones of the past year, and make them into the shall-be-dones of the year to come.

Almost everyone in the church would have said that if there were any one who did not need such an injunction as this it was dear Mrs. Foster, whose heart and soul was thoroughly in the foreign missionary work; but, as is often the case, she took every word that had been said to herself. As she sat down in her cozy sitting room in the dusk of the winter evening, the haunting thoughts came thick and fast, and the might-have-dones loomed up like goblins in the darkening room. After awhile her thoughts ran on like this: "I believe the trouble with me is I am afraid of what people will think. I often imagine them saying, 'Oh, that tiresome Mrs. Foster, with her foreign missions! I wonder if she ever thinks of anything else!' Often fancy I see such a resigned expression coming over their faces when I introduce the subject, as if they thought, 'She is riding her hobby again; we must try to bear it!' This has kept my mouth shut dozens of times. How sorry I was we lost John Mason's dear little wife in our auxiliary. When we wanted a new treasurer, I started to ask her ever so many times to take the place; but I knew she was a rich society girl from New York, and I didn't dare mention religious things to her, least of all foreign missions. One day I went specially to ask her, and she got to talking so earnestly about her European trip I came away without having said a word about it. How disappointed I was when I went into the Ladies' Aid Society the very next day and found she had been made Secretary, and was really pleased, as she said, 'to be set to work.'

And I wanted her so much for the auxiliary! Then to have her say, as she did afterward, she would have much preferred foreign missionary work, and that she didn't say anything about it because I hadn't mentioned the subject, and she thought I was not interested in it! She is making almost a new thing of the Ladies' Aid, and we have lost a fine worker. "Then there was dear old Mr. Hamilton's money. I heard he was going to give something as a memorial for his wife, and I immediately thought how nice it would be if he would have a memorial room in the Bombay Home. I had so many things on my hands at that time I couldn't get to see him for nearly two weeks. To be sure, I did meet him on the street one day, and walked three or four blocks with him, but I didn't want to speak of it too suddenly, it seemed so much better to bring it about in the course of conversation. I met him at church and at Mrs. Wood's tea, but when I got my courage up to the point of asking, he was called away, and the opportunity was gone. It was hard when I did get to tell him, to find that he had promised a window for the church. How my heart sank when he said: 'My dear woman, why didn't you tell me this before? I could hardly make up my mind which Mary loved best, the church or the Woman's Board; but Mr. Blake was very anxious for the window, and he was so kind in her sickness, I thought she would like to please him.' How disappointing 't was to find, too, that Mr. Appleton, a man who is not a member of the church, but is very proud of the new building, would have put in the window if Mr. Hamilton had not. I think I shall have to confess to one thing,—that, above all things, I dislike to ask for money, and a very small excuse keeps me from it.

"I can console myself with one thing,—I have attended every meeting of the auxiliary except the two when I was out of town, although I may not have done what I might in the meetings. I wish I had written that paper on Japan that I was asked for at the September meeting, especially as Mrs. Hartley made her appearance there for the first time after our many invitations. I know that I had some material on Japan that would have astonished her. As it was, the programme was made up at the last minute, and it was the least interesting meeting of the year. She was too polite to say so, but I know Mrs. Hartley thought it was stupid, as she has not been since. It was too bad, too, to refuse to lead in prayer two meetings in succession. The first time I thought I couldn't because I was not well, and the last time was the day that Bridget left at an hour's notice, and I was too worried and flustered to compose my thoughts. Good Mrs. Bacon suggested to me afterward that it might have calmed and helped me; and so it might. In any case, when I saw Mrs. Blake ask four other ladies and finally do it herself, I made up my mind I would never refuse again."

So Mrs. Foster's thoughts ran on till the might-have-dones seemed to her sensitive conscience to bury out of sight the really efficient service she had rendered, and led her to a prayerful reconsecration of herself to the work asked of her by her Lord, whatever that might be. Oh for many Mrs. Fosters in our churches!

Among those specially roused by the services of the day was Mrs. Meenwell. Ever since the morning sermon she had had a haunting sense of duties left undone which rested heavily upon her as she sat indulging in her favorite occupation of finding pictures in the bright wood fire. The afternoon meeting was still in her thoughts, and the pictures she recalled were connected with the missionary society. The annual meeting in February was at Mrs. Sanford's lovely home, and the charming surroundings came vividly before her,—the pleasant social tea that followed, with the conservatory and other rooms open to all; the meeting itself in the elegant parlors, filled with well-dressed, intelligent women, all more or less intent on the subject of the hour. She saw herself sitting in a quiet-corner receiving a revelation as to the great missionary movements of the age, and remembered with a pang of regret the resolutions she had made to inform herself about their progress, to attend the monthly meetings, to give generously. She had then and there subscribed for