

believe, and I think we do really believe, that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' May this not be a part of the essential experience of your life by which the great Father intends to bring you into higher and grander affinities both here and hereafter? Certainly, you must look upon it as providential though the ordeal was so desperate in escaping, shall I say the 'snare of the fowler,' as you so narrowly did. Your success in Montreal, though once associated in your mind with high future social position, cannot be all lost to you. Your scholarship and music afford you means of communing with the great minds, both of the past and the present, and your music will always be to you a *living*, and a good one, if you should ever require it for this purpose. But this is even the lowest plane in relation to the matter. We ladies all suffer from our education. We have been taught that well-to-do, high or respectable social opportunities are the chief things to be sought. We have really been taught this, both directly and indirectly, while the higher (because the truer and real) relationships of life have been largely kept in the back-ground. There are wedded souls, sometimes, where a marriage union is quite incompatible, and Paul certainly teaches (1 Cor. chap. 7) not only that 'he that is unmarried,' but 'the unmarried woman' as well, 'careth for the things of the Lord that she may be holy both in body and in spirit!' Perhaps you and I have so far escaped the lower wedded relationship, that we may attain to the higher more perfectly—that we 'may be holy both in body and in spirit.' Will not that, Miss President, do for my opening speech, though seemingly aside from the question?" Miss Thompson concluded.

Miss Menzies sat for a moment as if in meditation and then said, "Oh, Miss Thompson!" and the current of her thoughts suddenly changing, she further remarked, "But I have felt lately as if it is possible for me again to regain my mental and spiritual elasticity, and what you have just said enables me to feel even now, that 'all things,' even this included, 'are possible with God,'" and she slowly and measuredly repeated Cowper's well-known stanzas, applicable to so many dark and disappointing scenes in life:

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

She repeated the remainder of the hymn, but lingered on the expressions appropriate to her case such as:

"Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

* * * * *
"The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

* * * * *
"God is His own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

And then she remarked, "I am in His hands. I fear I have not been loving Him supremely, henceforth as far as I know it, I shall seek Him and His first, like a loving and obedient child."

These words were uttered, though in the presence of Miss Thompson, as if they were partly prayer and partly covenant with God. And after a moment or two of pause, Miss Thompson remarked, "Though, Miss President, we have not been talking about the new revival meeting at Major Cauldwell's last evening, we seem, I am sure, to be coming into the spirit of the thing itself." Upon which Miss Menzies remarked in reply:

"If this be new revivalism, I for one shall not object to more of it, for I feel like singing at the top of my voice, that beautiful hymn 'Nearer my God to Thee.'" When Miss Thompson began to hum the tune and Miss Menzies led the stanza, Miss Thompson joining her:

"Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

This current of events nearly broke up the meeting. The two ladies sat back in their chairs and felt quite indisposed to talk about that which had been simply reported to them. Miss Menzies, however, thought of the article in the *Globe*, a copy of which she had brought with her, and opening her satchel she took it out and asked Miss Thompson to read it over to see what there might be in it. Miss Thompson took the paper and read as follows: