

one half would give one cent a day, we would have in Nova Scotia alone an increase of \$1,016. It is worth thinking over, worth praying over, worth doing.

Mrs. Emmerson, for New Brunswick, reported one thousand members. Three new Societies, and three revived.

P. E. I., three societies had been revived. Three had failed to report.

We hope to have a fuller report to place before our readers next month.

One thing grieved us that Mrs. Emmerson, Provincial Secretary, for N. B., felt compelled to resign after so many years of grand service. Nothing but ill health would lead our sister to give up the work she loves so well. But they also serve who only stand and wait.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

(MRS. J. W. MANNING.)

The recurrence of these annual meetings are both like and unlike the yearly convocations of ancient Israel. They are like them because our pilgrimages are annual; they are unlike them because we change our place of meeting each year, so that our anniversary, with respect to space, is a "movable feast," for now our worship is no longer a question of locality—such as Mount Moriah or Gerizim—for all middle walls of partition have been broken down by Him who is our peace, so that we can worship Him who is a Spirit with equal ease without regard to time or place. We have made our sacrifices, through all the months of the year, paid our vows and offered our petitions in our Societies and homes. Now we come together with joy, to recount the mercies, deplore the mistakes and failures, discover, if possible, new methods of work, and re-consecrate ourselves to the Master, whose we are and whom we serve. Let us use this anniversary as though it were some height of observation, whence, taking a general survey of the work, we may not only gratefully review the past, but also trustfully forecast and plan for the future.

Many of us have been interested and thrilled with a little tract entitled, "The Missionary Need on our Telugu Field." The state of destitution is appalling, and every Christian heart must be stirred to its depths with the thought of these millions of Telugus perishing, dying without the Gospel. Might we not find it profitable to consider for a few minutes at this hour, the missionary needs of those at home with reference to the foreign work? What do we need? I would reply most emphatically, a deeper consecration of heart and life to the service of Christ and a divine enthusiasm for the salvation of the perishing at home and abroad; a more complete comprehension of the lost condition of the heathen without a knowledge of Christ, and our responsibility with regard to them.

I wish to speak particularly concerning the latter. In order to understand the condition of the heathen and the environment which surround them, we must have a more extensive knowledge of the history of missions and missionaries. This can only be acquired by careful study. As we read and become conversant with the lives and work of those who have labored for many years amid the darkness and degradation of heathenism, something of the true state of those people begins to dawn upon us, and we see dimly to what depths they have sunk and how much they need the light of the Gospel. Then, how can one be interested about that of which they know little

or nothing! Missionary literature is a mighty agency, immensely helpful in cultivating a missionary spirit, which will soon develop into self-sacrificing deeds for Christ.

What we want in our homes and Societies is the universal diffusion of missionary knowledge. We have frequent instances which illustrate the effectiveness of this instrumentality. It goes where the pastor cannot go. It lingers after he has gone. It sits with the soul when it is alone, speaks to us in our most thoughtful moments. Fixes its impression as no address or sermon, let it be ever so eloquent or touching, is likely to do; for the impression from these frequently pass away with the occasion, followed by little or no permanent result; but what we read and ponder in our quiet hours becomes a part of ourselves, enters into the warp and woof of our lives and will soon influence us to noble Christ-like acts. This mighty power for awakening an interest in missions may be multiplied indefinitely. The procuring and carefully reading of mission papers and magazines, leaflets and biographies of missionaries by the score that can now be obtained at a very trifling cost, and we would do well to deny ourselves something if need be to obtain them for ourselves and our families.

We must not be satisfied to merely read them, but by every means in our power induce others to read and study them, especially the young.

Some may plead they have no time. In a very few cases this may be true, but generally it is only an excuse. If we feel the necessity, the time will be found. Many things we women do were better left undone. A little of the wasted time might be profitably employed in this way. In olden time when the infant Jesus lay in Bethlehem's manger, the watching wise men saw the long-looked-for star in the East and came to worship Him, bearing precious gifts from their distant home to present the mysterious little stranger of whom the Prophets told and Psalmist sung. After gazing on the blessed face and hearing the marvellous story of His birth, they turned their faces homeward, and it is said that eager listeners gathered in crowds about them to hear their strange story; but one, Barbara by name, remained at home, and went not out to hear or see. Her wondering sister questioned why she did not come to ask and hear the sayings wise and good. "Must I not spin and weave, must I not cook and clean? No time for idle tales from travellers far." But soon her husband came asking if she had heard the wondrous tale. "Oh, no," she said, "I have no time." "Foolish woman," he replied, "you have lost so much, no days of toil can make amends, no garments fine with which to deck your children can ever repay to them what they have lost in you not taking them to hear and see. Your dainty meals prepared with greatest care can only feed the body; starve the soul!"

Are there not Barbara's to-day through all our land, who sit and sew, embroider, tuck and frill to deck the bodies of their little ones, while souls are left unclothed, and weary mothers plead they have no time? Are there not many of our young ladies who spend hours each day painting and playing on the piano, who, if asked to attend a missionary meeting or subscribe for a missionary paper, will at once reply, they "have no time or cannot afford it?" While these things are not wrong in themselves, is there not danger, yea, peril, in placing them before the work our Master has bidden us do? Thus allowing the golden days of youth to pass without entering upon the work or gaining the knowledge that will make us efficient, intelligent workers in later years.

"Hear, O girls of '91, the voice of the Leader calling