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THE DOMINION BANK

As the head of a Y.W.C.A., you will be busily occupied from morning till night. Your mid-days will be taken up with the cafeteria and addresses in factories, your evenings with personal dealings with the girls and with devising new forms of recreation. At times you will wish for a touch of the kind, motherly body you have unconsciously missed, as you find you are expected to be a good housekeeper, an able financier, an attractive speaker, a kind of moral specialist, and as generally nice to everybody as you can. The greater your success the greater the pressure, and you dare not shut your door, for, as the pathetic little music student said, "In all over everywhere she's the only one I have to go to."

When you have become thoroughly skilful in the outlying branches of the work, you will begin to cast longing eyes towards the administrative department—that is to say, the office of what is termed the Dominion Council. Here, in the midst of some thirty workers, you will find abundant outlet for your administrative ability. You will be brought into contact with the running of fruit camps, hostels, the foreign department of the work. Conferences and holiday camps, in which the girls cry out, "for once I can whistle and sing as loud as I please." You will organize clubs, lectures on social morality, the travellers' aid department, the lunch rooms in which the tired girl can fling herself down for an hour and be at ease, and the like.

This work grows more rapidly than any other branch of women's work, and you will rejoice in being one of the group of women to whom the Government turns for counsel and

assistance upon the inside running of almost every kind of women's work. Every kind of practical experience which you have gained will be intensely useful, for the inner group of the council are something like the men in an aeroplane, who direct with precision the far-away firing of the battery, and by God's help strive to thwart, and time and again do thwart the "Fisher of the Night." It is truly startling when you once look into it to discover the importance of the work. For in the last analysis a nation breathes according to its atmosphere, and it is the women who create that atmosphere. So, too, it is truly startling to discover the marvellous opportunities lying at your feet, and every high-spirited, truly consecrated girl.

You hold your breath as you stand first in the city and see a crowd of girls hurrying past you. Then on the prairie the children whom your heart goes out to. Or you give still wider play to your imagination and stand on a spur of the Himalayas. The smoke of a thousand Christless villages rises at your feet in the early morning sun, and the stir of the awakening crowds, and amongst them you see, almost visibly, the form of Jesus passing, silent, but with the wonderful story of His dying love upon His lips. He sees the delusions, He sees the pain, the dumb striving everywhere and He cries to you to be lips, and hands, and feet for Him.

This is the appealing side, but there is the darker side. You will find it discouraging to go forward steadily everywhere like a "gold bright moth slow spinning up the sky." In the tragic dark all around you, you will find it hard to stand

the eclipse and storm-cloud, more fatal even than darkness. But you are conscious that you are never alone.

"For He knoweth the way that I tread,
And His banner of crimson is over my head."

You are conscious at times, as you go forward, that you are apprehended, caught by the hand, quickened by the spiritual power of Christ. You dare not linger till the longed-for day comes when you see
"On high in blazing splendour set
The Cross triumphant stand with nought to let
The wonder and the glory of its might."

In the wonder of that Cross you greet the hostages with fortune who have preceded you and await the hostages who are pressing after you. They may be from your own land. Like the Ruthenian mother, dying, with tears streaming down her toil-worn face, and crying: "Meester teacher, you good, you like my Mary, my John, me want them go a school, learn English—me go away—good-by—me see you after." Or, like the young evangelist who arrived too late, despite hard travelling, but taking the loved hand of Hudson Taylor in death, which he had longed for in life, and stroking it tenderly, cried: "We shall follow you, we shall come to you, Lao Muhsi, we shall welcome you by and by."

THE HEART OF POLAND.

(Continued from page 442)

The wisest theory of culture or knowledge I know was strikingly confirmed by the methods I observed here, viz., that they are simply the capacity to distinguish between things—to tell one thing from another. This deepest principle, whether of knowledge or of morals, is applied especially in two ways: they are taught first to distinguish colours, then to distinguish sounds. Sometimes it is music which arouses in them the first elements of conscious existence—does for them what running water did for Helen Keller. Pani has a most ingenious system worked out for the first beginnings of learning. One must see it in order to realize what devotion has been put into it all.

And all this in the land, about which I had been hearing for six and a half years from Germans, that it cannot govern itself, that it needs tuition. Even Anglo-Saxons expect to find here something like medieval darkness. An educated London lady wrote to me not long ago that she had always associated Poland with snow and ice—and Polar bears.

Who would have thought that any good thing was to be found in this north land, this Galilee? The writer had to readjust his whole idea of things. All this because of the noble work of a few men and women, patriots all, and Christians.

Let those who believe that poverty, and misery and war can be banished from this earth, that they are the fruit, the wages of sin, stand by these workers, so that, whether they toil in Warsaw, or in Winnipeg, in Paris or in Pekin, they may be able to make their worthy contribution to the setting up of light and of peace and of good-will upon earth.

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