

official authorities of our Church to insure a hearty co-operation.

We, as mothers, have no charge to keep half as sacred as the character-building of our children. God has said, "Take this child and nurse it, and I will give thee wages."

We have cared for our children through the most troublesome period of their lives. We have burned the midnight oil on their behalf; cooled the parched lips and the fevered brow; we have taught them to lisp their first prayer, and as Christian mothers banded them together to do God's work who are more efficient to train our children than we.

Our work in heathen lands is largely for children, and why not begin with our own children at home? Then there is so much in our work that appeals to their missionary susceptibility.

What child would not be interested in the story of foot-binding in China, and the story of child-widows in India?

Our prayer is that the foundation may be as broad as the purpose of God and the atonement of Christ. Time will not permit to speak of the reflex influences of missionary study and giving upon the individual, the home and the Church. The educative influences flowing from the work of the Woman's Missionary Society cannot be overestimated. Our united study of missions, in which hundreds and thousands of women of the different Protestant Churches are studying the same theme, thinking the same thoughts, occurs to one as the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which gives promise of abundance of rain.



SISTERS, THINK!

"Lay her down in love and honour,"
Pansies, purple pall, upon her;
For this heart was pure—yea, holy—
Wrought out works of peace right nobly.
Heartsease golden all around her,
Fragrance followed where you found her.

"Lay her down in love"—and pity;
Blame the contact of the city,
Falling soot that soon besmirches,
Fog and dust-clouds no light searches.
Soft let snow-drifts wreath above her,
Since she ne'er knew one to love her.

Had these met! one moment only,
One heart less had lingered lonely,
Taken false love, sick with waiting,
Found she held, not love, but hating.
Was it you who passed, unthinking,
Never saw the sad heart shrinking?

El. Sie, in All the World.