

they can. Have not these solitary and sometimes lonely ones a sympathetic thought prompted by their own life's experience that more truly touches the lonely toiler in the field, than that of any other home worker? May it not be a call to them to labor in this way that they can ask heaven to send blessings others know not to ask, and will it not be an encouragement to them to enter into the work that a reflex benefit will flow to the farms on the hills?

Once awakened to an interest these tried, reliable women will be a source of great strength to the cause. This is a life work and requires steadfast followers; the obligation is too solemn to be lightly repudiated. If there is strength enough in this line to save my own life, is it not a very grave responsibility for me to let go of the same line upon which some other woman is going to land? I must not violate a life trust. I am bound by *loyalty* to the one who held it for me and by *love* to One who made it for me.

Scattered helper, you may not be rich in this world's goods, you are rich in Christian grace; you had knowledge enough laid up in childhood to enable you to train a family in godly ways. On this very earth, warmed by the same sun and lighted by the stars, there are boys and girls, the contemporaries of yours, whose mother's girlhood held no such knowledge. Where are her children to-night? The sequel is known to us all: They are among the blind and yearning wrecks that strew the shore of the heathen world.

In compassion for the woman who never had one chance, in pity for her unenlightened children, and in acknowledgment of our benefits, we are asked to do this work; to give money if we have it; if not, love, sympathy, interest, prayer, so long as our life shall last.

Any one anxious to advance this scheme, yet feeling timid or unprepared for the effort, will do well to obtain from Miss Ogden a *worker's outfit*. It is complete; there is a compass, so though you go from beaten tracks you will not be lost; there is a pair of shoes, ointment and a staff, for the long walk; some kindlings and a lantern, you need not wait for summer or even moonlight nights; a few smooth stones for the giants in the way, and other things useful and sweet.

Possession is a great thing. Do you know that leaflet that is all our very own, "*What Thomas Henry and I Learned at the Board Meeting in London*"? That London belongs to us, that Board Meeting was ours, and the author is our sister. It is a large and clever family to which we belong. Do not fail to read this tract; it is bright and pathetic, and will fill you with reverence for your legislators.

It were worth your reading, if only that you may catch inspiration from the ideal the writer has portrayed for us: the heroic figure who, denying herself, did at the public meeting for three quarters of an hour, bravely take twelve hundred strangers where few take strangers, for Japan was then but a "God's Acre" to her.

*There are Boards and Boards*, and now we have "*Ezra, Me and the Boards*." In this little heart-history the light is thrown across a life of world-wide sympathy and willing sacrifice, and the effect upon other lives shown.