

of time will be seen in a truer light, and all their occupations will be sanctified. They will not be found frittering away their time, nor lingering on the borderland between worldliness and self-consecration, as though they would enjoy all they could of this world without losing the other. They will not only give Jesus their best, but will gather up the crumbs for Him. They will endeavor to have nothing lost out of their life, to leave nothing undone that they can do for God. And should some one say, "Ah! the best that I can offer is but a gathering up of crumbs," we would answer, that may be quite true as to the time you can spare or the amount of money you can give, but your loaf of prayer may be as large as any, and your privilege of self-denial may be even greater. It may be an additional incentive to work for Christ if we remember the benefit it reflects upon ourselves. Were there nothing to do for Jesus we would have a very stunted kind of religion. Were there no praying work, no self-denial, no effort for others required, how slowly would our own graces develop. Does not our love for souls grow as we toil for them? What but God's answers encourages our prayers? How is faith strengthened when to it is added experience of the power and love and loveliness of our Divine Master. But this will not come to the idle Christian, who with folded hands congratulates himself that he has escaped punishment by believing on Jesus. Surely this is not all. Ah! no. This is only the first step in the Christian life; this is but the implanting of the life of Christ in us, which is to grow and increase until we become like Him. Let us try to be more like Him now; grieved at abounding sin, longing and laboring for the glory of God and the salvation of the lost.

Are we not all glad of the countenance given to women's work by the Revised Bible in Ps. lxxviii. 11? It comes to us as a direct sanction from heaven; let us all publish the word by holy lives in our home spheres, and with renewed zeal let each do what she can to send it abroad among the heathen. I have written this letter for the Mission Bands of your society at the request of my friend Mrs. Harvie. When I began it I did not know what shape it might take. Such as it is it comes from my heart, and I offer it lovingly to my fellow-workers in the far north.

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