

with grip of steel. "Surely," says Mrs. Butler, "if any time in the world's history ever called for courageous and independent speech and for typical and Christ-like acts, on the part of women towards their fallen sisters and brothers, this age of ours calls for such." Do you say "the work is too hard for me;" then ask God to give thee skill.

In comforts art that thou may'st consecrated be,  
And set apart unto a life of sympathy;  
For heavy is the weight of ill in every heart,  
And comforters are needed much—  
Of Christ-like touch.

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PURITY IN LITERATURE AND ART—MRS. TODD.

Great oaks from little acorns grow and giants were only babes at first. So when the department which I stand here to represent to-day was born into our work, it was like all babies, very weak and feeble. It has shown signs of life, in that it has stretched out its hands and sent up a piteous cry, but as yet it has not taken a step—give it time, friends, and you may see a great head stalking through the land, crushing the giant evil. You may ask: What kind of a cry was given?

Every editor in these two provinces, save one, was addressed personally, asking that their columns be shut to all demoralizing matter, and only good and uplifting material used. Each Union was written to and requested to take up this branch of work. Nineteen responded, promising to do what they could—three felt there was no need of such work among them, and others were never heard from.

Now to what extent have the hands been stretched out? Of the nineteen who promised to take up the work, twelve responded to my call for reports. Five to say they had done nothing, and seven to grieve over the little accomplished. But is it little? Mothers have been spoken to who were indifferent on the subject before. A general looking into the matter shows that the postal authorities do not knowingly open the mails to the transportation of vile papers, but so wily is the foe we fight that even the strictest vigilance is evaded.