

He thought, as he gazed on the tablet,  
 An angel's hand erased  
 The name of the proud young monarch—  
 His name—with eager haste;  
 While in its stead was written,  
 In letters of burning gold,  
 The unknown name of another,  
 A widow—forsaken and old.

When the morn looked into his chamber  
 Through the curtains' silken sheen,  
 He sent for the poor lone woman  
 Who bore the name he had seen;  
 And when she stood before him  
 His angrily questioned, "Why  
 Did you disobey my bidding?  
 You surely cannot deny  
 You must have given some tribute,  
 Or helped in unknown ways  
 To build that church, whose tablet  
 Heralds for me all praise."

She murmured, "Oh, forgive me,  
 Dear King, for it is true;  
 I felt so glad and happy,  
 I did, sire, pray for you.  
 And as the jaded horses  
 Went with the heavy stone,  
 I gave them but a wisp of hay—  
 Only a little one.  
 I knew some day a church, sire,  
 From out those stones would grow,  
 And I did it for my Master,  
 Because I love him so."

Into that royal bosom  
 God sent an arrow down;  
 Strange thoughts were flitting through it,  
 Strange thoughts before unknown  
 To him who wore a diadem  
 And sat upon a throne;  
 Strange thoughts and stranger feelings,  
 Promptings of good from heaven,  
 A page from his own selfish heart  
 For him to read was given.

"Blot from off the tablet  
 The royal name," he said,  
 "And let this noble woman's  
 Be written in its stead."  
 With hammer and mallet and chisel  
 Down came the kingly fame,  
 And in beautiful golden letters  
 There glittered the widow's name.  
 "The Lord be praised forever,"  
 The king said. "Let it be  
 Proclaimed through all my kingdom  
 What this has done for me;  
 The gift of an humble woman  
 Is the sweetest charity.  
 Her little in God's balance  
 Before the eternal throne  
 Would far outweigh in worthiness  
 All I have ever done.  
 She did it for God's glory,  
 I did it for my own."—*Christian Weekly*.

### Address

OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES AT THE ANNUAL MEETING HELD IN AMHERST, N. S., 24TH AUGUST, 1885.

We have come together at this time, according to arrangement, with two objects in view: 1st. To review the year that has just passed; to note the progress we have

made; to mark our successes and encouragements; to look fairly at our mistakes; and to learn wisdom by all our experiences. 2nd. To look into the year before us; to see what work is before us; to examine our resources; to see how much of the great necessity we see we can supply; and how much of what we *might* and *ought* to do we have courage and faith to undertake.

The short time at our disposal must not be consumed by any lengthened remarks of mine; but I would press upon your hearts and take into my own to-day the claims which this work has upon us. It is a work to which our Master has called us. He has come to each of us personally and how shall we praise Him, has called us by His grace. He has so revealed Himself to us that our hearts have been constrained to cry, "Lord, what wilt Thou have us to do?" and the answer comes to us clearer and stronger this day than ever before, "Bring my daughters from the ends of the earth." He has called us by His *Providence*. This work of missions had come to a point where it could do little more until the citadel of superstition—the home—had been reached—*woman only can reach it*. Miss Hart in her preface to her "History of Women's Societies," beautifully says, "There are springs in the machinery which only a woman's fingers can touch and move; and crooked and narrow places where only her feet can tread; low levels which only her hands can raise; and recesses of sin and sorrow where only her voice can be heard." Do we not recognize in these considerations our commission?

Our benighted sisters call us—'tis because we by our own natures and experiences are fitted to commiserate their condition. Is it not the mother who has gathered into her own heart "rich treasures from childhood's opening bloom" who can fully sympathize with the heathen mother who commits her babe to the cruel Ganges that she may appease some angry deity; or who having a daughter born to her either leaves it to perish or gives it into a slavery which is worse than death?

Will not honored wives and happy girls with all life's brightest hopes clustering round them be moved to pity the despair which must have prompted those seven young girls of whom Miss Field tells, who, in their festal garments stole from their homes at midnight, and hand in hand plunged into the dark waters, choosing death rather than the miseries and degradation which awaited them as wives?

From such conditions as these they call to us for the gospel. Year by year their cry grows more plaintive and importunate. "If you believe," said one poor woman piteously to a missionary, "if you believe that we are dying without your Saviour, why do not more of you come to tell us of him?" And another, a poor Shan woman pleads, "Will you not tell the Christian women in America how fast we are dying, and ask them if they cannot send the gospel a little faster?" To such calls we *must* listen until the privileges and joys which are ours—ours because of this blessed gospel—with which we are just in trust for them—becomes the heritage of the women of the whole earth.

Moreover this is work to which the churches have called us. In the year book of 1870, we find this resolution adopted by representatives of the churches in convention. "Resolved, that provided sister Hannah Maria Morris be willing to acquire the Karen language, or any other which the Board may direct, with the view to engage in an independent mission; in the event of such a mission being established by this body, we receive her, and we will send her out as our missionary subject to the concurrence of the Convention, as soon as the Board shall be furnished with the funds necessary."