

The Women's Crusade in the States developed what women can do, when her weakness is allied to God's strength and the Gospel plane, to which it largely assisted to raise the Temperance work, and on which the Union stands, opens to her a field adapted to her energies, white already to the harvest,—where the greatest difficulty is, the laborers are few—

Hark ! the voice of Jesus crying,
 " Who will go to work to-day ?
 Fields are white, and harvest waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away ?"
 Loud and strong the Master calleth,
 Rich reward he offers thee ;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 Here am I ! Send Me ! Send Me !

Let None hear you idly saying,
 " There is nothing I can do,"
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you.
 Take the task He gives you gladly—
 Let His work your pleasure be ;
 Answer quickly when He calleth,
 " Here am I ! Send me ! Send Me !"

But the 2nd part of the subject allotted to me is :

How to Best Promot. Women's Influence and Work.

The two go hand in hand, and yet there is some difference. I may mention two ways of doing each, and take the Work first.

How to promote our work !

1st *By Consecrating all to God !* recognizing God's claim to all we have, and what have we that we have not received from Him ? This is the secret of successful labor. " Ye are not your own ; ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and spirit which are His." Have we talents or time, means, or perhaps, poverty. (many forget that this may be used for God, for poverty can go where wealth cannot,) youth or age, beauty, (and a woman combining beauty and grace has an immense power for good,) education, experience, voice to sing, and gift to pray, skillful hands or willing feet, health or sickness, whatever our lot, whatever our talents, they should all belong to God, and be considered His to use as He will. Joan of Arc, in the glimmering light of the 15th Century, felt this, and ere she left her humble home to deliver her country, vowed that she would consecrate herself to God. As she pushed on her way to execute her apparently unwomanly mission, and was met with coldness and repulse, she cried, " I would more willingly remain to spin by the side of my poor mother, for woe seems to work for me ; but go I must, because the Lord my Master wills it." And the Lord gave her success.