

word to my co-workers of the Women's Missionary Aid Societies of the Maritime Provinces. My wife and I were part and parcel of the movement, and we have followed it up. Now we must leave you our blessing.

As we say good bye, we would express the hope that those who follow the founders of the Circles which sent Mrs. Armstrong forth, will continue to break the Alabaster Box, that the house may continually be filled with the odor of the ointment.

Remember that you may help to save the women of India, and through them their children. Be pleased also to take our word for it that there is something more important than money. The women who pray will prevail.

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

In your private devotions, and in your meetings, remember this, and act upon it, *always*.

We never can tell what will be the result of our labor; we know only that "our labor shall not be in vain in the Lord." I am sure that Mrs. Armstrong will join us all in singing Heber's splendid strain:

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King Creator
In bliss returns to reign.

The Last Phase.

Since writing the foregoing "Impressions," I have received a booklet, which gives us the facts of Mrs. Armstrong's last years. Her mind was a far-reaching one—she looked beyond the ordinary work of the missionary. Like Dr. Carey and