

whole white world seemed full of music as one glided past far-stretching fields, where the soft, warm robe lay lovingly over springing wheat, and about the tender young roots of growing orchard trees; through forests, where snow-crowns and feathery wreaths hid all unsightly things; and diamond chains hung sparkling in the moonlight, making each tree and branch, each homely rafter and low-roofed cabin into a thing of beauty. What if the nose got a touch of frost, and the fingers tingled in the clear, cold air! What in all the year's experience now-a-days so stirs the blood, shakes the dust out of the brain, and gives fresh impetus to life of both soul and body, as those old-time missionary tours?

Then the pleasant buzz of expectancy in the different places where meetings were to be held, and the ministers and other friends entertained; how the busy house-wife aired and beautified her best rooms, and baked a fresh supply of pumpkin pies and doughnuts; how the farmer brought in an extra good back log for his fire on the hearth; sought out the juiciest hams and reddest apples, and consulted with "mother" as to the fattest chicken, goose or turkey. How the country choirs "practised" for the occasion; how the young men polished up cutter and harness, and laid aside their brightest mitts and mufflers, in which to drive merry girl friends to missionary meeting; how the great double sleighs came slipping along to the sound of sweet bells, with loads of living freight; old and young, large and small, all must go to missionary meeting. Yes, the people came out well, and the money came in.

That was all for home missions; we did not hear very much of foreign work then. That was before the days of Woman's Boards. It is only in later years that the weaker sex has come to the front and shown how strong she can be when head, and heart and hand all join together in this service of her God.

The *Missionary Review* for April says: "Woman's work for woman in foreign lands, which had its beginning only about twenty years ago, has been attended by a marvellous development; in all 70 societies are in existence, supporting a force of 1,463 missionaries, and gathering and expending last year the snug sum of \$1,692,963. Of these societies, 34 are in the United States, 10 in

Canada, 29 in Great Britain, 1 each in South America and the Continent."

But about *my* missionary meeting. When I talked about it at home, as we women will, you know, and mentioned its difficulties to mine own particular friend, he knit his brows thoughtfully for a moment, and then said, "It is well to understand *exactly* the object of your meeting: is it to gain members, work, or money?" and I answered yes, for I felt we want all that, and more. Money we *must* have; how can anything be done in this age without money? Members we want, and workers; clear heads and willing hands. But first and foremost we want consecrated hearts and lives, and plenty of them; we want that every woman among us be converted to missions, as well as to the God of missions. Is this too much to ask? Dear friends, why should we go only half way in our religion? Had the dear Lord Jesus gone only half way in our salvation, what of us and ours? Jesus is specially the woman's God. Think how He has emancipated us from sin's thralldom! Think how the influence of His Gospel has raised us from moral and social inferiority, lifted us up and made us to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus! Think what would be our hearts and homes without Him! and shall we be satisfied to offer Him but half the heart's devotion? Shall we not rather give ourselves entirely to Him and His cause; seek to be truly one with Him, to understand something of that mighty love which brought Him down to be the Saviour of the world; to know something of the wondrous expanse of that tender mercy which would have all brought to repentance; to enter into sympathy with that patient, pitying compassion, which bears with fallen humanity in its weakness and folly; is slow to anger, and plenteous in forgiving grace; which hails with loving joy the first upward glance of an awakening soul, the first faint filial cry of the new-born child of heaven.

I should like to read you a short account of a woman who was thus consecrated, and of her missionary meetings. I copy from the *Review*:—

In the year 1837, Mrs. Francis G. Clewe, born in 1801, and living at Genville, a village four miles from Schenectady, listened to a missionary sermon at Hudson, which, as she said, converted her to missions as much as she ever was converted to Christ. Her first query was, "What can I do?" The result was the formation by her of a Woman's Foreign Missionary Aid Society, perhaps