

how the young lives may be shielded from pernicious reading and environed by the richest thought, through influences which flow into our refined and happy homes. We know how the grand Chautauqua movement unites scores of thousands of readers intent on mental growth. It girdles the globe. It has no sex, no age, no class. Old and young, wise and unwise, the professional scholar and the untrained laborer, all the tired masses, find in its plan a unity of purpose and scope for their multitudinous interests. In its rescue work, it swins out new lines of thought and refreshes the sluggard by a breath of rarified mental air. Not only England and America, but far-away corners of Africa, Australia and New Zealand have links in this chain of thought. It is pre-eminently the privilege of the Aberdeen Society to spread this grand work and forward an intellectual millenium. when the mill-girl, shop-girl, office-boy, teacher and domestic, who catch a few hurried moments from life's duties, will exchange the light story paper and trashy novel for reading of Chautauquan plan and motive. You know your field—the limitless, shelterless prairie. You know the condition—dreary, unbroken solitude. You know the poverty of the large numbers who share it. Can you suddenly transport your bright home to this desolate waste, banish every picture, book and paper which give interest to your life, obliterate every neighborly influence, eliminate the functions of church and society which occupy you here? Can you realize the dismal desolation that would overshadow you? Can you see the listless children hungering for a bit of the rushing world beyond? Can you catch a gleam of the radiancy which illumines the dull home as the longed-for post brings a welcome package from the very heart of life, from your good Aberdeen sisters of distant Winnipeg? The young eyes sparkle at sight of picture and pamphlet, and the little ones browse for days over the pages which have travelled from the great city. A topic of thought and talk has entered the lonely lives. A human hand has reached them across the wide wild moor, and the humane interest is a bit of the heart-love of the universal Father. Your mother eyes grow dim with joy and gratitude, that the favored sisters have remembered you from their abundance. You thank God for the spirit which prompts this systematic philanthropy, for the time and strength devoted to the work. And as you turn the leaves of classic pamphlet, you realize that the noble sisterhood has sent the best that is written. The author's noblest thought uplifts your life in the wilderness and permeates every channel of your household. For this priceless treasure of high thinking, the incense of your prayers ascends that God may further the great work and inspire its workers—that they may relieve the pressing need, and with enthusiasm in their cause and wisdom in their methods, they may be a mighty power in solving the problem of good reading in the prairie home.