

more to surprise me. After fervent prayers were offered, interspersed with music, reading and recitations, when we felt, "Rich the seasons, fraught with blessings, which before the cross we spend"; and the addition of four new sisters, the benediction was said. Then tea, coffee, sandwiches and cakes were passed around, when the Secretary came to me with a tray loaded with good things, and a beautiful plate, cup and saucer of fine china—a birthday present from the Society; this also a surprise and so tenderly given. I was deeply affected.

In sisterly love,

(MRS.) MARY Y. CHURCH.

At Chenso, China, Mrs. Moir Duncan writes of a gracious revival in her girls' school. "Night after night," says this lady, they prayed sometimes till midnight for themselves and each other, with the result that most, if not every one of the 40 were converted.—*Missionary Review*.

DO THEY UNDERSTAND?

BY MRS. N. M. WATERBURY.

In an old volume of fairy tales dear to the heart of childhood, may be found the following legends:—

The usual beautiful princess was confined, by a fierce enemy, in a dark and dismal castle. There was no possibility of her escape, until the man appeared who could answer a certain question. If he failed, the terrible dragon who guarded the prison would slay him, but if successful he might carry away the lovely princess as his bride. The question was so difficult that no one dared attempt the task, but at last the fairy prince arrived, gave the correct solution, claimed the bewitching golden haired princess for his own, and lived happy ever after.

Another question, of a very different nature, if once rightly answered would liberate and lead into happiness not one lone princess, but millions of King's daughters, imprisoned by idolatry and heathenism. This important question is not a new one; it is discussed continually in our missionary meetings and conventions; it greets us in our missionary papers; it intrudes itself into every conversation on missionary subjects; it is suggested in missionary poems; it has been before us for years, and yet it shows no signs of age, but appears in the most lively and indefatigable manner. It is so utterly stale that we breathe a sigh of relief when it has been presented and taken away again, but we know it will be up next year and the next; we see it travelling down to posterity to confront our children and grandchildren, and yet, we dare to bring this great unanswered question before you again. Will you give it one more trial, or will you leave the work for some braver woman? "*How shall we reach the uninterested women of our churches?*" They are not a small class, but the great majority; not more than one third of our Baptist women are interested in the work of our women's societies for foreign missions. Why is this? Can it be possible that Christian women do not care whether the millions outside of our own favored country know the only truth that can make them free? They are Christian women tender-hearted, kind, many of them eager to work for Christ. Ask them for food for the starving or clothing for the destitute and they will quickly respond, their tears fall fast at stories of suffering, they are ready to give up personal feeling and cook or serve tables for various charities and church fairs; but they turn a deaf ear to the invitation to the missionary meeting, and refuse to help in this spiritual work of leading the women of the world to Christ. They have various excuses; they think charity begins at home, which trite

aphorism seems more forcible than the last command of our Lord; or they do not think it is right for missionaries to go abroad and leave their children in this country, forgetting that "He that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me"; or they do not believe the money ever gets to the heathen,—it takes ninety-nine cents of the dollar to get the other cent there,—which fiction they could so easily dispose of by glancing at the Annual Report. All these excuses, however, show clearly why the true Christian woman does not love the cause of foreign missions,—*She does not understand it.*

One night, in a crowded sleeping car, a baby cried most piteously. At length a harsh voice called out from a neighboring berth, "Won't that child's mother stop its noise, so the people in this car can get some sleep?" The baby ceased for a moment, and then a man's voice answered: "The baby's mother is in her coffin in the baggage car, and I have been awake with the little one for three nights; I will do my best to keep her quiet." There was a sudden rush from the other berth, and the rough voice, broken and tender, said, "I didn't understand, sir; I am so sorry! I wouldn't have said it for the world, if I had understood! Let me take the baby and you get some rest;" and up and down the car paced the strong man, softly hushing the tired baby until it fell asleep, when he laid it down in his own berth and watched over it until morning. As he carried the little one back to its father, he again apologized in the same words: "I hope you will excuse what I said; I didn't understand how it was." Ah, if only they understood, those dear Christian women! If they understood what it means to be a heathen woman in China, India, or Africa! If they had any idea of the frightful sin and consequent suffering of five hundred millions of these sisters of ours; if they understood what it costs to give up home and parents and children and health, to do this necessary work; if they dreamed of the agony of leaving lovely graves in these far-off lands; if they knew how the unkind criticism and indifference of the home workers grieve those who have given their lives to this work; if they understood that it is for this Christ came; that He instituted and commanded this work, and taught us to pray, "Thy Kingdom come," it would all seem so different. But they do not understand, and so they refuse to obey the last command of our Lord. They will not know the condition of the world to-day; they turn away from those multitudes of women with their exceeding bitter cry—a flippant jest or a shallow excuse their only answer.

Do you say they might understand, they have every means of knowing? That may be true; they have heard, but it certainly is not a reality to them. Are you interested? Do you understand the imperative needs of this work? Are you willing to make it clear to these other women who ought to know.

There is only one way to accomplish this, and that is to make our work more personal. It is easy to shift responsibility to meetings and missionary addresses or the circle officers. These agencies all have their place, but they do not affect four-fifths of the women in our churches, who never come in contact with them. There is some woman in your church whom you can influence; concentrate your powers on her. Give cordial personal invitations to the meetings, Never let the impression go out that the mission circle is a "Missionary Ring"; bring in as many talents as possible to make the meetings varied and interesting, and then take some trouble to induce women to come. If you have reason to believe that there is one woman in your church, who does not read the *Helping Hand*, even though she may subscribe for it, cut out one occasionally some very interesting item and give it to her without telling her whence it came, and in time by a judicious use of small doses you may create an appetite for the distasteful food. Doctors treat their patients singly, lawyers advise their clients separately, the best pastors and Sunday-school teachers do personal work with