

"Now, I'm sure," said Miss Dawes, "there's nothing I can do. Foreign missions are not in my line at all. I can take an interest in Dorcas societies and ward committees, but the other is so far away."

"Far away!" exclaimed Bessie, with shining eyes. "Far away, when people in Philadelphia, Chicago and Omaha, and people in Tokio, Allahabad, and Corisco are pouring out their hearts in letters to each other; when our sons and daughters, our brothers and sisters, and dearest friends, are preaching and teaching in all parts of the world; when workers at home and workers abroad are always praying for each other! It isn't far away! It's the very nearest thing!"

"Well," said Miss Dawes, breaking the short silence which followed what Bessie had said: "I should like to help in the work if I felt there was anything I could do."

"I'll tell you," said Bessie, "just go to a good branch meeting, or to a meeting of some wide-awake auxiliary, and get stirred up yourself. Then you'll soon begin to search around for gifts, and you'll find them."

"Tell me one," laughed Miss Dawes.