

last August the Union has sent out not less than 650 of these boxes.

Remember these are given. The return from these 650 should be—what?

WHAT IS TO BE DONE with these urgent appeals for more workers from the Conference held at Cocanada? Our Board cannot send more missionaries next Autumn with the Treasury as it is now.

There is money enough in our Baptist Churches, to lift all these boards out of their present difficulties, and more, there is enough to keep these boards from ever being again as they are now.

What is to be done? Who will answer? Is it not possible that this being "Woman's age," the answer must come from her?

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Deliverance will come to the perishing of India, of the North West, of Grande Ligne, and our own Provinces, even if we hold our peace, but the loss will be ours.

IN A LETTER received from Edmonton, N.W.T., the writer says: "Yes, we knew that the Women's Board of the east (W. B. M. U.) had granted \$300 to us for pastoral support, for which we have felt very thankful, but Sister, if you only knew the need of the pure Gospel being preached in this new country, I think you would feel your Board ought to give even more than they do. The way looked dark in the beginning here, but I knew God could open the way and He has done so. Yes, the prospects are brightening, and are visible to the naked eye. About a month ago one woman was converted and came to our prayer meeting and told us that she had learned to trust in Jesus since she had last met with us. Last week we heard of another.

The first fruits of Edmonton are women—now two or three sisters are awaiting baptism. Please tell this to your Board and Mission Circles and rejoice with us in what the Lord is doing for us.

We began our work with prayer, and every step of the way has been paved with earnest, united prayer for guidance; have we not as perfect right to expect God to do great things for us?

On the 1st October we organized our Sunday School. Though few in number we believed it a step in the right direction. We now have about 50 names on the roll. Our school is increasing in numbers, and interest. We organized our Mission Aid Circle in May with three members (surely we have known the day of small things); we now have ten and expect more next meeting. Our Circle has undertaken to distribute religious literature to the emigrant sheds and coal mines, and to private houses where we find it is needed. We make a special effort to visit the poor and the sick. Pray for

us that we may indeed be a Mission Circle, not only in name, but in deed and in truth.

This much work has been done by, say, seven or eight. Lately there have come in some others.

Last Sunday the Superintendent of missions, Mr. Mellick, was here, and organized our church with 19 members.

We have about ten or twelve contributors to the pastor's salary and have pledged ourselves to raise \$400.00 towards pastoral support. Then we pay \$2.00 every Sunday for a hall for our Sunday School. Sunday School supplies, etc., and a Sunday School library of the right sort, we do need so much. I do not see how good work can be done without one.

Our Woman's Board of Manitoba have granted us \$400.00 from the edifice fund towards our building fund, and we have the lot bought. Could we get \$200.00 or \$300.00 more I believe we could go on with the building at once. It does seem too bad to have the work crippled for so small an amount.

This town is growing very fast, and is bound to be a very important centre. Do all you can for us in helping on the Lord's work. How I wish I could be at your annual meeting and lay the needs and opportunities of this great North West before you."

Who will give out of their abundance or poverty? In order to give Edmonton this year—seemingly in the greatest need,—we transferred our \$300.00 from Regina to Edmonton with the consent of the Board. We should have been able to help both.

MY DREAM.

I dreamed, I had children, far over the sea,
And that every one was as dear to me,
As ever a mother's child could be.

And over the sea, from a lavish hand,
To the eldest born of my cherished band,
Large gifts I sent, and the plain command:

"Look well how your brothers and sisters fare,
Justly and kindly with them share
This wealth, that tells of my love and care."

Ere long, from my eldest born I heard;
He told me in reverent, graceful word,
That with grateful love his heart was stirred.

—A year and a day, and a message came;
A message that set my heart aflame
With grief and pity, with wrath and shame.

In a palace was living my eldest born,
His brothers and sisters, all poor, forlorn,
He knew not, or only knew to scorn.

In the palace, a table was daily spread,
Where the rich and the noble were daintily fed,
And my other dear children were starving for bread.

In costly apparel, with jewels and gold,
Was one, and the others were ragged and cold.
This was the story the messenger told.

It was only a dream, but ah! ah me!
What a pitiful, pitiful thing it would be,
Had I truly such children way over the sea.