

ment, and yet how far we were from reaching the ideal in the work of missions. If *all* Christian women could be counted on to do their share, what an impetus it would be. A new start must be made by a willingness to self-surrender and devotion.

Mr. R. R. McKay then gave an address on Foreign Missions. Foreign Missions were a test—first, of Christianity, and second, of the Christian. There is not time even to give an outline of his address, but many felt they dare hardly apply the tests to their own hearts lest they should be found wanting. Are we really willing to be weighed in this matter? Are we willing to go forth in His name? Are we grateful for our own souls' salvation? God help us to answer these questions, and by obedience follow the way He would lead us, that we may not fear to give an account of our work to the King.

Mrs. (Rev.) C. C. McLaurin, of Galt, next gave a paper on "How can we secure the interest of more of the women of our churches in Missions?" Only one third of the women of our churches are interested in missions. What might be accomplished if all were interested? To gain others we must give time, thought, means, work, and sacrifice much. Missionary reading should be scattered, that all may know the condition of the heathen. Give the *LINK* and *Visitor* a wide circulation. Have missionary prayer-meeting once a month. Give systematically; who gives, grows interested. Be patient, gentle and kind, and let one high, holy purpose actuate us, and soon our object will be attained.

#### WANTED FOR THE KING!

"For the service of the King  
Wanted!" Let the summons ring  
Wanted over Africa's strand,  
O'er the burning desert land  
Wanted out on India's plain,  
Way in China and Japan,  
In the market, on the river,  
Wanted now, and wanted ever  
Let again the echo ring,  
"Wanted, wanted for the King!"

Wanted, men of faith and fire,  
Men whose zeal will never tire,  
Men whose hearts are all aglow,  
To the world the Christ to show  
Christ uplifted, souls to save  
From the gloom of death's dark wave,  
Men who dare leave father, mother,  
Business, pleasure, sister, brother,  
Louder let the summons ring,  
"Wanted, wanted for the King!"

Wanted, women, tender, true:  
Women's work none else can do.  
Women sit in darkness yonder,  
While we hesitate and wonder:  
Women cursed with hands that tighten,  
Hands of cast which naught can lighten  
Sister! give a helping hand;  
Take God's peace to sin-cursed land.  
Hear ye not the echo ring?  
"Women wanted for the King!"

Am I wanted, blessed Lord?  
Have I heard aright the word?  
I, who am so weak and poor,  
Naught can bring of earthly store;  
Empty vessel though I be,  
Canst Thou make me meet for Thee?  
Use me as Thou wilt, my Saviour,  
In thy presence grant me favor  
Help me now my life to bring  
"For the service of the King!"

*Selected.*

#### THE HORRORS OF THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

Hunting down the plague is a ghastly business. The circumstances and details of the pursuit could hardly be more redolent of horror and loathsomeness. There is something sacred, too, in these noisome abysses of human misery, and a certain callousness must be acquired in order to deal with them effectively.

A house was marked down for visitation in the midst of the Bazaar. You could not see anything of it from the street; it was screened by other houses; but it was large enough to contain six hundred people. It was built round an interior court, perhaps five-and-twenty feet square; the four walls inclosing it went staggering upward, storey above storey, so that we seemed to stand at the bottom of a well.

The people who crept and peeped about the place assured us that sickness of any kind was quite unknown in this savory retreat. At the same time they admitted that several families were at the moment on a visit to their friends in the country, and had locked up their apartments.

Hereupon orders were given to inspect the house from top to bottom, and to break open all closed doors, unless keys were promptly forthcoming. Policemen had already been stationed at the exits of the building to prevent unauthorized escapes.

It was all kindly done; but that noise of forcing locks and breaking doors had a cruel and hostile effect. The beneficent objects in view were explicitly set forth, but the thronging brown faces listened with expressions of helpless incredulity or hopeless resignation. They believed that within the velvet scabbard was hidden a scimitar of steel.

The harvest of disease and death reaped in that single house was terribly large. Every room entered was dark, and the breath that came from it was unbreathable. Some were empty; three contained each but a single occupant—two were dead and one was dying. In one room, at the end of a stifling and lightless corridor, down which we groped and stumbled, feeling along the filthy walls for possible doors, we found a mother and her baby locked in and left to die alone. The woman was barely able to move, but with her last strength she