

representatives of the Circles, and that they urge upon those appointed the importance of attending even at some personal sacrifice. The Circles should also be very prompt in sending in their reports to the District Secretaries, so that the reports of these officers may be as complete as possible. As the General Treasurer's books are to be closed on October 8th, it is highly desirable that collections be completed and forwarded so as to reach Toronto in time to be included in the report of the year's contributions. The open meeting for the asking and answering of questions, which has proved a valuable feature in our annual meetings, will be continued. Delegates should come, therefore, prepared to take part in these exercises as there may be opportunity or need. Everything will be done, we are assured, to make this meeting better than any of its predecessors. Let the attendance be large and thoroughly representative.

**AGGRESSIVE WORK FOR MISSIONS.**—The past two months have necessarily been a period of comparative inactivity with many of our workers. Many have been absent from their homes for needed rest and recreation, and some of those who have been left behind have taken holidays, so far as mission work is concerned. The time has now come for every friend of missions to exert herself to the utmost. This is especially necessary in view of the fact that the demands upon our treasury will be larger in the near future than ever before. Miss Alexander will be going to India in a short time; her outfit and passage money must be provided at once, and her salary will have to be included in the estimates for the year. A medical missionary is greatly needed, and it is hoped that we shall soon have a suitable young lady in training for this work. If we could double our present contributions—and we surely could—the demands of the work would not begin to be met. Let each reader resolve to do her full share of giving, whether it be \$1, \$5, \$50, \$100, or \$1,000, and there will be no lack of funds for doing the Lord's work. While we have great faith in small, regular contributions from all, as a means of sustaining mission work, we believe that the time has come for large contributions to be made to missions. Some are so situated that they could, without personal inconvenience, give hundreds or thousands of dollars a year to this cause. Why do they withhold? Many who now give \$1 or \$2 a year could just as well give \$5 or \$10. Why do we not give more in proportion to our ability? Again, while many Circles have been organized during the last few years, much still remains to be done in this direction. Let us keep steadily before us the motto: A CIRCLE IN EVERY CHURCH, EVERY SISTER IN EVERY CHURCH AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF A CIRCLE, AND EVERY MEMBER OF EVERY CIRCLE A CONTRIBUTOR, NOT MERELY OF \$1 A YEAR, BUT TO SOMETHING LIKE THE EXTENT OF HER ABILITY, TO MISSIONS HOME AND FOREIGN.

## What of the Night and What of the Day?

### First Voice.

"What of the night, Watchman?—what of the night!"  
Long have we waited the coming of light;  
Say, do the Shadows, and the Day  
Illumine the east with its joy-giving ray!

### Second Voice.

What of the Night do you ask!—  
It is o'er;  
And Day, ages since, in the pale, misty east  
Awoke, to be quenched nevermore.  
You have heard, have you not, of the dawn?—how it cropt,  
Clouded and dim, up the dull skies that wopt  
O'er a world fast asleep in its chains!—  
How it deepened as age after age rolled away  
Amid sacrifice, symbol, and altar—smoke grey,  
On a far away sin-blighted shore!—  
How, at length, in the fullness of time, the clear Day,  
O'er the hills of Judea—where fallen and grey  
The mists were still clinging—its first gentle ray  
Sent earthward, and lo! to a manger it cropt,  
And lighted the face of an Infant that slept  
On the breast of a woman, weak, weary, and lone,  
Yet glad, for she knew that her darling, her own  
Weak nesting, was heir to the ancestral throne  
Of David His kingly progenitor!—knew  
That the homage of Israel and earth was His due,  
And should sometime be paid to her manger-born Son,  
When—the kingdom of David and Solomon won—  
The keys should be laid at His feet.

But how—ah! how it should be,  
She knew not as yet;—  
Nor dreamt of Gethsemane's dread mystery,  
Its anguish, and sorrow, and heart-broken plea,  
And the blood-drops wrung out by his woe!—  
Of the scourge and the thorn-crown, and cross did not  
know,  
And 'twas better, aye, far better so:—  
For she could not have borne at that moment the pain  
Of the thorn piercing in on her quivering brain,  
And the two-edged sword at her heart;  
And so, in her gladness she gazed on her child—  
Her helpless, her winsome, her beautiful child,  
And still, as she thought of His future, she smiled—  
This woman so happy, so ignorant still  
Of a pathway too dark with o'ershadowing ill  
For her in her weakness to know,—  
Of a pathway too bright in its glories unseen  
For her to behold with no curtain between!—  
Such, then, is the full-risen Day  
That I see in the long-vanished years of the past,—  
In the centuries far, far away.

### First Voice.

You tell us, O Watchman, the Night has gone by;  
That, ages ago, on the far eastern sky  
The pale, morning twilight begun;  
And you tell of a nearer time yet, when the first  
Glad beams o'er the mountains of Judea burst  
Of the glorious up-risen Sun.  
But nearer, oh Watchman, a moment I behold  
And above it a darkening sky  
Those shadows portentous a SUFFERER enfold  
Who bows Him in anguish to die!—  
And around Him stern foes in their murderous plots  
Are mocking His anguish, while, darker than night,  
The armies of hell hover nigh!

And now the scene changes; and low in the grave  
He lies who, men trusted, was mighty to save,