

ing to give up our time, to lay aside selfish ease and devote our means to carry on this work? We have not done as we would like to, but the year is gone and we cannot recall it. Is the coming one to be better or worse? Heaven grant that every one of us who hold this office, may resolve that we will be true to the sacred trust committed to us; earnest and faithful in the discharge of our duties, loyal to our Union, ourselves and our God. Forgive the failures. Give us of your kindly help and sympathy, for we are weak, and, as you pray for God's blessing on the work, oh, remember us—the County Secretaries—that we may be faithful, and work and pray till our Counties are won for Missions, and the "Go and teach" of the Master is held sacred by us all.

Forget not that—

"Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown.
When the evening shadows lengthen
Thou shalt lay thy burden down."

Till then, Oh my sisters, let us work.

*Read by Miss Clark, County Secretary for Westmorland County, N.B.

NEW GERMANY, August 8, 1898.

TO THE W. B. M. UNION:

Dear Sisters,—I have been hoping that I would be able to meet with you at Truro and share in the social and spiritual enjoyments to be had there next week. But circumstances are such that I will be unable to be present.

Since I cannot be with you in person, I would like to send a few words of Christian greeting and give some small expression to my feeling of gratitude to you for the service you have rendered me during the past year.

During a time of great trial last fall, I know that many of you, if not all of you, bore me on your hearts to a throne of grace. I felt the power of your prayers, and they were answered above all that you could ask or think. The experiences through which my husband and I have passed, have drawn us both nearer to Jesus than ever.

My health has greatly improved during the past winter, though I am not yet able to return to the work in India. Jesus will open the way when His time comes.

While I am writing, I would like to refer to something that has been much upon my mind and heart the past few months. It is in reference to the motive power for Christian service, whether in the home land or in foreign lands.

So often we find that our love for Jesus is at times deep and strong, and it is easy to work for Him and exert ourselves in behalf of others. Again, we find that the love wanes and we become forgetful.

Along this line a thought, suggested to me by another, with reference to this passage of Scripture—"the love of Christ constraineth us"—has been very helpful to me, and I pass it on to you.

We are wont to regard this assertion of Paul's as meaning our love for Jesus, induced by a realization of what He has done for us, as being the motive power. I feel that this is not the meaning, but rather—*Jesus Christ's own peculiar love* in our heart, put there by Himself as a gift in answer to prayer—is the constraining power.

Our love for Jesus is fiftly; His own love for others in our heart, is unchanging. It causes us to look upon others as He looks upon them, to work for them as He worked for them, to feel for them as He feels for them, to spend and be spent for them as He spent Himself and

was spent for them. I believe this to be the secret of all faithful, steadfast service for Him.

To illustrate my point, I will give you, in my own words, the experience of a lady missionary working in the heart of India. She gave it to us from the platform at Clifton Springs, New York State, a year and a half ago, at a missionary meeting held there. Her name was Miss Ferries—a very bright girl and a very attractive speaker. She was not at all illustrating the thought I have in mind, but was merely giving us a little of her experience on first beginning work in India. But it is a very apt illustration of my meaning.

She said, on first going out with the Bible-women, the sights and sounds and odors were such as to shock every fine sensibility of her nature. She went back to her home heart-sick, and felt that she could not go on under such conditions. She said—"what shall I do?" Then the thought came to her—"I will go out under a tree, away from everyone, and have it out with Jesus." She went out and found a place of seclusion and talked with her Saviour thus:—"Lord Jesus, you have asked me to come here and work for you, and I have come gladly. But everything is so shocking to me that I cannot possibly remain in the country, unless you will put within me your own love for these people, and cause me not to see or notice their life and all that is abhorrent in them, but to see only the value of their souls and what they may become through faith in Thee." She talked with Jesus thus for a time, she said, and He answered her prayer and she went back a different girl. She went to India with her heart full of love to Jesus and a certain amount of longing for the salvation of the heathen. But this was not sufficient to surmount the obstacles she met. The next day she went out with her Bible-women again, having her heart full of Jesus' own love for the natives. She sought to make known to them the love of Jesus and returned home. Her Bible-women said to her:—"Mizamma, did you see that dreadful sight and hear those sounds? We thought it would make you feel so badly." She said to them—"what sight; what sounds?" And they told her what they were. "Why, no," she said, "I was so intent upon making known to them the love of Jesus, and my heart was so full of love for them, as I know they will become through Jesus, that I did not notice these things." And thus she said it had been ever since.

Dear sisters, that is the kind of love that we must have in order that we be "immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Not our love for Jesus, but *His own peculiar love for others* in our heart. That is what I wish to realize in my own life—I, able to do nothing; Jesus able, through me, to do everything.

Shall we not together agree to go to Jesus in this simple-hearted way and ask Him to give unto us this precious gift, *His love for others*, to be the motive power in all service? Then will we be—not fiftly, but steadily—not sometimes active, sometimes passive—but always active.

No outside means, of whatever kind, of interesting or enticing will be permanent. It must come from within.

May the Lord be present with you in all your meetings, and may He strengthen you with His strength for the coming year.

Yours, in His service,

ERITH O. HIGGINS.