

notices, 'Has any one been omitted in the distribution of the bread?' And it seemed to me I could see millions on millions of women rising silently in India, Africa, Siam, Persia, in all the countries where they need the Lord, but know Him not, to testify that they had been omitted in the distribution of the bread and cup! And they can take it from no hands but ours, and we do not pass it on. Can Jesus make heaven so sweet and calm that we can forgive ourselves this great neglect of the millions living now, for whom the body was broken and the blood shed, just as much as for us?"

The feast was spread, the solemn words were spoken;
 Humbly my soul drew near to meet her Lord,
 To plead His sacrificial body broken,
 His blood for me outpoured.

Confessing all my manifold transgression,
 Weeping, to cast myself before His throne,
 Praying His Spirit to take full possession,
 And seal me all His own.

On Him I laid each burden I was bearing,
 The anxious mind, of strength so oft bereft,
 The future dim, the children of my caring,
 All on His heart I left.

"How could I live, my Lord," I cried, "without Thee!
 How for a single day this pathway trace,
 And feel no loving arm thrown round about me,
 No all-sustaining grace?"