

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The following appeared in the Canadian "Woman's Century":—

"The question of the position of women in the church was discussed, and while the Conference was strongly in favour of giving women all rights as laymen, the matter of allowing them to be ordained as preachers was finally left over for the next meeting. It was bitterly opposed by many."—Newspaper report.

The Methodist Conference has spoken. Let the women keep silence! But they throw out one small mouldy, mildewed crumb of hope: They'll think about it! For four years they will consider it, and then, if we're good, and the weather's fine, and it doesn't rain or anything, and they feel like it, maybe they will think about it again!

It must be a wonderfully exhilarating feeling, to mistake yourself for God. It must throw a thrill down the spine and cause a rosy glow to spread all over the bald head, to even assume that you are the arbiter of human destiny. The brethren go back to the Scriptures for their authority. Christ did not call women! There now! Sure enough. He didn't! There are many things Christ did not do. He only enunciated principles. He did not organise a Ladies' Aid either, and here we have been working away, without the slightest Scriptural authority. I am going to quit it, now that I have found out. I never really wanted to fry chicken for church socials, or give the money that I wanted for a new hat to repair the parsonage, but I thought I should. Now I see it was a mistake. So the turkey supper, with its morning after, of dish-washing, will know me no more! Farewell, Oh autographed quilt, whereby we raised the mortgage and put a prop under it! Christ did not institute you—so you must go! The W.C.T.U. has no Scriptural basis either. Neither has the Boy Scouts or the Y.W.C.A. Strange to say, Christ did not institute superannuation funds or a Stationing Committee, or even a General Conference. But these things have got started somehow, and the Scriptural ones make no objection. The General Conference has a way of reasoning, which would not encourage the average person to attend church. But

these light afflictions will not worry us. The Methodist Church has failed to grasp a situation—it has gone groping into the dark past, when it should have been turning its face to the light. The door of opportunity is open wide to women. If the Church does not want us, there are other channels for our activity. Let us pass on!

CO-WORKERS WITH GOD.

The day is long, and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march and of
keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be
won,
Of days to live through, and of work
to be done;
Tired of ourselves, and of being alone,
Yet all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company.
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our
arm;
He turns the arrows which else might
harm,
And out of the storm He brings a
calm;
And the work that we count so hard
to do,
He makes it easy, for He works too;
And the days that seem long to live
are His,
A bit of His bright eternities;
And close to our need His helping is.
—Susan Coolidge.

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—J. R. Miller.

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