



The Family Circle.

## SERMON BY A BEE.

Good-morning, dear friends! I'm a clever young bee,

And a sermon I'll preach if you'll listen to me;  
It will not be long and it will not be dry,  
And your own common sense my remarks may apply.

Not slothful in business must be the first head,  
For with vigor we work till the sun goes to bed;  
And unless one is willing to put forth one's powers  
There is no getting on in a world such as ours.

We are fond of our dwellings, no gossips are we,  
No gadders about idle neighbors to see;  
And though we are forced for our honey to roam,  
We come back as soon as we can to our home.

"The way to be happy and wealthy and wise  
Is early to rest and early to rise."  
This proverb has moulded our conduct for years,  
And we never sleep when the daylight appears.

If you were to peep in our hives you would own  
That as models of cleanliness they might be shown;

All dust and dirt, without any delay,  
Are swept from our door, and soon carried away.

Ventilation most through our domiciles share,  
So no one need teach us the worth of fresh air;  
For we could not live, as we've heard people do,  
In close rooms where no health-giving breeze can pass through.

When one of our number is sick or distressed  
He is sure of kind treatment from each of the rest;

We sympathize warmly with those who're in grief,  
And are eager to proffer immediate relief.

We carry our stings, not on any pretence  
For aggressive attack, but in self-defence:  
We meddle with no one, and only repel  
Assailants who will not in peace with us dwell.

Now my sermon is ended, and you, if you please,  
Some hints may derive from us hard-working bees;

May your life be as useful, your labors as sweet,  
And may you have plenty of honey to eat!

—N. O. Picayune.

## THE BEECHVILLE PRAISE-MEETING.

The Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church of Beechville said it would have a praise-meeting. If the Browning Club or the Literary Circle had proposed to have a praise-meeting, it would not have seemed strange, but this missionary society was one of the smallest you ever heard of. It had only about as many members as it had words in its name, though it was organized nearly three years before these things of which I tell you took place.

The January meeting was at Mrs. Barton's, and six ladies were present, one of them the bright little wife of the new pastor, the Rev. John Dorsey. I suppose she had discovered, during the few months of her residence in the town, what a frail creature was the Beechville Missionary Society, and decided to try some means for putting life into it. She was not president, but had kindly assisted in preparing for the monthly meetings by sending missionary magazines to the president, marking articles to be read, etc. At this January meeting, after the usual exercises were over, Mrs. Dorsey said: "Couldn't we hold a praise-meeting? I have a letter from a friend who tells me they are to do so in the society to which she belongs, and she sent me their invitation card." As she spoke she handed the card to Mrs. Allen, the president. "Perhaps," Mrs. Dorsey continued, "we could in this way create more interest in the work." Well, no one raised any objection, but Mrs. Dorsey could see the proposition was not received with enthusiasm.

"What could be done to make such a meeting interesting?" ventured Mrs. Allen. "There are so few of us, and usually persons do not care much for missionary meetings, do you think so?"

"Oh, I think we could make the meet-

ing interesting. We could make the gathering of the mite-boxes one feature of the exercises."

Then they began to remember how few boxes had been given out. One lady spoke of that, but added: "Perhaps we could give out more."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Dorsey; "we can each take some home with us to-day and make an effort to dispose of them immediately."

The next afternoon little Mrs. Allen called on Mrs. Dorsey to talk over this formidable matter of a public praise-meeting. Again she asked: "What can we do to make the meeting interesting?"

She was so worried because, you know, she was the president, and she was a woman who liked to know what she was about.

"I have something nice to tell you. We can have our meeting Easter evening in the church. Mr. Dorsey himself suggested it," said Mrs. Dorsey.

"But what shall we do?" Mrs. Allen gasped; "I do not see my way clear in this matter."

"Well, we must talk it over," said Mrs. Dorsey. "Let us do so now, and decide what will be needed. Of course, we can ask the choir to sing, not only the hymns we may select, but an anthem. Then, is there not some lady who would read extracts from the 'Crisis of Missions,' that is so inspiring; or better still, prepare a paper, gathering facts and ideas from the book?"

Mrs. Allen thought a moment. "I know Mrs. Barton sometimes does such work in the Literary Circle."

"She is just the one, then," said Mrs. Dorsey. "We have Dr. Pierson's book, and I will give it to you now, so you can hand it to her; that is, if she consents to do the work."

"I think she will do it," said Mrs. Allen, beginning to feel encouraged.

Mrs. Dorsey took pencil and paper, saying: "Perhaps we might begin now to arrange a programme. I suppose we should begin with singing. We can select the hymns later." So she wrote "Hymn, prayer, hymn."

"Now should follow a chapter from the Bible, should it not?" said Mrs. Dorsey.

"Why not a reading from our book of 'Responsive Scripture Selections?'" said Mrs. Allen.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Mrs. Dorsey; "that would be better." "Now," she continued, "the president ought to make a little talk just here to introduce the meeting as a praise-meeting."

Mrs. Allen hesitated a moment. "Well, I will do my part as well as I can; go on."

Let me say here she did do her part, and did it well, too. They were interrupted now, and the matter was dropped until another day. Dropped from their hands, but not from their hearts.

When they met again Mrs. Dorsey was eager to tell Mrs. Allen of her new idea in connection with the praise-meeting: "I found such pretty missionary verses in one of our papers; how would it do to have them recited by one of the children?"

"That would be nice," said Mrs. Allen; "we could ask a little girl from the 'Penny a Week Society.'" So they decided to ask Winnie Monroe, a little girl living next door to Mrs. Dorsey, and Mrs. Dorsey was to teach her the verses.

Now there were three places on the programme filled, for Mrs. Barton had consented to write a paper, Mrs. Allen would say something, and, of course, Winnie would recite the verses, for children always do what is asked of them in such matters. They never say: "Oh, ask Jennie Finney or Nellie Wylie; they can do it so much better than I can." Yes, they felt sure of Winnie. So it really began to look as if there would be a praise-meeting. I should have told you the members had been earnest in disposing of the mite-boxes, explaining that they were to be returned for the praise-meeting in March; and would they please remember to put in a text, as the texts were to be read in the meeting?

About two weeks before Easter Mrs. Dorsey invited two of the young girls to come to her house, in the afternoon and help her about some work. The girls were always ready to help Mrs. Dorsey; so bright and sunny was she, they felt it a pleasure to be with her.

"Now, girls," she said, "here are the invitations to the missionary praise-meeting. Mr. Dorsey has run them off on the mimeograph, and they are to be put in envelopes and addressed to each woman in the church."

One of the girls read the card:

"Dear Sister: The Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church closes its year with March, and will hold a praise service Sabbath evening, March 29. You are invited to come and bring your offering or mite-box, together with a Scripture text."

"Well, this means business," she said; "I didn't know we had a Woman's Missionary Society here."

"Why, Margaret, you hear the notice of their monthly meetings read in the church."

"Oh, yes," laughed Margaret; "but I thought that was a little form; I didn't know that it meant anything in particular. But now I say, Good for the Missionary Society. Come, Florence, we'll help this enterprising organization." And they went to work.

The next Sunday morning many of the envelopes were distributed, and during the week the remainder were delivered by the hands of young girls willing to undertake the work. Mr. Dorsey announced from the pulpit that the Woman's Missionary Society would hold a praise-meeting the next Sunday evening, and all were invited to come, as the exercises would be interesting. Poor Mrs. Allen, her dear little heart beat when she heard that, for she was not quite sure yet they would really be able to make an interesting or pleasant evening. But Wednesday she was to see Mrs. Dorsey again, and she began to feel that Mrs. Dorsey knew what to do, if she did not.

"Now," said Mrs. Dorsey, when they met, "we must write out our programme and make a note of each thing to be attended to." So they began.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Allen, "Mr. Dorsey will make the opening prayer."

But Mrs. Dorsey said: No; he thought the ladies had better take the entire charge of the meeting, and he would sit with the choir."

Mrs. Allen had before suggested that there should be a little account of the "Penny a Week" read by one of its members, and this had been arranged. I cannot tell you all the talk, but here is the programme: Hymn; prayer; hymn; remarks by president; offering; "Our Society," by secretary; "Crisis of Missions," anthem; reading of texts; recitation; the "Penny a Week"; hymn; prayer; doxology; benediction. You see, the secretary was to make a little talk about the society, tell how its meetings were conducted, speak of the magazines taken, and invite every woman in the church to become a member.

"Now," said Mrs. Dorsey, "we can ask some of the young girls to take the offering, and they can carry the baskets into the lecture-room, and we will ask two or three persons to be there to count the money and hand the texts to the ladies who are to read them."

So everything was arranged, and the next Sunday morning two gentlemen stood at the door as the congregation dispersed and gave out the programmes. Now, how do you suppose Mrs. Allen felt, and the other ladies who were to take part in the meeting? The little children did not feel anxious. Oh, no, it was only the grown-up knees that trembled and the grown-up hearts that fluttered. Well, the church was crowded. I think persons wished to see what that little missionary society would do, anyhow.

Well, let me tell you they had a nice meeting. The congregation was so quiet everyone could hear the low, sweet voice of Mrs. Allen as she led the responsive reading and announced the programme. Mrs. Barton's heart-fluttering quieted the moment she stood up to read, and the secretary did her part nicely. The text reading was an inspiration, and the little girls did well. The evening was a precious and helpful one to all.

Please don't fail to have a praise-meeting next March. Beechville is to have another especially as the entire offering for the evening was about twenty dollars. Perhaps you think this is not a true story. Ask Mrs. Dorsey.—Herald and Presbyterian.

## HER CHEQUE.

An invalid lady who tried earning her living as an authoress, at length became discouraged through competition, and thought she would have to give up. As she retired at night, she lay awake for some time pondering over their scantiness of funds, and in this gloomy condition she fell asleep, to dream that a lady missionary came to her and said:

"I think we shall have to wait until we pass beyond to fully estimate the good your missionary stories have done. They have already been instrumental in adding many dollars to our funds, and still their influence is growing wider."

Then the missionary handed the lady's husband a letter and departed.

"Why this is a cheque," he said, as he opened the letter.

"It is unlike any other cheque I ever had," the lady replied; "it is so much larger."

"Yes, it is unlike any you ever saw. It is a cheque on the Bank of Heaven. It says you can only draw what is really needed; yet you can get all you do need, be it little or much."

Through surprise the lady awoke, such sweet peace took possession of her soul as she realized what a rich Father she had. Why had she been afraid to trust him? Now she would go on, and when necessary to have anything, present her cheque on the bank of heaven.

Dear Christian readers, we all have cheques on that same bank. Do we fully realize it? Our Father will "freely give us all things." "All things" must mean the supplying of our temporal as well as spiritual needs. Christ was human as well as divine, and knew the pangs of hunger, and had "not where to lay his head." "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven," and the necessary things shall be added. "Having done all stand fast." Stand fast in what? God's promises. This is faith.

If Christians only would live up to their privileges—this precious trusting in all things! We have the same God to-day who fed Elijah, and made the meat and oil to last; the same Christ who multiplied the barley loaves. Our men of wealth, handle their bonds and cheques, sitting down with complacency and at their ease; yet their riches may take to themselves wings, and flee away. These cheques on the Bank of Heaven are sure. That bank has never failed, neither have its funds depreciated; they are above par every time.

"The cattle upon a thousand hills are His. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Come, ye children of a King, and draw upon the bank; your Father is rich.

## AN EXPERIENCE.

John Paton gives a very remarkable account of a journey during the night through some hostile tribes in Tanna. So dense was the darkness that at a certain point where he had to descend from the top of the cliffs to the shore, he could not find the path. He says: "I feared that I might stumble over and be killed, or, if I delayed till daylight, that the savages would kill me. I knew that one part of the rock was steep-sloping, with little growth or none thereon, and I searched about to find it, resolved to commend myself to Jesus and slide down. Feeling sure I had found this spot, I hurled down several stones, but the distance was too far for me to hear or judge. At high tide the sea there was deep; but at low tide I could wade out of it and escape. First, I fastened all my clothes tightly so as not to catch on anything; then I lay down at the top on my back, feet foremost, holding my head downwards on my breast to keep it from striking on the rock; then, after one cry to my Saviour, I at last let go, throwing my arms forward and trying to keep my feet well up. A giddy swirl, as if flying through the air, took possession of me; a few minutes seemed an age; I rushed quickly down, and felt no obstruction till my feet struck into the sea below. It was low tide, I had received no injury, and, wading through, I found the rest of the way easier. When the natives heard next day how I had come all the way in the dark, they exclaimed: 'Surely any of us would have been killed! Your Jehovah God alone thus protects you, and brings you safely home.'"