

answer to her mental query, there floated through her mind the first verse of their parting hymn, "I gave my life for thee."

In an agony of thought she fell on her knees, and prayed, "O Lord, show me just what thou dost wish me to bring." Quick as lightning's flash came the thought, "Dare I offer Him less than He gave me when He made himself of no reputation and took upon Him the form of a servant, . . . and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross?" But her life, how *could* she promise it all to Him, to be used as He saw fit? "What if He should ask me"—she moaned aloud, audibly now, and in an agony of thought—"to give up everything, *everything*, and go to some distant land as a missionary? Other girls have been so called; why not I?" "No, no, Lord; anything but this!" she murmured, as thought brought to her recollection one who of late months had become dearer to her than her own life and whose love had beautified and glorified the daily routine of her quiet life as village school-teacher. "How *can* I give up dear father and mother and *everybody*, if the Lord should really ask it at my hands?" Over and over again thus she questioned, and the afternoon merged into twilight, twilight into eventide, and eventide into night. Still she knelt there, unheeding the fact that the great spiritual crisis of her life had come.

The dark, sombre shadows of midnight were giving place to the grey of the early morning before the conflict lost any of its fierceness. Then it seemed as if Margaret received such a revelation of all the Saviour had done for her as to well-nigh overcome her at the thought of her selfishness and ingratitude, as she termed it. Lower still sank the bowed head, but the dry sobs that had betokened the keen, mental anguish of the suppliant were hushed; and just as the first gold and purple streaks had flung their brightness across the eastern sky, victory, in the name and through the strength of Jehovah, was vouchsafed unto Margaret. As if to seal the sacred compact between her and her God, she solemnly, but with broken, choked utterance, repeated:

"Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee."

And the Lord heard and accepted the offering, knowing that "part of the price" had not been withheld, for freely and without reservation Margaret Wilmott had given herself, her *all* to God's service.

The days wore on, and another Auxiliary meeting again came around, and many and varied the amounts of the different offerings. The envelope containing the largest bore no name, but on it was written:

"I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou mightst ransomed be
And quickened from the dead.
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?"

As the President, with misty eyes, read the inscription, she rightly guessed the donor of the crisp ten dollar bill, but she did not dream of the once-looked-forward-to spring suit which would not now be purchased, nor yet that the bill was only the outcome of Margaret's offering, for had she not given *herself*?

Whether the future life of Margaret will be spent in unceasing toil for the Master in the home-land, or labor for Him in some distant vineyard, we know not; but we do know that to all such consecrated lives will come in fullest measure, broadest service, and it may be, in response to the call now echoing and re-echoing for more workers in the Chinese, Japanese and Indian fields, among the names of those enrolled as missionary applicants may be found that of Margaret Wilmott.

S. R. W.

SHIPS sail from American ports with missionaries as passengers to Africa, and with thousands of gallons of rum in their cargo. Heaven goes in the cabin, and hell goes in the ship's hold! How long will it take us to convert the heathen in this style?—*Dr. Cuyler.*

District Doings.

THE London District Convention met in Centennial Church on February 18th, 1895, Mrs. McMechan presiding in the afternoon, and Rev. A. G. Harris in the evening. Both meetings were the most enthusiastic and the most largely attended in the history of the District. Mrs. Evans gave a very helpful Scripture reading, and Mesdames Griffith (Thorndale) and Westlake (Arva) read thoughtful and suggestive papers on "Mission Work." A flag exercise and missionary recitation was given by twelve boys and girls from the Colborne Street Mission Band. Cheering and hopeful reports were presented by fourteen Auxiliaries, five Mission Circles and four Bands. Misses Law and Roblyn gave solos very acceptably. The Question Drawer, in charge of Mesdames Fife and Wright, brought out some useful information. At the close of the afternoon session a bountiful tea, provided by the Dundas Street ladies, was partaken of by about four hundred, after which a social hour was much enjoyed.

The speaker of the evening, Rev. John McDougall, of Morley, N.W.T., gave a stirring address on "The Woman's Missionary Society." Miss Luke read an able paper on "The Outlook of Woman's Work." An appropriate recitation was beautifully given by Miss Pitcher. Fourteen girls from the Colborne Street Mission Band, each bearing lighted candles, contributed a very pretty number, entitled "The Light of the World is Jesus." The District Organizer reported the number of Auxiliaries, 15; Mission Bands, 7; Auxiliary members, 510; Mission Band members, 408. Income of District, \$2,229.05; of this amount the Mission Circles and Bands raised \$793.77. The only unorganized circuits are Delaware Village, Dorchester Station, King Street, Hamilton Road, and the mission churches. Colborne Street has no Auxiliary, but a very flourishing Mission Band. During the evening excellent music was furnished by the Dundas Street Centre choir, under the leadership of Mr. Moxon.

A most cordial vote of thanks to the ladies, the pastor and trustees of the Centennial for the use of their church for the Convention was carried unanimously.

A liberal collection closed a meeting that cannot fail to have a lasting influence for good, and give a greater impetus to missionary work in the London District.

M. BEAL, *Rec. Sec.*

In Memoriam.

CANNINGTON.—The members of this auxiliary desire to express their sorrow at the sudden death of their esteemed friend, Mrs. E. Vallentyne; also their admiration of her noble Christian character, and their sympathy with the bereaved family in their hours of loneliness. Sister Vallentyne will always remain in our memory as one who was noted for her deep piety and for her faithfulness in attending "the means of grace." The influence of her beautiful life we will cherish in our hearts. May her example of Christian zeal and love for the cause of God rest upon us all! We shall miss her presence and prayers in our meetings, but we humbly bow to the will of our Heavenly Father who alone knows when our work is done and who will in due time call us to our reward.

SARAH KING, *Cor. Sec.*

STOUFFVILLE.—The Angel of Death has again visited our Auxiliary and taken to higher service Mrs. A. Stouffer, "a life-member," and in former years an active worker, but since her removal from Stouffville to Newmarket, the care of her little family prevented her attending the monthly meetings; yet she did not lose interest, always desiring to know of the work, and during her last illness asking a friend to carry her birthday offering to the regular meeting. In her Christian character she was never emotional, but wore "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." She was a loving and devoted wife and mother, a kind and sympathizing friend. "Those who knew her best loved her most." The question has been many times asked, "Why was she taken?"