

asking a woman he has never seen before to occupy his pulpit.'

'I suppose if it was a man he had never seen before it would be all right, papa,' laughed Beth.

'There, don't be saucy, puss,' her father answered.

## PART II.

'I think I'll walk over to Brother Hastings' for a little while,' Mr. Bloomsbury announced after dinner. 'I want to have a talk with him.'

David Hastings was sitting under the big elm tree in his front yard when Mr. Bloomsbury came up.

'How do you do, Brother David?' said the latter in the somewhat condescending tone he was accustomed, perhaps unconsciously, to use in addressing those who were, as he would have expressed it, 'younger in the faith' than himself.

'How do you do, Mr. Bloomsbury?' David responded civilly, but without effusive cordiality. 'Will you come in?'

'No, thank you, David. It is so warm let us stay here. The fact is I came over to have a little talk with you alone.'

'Oh,' and David assumed an attitude of attention and waited for Brother Bloomsbury to begin.

'Let us see; how long is it since you were converted, David?' he presently asked.

'Nearly five years,' David replied.

'Well, my lad, don't you think it about time you stopped trying "in a weak way" to be a Christian?'

David flushed hotly, but waited a little before replying. Then he said rather stiffly, 'I'm afraid, Mr. Bloomsbury, if I stop trying in a weak way I'll have to stop trying at all. It might be about as well if I did,' he added. 'I don't seem to get on much.'

'You don't understand me, David,' Mr. Bloomsbury returned (so kindly that David looked up in surprise). 'I mean that it is possible to get where we let the Lord do everything for us; where we give him our weakness and he turns it into strength. We just trust him and he works through us. You believe in the doctrine of Christian perfection, don't you?'

'Why, I'm not sure that I do,' returned David. 'I've always thought it was useless to look for perfection in this world.'

'Oh, yes! for absolute perfection, but we do not mean that. Our human judgment is liable to mistakes and our natural frailties lead us into error sometimes; but what we mean is that we are so entirely given up to the Lord that we will not knowingly and wilfully do anything displeasing to him. I wish you could come into this state, Brother David.'

There was something different in Brother Bloomsbury's voice and manner from anything David had ever noticed before, and when they parted soon after, he said to himself: 'I guess I've been a little hard on Bloomsbury. I believe he thinks he's sincere, any way. If only he didn't pinch that pocket-book quite so hard.'

And Brother Bloomsbury, as he walked toward home, was thinking complacently, 'Well, I've done all I can for him, whether it does any good or not.'

Oh, no, Brother Bloomsbury! you hadn't done 'all' you could, but you didn't know it then, though you found it out later.

A goodly congregation assembled in the church that evening. The unknown lady of the morning followed Mr. Carrol down the aisle and passed to a seat in one of the pulpit chairs amid interrogative glances and whispered words of inquiry.

Curiosity was satisfied, however, when Mr.

Carrol, instead of taking his text, announced that he had learned at a late hour that a prominent worker of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was visiting in town over the Sabbath and had asked her to speak to the congregation that evening. He then introduced Miss Le Claire.

Brother Bloomsbury moved a little uneasily as the minister made the announcement. If he had known he would have stayed at home, for Brother Bloomsbury drew the line at foreign missions. Not that he considered them wrong. He had no doubt the missionaries were, most of them, very good people, but he felt no call to help support them. He had decided objections to sending his money so far from home. He much preferred to pay it where he knew what use was made of it.

And so he sat unmoved while the speaker pleaded the needs of the benighted sisters in heathen lands. He didn't believe very much in women speaking from the pulpit, any way.

David Hastings listened with sympathy in his heart. He looked at the bright, girlish wife beside him, to whom he had been married less than a year, and thought how dreadful it would be, should he be taken away, for her to be subjected to the cruel neglect and indignities suffered by the poor girl widows of whom Miss Le Claire was speaking.

It was the Lord's design, she said in conclusion, that each of his followers should bear some part in the work of spreading his gospel through all the world.

It might be little that each could do, but he who multiplied the little lad's loaves and fishes to the feeding of the multitude could just as truly multiply the small offerings of loving hearts to the saving of countless souls.

And while it was impossible for each to obey literally the command, 'Go ye into all the world,' it was possible for all to help, with their money and their prayers, those who do go, and so fulfil their part of the great commission.

When she had finished a collection was taken.

David glanced across to where Brother Bloomsbury sat very straight with his arms folded.

'I'll warrant he don't give a cent,' he said to himself. And he didn't.

David felt the silver dollar he had just taken out of his pocket.

It did feel quite large to go into a missionary collection plate all at once.

'But there! I'll give it for Jennie's sake,' he decided as the plate was presented before him. 'It's what I'd like somebody to do for her if she was in the same place.'

After the collection Miss Le Claire asked for four ladies to take the names of those who would form a local auxiliary. The pastor suggested Sisters Bloomsbury, Walford, Brown and Hastings.

Brother Bloomsbury moved almost unwillingly to allow his wife to pass, with a negative motion of his head in reply to a questioning look, which he interpreted as asking his permission to put her own name on the list.

'How did you like the address, Charles?' Mrs. Bloomsbury asked on the way home.

'Oh, it was just about like all missionary talk, and ended, of course, with an appeal for money just as they all do. I'll tell you, Margaret, though you already know, I don't really believe in women speaking from the pulpit. You know Paul speaks against it.'

'Well, the Lord seems to honor their work, at all events, and it doesn't seem as though they could do so much good if they were displeasing him,' was Mrs. Blooms-

bury's reply, which was as near as she ever came to dissenting from her husband's views.

'I think it must be grand to be a missionary,' said Beth after they had reached home, as they sat together for a few minutes before prayers.

Her father gave a startled glance toward her. What if he should be obliged to give more to the cause of foreign missions than he had ever dreamed of? What if this, his only child, should hear and respond to a call to labor across the sea? And her father well knew, though she was not as yet a confessed Christian, that if she should hear such a call she would allow no ordinary hindrance to prevent her from responding.

## The Sin of Simon Gould

(By Maggie Fearn, in 'Alliance News'.)

### CHAPTER I.—AT THE CALL OF DUTY.

The mighty waves rose inky black, tipped with effervescent hissing white foam. Beyond and above the clouds were like shrouding palls, and the wind seemed to leap from one to another, from sky to sea, like a viewless creature impelled by some secret power to goad them to outbursts of maddened fury. The day had been a fresh one in early autumn, but as it waned the storm gathered, the great storm, as it grew to be spoken of afterwards, and now by ten o'clock the stretch of wild shore faced a fearful warfare of raging elements.

A storm of wind and rain and furious waters—and over and through all the sudden booming of the minute-gun which struck terror into the hearts of the dwellers near the coastline. An awe-inspiring sound and summons at all times, it was tenfold more so in the midst of that terrible night storm. The women knew with a sick sinking of their hearts what the issues might be; not only for the stranger seamen and probable passengers aboard the ship, but for the brave men of the sea whom they called fathers and husbands, who would go forth to the noble work of succoring those in danger at the call of duty. The men themselves, as the ominous booming struck upon their ears, realized it equally well, yet, men-like, they pushed the rising thought of danger persistently aside, and gave their best and keenest energies to the response which those signals of distress demanded.

The guns had scarcely thundered out their second appeal before another sound, as familiar as the gun-call, broke through the wildness of the storm. It was the ringing of the lifeboat bell.

Clamorous, though somewhat muffled, the bell clanged out its challenge, and in a few seconds the shore near the lifeboat house was alive with the hurrying forms of eager men, some flinging on their oilskin garments as they ran, so determined were the whole of them to gain their destination before the bell ceased to ring. There was no drawing back from a feeling of fear, or by a knowledge of imminent danger. Each man was ready to do his duty, and was jealous for a place in the boat. Before the last stroke of the bell a group of hardy shoremen, more than sufficient to man her, stood by the taut, beautiful craft that would soon take her place on the seething mass of waters as lightly and easily as a sea-bird.

Straining every nerve and muscle in the excitement of preparing for the immediate launch, the faces of the men looked terrible in the grip of the intense feeling which surged within their breasts. In their cork jackets and broad sou-westers, as seen in the uncertain light of an occasional lantern, they appeared almost too uncanny to be human,