

**Mrs. Hillyer's Bit of Gold.**

A shining bit of gold, a coin fresh from the mint, lay in Mrs. Hillyer's hand. Somehow, it represented more to her than the amount it stood for in bills, it seemed distinctly more precious, and as she looked at it, she made a resolution.

"This shall go into my mite box for Syria," she said. "They brought 'gold, frankincense and myrrh' when they came to the manger, led by the Star in the East. I too will give Him who came to save, the myrrh of my tenderness, the frankincense of my prayers, and all the gold I receive for the next twelve months as my offering at His feet."

Mrs. Hillyer took down her WOMAN'S WORK and read in their order, following Syria, the different fields. "I do hope," she said, "yes I pray, that I may have a gold piece for every month in the year."

Her home was not one of wealth, merely of comfort, but she earned her own pin money by embroidery and painting on china. An aunt for whom she had finished a linen order had partly paid her in gold. Sometimes her mother sent her a present, and now and then her husband dropped a dollar or two over the housekeeping money into her little purse.

All my gold this year I bring  
Straight to Thee, Oh, Christ, my King,  
she sang softly.

In came her niece Molly with a rush and a waft of outdoor freshness and life.

"There's to be the most beautiful concert," she said, "tickets only a dollar each. I wish you and I could go."

Mrs. Hillyer smiled, "I have given up concerts for this winter, Molly. I have other uses for my money."

Molly pouted—"Missions, I suppose; you send all your surplus over the sea."

"Yes, darling, if it were only more. I can do so little, and the need is so great!"

You would never believe it if you had not seen it how that year the stream of shining gold poured through Mrs. Hillyer's hands. She told nobody of her pledge, but Jesus knew about it. He moved the springs that started the welcome treasure in its trend toward her. Every month, a golden gift dropped into her mite box, and by the end of the year Mrs. Hillyer's contribution to the Woman's Board was fifty dollars.

And singularly, never was any year so blessed, never had she so many luxuries, never was her good man so prospered. For there was One who acknowledged her gift and poured back into her lap of the things she needed.

Fear not, little flock, it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

We can never doubt His goodness,  
We may always trust His love.

—Woman's Work for Woman.

**Heaven.**

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;  
At first we think of streets of gold,  
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,  
Of shining wings and robes of white,  
And things all strange to mortal sight.  
But in the afterward of years,  
It is a more familiar place,  
A home unburied by sighs or tears,  
Where waiteth many a well-known face,  
With passing months it comes more near,  
It grows more real day by day,  
Not gladness or cold, but very dear—  
The glad homeland not far away,  
Where none are sick, or poor, or lone,  
The place where we shall find our own.  
And as we think of all we knew  
Who there have met to part no more,  
Our longing hearts desire home too,  
With all the strife and trouble o'er.

Robert Browning.

## Our Young People

**Topic: Missions.**

Jan. 26: Rom 13: 10-14.

**Our Leader Speaks.**

Our topic, "The Missionary Awakening," implies that Christians are asleep in regard to missions. Is that too harsh a thing to say? No; for if we were awake, we should know more about missions, and give more, and pray more, and go more.

How many of us can tell the names of the mission boards of our denomination? In what parts of the world are they at work? How is each mission field progressing? What are twenty of the world's greatest missionaries, and where did they live and work? Have you read ten missionary books? Do you read, regularly and thoroughly, any missionary periodical? These questions will tell you where you stand as to missionary studying.

Then, are we regularly laying aside money for missions, as the Bible requires? Is the money a proportionate part of our incomes? Is it a generous part, one-tenth or anything like it? Do we keep strict account of our incomes, and set down the amounts we give to God's work? These questions will show us where we stand as to missionary giving.

Next, do missions form a part of our earnest and persistent prayers? Are our prayers all for ourselves and our personal or family interests? Are the great interests of Christ's world-wide kingdom upon our hearts? Do we really long for the spread of the gospel in Dakota? in China? in Spain? Is there any single missionary whose work we are following with the buoyant petitions that will actually lift it above all barriers and bring it to victory? These questions will show us where we stand as to missionary praying.

And finally how about going ourselves? Why should not some of us dedicate his life or hers to the spread of the gospel among the Indians, the Africans, the city poor, the Japanese, or the Patagonians? The burden of proof is on each one of us, to show why he should *not* go, why she should *not* go. Have we honestly considered this fundamental question, and settled it in a way to satisfy our conscience and our God?

Next week is Christian Endeavor Day. The officers of the United Society of Christian Endeavor are earnestly desirous that our twenty-first birthday shall be signalized as a great Decision Day. Who is on the Lord's side? Who, in return for all that Christ has done and is doing for him, will surrender his life wholly to the Master, and will promise Him to say what He wants him to say, do what He wants him to do, and go where He wants him to go? May God help us to make this meeting a beginning of the great Decision for many a soul.

Missions is the main business of the church, just as selling goods is the main business of a shopkeeper. What should we think of a shopkeeper who should fit up a handsome shop and hire a set of capable clerks, and then take no thought about the sale of his goods? That would be no worse than to build fine churches, and have fire singing and preaching, and take no thought for the salvation of the world.

**Carlyle on the Catechism.**

"The older that I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: 'What is the chief end of man? To glorify God, and to enjoy him forever.'"

**Suggestions.**

When Professor Drummond left Japan, the native ministers gave him this message for Europe, "Send us no more doctors; we are tired of them. Send us Christ." That is what missions are doing, sending Christ over the world—and Christ's doctors, too.

Do not draw a line of separation between the house of God and the house of business. The counting house and the shop may be as much the house of God as the holiest shrine where generations knelt in prayer.—F. B. Meyer.

God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.—Collier.

Consecration to Christ's service is not what we often fancy it—far away height of religious attainment; it consists in doing the simplest every-day duty that comes to us, in such a spirit as to make it a consecrated work.—Mary H. Howell.

There is no test of our love for Christ quite so searching as the question whether we are deeply interested in missions. Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock once said that our love has a broken wing if it cannot fly across the ocean; and that is certainly true.

If we want to kindle a fire, we carry fire in some shape to the dry wood we wish to burn. So, if we want to start a missionary fire, we must have some fire of our own to start it with. Get enthusiastic for missions yourself, by reading and studying, and you will become able to make others enthusiastic.

We are quick to envy others the possession of gifts. We forget that God's plan is unfolded by the use of such abilities as he has given, and that he alone knows the secret of fitting each influence into its place. The helpful souls who are mostly lovingly remembered and the longest missed are those who have been mindful of small opportunities.—New York Observer.

The great danger that besets us all is of forgetting the duties of the Christian life while we are enjoying its privileges. We do not sufficiently recognize stewardship for God as the correlate of receiving from God. The reservations we make in our consecration are too large. There is too little appreciation of the comprehensiveness of the corollary that follows the basal fact of the Christian life, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."