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THE MASTER AND HIS LABORERS.

ALICE A. FERGUSON.

The Master sat on the great white throne.

The toil of the day was done,
Around him were the laborers,
And thus he said to each one :

"I have done great things for thee,
What to-day hast thou done for me?"

"I've labored hard with heart and hand,
To build a structure worthy thee,
I've borne the burden of the day,
And done it, Master, willingly."
And the Master said, "Well done."

"My voice, dear Lord, I used for thee,
And sang the story old and sweet,
Till burdened souls looked up again,
And humbly sought the Saviour's feet."
And the Master said, "Well done."

Thy word I've preached in foreign clime,
Encountered dangers without end,
Upheld the flag of truth divine,
Till heathen souls "claimed thee as Friend."
And the Master said "Well done."

"My feet on errands swift have fled,"
One smaller than the rest replied,
"My day was filled with little things,
My best in each to do I tried."
The Master smiled and said "Well done."

"Has my poor lamb done aught to-day?"
The Master asked in kindly tone,
His face with sweet compassion filled,
To one disease had claimed his own.

"Oh, Master!" humbly she replied,
"My day was spent in idleness,
I come with empty hands to thee,
Oh, pity me in my distress,

I could not work, but 'mid the pain
I smiled for thee and bore the same."

The Master's face was full of love,
"Thy deed the angels will record,
'Tis not th' abundance of work done
That meriteth the great reward,
But she the great reward may claim
Who smiled for me amid her pain."

Montreal Witness.

TWO OFFERINGS.

BY LAURA A. BARTER.

OUTSIDE, rain, fog, darkness; inside, warmth, comfort, light. Outside, busy feet trudging through the muddy streets; inside, a lady sitting quietly before a ruddy fire, her eyes fixed on the glowing embers, as if her thoughts were far away.

And so they were, although she held in her hand some sparkling jewels, and her fingers now and then gently touched others lying in her lap.

Of what was she thinking?

A few days before, a gentleman staying in her house had been speaking of the work going on among the Jews, telling how many were receiving the gospel message, and of doors being opened by God Himself for further usefulness, but funds were needed and who would give?

Mrs. Merville's heart had glowed as she had listened to the words of her friend, and knowing the Master herself, she rejoiced to hear of others receiving Him; so when the question came, "Who will give?" her heart answered at once, "I will, Lord."

Then in the quiet of her own room another question had to be considered. What could she give? and her