

that might be swept away in the dust of the world's work. Have a mite-box by all means. If it is filled with love and gratitude you will find it full of help and opportunity. Here are our mission study text-books, "Via Christi," "Dux Christi," "Rex Christus," and "Dux Christus," and here are the latest numbers of our missionary magazines, and hanging just above is our prayer calendar. You have to buy these of course, but you do not buy them for the corner, you buy them for the help they give, and put them into the corner afterwards. Those pictures on the wall are prints cut from magazines book-catalogues and missionary circulars. There is a Bible-woman of India, and there is a missionary of Africa, there is a Chinese orphan, and there is one of the Southern industrial homes of our Missionary Society; and over here is one of our nurse deaconesses, bending over her little patient; and here is a picture of our own "Country Home for Invalid Children"—you can see the cupola from the dining-room window. There are all sorts of missions here, because the corner stands for the whole world, of which our village is one little part, so I put up the picture of the Children's Home, for it is true missionary work—many a little heart has there been taught to love Him who blesses the children, and many an aching limb, many a tired head, has there been rested and comforted. Here, on the book-shelf, are the rest of my missionary books and magazines, with a few little souvenirs and curios below—most of the latter, gifts from missionary friends. This is the little Chinese shoe that Anne Marshall gave me, years ago—the captain used to bring her such beautiful things from China. How my heart aches for the poor little foot that had to be bound and beaten to fit such a shoe as this. Here is the piece of Benares brass that uncle Bob brought me from the World's Fair with this Japanese ivory paper-cutter. Here are a couple of Japanese fans, to help the effect, and here is a piece of Mexican pottery. Perhaps these do not seem to have much to do with missions, but they are what the people make with their hands and brains, and so are a real part of themselves. I love to have these things here where I can lay my own hands on them; it is something like shaking hands with those who made them and then praying for them; and giving to them is like looking into their faces and saying, "God loves you."

"I tell you, Margaret, missionary work is a real thing and a beautiful thing, it is making

new friendships and making new love in the heart. They are not far away, these non-Christian people, they are very near to us—bought with the same blood, cared for by the same Love, called to the same home, wanting the same Bread of Life. Think of it!—they are looking at us with dying eyes, and saying, 'It is so dark, there is no light, there is no bread, there is no hope!' And you and I are just across the room from them, hiding the light and the bread, the very gift God has sent to their need."

There were tears in Aunt Phyllie's eyes, as, turning to me, she laid her hand gently on my arm, and said with a solemn, persuasive tenderness. "Margaret, before you say again that you are not much interested in missions, go down on your knees before God and see if you feel like saying it to Him. Not to believe in missions is not to believe in Jesus Christ; and not to want to do His way is not to really love Him. I know you do not mean that, dear, but that is what the words mean, and we must be careful about our words, they can do so much harm. You will never say it again, will you? You do not mean it, do not say it."

"Oh, does it really mean that awful thing? I do believe in Christ, and I thought I loved Him."

"Yes, you do love Him, and down in your heart you believe in missions too, but you have never opened the door wide enough to let the light of your thought shine full into your heart. Sometimes we stand trembling before that closed door, fearing to open it lest the light should reveal a cross, forgetting that the cross is God's opportunity for resurrection life. I did not mean to preach you a sermon, but Aunt Phyllis loves you so dearly that her love could not keep back the word. Be a missionary woman, loving the whole world, such a woman as God can trust with the glorious news of a world-wide redemption."

There may have been other things in the missionary corner, but the word of love that could not be kept back had burned its way into my heart and let in the light. What right had I to limit the loving provision of God, to criticise His plans, to deny the world a present knowledge of Him? What claim had I to His blessing and His peace more than another soul? Not to believe in missions was to deny Jesus as a present world Saviour, and that was to deny Him as the Saviour of my own soul. The missionary