

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, "Oh Lord show me just what thou dost wish me to bring." Quick as lightning's flash came the thought, "Dare I offer to 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? Nol 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 this she questioned, and the night wore on; 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 gray 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 supplicant 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 God, she solemnly and with broken choked utterance repeated;

"Take my love, my Lord I pour  
At thy feet its treasure 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, but freely and without reservation Margaret Johnstone had given herself, her *all* to God's service.

The days wore on and another mission circle evening had again come round, 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 might'st ransomed be  
And quickened from the dead  
I gave, I gave my life for thee.  
What hast thou given for me?"

And 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 one 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 labour 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 reechoing 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 Johnstone.

London, March 2nd.

## How Ellen went to Port Simpson.

HER OWN STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

The lady showed me how to hold my spoon and the knife and fork. I always used my fingers. We did not sit down to a table, like these people; but I had seen white people eating before. I wondered if they would eat this way in the school. After breakfast I went on deck; our boat was going very fast, I thought. On one side there was land, but only water on the other. By and by we went into a narrow place where there were high mountains on both sides. I played around till dinner was ready. After dinner the lady gave me some pictures to look at, and told me I could take them to my room. They were pretty pictures, but I must have gone to sleep while looking at them, for the big bell woke me again and it was nearly dark. Tea was ready and after tea I went to bed.

Next day was much the same, only the boat stopped several places. The first place looked so queer! There was a row of little houses that looked like barns, only in front of each house there was a high pole, all carved. They were built on the shore; at one end there was a very large building. The lady told me this was a salmon cannery, and the nice looking house just back of that was where the man who ran the cannery lived. There were only two or three white men on the wharf; but a crowd of Indians with long hair—they had bright red and yellow blankets around them—looked so funny. The boat only stayed a little while and we were off again. Two of the places we stopped at next day had no wharves, but the people came out to the boat in canoes. The first place looked something like the village, where the people all dressed in blankets, only the old people had such funny heads—looked as if they were drawn up almost to points, flattened before and behind. The other village where they had no wharf had pretty little houses like white people's homes. There was a nice church and another building something like it only not quite so large—the lady told me it was the school house. I wondered if the Port Simpson school would look anything like it.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)