

this life as well as in the future. 'What difference will it make a hundred years from now whether or not you were interested in sports and such things?' he asked. 'Really no difference,' I replied.

'But,' said he, 'it will make a great difference whether you are interested in Missions, not only to yourself, but to others. Imagine your life spent for yourself in pleasure and sports and such things. What good influence would your life carry with it; what will your life count for now; what will it count for one hundred years from now? But if your life is invested now for God and your fellow-men, you cannot estimate its value; its influence on the world is yours; nor the difference it will make in the future because one life with all opportunities and possibilities has been invested for God.' Really, Nell, it was a new thought to me. I had never paid any attention to the subject before, but as I listened to him I thought to myself there must be something in it when a business man of his standing thinks it so important. He did not tell me, but I heard it afterwards, that he lives plainly and comfortably, and gives large sums every year for missionary work. The reason he belongs to the Y.M.C.A. is to get in touch with young men, to help them to see their higher privileges, to get a chance to talk with them and interest them in his hobby—Missions.

'That night I decided to go with you, Nell. Then I remembered you said those mite-boxes were to be collected every three months. I had to get busy, as I had already wasted so much time. I decided to give a tenth of all the money I received. Of course, that couldn't all go to the mite-box. I must have some for Church and Sunday School. One night when I got my week's wages I took out the tithe. It did not seem very much. Surely I ought to really give something for all the benefits I receive, so I laid out a dollar bill. The tempter said, 'You'll need that for yourself.' I said, 'Probably I will need it, but here it goes into that mite-box before I decide to spend it on something for myself—then I won't be able to brag about what I gave up.' I thought if I was a real heathen, say in Africa or China, I would like some Christian boy to send me the Gospel. I am going with you, Nell, are you not glad?

'Sometimes I think I may go myself to tell them the good news, or I may stay here and earn money and send you, or we might both go, Nellie. I must close now, with lots of love from Tom.'

P.S.—Please give the enclosed \$5.00 to your missionary treasurer as my mite-box offering.

'Oh, mother, wouldn't it be lovely if we could go,' exclaimed Nellie, as she folded up the letter and placed it in the envelope.

'I don't think we can spare Nell, come we, mother?' asked Harold, anxiously.

'Not very well, Harold, but for His sake we may some day if God calls her to that work,' said Mrs. Barnes.

'I'm glad she isn't old enough to go yet, anyway,' said Harold, 'but if Tom is going with you on Missions, why can't I go, too?'

'Why, certainly, dear boy, come along; the more the merrier, you know. I will write to Tom to-night and tell him that you, too, are going with us. We will help make up a happy party.'

*"He breathed a prayer; he sang a song;
He helped a weary soul along;
His life thus spent in kindly deeds.
He had no time for scolding words.
A being built on God's own plan—
The world could say, 'Here was a man.'"*

Sunday School Missionary Work

In a very interesting letter, Miss Ella A. Maclean, writing from Pagan, Alta., tells something of the efforts being made to instruct the children of the foreigners in the Word of God. She says

"Miss Code and I are together in charge of three schools among the Austrians. In one of these schools little English is used; in another we have about half English and half Russian, and in the third English predominates. Our aim of course is all English for all the schools some day. Our method is to read the lesson to them in Russian, talk it in Russian so as to be sure they have the thoughts, and then review it in simple English. In this way their English vocabulary grows from week to week. Quite often one of us is in charge, and the staff then consists of one person who is Superintendent, Primary Teacher, Bible Class Teacher, (when some of the parents drop in as they occasionally do,) Organist, etc.



A RUSSIAN HOME PARTY.

"We use the International Lessons in one school and hope to use them in all, some day. The schools are held in Austrian homes, and our equipment consists of a movable blackboard, slates and pencils, a picture roll, telescope organ, and picture cards. The picture roll is very much appreciated, and we have had grown up people crowd around it as eagerly as the children, and ask all kinds of questions.

"Interruptions are apt to occur. Just yesterday, even with the organ and our bravest singing, we could not drown the noise about a dozen hens that were cackling under the bed. If a neighbor drives into the yard, the tendency is for all, both old and young, to run and look through the tiny window, that nothing of interest may be lost.

"One school is five miles away, and another eight, and we have had four or five trips this winter when the thermometer registered forty or more below zero; but we thought if the children could walk there, we could surely drive. We are glad to feel that we belong to the great army of Sunday School workers, and we hope our boys and girls may compare favorably with any Canadians some day in the essentials of Christian citizenship. We ask your prayers for the Austrian work."

This is missionary work of the very highest type, and we beseech for these devoted young women the prayers of our readers that God may abundantly bless their untiring efforts to break the living Bread to these needy souls.—Ed.

Why Did Santa Claus Not Know Him?

BY REV. J. W. TOTTEN.

At the close of one of our Christmas tree entertainments a little boy who came to our country under the care of one of our "Homies," said with a disappointed tone of voice to the Sunday School Superintendent, "Santa does not know me." Only a short time living in the neighborhood, and in a measure out of it, his name had not been called out as a recipient of any gift that had helped to give the tree the attractiveness and beauty to so many little eyes. Hence his conclusion that Santa did not know him, and with this thought he sought to bridge

over the chasm created in his lonely and disappointed little heart.

Might we suggest to the many happy Leaguers who are at home among their own kith and kin, that there are many little strangers who have come to our shores, and are far away from loved ones, if indeed they have ever known such. Many have come from poor homes and it is a blessing that they are thus removed from former unfavorable surroundings; but after all, they are strangers in a strange land, and a little Christian love and kindness shown them may help to not only cheer and brighten for an hour, but to win them to good and useful lives. Let us in the spirit of our Master seek them out, and in all possible ways help "the strangers within our gates," that none of them may sorrowfully lament, like our little friend, "Santa does not know me."

Evidence

Mary lived in the tenement district of St. Louis. She was only thirteen, and she was the eldest of seven. Her mother was dying, and she called Mary to her bedside and said, "I must leave you, Mary, for you may be mother now to the children. Be patient with father; you know he is kind to us when he is not in drink, so be patient when he comes home and abuses you, and keep the children together. Don't let them be separated. God help you; the task is hard, and you so young!"

The hand slipped from Mary's shoulder and left a great burden resting there. Mary took it up bravely and for two years she toiled and slaved.

Then the hot summer weather found Mary too weak to withstand it, and she came down with fever. A deaconess administered to her needs. One day Mary was very weak and she told the deaconess her story.

"Now, I am dying," she said, "as mother did. I have been patient with father, and I have kept the children together, but I am afraid to die. I have not gone to church because I have had no fit clothes, and I have been too tired of nights to say my prayers. Now, what can I say to Jesus when I see Him up there?"

The deaconess took the frail little hands, hardened by toil for others, and said:

"Don't say anything, Mary, just show Him your hands."—Selected.

*"A sunny spirit more than sunny skies,
A patient face more than stormies sea;
These are to me
Seraphic witnesses of Paradise
And calms to be."*

PASTORS!

THIS IS FOR YOU.

"The hope of our work is in the pastors. If the minister becomes awakened to the importance of this work the people will also catch the vision. This will not all be accomplished in a day, however. We must be patient." So wrote Bro. J. E. Lane, from Arden, Man., very recently, and we commend his words to every pastor in Methodism.