

have been too indolent, careless, or selfish, to come to a decision and make any change."

There was a long talk over that dinner-table—indeed, it did not furnish opportunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure." To do this, they found, required the giving up of some needless indulgences—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labor, in deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who "sow beside all waters."

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded, laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes:

"Ann, now, I suppose, you are satisfied?"

"'Tis mazin' glad," said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; "but *satisfied*—dat's a long, deep word; an' de Bible says it will be when we 'awake in His likeness.'"

"Wall, now, I don't perless none o' these kind o' things," said Silas, standing on one foot, and swinging the other, "but I don't mind tellin' ye that I think your way's right, an' I don't b'lieve nobody ever lost nothin' by what they give to God; 'cause He's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, you see; but I don't s'pose you'd call that a right good motive; would you?"

"Not de best, Silas; not de best; but it don't make folks love de Lord any de less, 'cause He's a good paymaster, and keeps His word. People dat starts in givin' to de Lord wid dat kind o' motives soon outgrows 'em—it soon gets to be *payin'* rad'er dan givin'."

"Wa-ll, ye see, folks don't always feel right," observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No, dey don't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de billionium. But I's glad o' de faint streak o' dat day dat's come to dis house!" And she went in, with her old song upon her lips:—

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice o' melody"

### HOW TO FILL A CHURCH.

There is one recipe given in the Bible for filling churches and for destroying worldliness, which we would commend to those ministers who have so often to preach to empty pews and worldly Christians. It is one given by the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and, like all of His recipes, it is simple and easily remembered: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

There is no promise anywhere in the Word that philosophical essays, scientific lectures or disquisitions, or sensational sermons will do this. But lifting up Christ spiritually before the people will do it, and multitudes will flock to listen to His words as they did in the days of His flesh, when from Jerusalem and Judea and Galilee and the regions round about they gathered to hear the gracious words that proceedeth out of His mouth. He is as certainly, though not as visibly, present with His church and people now as He was then, and the lifting up of His cross and its atonement to-day or in the future will draw all men unto Him, and fill the churches that are now empty.—*N. Y. Herald.*

### A WOMAN'S DREAM.

ONE stormy evening, after the patient missionary collector had been trying for half an hour to arouse my sluggish sympathies for the benighted peoples and earnest workers across the seas, I said to her:—

"There is so much work at home that interests me, I really can't pay much attention to Foreign Fields. To tell you the truth, I am not interested in Foreign Missions. They are too far off."

She left me, and I returned to my cozy chair and glowing fire, wondering why she need have disturbed my reading to tell me so many disagreeable things. I preferred pleasant thoughts, or if I must go outside of those, it suited me far better to breathe a gentle sigh over the woes of an Evangeline, than seriously to consider the needs of other lands or sympathize with the degraded wretches who, after all, were incapable of such depth of feeling as my delicate self. Still the disagreeable facts so gratuitously presented by my caller partook of her persistence, and I tried in vain to dismiss them from my mind until, finally leaving my book and fire, I said pettishly, "I'll see if a good night's sleep will restore my balance."

But the thoughts pursued me as the monotonous drip of rain from the eaves resolved itself into the steady tread of feet, and I seemed to be standing on a high platform with a wondrously fair woman whose stern eyes fastened accusingly on me made me quail, while a seemingly endless procession of women approached us. As they came near I saw that they were divided into companies.

The first division stopped in front of the platform and looked earnestly at me. They were small and dark-skinned, dressed in white jackets and striped skirts, while many-hued scarfs gave a brilliancy like the tropics to the scene.

I was about to ask my companion, despite her austere look, who they were, when one of them pointed at me and said with intense scorn:—

"Women of Siam, behold this woman! She claims to love the Saviour who made her what she is: she *says* she is grateful to Him for her sheltered, petted life, but she has no interest in us. We are taught that our very existence is a curse for misdeeds in some former state. The happiest of us are sold to be one of many wives; the most wretched are gambled away by our own mothers to become slaves. We are brought up in profanity, in lying, in brawls, in filth. For us is no heaven, only a dreary hope of purchasing from our gods merit that shall secure for us a happier state in our next transmigration; but she is not interested in us. Degraded, ignorant, despised at home, she, too, despises us, and calls herself a follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene! He cares for us and commands His children to bring us good tidings, but this child of His grudges a single half-hour to hear of our needs; she even refuses us her prayers because she is 'not interested' in missions."

Overwhelmed by this sudden address, I glanced at my companion, but only to cower before her piercing eyes fixed so severely upon me. The procession moved on, and lo! another division stood before me. They were gayly dressed, but the eyes beneath the white veils were very sad. With mournful mein and voice one of them spoke:—"Syrian women, here stands one who was welcomed at her birth, who had many advantages, who claims the great Allah of America as her own, whose hope of heaven is bright. She *says* her Allah cares for all, and she is like Him, but she is not interested in us. When we were born, forty days of mourning were observed. Our