

need feel the slightest hesitation in making the journey alone—that fact only insures greater kindness.

I enjoyed my visit so much in Winnipeg and Brandon—the friends in both places were exceedingly kind. In Brandon, Sunday evening, after the sermon, I addressed a large audience of about 500. The Lord blessed me in speaking, and I had greater freedom in thought and speech than any time yet. I hope the words spoken in fear and trembling (for I felt the effort) may redound to His glory and effect some little result for good. They have no auxiliary in Brandon: I asked them to form one, and I think likely they will.

I must hasten now and close in time to write home before the closing of the mail. Please give my love to dear Miss Cartmell. How I wish she were coming with me, but the heavenly Father has probably good work for her to do at home.

I will write again on landing. I do feel so thankful this morning for the journeying mercies my Father has bestowed upon me, that I cannot but give expression to it. This passage is running through my mind: “Being enriched in *every thing* to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God,” and to His name and on the altar of love, do I offer this incense of praise. I feel no doubt or fear, for I know He is taking care of me. My mother said, in parting: “Gussie, I give you to the Lord,” and

“Hitherto the Lord hath blessed me,  
Crowning all my days;  
Henceforth I live—with His assistance—to bless Him,  
Live to shew His praise.”—*F. R. H.*

### PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

GIVING is one of the all important subjects pressing upon the minds and hearts of the people. It comes before the Christian with power as never before. And all who would obey conscience cannot dismiss it from their minds, for it demands their earnest attention. We then must give! “For whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.” How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? And *how* can they be *sent* without money?

Why should we not have system about our giving? It is certainly desirous that we should know just how much we can or, shall I say, ought to give. This the Lord has made known in His word, and we are told that the tenth “Is holy unto the Lord.” A rich material blessing is also promised “if we bring all the tithes into the storehouse.” If we then consecrate one-tenth of our income, no matter how small, we are truly obeying one of the Lord’s commands.

There are many young ladies who have no stated income, but nevertheless money is in their possession to do with as they will. Out of every dollar then, let ten cents be devoted to the Master’s work.

It may cost self-denial. If ye love the Master, and are in sympathy with the cause, it will be done willingly and cheerfully, and “the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.” Let us all then be faithful in this matter, paying our tenth as an honest debt; and what at first may be but

duty will become a joy and pleasure, and we will reap abundant reward. For the Lord has promised, “I will open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”

A YOUNG LADY.

## Missionary Readings.

### ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN ?

THE darkness falls, the wind is high,  
Dense black clouds fill the western sky;  
The storm will soon begin;  
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,  
I hear the great round rain-drops dash—  
Are all the children in ?

They’re coming softly to my side;  
Their forms within my arms I hide,  
No other arms are sure;  
The storm may rage with fury wild,  
With trusting faith each little child  
With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near,  
They’ll go from this warm shelter here,  
Out in the world’s wild din;  
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow,  
I’ll sit alone and long to know  
Are all the children in ?

Will they have shelter then secure,  
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,  
And love is true when tried?  
Or will they find a broken reed,  
When strength of heart they so much need  
To help them brave the tide?

God knows it all; His will is best;  
I’ll shield them now and yield the rest  
In His most righteous hand;  
Sometimes the souls He loves are riven  
By tempests wild, and thus are driven  
Nearer the better land.

If He should call us home before  
The children land on that blest shore,  
Afar from care and sin,  
I know that I shall watch and wait,  
Till He, the keeper of the gate,  
Lets all the children in. —*Transcript.*

### MONTSIOA, THE BECHUANA CHIEF.

BY REV. OWEN WATKINS.

THE old chief in Bechuanaland—Montsioa—was once a persecutor of the Christians. He is not now, yet not quite a Christian; he has never professed to join the Christian Church, but he is a good deal more Christian than some of a whiter complexion—for, heathen as he is, in one particular he sets an example to our fellow-countrymen who go to Africa.