

section of the country is thinly populated, consequently the churches throughout here have small congregations, and ours is particularly small. Why, we have only fifty-three communing members. And I can assure you that it is through much self-denial that the majority of the members of our congregation contribute what they do for our own church expenses, and also for the missionary boards of our own denomination.

"Missionary boards!" I exclaimed. "Why, from the appearance of the tiny villages I passed through yesterday coming here, I should think you had all you could do to sustain your own churches, without helping those in foreign lands."

"True, one would think so. But when we are in sympathy with Christ's cause, we will usually find some way by which we can manifest it. Our parents, and their means were greatly limited, used to say: "Little by little, but given with regularity, amounts to a good deal in time." Helen's husband felt differently about giving to the church. You see, he had not been brought up into it as we had been; therefore, it could not be expected that he would consider it a privilege as well as a duty to assist in spreading the gospel of Christ, not alone in our home land, but in lands beyond the sea."

"How about your husband in that respect, Anna?" I asked, taking a liberty old school-mates are privileged to take without giving offence. "Well, I had a sad experience about that very thing," Anna answered, gravely. Like Helen's husband, mine had not been brought up in the Church. Lewis was willing for me to contribute for our church expenses, particularly for our minister's salary, because he esteemed him very highly. "None of my money shall ever be sent to foreign lands," Lewis would say over and over again, whenever I endeavored to interest him on the subject of missions. It was a trial for me not to contribute some money when a collection was asked for, for any missionary cause whatever; and a still greater one not to be able to make a contribution to the Woman's Monthly Missionary Society connected with our church. You see, I was in very delicate health for several years after we were married, and it was all I could do to attend to my household duties; otherwise I could have earned some money for missionary causes if Lewis had been willing for me to do so. I am acquainted with three women here who earn the money they contribute for benevolence. Therefore under the circumstances, there was nothing left for me to do but to commit it all into the heavenly Father's hands, and patiently wait and earnestly to pray that the day might not be far distant when Lewis would deem it a privilege quite as well as a duty to send the gospel of Christ to those who knew it not. One day, ah! I can never forget that day. The morning was overcast, but the afternoon was golden! Lewis brought in a newspaper I had never seen before. He said: "Anna, I have subscribed for this paper. They say it throws a clearer light upon the political questions now before us than any other paper. I intend to be thoroughly informed this time before I vote. In fact, every one should read the books and papers treating upon any subject they are, or should be, interested in. That is, if they wish to think and act intelligently. More than half the trouble and misunderstandings in this world is caused by the lack of knowledge."

"You are perfectly correct about that, Lewis," I said. "One should have all the information they can possibly obtain upon anything in which they are, or, as you say, ought to be interested. So I am very glad you have subscribed for that paper. Now

let me subscribe for 'The Foreign and Domestic Missionary Magazine' of our church. It is only fifty cents a year. Your business has improved lately. And," I continued, "will you also let me contribute fifty cents a year to the Woman's Monthly Missionary Society connected with our church. As I have frequently told you, I would like to know more about what our missionaries are doing, and also to help them in their work. Please, Lewis," I pleaded. "You are well aware, Anna, that I take no stock in missions, or their magazines either. I was under the impression that the missionary affair had been settled between us some time ago," Lewis replied, somewhat impatiently, as he started for the store. I rarely cry. But I had never cried as I did that morning after Lewis had gone. It did seem to me as if my heart was broken. I could not pray, although I fell upon my knees more than once. I fully realized then, as never before, that the cause so near my heart must henceforth be given up—as far as my help was concerned—otherwise our domestic happiness would be in peril; for we were very happy, notwithstanding we did not agree on the subject of missions. Suddenly it came into my mind, "What am I, or my tiny gifts? The silver and the gold are in my father's hand. So I will patiently wait his will." Just then Lewis came into the room. He had forgotten a paper he needed. I was sorry to have him find me in tears, so I brushed my hair back and said apologetically, that my head ached. It was true, for it felt like bursting. Lewis got the paper, then he went out. In a few minutes he came back into the room, and sitting down beside me upon the couch, he said; "Anna, if you think life will not be worth living unless you take that—that missionary book, you may subscribe for it; and you may give fifty cents for that other missionary cause you mentioned. You know very well," he continued, "that I was not brought up to take any interest in missions, but you were. So let us agree to differ on that subject," and Lewis put two silver dollars in my hand, while bending down and tenderly kissing me."

"O Lewis! I asked for only one dollar," I sobbed out.

"That is all right, Anna," he replied. "You have enough now for two years according to your reckoning. And I imagine by that time you will see the uselessness of sending your money where you will never hear from it again, even if it should be sent where you intended. I have my doubts about that."

"The 'Missionary Magazine' will enlighten," I answered, as Lewis went out of the room.

In less than a half-hour I was on my way to the parsonage, to get the address of the magazine, and in the afternoon I sent a two years' subscription for the same. While on my way home from the post-office I felt as if I was walking on the air. I was so light-hearted, and, oh, so thankful! It seemed to me then as if my heavenly Father had opened to me a way whereby Lewis could see for himself that his impressions on missionary subjects had been very erroneous ones. And, as for myself, I sang aloud, over and over again, before I reached home:

"Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name."

"All this, you must understand, dear school-mate, occurred several years ago. But now, all is so different, so changed. I plainly see how well it was that our means were greatly limited during the first few years of our mar-

ried life. If Lewis could have taken all the papers, magazines, and books he so frequently wished for, he, undoubtedly would not have read my 'Foreign and Domestic Missionary Magazine' as he did, at first because it was something right direct from the press, and there was but little of that then in our home. I cannot tell you all just now, how very soon after Lewis united with the church, missionary periodicals as well as our church paper, and other religious matter, made their appearance, from time to time, upon our table. Only three days ago Lewis said: "Anna, I would not have believed it had I been told a few years ago that the time was not far distant when I would most heartily agree with you about the important work missionaries are doing. And that I would be an out-and-out advocate for spreading the gospel of Christ, not only in the destitute parts of our own land, but in lands beyond the sea. Through your influence, dear Anna, and the influence of the Holy Spirit, I feel that I have truly received my sight." Yes; one should be well informed before passing judgment. The missionary magazines and our church paper have been the means of teaching me that lesson particularly. You were very patient with me during the years I differed with you in regard to missions. You bore bravely a hard trial. But now we are one on that subject."

"And there is as great a change in sister Helen's home. Her husband has entirely regained his health; and they have moved to a larger village. Ever since her husband united with the church there, he has been one of its most faithful attendants and liberal contributors. They take several missionary pamphlets, too, besides their church paper, and that is so gratifying to Helen, for she has always been deeply interested in the missionary and church work."

"When does your Woman's Monthly Missionary Society meet, Anna? I would like to attend one of your meetings while I am here."

"We meet to-morrow, and I will be delighted to have you go with me. Helen will be there. We do have the most soul-lifting meetings! And every now and then we receive interesting letters from our missionaries, both from the home and foreign field."

Just then the clock struck six. "Six o'clock already!" exclaimed Anna. "I told Dinah I would arrange the table for her while she was making the muffins." And Anna ran lightly down the stairs, humming a familiar air, and leaving me to my own reflections. And, after thinking over all Anna had been telling me, I summed up my thoughts in the words of the Psalmist: "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry."—"Christian Intelligencer."

### Fishers of Men.

Very beautifully, in connection with his own department of missionary enterprise, did Robert Moffat, the father-in-law of Livingstone, and himself for fifty years a Christian Apostle in South Africa, express this thought when, being asked to write in a lady's album, he penned the following lines:

"My Album is in savage breasts  
Where passion reigns, and darkness rests  
Without one ray of light:  
To write the name of Jesus there,  
To point to worlds both bright and fair,  
And see the pagan bow in prayer,  
Is all my soul's delight."  
—"The Quiver."