

will shrivel away if not exercised. They mock the Lord when they pray, 'Thy kingdom come,' and then do absolutely nothing to help it come. Service is the key-note to happiness, and is love's opportunity always. Oh! how is she going to sing the song of the redeemed if she has only sought to save her own poor little soul!"

"She can't! she can't!" burst forth every publication in the closet, moved to utterance by the little paper's touching remarks.

Crash! clatter-bang!

"Of course I cannot!" shrieked Mrs. Nutter suddenly opening to find herself standing with clasped hands in the middle of her sitting-room, while her husband was hastening to put a reassuring arm about her.

"Why Julia! Were you asleep and dreaming?" said he.

"As I opened the outside door I heard a tremendous crash. Was that what woke you?" he hurriedly asked.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Nutter confusedly. "The noise was in the hall closet, or I think it was," she hastened to add, noticing her husband's look of astonishment.

They went up the stairs together to investigate; and sure enough, when they opened the door a small avalanche of books and papers fell out into the hall. The braces of a shelf had given away, and the shelf falling had carried two more with it.

"My shutting the outer door so heavily was undoubtedly the one touch needed to send it down," said Mr. Nutter.

"But what on earth have you hoarded up all these papers for, Julia?" he queried. "If they weren't all tied up so neatly you would have a pretty job to sort them out. A regular revolt of reading matter, I declare," he said, laughingly.

"It shan't happen again," said Mrs. Nutter, with quite uncalled for decision.

"Of course not," promptly replied her husband looking at her somewhat curiously, as he started off after hammer and nails.

If Mr. Nutter had chanced to look into the hall closet a month later, he would have been considerably surprised to have seen mostly empty shelves. The Y. M. C. A. rooms, the lonely quarters of the Life Saving crew, and the homes of several poor families all received most welcome accessions of suitable literature about that time.

The little invalid was made too happy for words by a great bundle of picture papers; and a package of religious papers, carefully selected, were carried to some dear old ladies who had a mania for scrap-books. These papers, rich in the best thought of the times, were soon converted into neat volumes to be read and loaned as long as they held together.

The missionary papers were piled on a stand in Mrs. Nutter's own room. "I cannot give these away until I've read them myself," she said softly.

It will be remembered that these were papers devoted to the foreign work, but no sooner had she read them than the young friend at the farther end of the street was made glad by a note from Mrs. Nutter, saying she now wished to subscribe for the paper she had before refused; for this woman almost immediately illustrated the truth that to those thoroughly imbued with the missionary spirit the home and foreign fields are all one in the Lord's great plan.

Before many weeks had passed, the missionary societies had a new member; and one day this new member took courage to make a few remarks. Said she, "Too much cannot be said in favor of systematic giving and collecting in mission work; but I want to emphasize another sister's thought, *systematic reading*, also.

"We simply cannot feel interested in what we know nothing about. Faithful and regular reading will surely awaken our interest and move our hearts to action; it cannot be otherwise, if there is a spark of love left in the heart for the Master. It is my profound conviction and experience that missionary literature is the right kind of kindling to apply to that spark."

And nobody in the room doubted but that the speaker herself was thoroughly kindled at last.

There was never another revolt in Mrs. Nutter's closet; for not enough literary matter to breed imaginary rebellion was ever allowed to accumulate there. Every periodical, when read, was sent prayerfully and regularly out on its own special mission.—*By permission, from "Home Mission Echo."*

#### LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN AFRICA.

I would rather face heathenism in any form than the liquor traffic in Africa. I have gone many times into the native heathen towns to preach the