



Devoted to the interests of the Mission Circles and Bands of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

VOL. IV.

MAY, 1897.

No. 5

THE WORK OF OUR HANDS.

"And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."—Ps. xc. 17.

"The work of our hands, establish Thou it."

So, often with thoughtless lips we pray;
But He who sits in the heavens shall say,

"Is the work of your hands so fair and fit
That you dare so pray?"

"The work of your hands, is it fairly writ,
In luminous lines, that all may see?
Is its shelter as strength, like the spreading tree,
In whose green shadow men may sit?
Dare ye answer me?"

"Is it strong as the wonderful bonds that knit
All truth in one? Is it pure as snow?
As gracious and sweet as the winds that blow?
As true as the stars that are nightly lit
For the world below?"

"Will the work of your hands for aye transmit
Truth and beauty, and love and praise?
Will it lead and light to the heavenly ways?
Answer me, soul: Shall I 'establish it
'Gainst the day of days?"

Softly we answer: "Lord, *make it fit,*
The work of our hands, that so we may
Lift up our voices and dare to pray,
'The work of our hands, establish Thou it'
Forever and aye."

CHARLOTTA PERRY.

HOW REX FOUND WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS.

It was a regular old-fashioned Christmas day. The air was crisp and cold; the snow lay in banks, like huge white pillows, on the street. The sun shone so brightly that it seemed as though he

wanted to wish all the inhabitants of "Old Mother Earth" a "merry Christmas." The very tinkle of the sleigh bells sounded like music, saying, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Joy and contentment seemed to reign supreme upon this birthday of the world's Redeemer.

In a beautiful home, owned by Mr. Grant, a wealthy merchant, the family was assembled after dinner, in the drawing room. Upon a couch, before the fire, lay a lovely girl of sixteen. For nearly three years she had suffered from spinal complaint, but never a murmur had escaped her lips. Many a night, when sleep refused to come, she had talked with Jesus, and gained strength to suffer uncomplainingly. She was treasurer of the Mission Circle of the church to which her family belonged, and her whole thought was for the advancement of the kingdom of Jesus at home and in heathen lands.

"Alice, dear," she said to her sister, "run up and get my mite-box, please; it is on my table."

When Alice brought the box, Floy said, with a bright smile: "Now I want a thank offering from every one of you. I put mine in this morning."

"Why Floy," said her brother Fred, "I really do not see how you can have a very thankful heart. Here you are day after day shut in from the enjoyment other girls have, sick and suffering, and —"

"Hush, Fred," she said gently; "do not say that. Why, I have father and mother, a sweet little sister, and three big brothers, who cannot do enough for their helpless sister. And I have Christmas; and, Fred, how many blessings Christmas means; sins forgiven, sorrow and pain shared by the Christ-child, the assurance of a resurrection, and heaven by and bye. Why, Fred, think if I had been born a heathen!"