

shall receive." Say "come." Ask "bread." Nobody knows how sweet and fresh some Bible truth, old as the hills and monotonous as the law of gravitation, would sound, if you should give it a breath and send it out with a heart-beat. It might waken a sleeper, or touch a leper with healing, or turn the tide and flood some loitering, stranded soul into the harbor. It might even strike Goliath between the eyes, or scatter a million Ethiopians, or reveal Jehovah's legions, or call down fire from heaven? Oh, wonderful are the thoughts of God, and instinct with vital power, when breathed by human lips appointed to witness?

Speak for God, pray before others, don't be "excused." lend a hand!—*Woman's Work.*

Peculiar People.

"How came you to be interested in our work?" was the question put to a sturdy Scotch laboring man. He had brought to the Mission Treasury from his savings the goodly sum of ten dollars, and it was a matter of no little interest how the Spirit of God had led this man to such a practical concern in the world's evangelization. Hence the question with which we began. And the answer—all the training of the schools could not have improved it—"Just being a Christian!" Well said, my good Scotch brother, that is coming at Missions in the natural way. "Just being a Christian!" Precisely so. He had read his New Testament straightforward, and kept his heart and conscience open to instruction. But why shouldn't "being a Christian" always mean just that? What hinders, that this must needs be thought peculiar? For it is. Can this inquiry be brought home to the conscience of such as, with equal or larger resources, have never so apprehended the meaning of their discipleship? Make this spirit universal and how speedily would the work of the world's evangelization go forward. Why not?

"What is the cost of sustaining a Missionary at one of your stations?" was the inquiry which followed the check of a business man for a generous sum. The question opened a correspondence upon the theme of Missionary substitutes. Result? He adopted a faithful Missionary to represent him in evangelizing a great people. A man to be envied is he. But why peculiar? He is, not so in wealth. There are thousands who are as well able as he to do this thing. Many, indeed, do give equivalent of this; but they are few, compared with those who are not fascinated with the idea of being represented abroad, in some one of the great centers of teeming life, where, just now, a man full of the love of Christ can reap while he sows. Not being able to go in person, man of affairs, whom God has blessed, why not send a substitute to witness for you? The man stands ready to go—shall he go *in your name*, for Christ's sake? Steward of God, this is one way to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness that, when ye fail, will receive you into everlasting habitations. Why not do this thing and make it less peculiar? Help to make it a common-place affair in this day of progress.

In a Western city a Mother's Meeting of the poor was organized and work given out for which they were paid by the charitable women of — Church, who sustained this labor of love. Within this company of the Lord's poor was organized another—"a Mother's Mite Society" of twenty-five. They met once a week to pray and bring their offerings—ten, five, three cents—to give the Gospel to those worse off than they, because struck through with

the poverty that is hardest to bear—the poverty of soul. The gifts of these poor women amounted, in a single year, to sixty-five dollars.

The New Testament repeats itself. Christ pronounces His benediction upon them as of old. They gave more than all besides. How fragrant this offering. How the lilies, stately brought, count up! Here are sixty-five dollars—an average of little less than three dollars apiece! Peculiar? Yes, indeed. Women, robed in silks and furs, with every luxury at command, by scores and hundreds, all far short of this, for the world's perishing millions! Muster the forces of the Church, rich and poor, after this fashion, and there need be no lack of funds for the Lord's work! Exceptional good sense presided in that Church Society, or they would have closed the hand of those poor women against the world. They preferred to help them to a well-rounded Christian womanhood; and see what comes of it! An example to all the Church of God.

"It is not much that the likes of me can do," said a plain but tidily dressed working woman, as she brought her annual subscription for the Missionary Magazine. Poor as she was, she hungered to know how prophecy was being fulfilled, and how it fared with the work that the Apostles began but did not finish. And so for many years she had been a subscriber for the Herald. "So then," she went on, "if I gets a fifty cents or a dollar I gives it." And calling up the large church, of which she is one of the lowly ones, and the Sacrament where the rich and poor meet together, she added—"Ladies beside me, elegantly dressed, sometimes throw in their ten cents; but no matter, *I know for whom I am doing it.*" Best of all she knows for whom she does it, and there is no measuring of her duty by another's failure. It is always perilous getting away from this clear consciousness of personal relation to the Lord. "Others do so and so, why not I? It is no more my duty than the duty of others." Perilous ground, always, where many are snared and taken. But to do what is permitted us for Christ's sake, to leave our gift at His feet, and never to forget that it is to Him and for Him, who seeth in secret but rewardeth openly—this is blessed. How the Lord's simple ones get at the heart of the Lord's business.

"He used to draw up before the fire, when the chores were done, with the Bible, the American Messenger and the Missionary Herald, and read his fill," said a woman in mourning, of her husband whom God had recently taken to Himself. They were poor Scotch farming people of —. She held in her hand three shining pieces of gold, the savings of their frugal life of toil, which she laid down saying, "you may give me ten dollars; I will make it an even fifty!" It was the last of their joint offerings for the spread of the Gospel, and savory with the prayer of faith and faithfulness. It was worth while for this old Scotch farmer to read on, in the later records of the church, how the acts of the Apostles repeat themselves in these latter days. Probably he could not see why the people of Asia Minor in this day, should not be of as much interest to him as those whom Paul found there in his day; or why, if it is worth while to read the Acts of the Apostles eighteen centuries ago, it is not worth while to read the triumphs of the same Gospel, by the same Spirit, in the same lands, to-day. And not seeing, he took the Herald and the New Testament and brought the earlier and the later centuries together. The intelligent zeal of this godly couple consecrated the savings of their frugal life to the Lord. Hence these precious coins, the offering of the Spirit taught, to bring the world to Christ.