

as she gave her share she could not be blamed. Some years ago I asked the question of Mr. A., a noble clergyman of the English Church. I was at that time a member of his church, and we were walking home from one of his out-stations where he had been preaching on Christian conduct.

We had just come to the brow of a hill and below lay a rolling valley. He made a gesture towards the valley and answered in some such words as these: "Who are those people in that noisy, restless, bubble-chasing, fashionably dressed throng?" "They are those who follow the world and the lusts thereof." And this little band, so quiet and modest, so contented, patient, earnest and happy. Their appearance instantly proclaims that they are not of the world; who, then, are they. They are the Christians. By their walk, conversation, and dress, they are separate, a peculiar people, zealous, not of good clothes, but good works.

It is not that I object to pretty clothes, beautiful homes, and bountifully spread tables; if all could have them. But the division of good things seem so unequal. While some of us come from pleasant homes, with well-satisfied appetites and well-clothed bodies, how many hundreds in our own beloved Canada, how many thousands in the home lands are languishing for the barest necessities. While from India, an integral part of our empire, therefore having a double claim upon us, comes the heart-breaking wail of the unrelieved famine victims.

Is God honored when we thank Him for the blessing given us, and denied them? or has He given them to us that we may share, yes, share, to the last penny, with them. While we at home are endeavoring to dress and dine and house ourselves according to our position—(yes, and oftentimes beyond it)—while we are paying the debt we owe to society, does it ever occur to us to glance for a moment at the position of the over-worked, anxious missionaries either at home or abroad, or consider the debt we owe them.

What about the debt we owe to our sisters under other skies—or not under skies at all, shut up in dreary zenanas, starving, dying for light and love that self-denial on our part might give them.

Let us look at our position from a New Testament standpoint. According to this we are sinners saved by grace: we are pilgrims and strangers, and enjoined to pass our sojourn here in fear, and be ever ready for the call home. What then would be most appropriate in dress

and food? Surely we will need something plain and substantial that will stand a rough journey. We are also called "workers together with Him." Workers don't usually spend as much time or money on their clothes as is necessary now in order to be up-to-date. Fancy Dorcas going about in the dress of some of the modern Christians. "Not with outward adornment" says the apostle. It would almost seem as if St. Paul did not quite fall into line with our ideas as to our duties to society.

O sisters, surely our duty to God and to His cause, our duty of self-sacrifice for the sake of up-lifting the fallen, or spreading the light and liberty of the gospel is more imperative than our duty to the fashionable world.

If Paul had been content with paying the debt he owed to the refined and educated of his own class, when would the nation of which we are proud to form a part have been rescued from heathenism?

If Christ had not given up His position in glory and "emptied Himself," what would our position have been to-day?

As Baptists we glory in our strict obedience to Christ's commands, but for believers to be buried under baptismal waters is not the only command of our Master.

"Give ye them to eat" said the Master long ago to the troubled and weary disciples as the thousands of hungry people gathered before them on the barren plain. They brought him all they had: it was pitifully small, but in the Master's hands it sufficed for the thousands.

How the heart of the Master must have rejoiced as He saw His command unhesitatingly carried out, and His disciples, forgetting their own weariness, lovingly ministering to the wants of the needy.

To-day the cry goes up to God from the un-evangelized world, more especially from famine stricken India, "Give us this day our daily bread." Is not the answer of God to His disciples "Give ye them to eat."

And if a redeemed soul should answer "Lord, I have already given a dollar to foreign missions. I have given my share, in fact, more than my share, according to the comfortable theory of a certain minister, and I can spare no more. Let some one else who has not given as I have give what is needed."

Then if this redeemed one spreads her table bountifully for the entertainment, not of the poor and needy, but for those who will do as much for her again, when she comes in her pretty clothes to the sanctuary, and sings, "Take