



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

Published Every Month.

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL, 1894.

VOL. I. No. 4.

### Self-Dedicated.

"The land where Christ is needed most  
That shall my country be,  
No matter what the distant coast  
Or washed by what far sea.  
No matter whether dark or fair  
The burdened people gathered there.

The life I live in Him by faith  
Is life enough for me,  
Though want and peril, pain and death  
Be here my destiny,  
I yield this life the world calls mine  
To hide it in the life divine."

### Margaret Johnstone's Easter Offering.

BY S. B. WRIGHT.

It was the night of the February meeting of the Western mission circle and a goodly number were assembled. Just before the meeting closed Agnes Morton, the president, rose and said "You know our next meeting will be held Easter week. I have been thinking a great deal about it, thinking of the many women and girls to whom this approaching Easter season brings no throb of grateful joy on account of the Saviour who so freely gave his life a ransom for them, because they know nothing about Him. Shall we not evidence the genuineness of our thankfulness for knowledge of a Saviour's dying love, for birth in a Christian land, for sanctuary and home privileges by bringing to our next meeting a voluntary thank-offering! If so, be the offering what it may, let it come burdened with our prayers that God may use it in whatever way he chooses in bringing some souls now in heathen darkness into the light." That was all she said, but the flush on the fair face bespoke the effort it had cost, and the dainty snow-drops which nestled in a

fold of her dress swayed and quivered long after the wearer had resumed her seat.

Simple words, but they came with the power which prayed-over words always carry, and each one present instinctively realized in them a message direct from God. One after another arose and, in solemn tones, voiced a desire to co-operate with their president in the carrying out of her suggestion and when a motion in regard to it was finally put to the meeting, there was not found a dissenting voice. Then they sang as if to fasten the thought of how much they really owed Him;

"I gave my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead.  
I gave, I gave my life for thee,  
What hast thou given for me?"

Among the many who crowded round the president for some parting word, was a stately looking girl, Margaret Johnstone by name, whose calm pale face gave no evidence of the inward conflict which was now being waged in her soul. She held out her hand to her friend Agnes as she said—and the carefully modulated voice did not betray her emotion—"Good night dear and thank you for what you have said, but I wish you had not asked us to sing that last piece, it was almost more than I could bear," and before Agnes could reply, Margaret left the room with hurried step, nor did she slacken her pace until she had reached her own little room. Hastily laying aside her hat and wrap and regloring her hands, she threw herself in a low rocker by the window to think. "An Easter thank-offering! What can I give? I have nothing, nothing that would bear all commensurate for the blessings I receive, the way Agnes put it. How paltry an offering of a few dollars if there was nothing behind it." Then, as if in answer to her mental query there