

herself into a nun and enter a convent. Her sisters, too, thought she had been better brought up, and her father felt that she was making a mistake, yet he was willing to let her try the experiment. Her younger sister really voiced the sentiment of all when she remarked:—

'Well, Marge, if you must, you must, and I'll help you all I can, but I should think you could find more agreeable work than wearing ugly clothes and going around the slums among dirty people, where you may get some terrible disease and die.'

But Margery considered it an answer to prayer that so little real opposition was put in her way, and that her two oldest brothers offered to pay her way through the training school. Thus it was that she found herself, by the good providence of God, seated in a pleasant school-room, awaiting her first hour's study in the deaconess's school. Then followed wonderful hours of bible study, which she enjoyed with all her heart as teachers taught by the Holy Spirit unfolded to her the truths of Scripture. She loved to call that school-room 'Inspiration room,' for here she learned to study God's word as never before. She also had many other studies, as well as medical lectures and methods of work. All of these were a preparation for the practical work which she loved more and more as the days went by. Her soul grew and expanded marvellously during these months, her sympathies were broadened, and she felt herself better fitted for life's work, whatever it might be.

When the first year of study was finished, Margery found more time for the outside work among her people. Then it was that she fairly revelled in mothers' meetings, kitchen gardens, industrial schools, as well as visiting from door to door for the church to which she was assigned. She took great pleasure in sometimes relieving the nurses in their care of the sick poor, and it was a joy to her to learn how to minister to the suffering. Then she also took her turn in taking care of the barrels and boxes containing supplies that were constantly coming to the deaconess's home. Her heart was touched, and her eyes watered as she read some of the letters that came with these boxes of clothing, vegetables, fruit, etc. From these she learned of the sacrifice some people were making to help support this work, and she would pray for help to do faithfully her part, and to be 'God's deaconess,' as she loved to call herself. There were many precious letters, but such as these impressed her most. A Christian man wrote: 'My dear wife has left me for her heavenly home. I send you all her clothing. You will know how to use it for God's poor.' A bereaved mother said:—'My little darling has been with the angels for many months, and I could not give her things away. I have been reading about your work, and will send them to you for some needy little ones.' A woman wrote: 'These good things to eat are for your own use in the home if you need them, and the warm comforters to give to the sick. I can hardly spare them, but I desire to have a part in your good work.' A father:—'My little daughter is interested in your work, and I will send you ten dollars a year for her.'

Margery thought it was a providence that the clothes of the angel wife just fitted a dear girl who had been separated from her mother for years, and they had just found each other. 'Ah, God took her measure,' said the mother, 'and sent the clothes just in time.' The little baby's beautiful clothing was needed for a little one whose father had been killed, and whose mother was too ill and poor to make any preparation for the coming stranger. When the deaconess

nurse carried them to her, the mother began to cry, and said: 'Now I know God has not forgotten me, since he has sent you to me in my great need.'

Margery in time began to like to wear the white ties very much, because her people loved them. The little children from wretched, miserable homes would follow her lovingly about as she went to her work. A little child flew after her in the street one day, and said:—'I know you; there was a lady at our house one day just like you. She wasn't you, but she looks just like you.' This little one evidently felt that there was a connection between the two women who dressed alike, and she could safely call them both 'friend.' Another time, when a reformed man who knew and loved the deaconesses, met her without her deaconess's bonnet on, he said in a grieved tone: 'Please don't wear anything else than your white ties; they mean so much to me.' Margery knew they meant to him the women who had nursed his sick wife back to life, cared for his little ones when he was drinking and neglected them, and had prayed for him until God took hold of him and saved his soul. And later on, they meant the friends who had found him work, stood by him when he was weak, and held on to him until he got a firm hold on God for himself. Indeed, they meant to him all the difference between the old, wretched self and home and his present happy surroundings.

Margery found many interesting people in her work, of whom she was always trying to tell her fellow workers. 'Something new happens to me every day,' she remarked one evening at the tea-table in the bright dining-room of the deaconess's home. 'To-day I have been visiting in the hospitals. My dear little Scotch woman cried for joy when she saw me bringing her some canned fruit. "Just what I have been longing for," she said. "You are so good to remember the likes of me." I took another woman a white lily which some one gave me, and she asked me if there wasn't somewhere a verse in the bible about lilies, and I read for her the text, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." When I had finished in the ward, I just ran upstairs to Corridor D to have a little talk with our blessed invalid there. She always helps me so much. She had just been praying for my coming, and was rather surprised at the speedy answer to her prayer. She talked of the long nights of pain she was enduring, and we prayed together for strength to bear it all and be brave. A new light was in her face when I left her, and my own heart was refreshed by her simple faith. She told me she believed the heavenly chariot would come for her soon, and then she could walk the golden streets as straight as though she had not been a suffering cripple for the last twenty years.'

Months of blessed work flew by with such wondrous opportunities for service that Margery was sure God had led her into this work. Her family also became interested in the deaconesses. Her visits home proved to them that she was the same sweet, helpful sister as of old, only refined and purified by the sin and suffering with which she had come in contact. They even began to admire the white ties, and her brothers thought she had never looked so well in anything. And, at last, the mother and father declared that they were really proud of Margery, their deaconess daughter.—Michigan Advocate.

Dr. J. R. Samper says:—'I wish our American Christians would spend as much time over their bibles as these followers of the false prophet devote to the study of the Koran.'

The Midnight Prayer.

(By E. R. Hermiston, singing evangelist.)

The most powerful prayer I ever heard, was what I term, 'My mother's midnight prayer.' Time was when I felt quite satisfied with myself. I thought that religion was very well adapted for drunkards and other great sinners; but that so far as I was concerned I could do without Christ. Why should he shed his blood for me? I am all right, leave me alone! But God's holy spirit did not leave me alone. Oh! shall I ever forget that memorable night when my dear mother held me in prayer before the throne of grace. I could stand it to hear a man pray; but there was something about my mother's voice and utterance that I could not endure long without yielding.

I had just returned from a surprise party and it was two o'clock in the morning. I thought that I would steal up the stairway quietly without disturbing mother. So I took off my shoes in the sitting-room. As I was creeping up the staircase I heard a voice. Who could it be? Surely no one could be trying to steal into the house! As I went on to the top I could hear the voice clearly. It came from my mother's room. I had to pass her room in order to reach my own. When I reached the door I saw it partially open, and there my sainted mother knelt in prayer. Her great cry was, 'Save my boy?' That was the heaviest burden of her heart. I never can forget that night. I passed on to my own room and tried to forget the impressions made on my mind, but all in vain. I tossed on my pillow. 'No rest! Oh, God, what does it mean? Am I such a sinner? It was all revealed to me. My own sinful heart—sins of commission, sins of omission, sins against my own self—sins against mother, sins against the precious Saviour, open sins, secret sins. All the past stood before me, and I heard the clock strike three! four! five! Morning dawned. I buried my face in the pillow and said, 'Oh God, I surrender. Help! help!' Jesus came to my soul with pardon for all my sins. Oh, happy day!

After leaving college I started out to tell to all what a dear Saviour I had found. I thought everybody would believe and be converted. But alas! people were cold and unyielding. It seemed to me that I must do as Jesus bid me, consecrate my all, and tarry until endowed with power from on high. It seemed to me that I was as deeply assured of receiving the anointing for service as I was of the pardon of my sins. Thanks be unto God, it came. I was in Bedford, Mich., at the time, having a few meetings, when God seemed to pour out his blessing and his spirit upon the whole community. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'—Canadian Baptist.

Hints to Workers.

Live low at the foot of the cross.

Keep dead to all but God's will.

Let perfect love to God and man continually and completely fill your soul.

Spurn envy or jealousy of workers who are in greater favor than yourself.

Never allow Satan to use you to try and push down a fallen fellow-worker whom God is lifting up.

Don't imagine that God cannot vindicate his own cause and sufficiently afflict his own children without your lashing them.

Beware, after God has given you success, lest you become proud of it, and, Peter-like, attempt to walk in your own strength.—The Revivalist.