

MRS. DOUGLAS AND THE PRAYER UNION.

Mrs. Easton sat in her own room, rocking a sleepy child and reading a book from the Public Library. She was very sorry to be interrupted, although the visitor announced was her friend Mrs. Farley. After greeting the lady politely, Mrs. Easton remarked: "I cannot imagine why you are so anxious for me to go with you to see Mrs. Douglas. Is she a member of your Home or Foreign Circle, of which I have heard so much?" "No," replied Mrs. Farley, "She is a very poor woman, and is not a member of either. But she is bright and intelligent, and her conversation is always helpful to me. You will enjoy spending a few moments in her presence."

The ladies found Mrs. Douglas on the piazza of her little house, busily engaged with a bit of delicate needlework. Her husband had died when little three-year-old was a baby, and Mrs. Douglas was entirely dependent on her own exertions for the maintenance of her family. Faith in God and the consciousness of doing her best for the little ones kept her heart warm and her face bright. After a short chat on the ordinary affairs of life, Mrs. Easton, who was anxious to return to her library book, suggested that they might be taking too much of Mrs. Douglas' valuable time. Mrs. Douglas assured her that she was at leisure until sunset. "You know," she continued, "I am an active member of the Prayer Union, and my Union meets just when the setting sun is gilding the top of that little mountain in the west. I have waited and waited to find a missionary organization in which I could afford to be active, and the Prayer Union seems to have been instituted to meet my need." "I should like to have a more definite idea of your Prayer Union," remarked Mrs. Easton. "Well," continued the hostess, "the Prayer Union was suggested by Miss Hatch and Miss McLeod at the Convention held in Toronto, on the eve of their departure for India. I was not present, but Mrs. Farley told me all about it. Our missionaries so deeply felt the need of united prayer for themselves and their work, that they requested all the members of the Circles to unite at twelve o'clock each day in earnest prayer for the work among the Telugus. The names of those who were willing to pledge themselves to this service were enrolled during the meeting. When Mrs. Farley told me about it, I asked her to send my name to the Secretary of the Union. I began to pray at twelve o'clock each day, but the attempt proved anything but successful. George and Anna rushed home from the store reminding me that their noon hour was shortened. The younger children came from school hungry and noisy, and baby Marguerite was always tired with her play and followed me from room to room. I could not pray at twelve o'clock. But I resolved to find an hour when I could pray, and now each evening the sunset glow on that hill in the west is a signal for prayer.

For whom do I pray? For them all, certainly, and their names have grown familiar, so often repeated in prayer. That is Miss Hatch's photo on the mantle. I have never seen her, but I love her for her devotion and heroism. And Miss McLeod, Miss Stovel, Miss Baskerville, Miss Simpson, Miss Rogers, Miss Murray, Miss Priest, Miss McLaurin, yes, and Miss Folsom, each bearing her own burden of compassion for the multitude, and spending her life for Christ's sake. Why, if my Anna were there, I should want every Christian in Ontario to pray for her. And do you know," she continued, addressing Mrs. Farley, "this Prayer Union has been as great a blessing to me as to any missionary in India. I cannot tell you the joy it brings to my own soul. It gives my tired eyes and over-taxed brain a few moments of quiet and rest. My own burdens are forgotten while I am pleading with the Lord to lighten theirs. I have the joy, too, of knowing that I have a part in extending the Kingdom of Jesus."

The visit was continued till a ray of light came from the west, heralding the sacred hour. When Mrs. Easton reached her home she went at once to her room and kissed the sleeping child. Then she looked through the west window and the summit of the little mountain was aglow with the reflected gleam of the setting sun. Closing the book that lay open on her rocker, she knelt and prayed.

The following evening little May Easton carried a basket of choice fruit to Mrs. Douglas and left a kindly message with the words: "From an active member of the Prayer Union."

IDA E. BAKER.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S MONTH.

BY ANNA FRANCES BURNHAM.

"My dear!"

The Rev. Frank Barnes smiled complacently behind his *Expositor's Monthly*, and waited for the rest of it.

"It is the first Monday of the quarter, and nobody has mentioned money to me. Have you any commands about dinner?"

"Yes. I have strict orders from the Council at Jerusalem to abstain from things strangled and from blood."

"That's all very well for a joke," pouted his wife, displaying a collapsed pocketbook, "but even a rabid vegetarian like you will be tired of what you'll get before the month is out, if you don't give me a little money to spend on the butcher pretty soon."

The young minister laid down his paper pleasantly.

"Well, Sharley, you told me to do it!"

"The Board Hundred? And this isn't quite saved yet? Well, if that's the case—"

"That's the case!" said her husband, nodding gravely.

"It will take another month to do it,—unless the people take hold better than I think they will."

"All right," said his wife, getting up to attend to the back-door bell. It was the butcher, and she sent him off with Spartan calmness. Out in the entry she wiped away a furtive tear or two.