

ciative of the kind thought and telling how these books and papers have cheered many a lonely hour. Could not some of our young friends who remain in town do the same during the holidays, collecting magazines and stamps from their friends?

We would also suggest, to those who have the time, writing interesting letters to the lonely ones in the mission field, especially in the Northwest, where they are sometimes hundreds of miles from any companion. We who love the sound of the postman's knock, when expecting news from dear friends, can easily realize what a letter, full of loving sympathy, would be coming in the half-yearly or yearly packets. How it would cheer their hearts to know that they were not forgotten by their co-workers in the field! A pretty and appropriate text might be enclosed, and also a letter to the children, if there are any, who there know so little of the pleasures of childhood.

This union does not mean more work to those who are already using every effort to further the mission cause, but only more earnest, united prayer, and using every opportunity of influencing those around them to work for Christ. If every member of the union were able to get one more to join the band, think what a mighty army of workers for the Lord there would be; and think of the prayers that would ascend to the throne of grace for the blessing which God has promised to pour down in such "showers that there will not be room enough to receive it."

Those who are watching for opportunities may come across some child of God, shut away from the outside world, and who has not the facilities for obtaining missionary intelligence; how gladly would such a one welcome a visit from one of our Gleaners, who could give her news of the far countries in the Master's vineyard! This one may have been working for years and, perhaps, laying by her tent for the Lord, and she would, as the members' manual remarks, be made happy by knowing that she could join a band which linked together all God's workers.

We can each "speak a word for Jesus" if we have not the opportunity of working for Him this summer, and if we strive to do all, with God's help, that is printed on the back of our cards, and to which we have signed our names, our holiday will be a very happy one, and full of the richest blessing to our souls.

We shall hope when Mr. Eugene Stock comes in the autumn he will find that the Canadian Gleaners have not been idle, and

are helping to prepare the way for the Lord's return which we are "looking for and hasting unto."

HE SPOILED IT ALL.

WE are perhaps too apt to lay stress on the virtues of thrift and economy. Without noble aim and use these characteristics soon degrade instead of ennobling.

A farmer went to hear John Wesley preach. He was a man who cared little about religion; on the other hand, he was not what we call a bad man. His attention was soon excited and riveted. Wesley said he would take up three topics of thought; he was talking chiefly about money.

His first was, "Get all you can."

The farmer nudged a neighbor and said: "This is strange preaching; I never heard the like before; this is very good. That man has got things in him; it is most admirable preaching."

John Wesley discoursed on "industry," "activity," "living to purpose," and reached his second division, "Save all you can."

The farmer became more excited.

"Was there ever anything like this?" he said.

Wesley denounced thriftlessness and waste, and he satirized the wilful wickedness which lavished in luxury; and the farmer rubbed his hands as he thought, "All this I have been taught from my youth up"; and what with hoarding it seemed to him that "salvation" had come to his house. But Wesley advanced to his third head, "Give all you can."

"O dear! he has gone and spoiled it all," said the farmer.—*Selected.*

THE following anecdote puts in a shrewd way a much-needed lesson. The unselfish house mother, however, cares little whether "there's money in it" or not; what she wants is loving appreciation.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up, and gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them off to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look, the boy said: "Mother? Why, she doesn't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes! For us she does; but there's no money in it."—*The Household.*

WHAT HE MISSED.

JULIUS CÆSAR was indeed a great man, but we never understood his limitations until we read the following:

"He never rode on a bus in his life; he never spoke into a telephone; he never sent a telegram; he never entered a railway train; he never read a newspaper; he never viewed his troops through a field-glass; he never read an advertisement; he never used patent medicine; he never cornered the wheat market.

"He never crossed the Atlantic; he never was in a machine shop; he never went to a roller-skate rink; he never controlled a manufacturing company; he never dictated a letter to a typewriter girl; he never invested in railway stock; he never played a game of billiards; he never saw an electric light; he never listened to a phonograph; he never posted a letter; he never had his photograph taken.—*Selected.*

HOW TO DOUBLE OUR PLEASURES.

EDITH M. THOMAS has a delightful article in a late *Atlantic*, which contains the following beautiful parable:

"I double all pleasures that come in my way by a method similar to that which a young sewing girl of my acquaintance has. If anybody gives her a winter rose she sets the flower in front of her looking-glass, where its clear, still reflection gives her a second rose in every respect as satisfying to the eye as the first and tangible rose. One is fortunate to have the sort of temperament in which is fitted a magic mirror. I take the best of care, however, to keep disagreeable objects as far removed as possible from its reflecting surface."

Our pleasures may be doubled by sharing them with others. A young lady enjoying the pleasures of good health may have her pleasures doubled by visiting her classmate who is sick, and carrying to her the sunshine and cheer of her own buoyant spirit and life.

Religion is the best armor a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.