

# W. B. M. U.

## Of The Maritime Provinces.

All Communications for this Department should be addressed to Mrs. A. J. Christie, Amherst, N.S.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH.—*For Parlakimedi, that the Spirit's Power may graciously descend upon Missionary Helpers, Schools and Out-stations, and that all who are halting may now decide to live for Christ. For Mission Bands and their Leaders.*

### THE REVOLT IN THE HALL CLOSET.

By Helen A. Butler.

**M**RS. NUTTER had just returned from making a call at the further end of her street. She seldom got so far, but the beauty of the day had tempted her out, so now she rather wearily removed her wrappings and sat down to rest.

A member of the family where she had called had politely asked her to make one of a club of subscribers to a bright little home missionary paper. As Mrs. Nutter was a member of the church represented by the paper, the request was altogether reasonable and proper, but it was met by a prompt and decided no.

"I am not interested in missions, said Mrs. Nutter. "There's a pile of foreign missionary papers on my closet shelf now that I've never read and probably never shall. I don't know what I took 'em for I'm sure."

The petitioner had remarked very earnestly: "That is just the reason of your lack of interest, Mrs. Nutter. If you would only read you couldn't help being interested."

There were whole volumes of expostulation in the speaker's eyes which Mrs. Nutter was not too obtuse to see, but was not moved to reconsider her decision. Nevertheless, she could not quite rid herself of the remembrance, and conscience, which had become callous on the subject, stirred uneasily. Some papers had been scattered about during her absence, and as she laid them carefully away in the hall closet, she suddenly recalled a remark overheard on the street not long before, that "there was enough discarded literature in well-to-do families in town to provide a hundred poor people with reading for the entire winter."

Sitting there in her easy chair, Mrs. Nutter presently seemed to hear strange sounds from her closet off the hall.

"Discarded literature! I never thought I should come to be so classed," snapped a paper devoted to agriculture. "I was made to be useful. I am crammed full of practical ideas which would bless the world if read and carried out, and here I'm doomed to lie in a dark closet with the life nearly pressed out of me."

"It is too dreadful," chorused a large pile of funny papers. "Oh, the ribs we might be tickling if we only had a chance! I should think Mr. Nutter might remember how we entertained him when he was confined to the house that week, and send us out to cheer up some poor gloomy soul."

"And our beautiful pictures!" groaned another pile. "That little invalid over the way would be so happy to have us. We would fly out of this if we could. Can't we do anything to help ourselves?"

Here an enormous pile of religious papers—Mrs. Nutter thought "it didn't look well" not to take one such paper in the house—nearly lurched off the shelf in righteous indignation. They fairly startled their neighbors by the vigorous wish that they "might spontaneously combust, or something; it would be better to be utterly destroyed than to lie here forever idle," said they.

But it was left to the small and unassuming missionary sheets to sting Mrs. Nutter to a keen sense of her short-comings.

Said they, in low, clear tones, while all the others kept silence to listen:

"We are plain witnesses to her indifference to the coming of the Kingdom. Not to be interested in, and work for missions is to ignore one of our Lord's plainest commands. If she would but heed us! We are full of information and pleas for help from across the seas. Our urgent voice echoes from Maine to California. Christians need missions as much as missions need them and their money. Their heaven-born sympathies and charity