

they would have said, "Oh, well it was all given," and have congratulated themselves that the most of the money came from the Philistines and the Ammonites, and the Lord never would have got it any other way.

But they did not have the advantage of nineteenth century light, and went about the work in another way. The first effort was to have collectors go "out into the cities of Judah, and gather of all Israel money to repair the house of their God, from year to year." "And," said the king, "See that you hasten the matter." Howbeit, the record says, "the Levites hastened it not," and at the end of twenty-three years, still nothing had been done.

Then King Joash tried another method; a chest was formed, and placed in the inmost temple beside the altar, with his own hands Jehoiada bored a hole in the lid, and a proclamation was made throughout all the cities of Judah and Jerusalem, asking the people to bring money into the treasury of the Lord, that the house might be repaired.

"And this is the way the new venture was received, 'And the princes, and all the people rejoiced and brought in and cast into the chest till they had made an end.' And furthermore it was soon found that the chest was full, and so proper officers, the king's private secretary for one, and a representative of the high priest, emptied the chest and set it in its place again. They counted the money and put it up in bags. "Thus did they day by day, and gathered money in great abundance." And workmen were hired and paid, and they not only perfected the work and set the house of the Lord in its state, but "strengthened it." And when all this was done the rest of the money was melted up and "vessels were made for the house of the Lord, even vessels to minister and to offer withal, and spoons, and vessels of gold and silver," to replace those which had been removed by wicked kings and idolators, enemies for unholy purposes.

With such a beginning is it any wonder that the mite box has been such a power for good? Is it a matter for surprise that the money that comes out of them in a single year is counted by thousands of dollars?

But some critical one sees a flaw at once, and points out that that was one big chest placed in the temple, and all Israel left their homes and brought their offerings to it; and now nearly every child in all the Sunday schools have their mite boxes, and there are Aid Society boxes and church building and repairing boxes innumerable.

Well, so is our worship different. They served God under the law, we are under grace. Then those who would find favor in His sight, must pray with their faces toward the temple, and all Jewry must come up to Jerusalem three times every year.

But these are our Lord's own words: "The hour cometh and now is, when ye shall neither in this mountain nor at Jerusalem worship the Father: But the hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him."

And now in many, many homes the mite box has its place, and how much self-denial, how many prayers go into the little boxes with the pennies, only the All-Seeing and Eternal One knows. But this we can see plainly: The Father owns and blesses the mite box.

Who has not been surprised when opening day comes to find so large a sum collected? How many children have begun faithfully, saying, perhaps, "I don't believe I'll get anything in it; I don't have any money, I hardly have a cent." When the boxes are brought together and opened, not cents, but dollars, are spread out before the Lord.

And what are they doing? In India, to-day, hundreds of children, Burnese, Telugus, Karens, are in Christian schools, their expenses paid by Mission Band mite boxes in England, Canada and the United States.

A ray of light is penetrating dark Africa; bigoted, conservative China is at last listening to the truth as it is in Jesus. The isles of the sea are owning Him Lord of all.

In the far west and in the south Indians and freedmen are being taught the way of life. In great cities, the heathen at home are being sought out, clothed, fed and their faces set Zionward. All over the country at home and abroad, solid little churches spring up, and church debts grow beautifully less, and behind it all are thousands of mite boxes, generally in the hands of the young, and those who have not much of this world's goods, and the fervent effectual prayers of thousands of God-fearing men, women and children. While over all is the love of Him who numbers the hairs of our heads and who knows when a sparrow falls.

There are those present who will never know the result of their little efforts, till they reach the heavenly city, and meet, perhaps on the golden streets, some who have been directed there by one who was prepared to preach the gospel—in the record kept on earth and in heaven will say—by the King's Daughters of Tusket.

Suppose we look at the mite another way, let us spell it with *g*. Are any of us doing so much for the Master but that we *might* do more? God might have left us to the result of our sins, but He "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Shall we the children of His love, fold our hands and thank God we are saved, while a world is dying without a knowledge of Him?

There is much to do at home; every Christian has opportunities for doing good with head, hands, heart, tongue, and the consistent Christian life is a constant sermon. But the "Go ye into all the world," can only be obeyed with prayers and pocket by most of us. Oh, that some one, even here, could feel their heart drawing them to the distant, toilsome, lonely, Foreign Mission field.

There is just one more *might* of the Scripture, of which I should like to remind you, before I am done, you will find it in Eccl. ix: 10: "Whosoever thy hands findeth to do, do it with thy *might*, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

\*Paper read by Mrs. Brown, of Tusket, Yarmouth County, at a meeting held in Tusket.

## THE WORK ABROAD.

### Report of Zenana Work.

*The Women's Baptist Foreign Mission Boards of Ontario and Quebec,—Greeting:*

MY DEAR SISTERS,—A conundrum concerning the year, its months and days, was propounded the other day by one of the boys, and ran as follows:—"What is that, which, like an orange, can be divided into twelve parts, each part containing thirty seeds, half of which are black and half of which are white?" It is of the year we would report to you. The orange has been in our hands with its twelve months, each having its thirty periods of day and night. We broke open the orange with July. One by one the parts have been taken up, dissected, the juice extracted and the seeds scattered until June completed the quotas. Has each part fulfilled its office, the juice all been ex-