

ates, and she can hardly turn away with indifference. Closely connected with this work of cultivating public sentiment and thus arousing missionary zeal, is the idea of self-denial for the cause. The Easter anniversary should be a season for the bringing in of gifts, the grateful offerings of hearts aglow with love to Jesus.

The great cry of all organizations for Christian work is for more means. If in any way the Church could be educated up to the point of conscientiously devoting one-tenth of its means to the purposes of religion, how quickly the desert would be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose! I have seen it stated that one-tenth of the aggregate wealth at the disposal of Christian people would equip and sustain an army of five hundred thousand missionaries in the foreign field, instead of the less than six thousand as at present.

According to the *Missionary Review*, the members of the Protestant Churches of Europe and America give less than one-tenth of a cent a day for mission work. It takes six thousand church members to support one missionary. Doubtless there are many Christian women who have the disposition and the ability to give, but are hampered or prevented altogether because the boys of the preceding generation were not properly educated on the question of "Woman's Rights."

But is it not also a fact that unworthy aims in life absorb the time and money of many of the daughters of the Church? Unhallowed wants and habits of luxurious ease render them practically useless, so far as the cause of God is concerned. Could such be made to understand the discrepancy existing between the world's need and the supply accorded, they would no longer be at ease in Zion.

Again, the Easter anniversary should be a season of special prayer for the speedy bringing in of the nations. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few," is just as true now as when Jesus lifted up His eyes upon the whitened fields, and "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest" just as imperative.

The promise of Omnipotence, "Ask and ye shall receive," ensures the workers the means and the perfection of method necessary to its fulfilment to the prayer of faith. Let prayer, then, on the part of the Woman's Missionary Society be unceasing and effort unending until, according to promise,

"He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth."

"HER EXPERIENCE."

WE have been having five-minute papers on different subjects relating to the Society. At our last meeting, the sister who had the paper was a young, married woman, from a distant part of the province. It was only the third time she had met with us, but our President had already singled her out as a "worker." The subjects were selected by a committee and given out from month to month. The subject given Mrs. Burns was, "The benefits of the W. M. S. in our homes." After the paper was read, discussion followed, chiefly on how all the benefits spoken of might be realized. Some spoke of the lack of time to give to the Society.

One of the sisters said: "Now, I would just enjoy taking the paper for next day, but I am afraid I'd have to neglect my husband and children in some way, so that they would not look with favor on the Missionary Society."

One of our brightest members said, "I think it is a duty a woman owes to her husband and children, no less than herself, to keep herself bright, mentally and spiritually, even if it takes time to do so."

"Well, that about interesting the other members of the family in the work," said another; "I'm afraid to talk much about it, for fear of wearying them of the whole thing."

One of the young ladies appealed to Mrs. Brown to know when and how she wrote her paper. She had taken no part in the talk, and laughed and colored at the direct question. The President took it up. "Yes, Mrs. Brown, please tell us. I know you have a busy life, and having guests staying with you through the holidays, your time has been very much taken up. We don't wish to seem over curious, but we would like to be let into your confidence, if you don't mind?"

"Yes, if you wish it. I have been a Methodist long enough to learn how to tell my experience, though, as a child, that seemed the greatest trial of a Christian life. When I went home from the last meeting, I found visitors waiting for me, who remained to tea. Friday and Saturday I could do nothing towards it. Since I have been married, I have kept up the habit of observing the hour of prayer at five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, though there have been many difficulties in the way. That Sunday we had a house-full. You know our house is the homestead, and the family like to gather on Sunday. We had not a minute to ourselves all day, but at five o'clock I managed to slip off to my room for my quiet hour. Presently, my husband came in, but he remarked that he supposed this time was sacred to the Missionary Society, and he had better take himself off. I told him, no; that two could have a prayer-meeting nicely, if he would stay. So he stayed, accordingly. After a while, he asked about the meeting on Wednesday. I told him about it, and the paper. He laughed at the subject; however, he said he could appreciate one of its benefits, that he knew where to find me alone once in the day on Sunday. We talked it over, till he said, 'See here, Laura, you are making points that you had better note down, or you won't get them as well when you begin to write.' I said I thought he was making some of them, but I took a pencil, and Mr. Brown checked them off as I jotted them down. As I finished, he advised: 'Now, write that tomorrow, in the first spare time you have, if you want to do your best on it.' I thought it like a man not to think of Monday being wash-day, and the folly of looking for spare minutes therein, but I did not tell him so. At four o'clock I had time to sit down, without any pressing duty, but so tired I would not try to write to my sister unless from necessity. I knew I'd be likely to try to make sentences without predicates, and forget how to spell. Remembering the 'first spare time' caused me to make an effort to get my notes written up, thinking I could copy them after, but I did not touch it again till I got it to bring to the meeting to-day."

Much interest was shown while Mrs. Brown was speaking, and there was an evident desire to question her further. One young lady asked, which of the ideas contained in the paper originated with Mr. Brown? but our President interposed with, "Thank you, Mrs. Brown, for your 'experience.' I am sure we may all profit by it in one way or another. Ladies, our time has expired."

E. A. D.

EACH day, each week, each month, each year, is a new chance given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, the unspeakable gift each new day offers to you.—*Farrar*.

THE temple of the Parthenon was built entirely of white marble in large blocks, without the use of a particle of mortar, the stones being held together with leaden clamps; and so accurately were the joints fitted together that it was impossible to insert a penknife between them. How the blocks could have been set so closely together is still a puzzle to architects.