

made me give so stingily to the foreign work, and over and again I have quieted my conscience by repeating the old saying 'Charity begins at home,' but one of those young volunteers put a piece to it. He said it was 'all right for charity to begin at home, but all wrong for it to end there,' and he made it very plain that it is not the folks that keep crying out about their devotion to 'the heathen in our own country' that do the home work. He said 'If these croakers would only do their fair share towards supporting the Gospel at home, the foreign treasury would not be kept drained so clean; if they would only take the home work on their own shoulders, friends of the heathen world would not have such a heavy burden to carry.' He said: 'The statistics of every church and missionary society within my knowledge will show that it is supporters of the foreign work who do the bulk of giving in the home-field, too.'

'I am not very thin-skinned as you can see, but my cheeks did burn, and just then cousin Emily happening to look round, asked in a queer voice, 'Are you sick, Jane? You look as if you were overcome with the heat.'

'I shook my head but I did not tell her that I was thinking of that miserable ten cents a month that I managed to squeeze out of my butter money to divide between the work at home and abroad. I had not got through despising myself, when one of those missionaries who had come home on a visit, begun to tell about woman's conditions in heathen countries. My blood did boil while I listened to the way the poor creatures are treated by their fathers and husbands, and when he went on to tell how the baby-girls were put out of the way, I felt so indignant with those heartless men that I whispered to cousin Emily, 'I am glad that I have never given more'n ten cents a month towards supporting such rascals.'

'She laughed and shook her head, and whispered back 'Listen.' I did listen, and, sisters, I want to tell you that I never knew before what a blessed privilege we enjoy in this land where we have the word of God in every home. That speaker made it so plain that the Bible is the only thing that can better the condition of those down-trodden women, and that it is the duty of women in Christian America to deny themselves some of the luxuries in order that the bread of life may be carried to their famishing sisters, that the tears rolled down my cheeks.

'Then a lady who had spent ten years in India, told some of her experience, and from the wet cheeks that I saw here and there all over the house, I think there were more than me who felt ashamed to hear how much more sacrifice the poor heathen women are willing to make for Christ than we are, here at home. She said some folks thought women ought not to go out as missionaries—the work was too hard for them; but she wished to say that the world could never be evangelized without the help of woman. She could gain access to the women, and by Christianizing the mothers get a firm hold on the children.

'Some one in the audience asked if it would not be better to send out only unmarried women, as the care of families must be an hindrance.

'The reply was: 'My dear friend, there is no stronger plea for Christ and the Bible in a heathen country than the Christian home. The spectacle of a wife walking as an equal by the side of her husband and of parents and children dwelling together in love, are object lessons that touch the hearts

of woman in idol lands, as nothing else could. Let us have more of these living epistles in happy homes.'

'Do you think it is right for parents to leave their children in this country, and go back to the heathen?' inquired another voice. 'They are obliged to make that sacrifice if they wish their children to enjoy a Christian education,' was the reply. 'It is very hard, but if they have the grace for such self-denial, who shall condemn?' Now, I had never looked at things in this light before, and had always said that a mother's first duty is to her children. I know I said some hard things about Mrs. Wray when she went back to China, leaving her three little girls to the care of strangers, but after listening to that plea for giving Christ the best of everything, I concluded that I had been weighing people in a very different scale from that used by the Ruler of all the earth, and I determined in the future to 'keep the door of my lips' and let Jesus decide about the motives which influence His servants.

'I can't speak of everything discussed in that convention, but, before I sit down, I want to say a word on the Scripture lesson that was read from Exodus 35, about the free gifts of the tabernacle. If you will believe me, what was only dry reading to me before, suddenly bristled with suggestions. Even in the old days women and children had a hand in giving, and God demanded their best and a willing heart to make the gift. Those young people, in their talk, made it so plain that the silver and gold all belonged to the Lord, that I felt I had been cheating Him all my life. I said this to Emily and she said that was just the way she felt. Then I whispered back 'I am going to begin all over again,' and the next minute when the contribution basket came into our pew, without a pang I dropped my roll of bills into it and that is why I came home without my silk dress. Sister Reynolds told you at the start that I had been converted, and I have been even down to my pocket-book, and you may know it took Grace to reach such a depth. If any of you are still skeptical on the subject of foreign missions, I would advise you to attend a Volunteer Convention or a Christian Endeavor missionary meeting and listen to the Testimony of the very young people who have consecrated themselves, body and soul, to the Master.'

--*Woman's Work for Woman.*

BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

## NOVEL MISSION METHOD AND NOVEL MISSIONARY TESTING.

Seram is the largest of the Molucca Islands, and among its inhabitants are the Alfoers, for whose conversion but little has been done by the Dutch missionaries on the coast at Amahay and Lokki. They are a fierce and cruel people. Some time since, a young man, knowing the Alfoers' language as well as he did the Malay, was sent by his teacher to see if anything could be done to establish a school in the Alfoer village of Absano. At first he said nothing about school or Christianity, but, sitting down under a tree, played on his violin and sang some Malay songs. Very soon the whole population were gathered around him, and, having good ears, they caught up the melodies very readily. Then the young man began to talk about Ambon, and about the Dutch. Having said something about soldiers, the younger portion of the gathering at once wanted to know how to march, and our missionary, knowing some words of command, began to teach