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"ABIDE IN ME."

[By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.]

That mystic word of thine, O sovereign Lord!
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by thy love
Each half formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as thine—calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own—
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand divine;
Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
'Till every note and string shall answer thine.

Abide in me:—there have been moments pure,
When I have seen thy face and felt thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and, passion hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me—and they shall ever be;
I pray thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

A BETTER BEGINNING.

MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

THE little clock in Miss Dean's sitting-room struck —one, two, three, four! She sighed and shook her head sadly. But just then a little girl in an old-fashioned cloak and a red tam-o'-shanter rushed up the steps and into the hall. As she opened the inner door she exclaimed:

"Oh, I'm so sorry to be late! But I had to mind the baby, and the walking is awful out our way. Why, Miss Dean, have they all gone?"

"They haven't been here, Ollie, not one of them," replied Miss Dean.

"Why!" Ollie's face expressed a great deal of surprise and disappointment, as she came forward to warm her feet. "I got a lovely letter from our girl last night. They ought to hear it."

Ollie was secretary of the "Help Each Other Mission Band," but as she lived a mile from town, she had not been present at the last meetings on account of storms.

"Do you remember how many were here at the last meeting you attended?" asked Miss Dean.

"Yes; Alice Hooper, and Sarah Lester, and me. That was all."

"The next week Sarah was the only one; the rest went skating. Last Saturday none came, and to-day none but you."

"Do you—think—they forget—to come?" asked Ollie, hesitatingly.

"No, dear; I think they are tired of the work. I think the Band is dead," Miss Dean replied, sadly.

"Oh, don't let it! Can't we do something?" and Ollie came close to the table where Miss Dean sat her plain, earnest little face wrinkled with anxiety.

"I have been thinking—why Ollie, it has troubled me so for weeks that I could hardly sleep. I have thought of several plans. Shall I tell you about them, dear?"

They talked together a long while, and Ollie's head nodded encouragingly. The child was so hopeful that Miss Dean wore a brighter face after she had gone.

Early the next week fifteen girls received notes, each of which read:

"The 'Help Each Other Mission Band' died Saturday afternoon, Dec. 15. The friends are invited