

growth of our delight and darling, over each new development, realizing most fully that "the love which is born with a baby, grows as that baby grows." Can we not in some slight measure understand the desire of our Father in Heaven for the growth of His children? He tells us to "grow in grace" (not *into* grace, as the poor ignorant heathen seeks in vain to do by cruel tortures and fearful sacrifices. There must be life before there can be growth, and that life is the gift of God). But just as surely as we grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, will there be a decided growth in our missionary zeal. One good result of our W. F. M. Societies is, that each mother realizes that the mission work of the future lies in the hands of her children, and will be, under God's blessing, and her labors with and for them, what she makes it. Even Mission Bands and Sunday schools, all important as they are, cannot do all that is necessary. The best Mission Band is the one that gathers around the mother's knee. As soon as our child can understand that Jesus loves him, so soon should he be told of the thousands of children whose mothers have never heard of Jesus. In simple words his happy home should be contrasted with their sad lot, until his little heart throbs in sympathy for his heathen brothers and sisters. We realize that our boys and girls may be themselves chosen of God for this great work in the future, and that they cannot begin too early to make sacrifices for love's sake. We are to our children living epistles, read day after day. Let us see to it that the record is worthy of our high calling.

Many years ago, a mother tried to teach her family how to be charitable. She said, "My children, when your father and I have finished our dinner, when you have all been quite satisfied, when you have fed the dog, the cat, the pigs and the chickens, if there is anything left that is not fit for soap-grease, remember the poor!"

We smile at the lack of growth in the grace of giving in that mother's heart, but wait a moment! Actions speak louder than words! To-day we teach our children to build fine churches, carpet every aisle, cushion every seat, buy pipe organs, hire paid singers, engage popular ministers who can draw large congregations, and if anything is left after all this expenditure on our own worship, to remember the heathen!

Do you know that out of every dollar given for Christian benevolence, *ninety-eight* cents are spent in the home land, and only *two* cents given to help redeem the three-fourths of our race who have never heard of a Saviour? Is this as Christ would have it?

But perhaps you answer, "I am not interested in foreign missions." What difference does that make in obeying a command? You tell your son to deliver a basket which you have prepared for a poor family named Brown, on his way to school. He fails to do this, and pleads as his excuse that he "is not interested in those

Browns." Would that satisfy your parental authority? Christ says to each one of His redeemed people, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." If His love is in our hearts, must it not constrain us to do all in our power to carry out this great commission, "to go, let go, or help go," as He giveth the opportunity.

Dear sisters, are we growing as Christ would have us? Are we doing better, nobler work for Him this year than last? Are we bringing forth much fruit that our Father may be glorified? If this is the earnest desire of our hearts, let us not be discouraged at seeming failure. One is our Leader who "knoweth our frame," who "remembereth that we are dust." Even now we hear Him saying unto us, "My grace is sufficient for you, my strength is made perfect in weakness."—"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto Thee, fear not, I will help thee."

"And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best.

So when we are weak and wretched
By our failures, sad, oppressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best."

And we know that the day will come when we shall be satisfied with our growth. Not here, not now, but when we awake in Christ's likeness, seeing Him face to face, knowing as we are known, loving as we are loved, and able to offer sinless service and perfect praise unto Him who hath loved us, and given Himself for us. But until that day break, and all earthly shadows flee away, we rejoice

"To know God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness,
Around our restlessness, His rest."

SISTER BELLE.

Ottawa, February, 1896.

HIS STORY.

"My name is Anthony Hunt. I live miles away upon the Western prairie. I am a driver. There wasn't a home within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

"One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly; she had never had a store doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made for her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to 'buy a big one.'

"Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and s