

## THE WORK AT HOME.

## Ontario and Quebec.

ST. THOMAS ONT.—The members of the F. M. Circle in St. Thomas held an entertainment in their church in January.

The chair was taken by Rev. Elder Rowland, and those who are acquainted with him know how very ably it was filled.

Mrs. Hollins, Secretary of the Mission Circle read an address, which explained the object of the gathering, and appealed to the congregation for aid in the cause.

Mrs. T. L. Lindop, Treasurer, read her report, showing the number of persons belonging to the Circle, and the amount raised in the St. Thomas Circle for Foreign Mission purposes. Our Pastor, Rev. D. Hutchinson delivered an address, in which he dwelt upon the growth of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Societies, and of the Ladies' Mission Circles.

Rev. Mr. Davidson of Sparta, gave an earnest address on Missionary Work. Several quartettes were sung, Mrs. D. Hutchinson taking an active part. The Ladies' express their sincere gratitude to the church choir for the very appropriate anthems selected by them. An instrumental duet by Misses Zealand and Milligan. A recitation "Morning in Saville," by Miss Watt, formed an interesting programme, successfully carried out. A voluntary collection was taken, realizing nearly \$20; we were at a little expense for printing and use of piano.

The ladies are greatly encouraged, and would suggest to the Circles who have not had a gathering of this kind, to begin and they will find the satisfaction (in aid of the noble work, undertaken by women), so profitable as to surpass their expectations.

Our very estimable president, and other officers of our Circle have been re-elected again in their respective positions for the third year. Namely:—Mrs. John White, President; Mrs. Welton, Vice-president; Mrs. T. L. Lindop, Treasurer; Mrs. Hollins, Secretary. And two collectors.

F. HOLLINS, Sec'y.

CALTON, ONT.—Among the entertainments of the season, permit me to make mention, of the one held at Calton, Timpany Grove, on Feb. 5th. After completing our Mission quilt with nearly four-hundred names, the ladies' of our Circle felt a desire to do something more to help on the good work. The chair was filled by Mr. Hurd of Aylmer, who did nobly for our Mission work. Reading of Scripture and prayer, were followed by a few words of welcome by the president. Several heathen nations were represented with their costume, (taken from the LINK). Luksimah, (by Miss Muir), was well portrayed. Miss Ettie Timpany, taking the part of Luksimah and singing in Telugu, added much to the interest, she having been so long a resident of India. I trust this will not soon be forgotten. Also a Missionary Colloquy. By Mrs. E. E. McConnell; Miss Ettie representing the Telugu song in this also. The choir enlivened the evening with sweet music, interspersed with the dialogues by the children.

The quilt was presented to Mrs. Mason by Mrs. Cohoun, after which interesting addresses were given by Elders Sinclair and Mason. We realized the handsome sum of \$44 for our quilt, including the fee at the door. May the Lord make it a blessing to the cause we love.

E. E. MCC.

PLYMPTON, ONT.—On the evening of Wednesday, the 20th February, a Circle was organized in connection with the Regular Baptist Church of this place with a membership of fifteen. The officers for ensuing year are, Mrs. McDonald, *President*; Miss Donald, *Vice-President*; Miss Chalmers, *Secretary*; Mrs. McDonald, *Treasurer*; and Misses B. M. Chalmers and M. A. Park, *Solicitors*. The work has but begun in this part of the Master's vineyard, but we trust that the Lord will give us grace whereby we may, with one heart and one mind, labor with an eye single to His glory.

E. PARK.

## Silver Spray.

It was a bleak December morning in a great city. The crowds passed on in search of gain. Care sat upon many faces. Deep grief upon not a few. Each heart knowing its own bitterness, was trying to lessen or bear its burden of sorrow. Blighted hopes, false friendships, hungry wealth and grim poverty had all their part in the sombre colouring of that throbbing life-picture. The men who were in earnest had now come forth; fashion and frivolity were yet at home, perhaps asleep.

The faces of the crowd were a curious study, for the soul was incarnate in the features. Pride, passion, and pelf had their signatures in bold characters on many faces.

But two men claim our notice. The one is pale and thoughtful. He has his burden in that sense of failure which almost crushes him to the earth. His history is only too common. Three years before he became the willing minister of a small and poor church. He has toiled day and night, and prayed, thought, visited: many have been converted and cheered on homeward. He is growing in wisdom and power, but he has "failed to make it pay," and the deacons say they cannot go on much longer.

It is surely a hard case. He has a sickly wife and a small family. As a man of culture he must have books and leisure, must live in a certain class of house, and appear respectable, and as society now is, all this demands money. What can he do? He hates speaking to his people about it, and yet he cannot think to leave the place where God is blessing his labours. No wonder he is sad. An earnest worker about to be driven from his life work by the cares of this world.

In the next street another man, the chief support of the church, is confronted by the same problem. He is loath to lose that man who has awakened in him a nobler self, and yet what can he do? No doubt the evil arises from the lack of thought, and not from any want of loving interest on the part of the people. They cannot all be church officers, and matters seem to go on well. Their minister is nicely dressed and apparently cheerful, his sermons are full of power, the congregation increases, and as to the money, why it comes from that mysterious and never failing fountain known as "the church funds."

Believing that all goes smoothly, they give loose copper or silver to the collection, pay their pew rents, praise and love their minister, grow in grace, and have no thought about such an unspiritual thing as money. But this man has to find the means, and although not rich he has nobly given more than his share. It cannot go on much longer, for when the rivulets are very small, and flow very slowly, who can supply the broad stream?

"How sad," he is saying to himself. "Here we are