

forever gone. To see parents going home alone to the Celestial City, whilst their children are drifting away from Christ and the church, is a pitiable sight. It must be a bitter experience. "Oh, if I only had the opportunity again, how I would strive to win my children, when young, to the Saviour!" is the bitter lamentation of thousands of mothers whose children have grown up and left the parental roof undecided for Christ. You who have still your children with you to train for God and Heaven, be active and leave no stone unturned to secure the glorious object—your children's salvation.

God alone can save, but there is a marvellous union between the Divine and human in Christian work. God works through parental influence and training to the salvation of children. We must look to God to save, but, at the same time, we should work as if everything depended on ourselves.

A Christian father who was somewhat neglectful of his parental duty once dreamed that he was going up a high winding stair to Heaven. He was about putting his foot on the uppermost step to enter the pearly gate, when he happened to look back, and down at the foot of the golden stair he saw his dear little boy, whom he loved, but for whose salvation he had done very little. The boy was apparently considering which way to go; whether to start up the narrow way or to go the broad way so inviting. The father saw him hesitating, and his first impulse was to turn and go down to his son and clasp him by the hand and lead him to start on the upward journey. But the angel at the door, seeing him about to go back, said: "You have vowed never to turn back; come on, enter in!" Though he would feign have gone down to the foot of the stair and induced his boy to start for Heaven, yet it was now too late. He had to go forward, and he entered within the pearly gate. But as he entered he said to himself: "I'll sit down here at the gate and wait till my boy comes." He waited and waited, but his darling son never came, and in his anxiety he awoke and thanked God that it was but a dream. But he resolved henceforth to do what he could to lead his boy to decide for Christ. That dream was the means the Spirit used to quicken that careless father into an earnest worker and seeker for the salvation of his children.

Christian parents, be faithful in your part of the work now, lest you may require to bid your family farewell and close your eyes on earthly scenes with some of them still wandering from God.

MY NIECE LUCINDY

A STORY FOR WOMEN'S SOCIETIES.

My niece Lucindy is a real missionary worker, if ever there was one, and I want to tell you of a plan that our auxiliary tried to increase their funds. You see last year Lucindy gave up a pleasure excursion to Philadelphia because she was determined to attend the next annual meeting of the Woman's Board, and couldn't afford to do both.

When she came home she was full of plans, but most of all she kept talking of systematic giving. The very next week came the annual meeting of our auxiliary and we all felt real cut up about it because there were only four ladies present and fifteen dollars for the year's work.

Some one proposed a "pink tea" and another a fair, when Lucindy spoke up, "Do let us try systematic giving this year. Each one of us will give a certain sum every month and get as many others as we can to do the same." Well, said

our President, we will try the plan if you are willing to collect the money and see the ladies.

Lucindy agreed, and I had just finished my Saturday's baking when she came in with pencil and paper. Seating herself with a business air she said "Auntie, how much are you going to give us a month? The ladies are pledging various sums, all the way from five cents to fifty." "Well, child, I'll give as much as Mrs. Stimpson gives," I answered, "I don't intend to be outdone by her, if she does give herself such airs." "Oh Auntie," she said, with a bright flush, "I'm not at liberty to tell you how much any one gives. Each must decide for themselves. But I know that every bit of self-denial to help in the kingdom is very sweet."

I did feel rebuked at that, for my niece Lucindy denies herself in so many ways. As I thought of all this I said huskily, "Put me down for twenty-five cents and if you need an extra amount call round again."

I've heard some people say my niece Lucindy was a master hand for getting money out of people and I think I know the secret. She never asks you in a doubtful sort of way as if she was begging and was really ashamed of the whole affair. But she always asks as if it was a privilege to give you a share in the work of helping somebody else. And somehow her face is so bright and hopeful you can't help feeling all at once that it is a blessed thing to give just as the Bible says.

Our auxiliary was amazed and pleased at the next annual meeting that instead of fifteen dollars given in our former haphazard style, we had forty dollars as a result of the pledge system. Dainty little cards of invitation to be present at the annual meeting had been sent out, and though we live in a little farming town, twenty ladies had responded.

My niece Lucindy said we must have a straw ride out to her farm and she would give us a book reception. One fair June morning the hired man was sent around with a large hay wagon half full of straw and with many shouts of laughter the women and children scrambled in and away we went, wondering what a book reception might mean.

In the square front room we caught a glimpse of a great dry goods box, and at the close of a delightful day we were asked to enter singly. Lucindy took out a book from the big wooden box and gave to each of us telling of her plan. They were all missionary books and we were to take them home for reading. Each of us who would might pay for the book and put it into the Sunday-school library for everybody to read.

I own I thought it would be pretty dry, but I couldn't stop reading "Forty Years Among the Zulus" until I found the last page. I had planned to pay twenty-five cents towards one of the books, but I was so afraid I couldn't find three others who would do the same, that I made up my mind to use my old parasol another season and pay the whole price of the book myself.

The upshot of it was we had thirty new books and the ladies are interested as never before.—*Mrs. Addie J. Stratton in Mission Studies.*

God never has built a Christian strong enough to stand the strain of present duties and all the tons of to-morrow's duties and sufferings piled up on top of them.—*Cuyler.*

To pursue joy is to lose it. The way to get it is to follow steadily the path of duty, without thinking of joy, and then, like sleep, it comes most surely unsought, and we "being in the way," the angel of God, bright-haired joy, is sure to meet us.—*Dr. Alexander McLaren.*