

Agnes' Lesson.

It was the fourth Tuesday in the month, the day for the monthly meeting of the Women's Missionary Society; and every one or most every one, had forgotten all about it until the day arrived, and then, well, it was hurry scurry until they sat down in their seats "just tired out".

The hymn had been sung, just pretty well, for no one wants to sing in August, it is so hot; after which the president, hesitating, asked Mrs. Bingham, if she would pray.

Now Mrs. Bingham, except the president, was the only one of all these thirty-six members who would pray; and it would some times happen, if she "did not feel good" she would refuse. To-day she refused by keeping silent. The president gave a little sigh and was about to begin herself; but listen,—some one was praying. Why you would have thought God sitting in the seat beside her and she was telling him their wants. First, thanking him for past favors, then giving him adoration, now pleading for personal benefits, for their work, their church, the world, all for Christ's sake.

Two tears dropped from under the president's closed eyelids. The prayer had helped her greatly, whereas, before she had been discouraged. Why? Well Jamestown Auxiliary could do most anything it undertook. It could get up a "pink tea," a fine concert, a musicale, indeed anything except a spiritual missionary meeting. Those they did have were enough to make Satan dance with glee. There not the least doubt he was highly delighted over the meetings of this particular Auxiliary; for what Satan does love is the half asleep Christians, they do more for his cause than an outright sinner; simply because they are so inconsistent. No one knew the woman who was praying, except the president. She was a newcomer to the place; and had only just joined the Society that day.

While the minutes were being read, in walked the corresponding secretary, a tall, handsome, stately girl; who on most occasions was animated enough for a dozen people; but to-day she sank into a chair with an air that plainly said—"Well I'm here at last, but don't ask me to do anything."

"Has the Corresponding Secretary any report to day?" asked the president.

No! She had no report. She had written no letters, (she should have written three) and she had received none as a natural consequence. She had forgotten to distribute the leaflets, neither had she anything for the programme; in fact, had never thought of the meeting until dinner time, when Mr. Graham, the young minister to whom she was engaged, had asked if she were going.

What was to be done? No one to pray or sing or read. A bright idea struck her; she would ask Mrs. Graves, the new-comer, to say a few words.

That lady promptly responded in this wise:

"Sunday, from four to five is our prayer hour. My friends, what a sight it must be, if we could only see all the women connected with missions kneeling in adoration and supplication before the God of Gods, the giver of all things. I myself feel then so very near those absent ones I know and love. We are then united by a bond stronger than distance or death. We are all before God's throne. We do not need to wait to go to Heaven; for you and I through Him, our common Friend, even now are friends. Is it possible that any of our great band do not thus kneel before Him? I fear it is so. I fear in some parts of our ranks there is neglect; and it may mar the perfect work."

She went on. But Agnes did not hear her. The thought uppermost in her mind ran thus—

"From four to five on Sunday; Oh dear I forgot. Why I believe I always do forget. I wonder if I ever remembered. No, I know I never did. I wouldn't have the president or Alfred Graham know for anything. What a sermon I should hear."

"But God knows," whispered Conscience, "yes and in the Judgment you will not be able to blind any one. You have neglected your duty to-day, your work as an officer and you are falling away from God."

Hush! The president is praying. Mechanically Agnes drops on her knees. Mrs. Bingham is now praying with all her soul.

"Will some one else please continue," is the request.

"Agnes," cries Conscience, "quick! the president is waiting. God waits, pray!"

"I cannot, oh I cannot."

"You can, you know you can, you have before."

"I do not know what to say."

"As thy day so shalt thy strength be" I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say." "Ask and ye shall receive?" Pray, child, and lose not this precious opportunity."

Alas! It was too late, the meeting was over and Conscience was vanquished; but renewed her attack on the way home, in the form of Mr. Graham, who met Agnes with the words—

"Mollie is dead Agnes, died so happily this morning."

"Oh, Alf is she really gone?"

"Yes, and one thought is haunting me, if death should meet you or I this moment, and say 'Come, God waits,' are we prepared, would we be willing to lay down our life and work, saying—'All right, Good-bye friends, the Master calls—I think I could, how is it with you dear Agnes?'"

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)