

great blessing and profit in going through the missionary list day after day at family worship. The heart-felt solicitude of the apostle to the Gentiles nowhere comes out more manifestly than in the frequent recurrence of that saying "without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers."

3. Most strongly of all would we urge the duty and habit of weekly offerings for missions. To "make an effort" on behalf of missions once a year in a church, and so crowd our enthusiasm for this work into a single Sunday and into a single collection, is the most fatal policy which can be adopted. It may be fairly described as an artifice for shelving the missionary cause for the year; after having paid our annual respects to it. As certain as contributions are to increase the donations of the churches, not less surely will they augment and sustain the church's interest in missionary work. It is the same principle which we have urged respecting our praying carried out into our giving. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." If we would put some heart into the missionary work every week, we should put some missionary money into the box every Lord's Day. Divide our contributions as we will between the various fields, church, home, and foreign; but let each be mentioned in our Sabbath offerings. The image and superscription on our coin presented each Lord's Day is the most emphatic way of repeating our confession, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise."

Here we touch upon a subject which makes our heart burn as we think of it,—the untold possibilities that are within our reach, if only we would give according to our ability, week by week, as the Scripture enjoins. It is not the thought of impossibilities which staggers us, but of the possibilities which are clearly before us, but which our avarice or our indolence prevents us from realizing. God forbid that we should assert the omnipotence of money; but God forbid, on the other hand, that when men are offering themselves for the foreign field in numbers, and with an enthusiasm almost unprecedented, they should be compelled to stay at home because so many disciples of Christ are enthralled with the worship of the "almighty dollar." Dr. Josiah Strong, in his admirable book "Our Country," gives this story in the chapter on "Money and the Kingdom."

"Sarah Hosmer, of Lowell, though a poor woman, supported a student in the Nestorian Seminary, who became a preacher of Christ. Five times she gave fifty dollars, earning the money in a factory, and sent out five native pastors to Christian work. When more than sixty years old she longed to furnish Nestoria with one more preacher of Christ; and, living in an attic, she took in sewing until she had accomplished her cherished purpose. In the hands of this consecrated woman, money transformed the factory girl and seamstress into a missionary of the cross, and then multiplied her six-fold."

Let Christians of small means and of large means ponder this fact; and then let them ponder the other fact, that there is no "second probation" for Christians any more than for the heathen. There will be no other opportunity for us to save lost souls by giving our money for missions, after the present one is past. It is a dreadful thing to misuse the Lord's trust-funds, and to know throughout eternity that souls are in perdition who might have been in heaven had we done what we could, and faithfully used what was in our hands. If this poor seamstress so used her scanty means as to multiply herself six-fold, what shall be the everlasting regret of those Christians, who, endowed with abundant means, have

yet minimized themselves a hundred-fold by their vast falling short of their privilege and opportunity for Christ?—*Bapt. Miss. Magazine.*

## Mrs. Tucker's Conversion.

BY HELEN E. CROSBY.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Mrs. Tucker was very tired. Life was hard at best, only a tedious routine of wearisome duties; but on this particular afternoon the closing of the week's work pressed very heavily upon her.

As she passed wearily back and forth from stove to ironing table, and from table back to stove, the easy lives of many of her friends and neighbors came to her mind, and her thoughts grew hard and bitter as the contrast forced itself upon her. Down the lane and across the doorstep came the sound of hurrying feet, and an eager voice cried:

"Oh, Mrs. Tucker, can Sallie go with us to the mission band?"

Mrs. Tucker raised her eyes, and saw standing in the doorway, three little girls.

"Mission band? I'd like to know what's a mission band?" she demanded sharply.

"Why," spoke out the bolder of the two; "it's lots of us children all together working and sewing for poor folks. We bring our pennies to Miss May for them, and she says it's giving to Jesus. We have just the nicest time—do let her go."

"Oh, mother," and Sallie's brown eyes looked appealingly into her mother's face: "please say I may—do let me."

Mrs. Tucker slowly folded the garment she had ironed, and hung it in its place before she answered.

"No, she can't. I can give her all the sewing she wants to home, and we've got nothin' to give the Lord. He don't give to us. So go along, and tell Miss May that Sallie Tucker's better set to work."

"My," said Luu Strong, as they gained the safety of the street; "wasn't she cross! and Sallie was just crying. I'm so glad she isn't my mother."

"I'm very sorry," said gentle Susie Earl, "that Sallie could not come. But we'll tell Miss May about it, and I'm sure she will pray that God will make her mother willing and find something to give Him, too."

When Mrs. Tucker, the hard day's work at last completed, toiled wearily up stairs, she found her little daughter seated upon the top stair, while about her on the floor were scattered all her childish treasures.

"What on earth, child," exclaimed her mother, "is all this clutter for—what are you trying to do?"

"Why mother," chirruped the sweet child's voice; "I am looking to find something to give to Jesus."

"Give to Jesus? What do you think the Lord wants of such stuff as this?"

"But mother," she explained, and her voice grew unsteady, and the bright eyes filled with tears: "my teacher said anything we give to Him He would like it, and if we gave what we loved best it pleased Him most; and this is what I love most—my wax doll and my birthday book. Won't he take it mother? Can't I give Him anything?"

"Sallie Tucker!" and her mother's voice was cold and stern; "you just put this notion out of your head. You don't know what giving to the Lord means. Put this trash away. When the Lord remembers us with some of His plenty 'twill be time enough to give to Him, I reckon."

It was the afternoon of the Woman's Quarterly Mis-