

is true the people didn't seem to listen very well, a baby cried considerably, and some of the old people went to sleep. We took twenty-eight names for membership, all associates. The next week we had only sixteen present. At the close of the meeting, which was not very long, we felt rather discouraged. Frank Weaver, who had not attended the first meeting, was present. We confided our feelings to him afterward, and asked him what was the matter.

'Is this the k-kind of a m-meetin' you had last week?'

'Yes,' said I, 'only a great many more were here. Why didn't they come to-night?'

'Th-that's the reason,' said he briefly.

'What's the reason?' said I.

He went on to express the opinion, I believe, in somewhat plain terms, that we were talking them to death. In disgust, we appointed him the next leader, promising to to back him up.

'If you w-want to b-back me up, k-keep your m-mouths shut,' said he, as he turned away.

This is how he led the meeting. He took a seat about half way down the room, for everybody was trying to sit on the last seat. His 'lambs' were in a row in front of him. He gave out several stirring hymns. Then he asked Lucy Ellis to pray. Then they sang again. Then he gave out the topic and read the lesson and spoke about half a dozen halting sentences on the topic, which was 'What have I to be thankful for?' Then those blessed 'lambs' got up one after another and read—did I say read?—tried to read a verse a-piece, and sat down perspiring. But it set the meeting going, for, before we knew it, he had us telling in one sentence what we were grateful for, until the meeting was an hour long when we thought it hadn't been twenty-five minutes.

And all this is what stirred up our Missionary Committee. Of course we had plenty of discouragements. At our first business meeting nobody would take an office or serve on a committee, but 'the lambs,' at a signal from Frank, came to the rescue then and later, with military promptness. And so on. But I must not give you the history of the new society, for it is not very old even now; besides, I am telling you about our committee this time. It did us a world of good. We got discouraged, but, as Lucy Ellis said, it was better to be discouraged in doing something than in doing nothing; and we got over it. We held a missionary meeting in the home society. We called it a 'Cosmopolite meeting.' We had a Chinese laundryman from the mission Chinese department of two members (my class), a Norwegian who had been converted in the mission, a Polish sailor, and a poverty-stricken German teacher. Our room was crowded, and they said it was the best meeting for months, or years, I forget which. And the best of it was, we were becoming really interested in missions. Our work at home had broadened both mind and heart, and we hold a banner this year for proportionate giving.

'And what was the cause of all this change?' a stranger asked Lucy Ellis. And she answered gravely:—

'Cause Mary loves 'the lambs,' you know, The teacher did reply.'

Glimpses of Duty.

(By William T. Ellis, in 'Forward'.)

Every Christian can make a mission field. A fifteen-year-old Minnesota Endeavorer, soon after her conversion, gathered about her a dozen of her younger playmates and began a bible-class that has continued for months. This service appealed to her as one of the pledge's 'whatevers.'

Linda Harman's Dilemma.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

'If you are to do those people any good, Linda,' said Miss Mackenzie, standing with her back to the door, and holding her parasol firmly in her hand, now and then brandishing it as an emphatic gesticulation showed how much she was in earnest, 'you must go and live among them. This luxury, this garden, these rugs and couches and easy chairs are not for you. The Lord's servant must endure hardness. You cannot be a sybarite, Linda, and save souls. And the souls in Dearborn Court are crying out that no man cares for them. Linda, take care how you disregard the Lord's call.'

'I am sure, Cousin Harriet, all that I want is to see my way clearly,' answered Linda with spirit. 'I do not care for state and splendor. The beautiful things in my home reproach me when I think of the poverty in the world. But I am not responsible for the furnishing of this mansion. Father and mother and brother Dick have done this, and my little room, as you know, is as plain as an anchorite's cell. I love those poor girls at the Court, and I long to work for them and live among them. But am I to disobey my own father, and leave my mother who needs me, that I may preach and teach the keeping of the Ten Commandments, in lanes and alleys, where there are no homes like mine? I must see my way first, Cousin Harriet.'

'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me,' repeated the elder lady solemnly. 'Linda, how will you answer him in the judgment day, when he asks you why you scorned his little ones, and chose the primrose path?'

There came an interruption. A low and discreet knock, as of one who forebore to break upon a conversation, but acted under orders, made itself heard. 'Come in,' said Linda, and Jane entered. Jane, her mother's maid, black-gowned, white-capped, and pale-faced. A girl who looked tired to death, but steadfast not the less. Jane, though only an obscure maid-servant, was a person of strong sense and real character, and while she adored Miss Linda, she disapproved of Miss Mackenzie, whose philanthropic movements, so far as they had to do with Linda Harman, were equally frowned on by every one in the household, from the Judge himself to the small boy in buttons who attended the door.

'Your mother, Miss Linda, is took with one of her spells, and wants you as soon as you can come, please,' said Jane. Mrs. Harman's spells were not to be disregarded, and Miss Mackenzie took her leave.

Nobody who had met Linda, as, three hours later, wan, white and weary, she emerged from her mother's chamber of pain, would have fancied that the young girl trod a primrose path. In fact, there were days when the mother's life seemed to hang on a slender thread, and the least excitement, the least over-exertion, might precipitate its breaking. Then there would be periods of comparative comfort, and the lady would be marvellously well, and undertake her usual tasks, and see the friends she dearly loved, but always there was for her family the danger in the background. They never knew at what hour there might be a catastrophe.

Linda, whose piety was as simple-hearted as a child's, and whose charm was that of a sweet flower, a lily or a rose not lovelier, had developed great power over other girls. She had the rare gift of conciliating the rudest, and in the Working Girl's Club, to which she had consecrated much of her endeavors, nobody sang or talked, or pleased

the members as she did. Many a girl, tolling in the stifling atmosphere of a factory, was strengthened and aided through the week by what her friend, Miss Harman, had said in the social evening at the Club.

Latterly Miss Mackenzie and others had been desirous that a girl like Linda, rich and beautiful, and highly accomplished, should take up missionary work among such girls as those who came to the Club, living at the settlement near them, and devoting her whole life, instead of a part, to their service.

Linda's mother, however, while not saying or even looking anything in opposition, felt that she had a claim on her daughter.

As Linda bent over her, fanning her softly, when the spasm of acute anguish passed off, on this afternoon of Miss Mackenzie's call, Mrs. Harman whispered:

'I—can't—be—a stumbling stone, dear, but wait—till God takes—your mother.'

There are girls among those who read this story able to comprehend Linda's dilemma. To such my word is, 'Duties are never in antagonism.' A girl should weigh the matter well, however, before she chooses between a plainly manifest need of her in her own household, and a probably excellent opening for her in another field.

I am glad that Linda wrought out her problem over her bible and in her closet. Next day she wrote to her cousin: 'All that I can do, plus the work in my own home, I will do, but I cannot abandon my own dear mother, nor trust my home vineyard to other hands than mine. I am sure that my place is here.'

A few days ago I saw a happy throng of girls in Linda's drawing-room. They had a half-holiday, and Linda invited them to be her guests, and gave them a delightful entertainment. The lively home was lovely for these girls to enjoy. The bric-a-brac, the books, the pictures, the rugs, the music enhanced their pleasure. And I thought it was as well perhaps that they should come to Linda as that Linda should go to them,—*'Christian Herald.'*

The Power of a Hymn.

A Scotch soldier was dying in New Orleans when a Scotch minister came in to give him the consolations of the Gospel. The man turned over on his pillow, and said: 'Don't talk to me about religion.'

Then the Scotch minister began to sing a familiar hymn of Scotland, beginning with the words:—

'Oh, mother, dear Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?'

He sang it to the tune of 'Dundee,' and everybody in Scotland knows that; and as he began to sing the dying soldier turned over on his pillow, and said to the minister: 'Where did you learn that?'

'Why,' replied the minister, 'my mother taught me that.'

'So did mine,' said the dying Scotch soldier; and the very foundation of his heart was upturned, and then and there he yielded himself to Christ.

Oh, the irresistible power of a hymn! Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his 'Judgment Hymn' sings on through the ages.—*'Christian Scotsman.'*

How Drunkards Are Made.—'I'll tell you what,' said a barman, 'half the children who come here drink. That is how drunkards are made. Their fathers and mothers send them for beer, they see the old folks tittle, and they begin to taste the beer themselves. Then, after that, not one of them ever carries the full pint home.'