

you it is because of this that I have said, Edgar.'

'Uncle Treve, do you suppose me to be a teetotaler? You have seen no alcohol in this house since you came. Do you think I never take any?'

'Oh, no!' He smiled slightly. 'If you were a total abstainer, Edgar, you would have told me the very first evening, because you would have been proud to tell me; for you are not one to usually be half-hearted.'

Edgar rose, his face grave and earnest, though white with his effort to control his emotion.

'It was Kate who made me promise not to have wine on our table while you were with us. Kate has been an abstainer for months, ever since one evening when I almost broke her heart, Uncle Treve—'

'Oh, Gar! Hush!' cried Kate, softly.

'She has called this interdiction a "flag of truce,"' went on Edgar, 'and, upon my word, I cannot see any reason for going back to the old ways. Uncle Treve, if you will take my name and believe I will not bring discredit upon the good cause, I am ready to sign the pledge this minute. And I would like to put underneath, "Kate's triumph"; but I suppose I must not! Yet it's true all the same.'

Work That 'Has to be Done.'

(Pansy, in 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

It sometimes seems to me that the people most in need of pity in this world are those Christians who have a wrong idea not only of prayer, but of life and service. One of them writes to me after this manner:

'I want to do something in the world, something grand that would help a lot of people; but the trouble is, I have so much home work that just has to be done that it leaves me no time to do anything for Christ.'

The writer reminds me of many others who are in like condition and frame of mind.

I know, for instance, a young woman who longs to go on a foreign mission. She prays about it a great deal; when she hears of the call for workers and the feeble responses, she weeps and deplores. She cannot understand why, when she is eager to give herself to the work and the need is so great, her way should be hedged. Sometimes this makes her feel that prayer is not what she has been taught to believe, and that God doesn't care very much either for her or for the heathen.

That is a balder way of putting it than she uses, but it is really what her words mean. She quotes Scripture glibly. She has marked and learned all verses like these: 'Ask and ye shall receive,' 'If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it,' 'Before they call I will answer,' and, detaching them from their connections, presents them as reasons why God is bound to send her on a foreign mission; and yet he doesn't do it!

That is her standpoint. From mine, foreign missions have come to her and taken up their abode in her father's kitchen.

There labors one, 'Wong,' by name, who struggles with foreign words and foreign ideas all day long. He makes a thousand mistakes, many of them ludicrous, some of them exasperating; but he is pathetic-

ally eager to learn. Part of this would-be foreign missionary's work is to train Wong to do properly certain household tasks not interesting in themselves, and, from Wong's point of view, most unnecessary. How does she do it? She is so sharp with her directions, so rapid in her speech, so free to say 'stupid!' and 'idiot!' and kindred words of which Wong has too surely learned the meaning, and is so bored by the whole weary round of homely work, that the hours which the two of them spend together are the most trying ones of the day to both teacher and pupil.

If Wong were told that his teacher was a missionary whose duty and privilege it was to teach him right ways, it is quite certain he would reply, 'Me no likee missionary.' But why is it that my friend cannot see in Wong God's answer to her prayer, and her golden opportunity for service?

I know another young woman who planned her life quite to her mind. She was to be a teacher of children, like unto none that had ever before been known. Her ideas put in practice were to revolutionize not only methods, but character. She was not to be satisfied merely with imparting that which can be had from books. She believed, she said, that children could be led to Christ as naturally as rosebuds can be trained to bloom, if only the right sort of culture were given them. She meant to prove it, and to do it in the slums among the neglected ones of earth.

Just as she was ready to put her charming ideas into practice, her brother's wife died, leaving two children with so manifestly no one but herself to take a woman's part in caring for them that, reluctant as she was, she could not close her eyes to the obligation.

She is at work in that home, closely held and hourly fretted by home duties which prevent her from taking even an afternoon class in the free kindergarten down-town, where her souls longs to be.

And the kindergarten in her own home she is managing on a system of continual faultfinding and nagging, to such an extent that, unless a merciful Providence interposes, there will by and by be two ruined lives. As I watch the warping and twisting of those two young lives holding great possibilities, I am reminded of the one who said, 'When the Christian woman got hold of the boy Robert Moffat and saved him, she saved a continent!'

What might not this Christian girl do for God and the world by winning those two children and training them for service? Why does she not see in the opportunity God's answer to her prayer, instead of calling herself 'thwarted' and held in by home work that 'just HAS to be done'?

While we are on this subject, I may as well tell you of a sixteen-year-old young woman who longs to go to an Old Ladies' Home she knows of, and read and sing to certain of the poor old ladies there. It is a beautiful thought. The young girl has prayed much about it, and she believes that her prayer ought to be answered. But it happens that Thursday is the appointed day for such service in that particular Home, and Thursday is the only day on which the young maiden cannot arrange to go. This condition of things she considers so strange that she wonders what

is the use of praying at all, if 'even God cannot plan so that people who want to do nice things won't be hindered.'

Now let me tell you something very strange. In that maiden's home is a dear grandmother with sweet old face and silver hair, who sits in a lovely room day after day, much alone. Her eyes are old, and will not bear much reading; she loves music, but the day has gone by when she can sing. She is the very idol of her son's heart; but he is a busy man, and can give his mother only a few precious minutes after the day's toil is over. And the pretty granddaughter, who can sing like a lark, and is taking lessons in elocution, leaves to her loneliness the dear grandmother whom she loves, and sits and mourns because God does not answer her prayer and give her a chance to sing and to read to certain old women in the Home!

How many years is it going to take our Christian young women to learn that one's own home is the most sacred place of service that God has for his chosen?

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