

ter before the Lord, asking Him to guide her and show her plainly what she should do. She was one of the backward, timid kind, who only spoke or prayed, or did anything else in public under a strong, impelling sense of duty. Over and over again the thought presented itself to her mind that she must bring this matter up once more before the Auxiliary, but as often she dismissed it. But when the day of meeting rolled round there was not a question in her own mind in regard to what she must do. She had plainly heard the voice of her Lord, saying: "This is the way, walk ye therein;" and in His strength she girded herself for the effort.

After the usual routine of business had been disposed she arose, and, with a faltering voice, told how she had hoped and planned that much interest would have been aroused through her laying before them the urgent needs of the work, as presented to her at the convention, and how disappointed she had been in point of result. Then she pleaded for the sake of Him who had not withheld *His best* for each one to make some special Thank-offering for this work. With an eloquence born of a trust in One who said, "Open thou thy mouth and I will fill it," coupled with a knowledge of the need, she presented the claims of the French Catholics in the Lower Provinces, our own Indians, the Japanese, the Chinese Rescue Home in British Columbia, and lastly, the Infant Mission commenced in China's interior. When she had concluded, there was not a single face which did not betray evident signs of emotion. Then followed the Thank-offering, and with a secret heart-moan the President heard the Treasurer announce the amount—two dollars. For one moment she thought, has it all been again for naught? Then Faith came to the rescue, and she said, "No, I will trust Him, that in His own good time the seed sown will germinate."

It was just one week from day of meeting. A glad December sunshine was pouring its cheering rays direct upon little Bartonville. A heavy snowfall the previous night had clad the earth in the spotless livery of winter. How it glistened and sparkled! How ray flashed back ray, as if the entire earth were diamond bestrewn? But the brightness of that December sunshine seemed lost on a pale, sweet-faced woman—Mrs. Hampton, by name—who, in the quietude of her room, was fighting one of life's stern conflicts on the battleground of her own heart. She was one of the twelve present at that last Auxiliary meeting, and none more touched than she with the story of those perishing without one morsel of the Bread of Life, for to her it came with all the force of a revelation.

Four years previously Mrs. Hampton had been called suddenly to pass through a heavy trial, in the loss of a tender husband, whose love had endeavored to shield her from every possible care. Through a series of events, that would take too long to relate, she, who had been accustomed to every comfort, found herself almost penniless, with a little daughter—Eloise—depending wholly upon her for support. Her superior education stood her in good stead, and through the timely assistance of some of her friends, she procured a responsible position in the Bartonville High School. How she toiled and labored, and saved, and did without—all for Eloise.

Her husband had ever been a liberal giver, but in her now reversed position it had not occurred to her that she had any special duty to perform in this particular. Now, like a barbed arrow the prayed-over words of the President of the Auxiliary, lacerated her heart. The years which she had spent in toil and saving, now appeared to her so freighted with selfishness—so marked by the utter absence of thought for those in heathen lands who knew naught of the "Friend beyond all others," who had been her stay and portion in her hour of bereavement; that the memory of them almost crushed her. She solemnly resolved, that if spared, the incoming years would be so different, for she *did love* the Lord Jesus, and did want to glorify Him through her life; but her almost idolatrous love for Eloise had blinded her, and in her extreme anxiety to make the upward path to womanhood of her daughter smooth and bright, she had almost lost sight of the claims God has financially upon each of His followers. Day after day, since that meeting the prayer had gone up from her now awakened heart, that God would

show her what to give—for give she felt she must. After careful thought, and a long talk with her pastor, she decided to set aside, at least one-tenth of her income for God's special cause, but this did not even satisfy her; she longed to carry out the President's suggestion of a Christmas Thank-offering and this bright December morning found her battling between self and what she felt was the call of duty; for quick as lightning's flash had come to her that morning the thought of her husband's wedding gift. Had the snow-diamonds suggested it? For his gift had been a delicately chased gold pin set with a solitaire diamond of exceeding brilliancy and richness. She crossed her bedroom floor and opening the bureau drawer, took from the furthest corner a case which, with a sigh, she unfastened, and looked longingly at the pin nestling in its bed of delicately-tinted coral satin—how *he* had loved all dainty things!

She had not worn it since she had been left alone, but she was looking forward to the day when Eloise, grown to woman's estate, would wear a gift so inseparably associated with her father and mother; added to this, she longed to have for this only daughter all beautiful things, and she knew full well her purchasing such now was out of the question. And yet—and yet—dare she retain that which could only serve the purpose of the ornamental, when souls "for whom Christ died were perishing." Down on her knees she sank, and there for one full hour the battle waged. When she arose her face wore the glad look of a conqueror. Again she unclasped the case, again she gazed upon the pin, but this time with such different feelings. "Oh, Father, forgive my selfishness," she murmured. "Could I not make this sacrifice for thee, when thou didst freely yield up thine own son that through his death I might have eternal life." Then, looking at the little case, which had been the cause of such an intense conflict, she slowly, solemnly said, "Freely, gladly—yes, *joyfully*, I give this as a Thank-offering for all the blessings of Christianity, for home and sanctuary privileges, for friends tried and true, and for Eloise."

She glanced at the little timepiece, "almost school time," she thought, "but I must first explain to Eloise." She sought her daughter, and briefly told the story, dwelling longest upon the condition of those whose lives were unlit by one single ray of Gospel light. Eloise listened with slowly gathering tears, which welled over as she said, "Oh, mother, dear, I am sure it will be all right, for I don't see how I could wear that pin now, for all the time I would be thinking of the good it might have done; besides," she added, with the brave air of one making light of difficulties, "I don't care much for diamonds, anyhow."

Mrs. Hampton had not expected Eloise to give up that which, she had been taught to consider, would one day be her own, without a struggle. "Surely, God must have prepared her heart," she murmured. Stooping down, she lightly kissed the upturned face of her little daughter, and said, in low tender tones, "Thank you, Eloise, I am sure if your father could speak to us to-day, he would say we were carrying out his wishes, for the cause of missions, I remember, always laid near his heart."

Then Mrs. Hampton, with a glad heart, left her home to take up the day's duties, happy in the consciousness of doing that of which her God approved.

In the evening she wrote a jeweller, an old friend of her husband's, and from whom he had purchased the pin, stating her wish to dispose of it, and why, and asking that he would be the purchaser.

A week later the answer came, and proved to be more than satisfactory. He would pay her one hundred and fifty dollars on receipt of pin, and whatever more it brought on sale, should likewise be hers. The pin was sent; a cheque came back on return mail, which in turn was forwarded the Auxiliary, in a most unostentatious manner. An envelope bearing neither name nor date, enclosed a cheque for one hundred and fifty dollars, but upon it was written this simple inscription, "A Christmas gift to my sisters in heathendom. The love of Christ constraineth me."

Reader, have *you* not the same cause to "go and do likewise."

S. R. W.

London, Nov. 15th, 1894.