

## CALLED BACK TO HEAVEN.

Earth's morning dawned! and e'en in heaven the endless day  
Grew brighter, and the angel choruses more sweet,  
As slowly, softly, through the pearly gateway came  
A little child—white-robed—and knelt at Jesus' feet.


One still hushed moment. Then up-rose a voice sublime,  
As gently on that placid brow of babyhood  
A crown was placed—a harp laid in those tiny hands.  
And lo! before his God, an angel crowned stood.

Earth's morning dawned! Day came again, and recommenced  
His journey o'er the dreary desert of the sky.  
Like fragments torn from off the dusky robe of night,  
Black, weeping clouds hung low, and sobbing winds wailed by.

Around sweet blossoms' breath, a childish figure lay.  
That soon would rest, serene, beneath a grassy mound—  
The soul had winged its way to heaven. We would not weep  
If we could see thro' earth's dark clouds our angels crowned.  
March 8th, By Margaret Edna Evans.

## HOW TO HELP WEAK MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

MRS. R. B. WALT.

 E know that our æsthetic sense is developing  
when by our abhorrence of false articles we  
want the real genuine thing; so we find we  
are developing in missionary work when we  
are aspiring to the perfect society.

The secret of a good meeting is the amount of  
prayer and thought and painstaking work which is  
spent by the member before coming, so to take Christ  
along.

How do we go to these meetings?

As an unthinking horse rushes to battle; or do we  
prepare as we would if we were going to a party?  
Christ honors with his presence only those who honor  
him with pains.

Nothing will kill a meeting quicker than poor pre-  
paration. Preparation by prayer, is one of the essen-  
tials to a good meeting. A good society doesn't run  
itself.

No government for the church was prescribed by  
Christ, but to institutions as wanted; as the office of  
deaconship to seven chosen men. Doubtless more is  
gained than lost by working this principle, as the  
glory is to God and shames man of boasting growing  
perfection. If a society rests entirely on a method  
that has been a success, it sinks into the insignificance  
of being a machine. If we lack the inspiration, we  
cannot do the work of another simply by copying his  
methods or procedure. The largest of efficient work  
must be done in one's own way, though it may carry  
out rigidly the prescribed programme.

In our last Easter programme, one president  
said she was glad when it was through, it was so  
wearisome, while other societies were wonderfully  
inspired.

I would make a mistake if I tried to revive a life-  
less society by introducing into it new machinery  
without arousing in the officers and members the  
motive power of renewed consecration and enthusiasm.  
In only one instance does the ball-bearing help to  
accelerate the speed of a riderless bicycle, that is when  
it is running down hill. A society that is in that di-  
rection needs no machinery to help it on.

It is not wise for country societies to adopt the  
successful city methods, but do its own best. It  
would be injurious to close in summer and we know  
how much force and power it requires to get bright-  
ened up and in working order again.

Rest in work is better than rest from work. A  
Christian's rest is found under the yoke and in the  
furrow. The poorest of excuses is that the president  
is away and that the society cannot meet without her.

The following is a letter I wrote one of our societies  
which was closed in the summer. I thought it might  
help to get them working:

MY DEAR SISTER:

Many of our officers and members have been absent from town  
during the summer months and now I wish you to make an ear-  
nest effort to be present on Grand Rally Day, September—. In-  
vite and call for your neighbor to come with you; we want to  
have a good meeting, but I want you to help me make a better  
one; you can do this by having its interest in your heart; ask  
God before coming to give a new impulse to our work.

Unless unavoidably detained we shall expect to see you and re-  
ceive your help.

Your sister,

A copy of this letter was to be sent to each member  
and written by the president or secretary.—*Banner*.

## OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

A little Jewish boy attended a mission Sunday  
school in New York. His mother was glad of the two  
hours rest it gave her from the care of the restless,  
inquiring mind. He became engrossed with the story  
of Jesus Christ, so surpassing strange and new to  
him, and never tired of looking at pictures of the  
"One who seeks the lost." The Bible Lesson pic-  
tures were of great value to him, and when he was  
told that he could select one for himself, his joy knew  
no bounds.

"Oh, I will take the Shepherd one. I wonder if He  
knows I am His lamb?" And the large lustrous eyes  
filled with tears.

The dread diphtheria was in the tenement where he  
lived. His mother did not know how to care for him.  
The beloved picture was pinned up by his cot where  
he could always see it.

"Mamma, I'm going to die, and go to the Shep-  
herd of Israel; won't you put the picture in the coffin  
when I'm carried out?"

One night the Good Shepherd gathered this little  
lamb to His bosom, and little Jacob was at rest.—  
*New York Observer*.