



Devoted to the interests of the Mission Circles and Bands of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

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SECLUDED PATHS.

Restless and unsatisfied,
"Of what use is life?" I cried,
"All my wishes are denied."

"All my duties trivial seem,
I have energies, I deem,
What I could be, oft I dream!"

"Yet I cannot see my way
From this spot whereon I stay,
So hope faileth—day by day."

Then a voice was at my side,
"Let my conduct be thy guide,"
(T'was His voice,—the crucified!)

"Law and Prophets to fulfil
Was my life devoted still,
For I came to do God's will."

"What that will? The Scripture saith
Thirty years of Nazareth,
Three years of public work—then death."

"Thirty years unknown I trod
Galilee's sequestered sod.
But my life was known to God."

"Daily life at Joseph's call,
Daily life mid duties small,
Yet I was the Lerd of all."

"Daughter, if thy life be true,
Thou a blessed work shalt do,
Though unknown to mortal view."

"I shall know it. I shall see,
When with willing heart and free
Thou obedient art to me."

"All thy quiet life I know,
For I planned it long ago.
Wouldst thou that it were not so?"

"I have given all for thee,
Give thy quiet life for me,
So it shall transfigured be."

"Now in these sweet words I rest,
And have ceased my anxious quest,
For the Master knoweth best."

-Copied from an English Magazine.

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL DID.

THERE are ninety villages belonging to the city of Tyre, in Syria. Up to twenty years ago, there had not been a Bible or a missionary teacher among them.

At Beirut there was a little Syrian girl, going to a mission school. She had learned of Jesus, and how to read the Bible, the precious book that told of Him. Oh, how she loved her Bible! and the more she learned to love it, the more she wanted others to know about it, to love it too. Are you that way, little reader?

When vacation came, she went to her home, which was one of those villages of Tyre, of which I have told you. She sat under the trees, reading her precious book. The people came to her and asked her what she was reading. "O such a beautiful, beautiful Book!" she replied, "Do you not want to hear it?" They told her they did. She began to read. Soon the crowd increased.

Every time she sat under the trees, reading, the people would come flocking about her, hungry to have the messages in the precious Book. So many hungry ones, and only one little girl to give them the words of eternal life! But how patiently and faithfully she did her part, all that one little child could do!

When she went back to the mission school, the hungry people sent a message by her, begging for a teacher who could come and stay with them. O how piteously they begged! but there was no teacher to go. There were really not enough for the mission school itself.

The next year the people begged again, and again the next and the next year.

At the end of five years what do you think happened? A missionary teacher was sent to them. And whom do you think it was? No less a person than the little girl who had first read to them the precious words of