

LEADER.—Now, children, you have all given your mites; but is not something else needed before our "Gospel Ship" is ready to start on her wonderful mission of light and love?

Five little girls step forward to the front of the platform, one with a shield, one with a helmet, one with a Bible, and two with dolls in their arms.]

FIRST GIRL (putting her shield in the ship). Yes, the "shield of faith" is needed, "that they may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

SECOND GIRL (putting her helmet in the ship). And the "helmet of salvation" must go also.

THIRD GIRL (putting her Bible in the ship). And the "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

FOURTH GIRL (putting her doll in the ship). And surely I think we ought to send a missionary to teach the word of God and show the people how to live.

FIFTH GIRL (putting her doll in the ship). I think it would be well to send still another, when there are so many across the sea who never heard of God's dear Son.

LEADER (now turning to children). I think our ship is ready, but cannot each one of you give some precious word from God's Book to the missionaries before our ship sails forth on her wonderful mission?

G. "Be ye therefore followers of God."

B. "Be filled with the Spirit."

G. "Be ye doers of the word."

R. "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

G. "Be sober, be vigilant."

B. "Be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another."

G. "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

B. "Be gentle unto all men."

G. "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

B. "Be of the same mind one toward another."

G. "Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace."

B. "Be renewed in the spirit of your mind."

G. "Be ye also patient."

B. "Be subject unto the higher powers."

G. "Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

B. "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."

G. "Be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless."

B. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

G. "Be at peace among yourselves."

B. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

G. "Be watchful."

B. "Be instant in season, out of season."

G. "Be ye kind one to another."

B. "Be not afraid of them that kill the body."

G. "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

B. "Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

—Adapted from *Oree Sea and Land*.

ELIZA BENSON'S SELF-DENIAL.

"Good mornin', Mis' Benson. It's dratful hot, isn't it? No, I can't stay but a minit." Yet, as Mrs. Benson hospitably pushed towards her visitor a rocking chair she was persuaded to sit down by the door and rest a little before going out into the sun again. "I don't want to hinder you this mornin'," she said. "I see you're pre-er-er-er-er-er-er-er-plums, and that's always a sight of work; mine ain't quite ripe enough yet. I s'joss you'll be busy pretty soon now, gettin' ready to go down East to see your folks, won't you?"

"I don't know, I haven't decided yet," Mrs. Benson answered, going over to the screen door to brush out an intruding fly. Something in her troubled manner warned the inquisitive visitor not to make any comments on this answer, so a little embarrassed silence fell upon them.

Presently Mrs. Peters slowly arose and tidied on her faded sun bonnet saying, "Well, I must be gettin' along, or my daughter'll wonder where I be."

Late that afternoon, when the long row of preserve jars had been wiped off and set away to cool, and the big kitchen had been restored to its wonted neatness and order, Eliza Benson went out into the vine-covered side porch for a little rest and quiet. She leaned back in the comfortable rocker with an exclamation of relief, her eyes drinking in the pleasant homely picture spread out before her.

The tall grass in the door-yard which the late rains had freshened was waving in vivid greenness again, gay rows of late poppies bordering it at the walk. Down by the fence, the long line of bee hives was alive with the humming colony of honey gatherers. Beyond stretched the orchard, the trees laden with the promise of an abundant harvest, the delicious fragrance of the early apples even then floating towards her.

Presently a little sigh broke from the gently swaying figure on the porch, while the troubled look of the morning again stole over her face.

Her thoughts went back to the last missionary meeting held in the neighborhood city church which she attended. She heard again the eloquent appeal for help,—help to carry on the work which, lacking means, must soon be given up. Then mention was made of two young women who had offered themselves for the foreign field, but who could not be sent as the treasury was empty.

In closing her appeal the secretary had said, "We have always given generously, my sisters, but have we ever given until we have felt it? Let us come up to our next meeting with an offering for the Lord's work which shall tell of something sacrificed, of something given up for the Master's sake."

Driving old Billy home from the meeting Mrs. Benson had wondered what more she could give up. For years she had laid aside for the Lord a tenth of her little income, and had found that the rest had hardly sufficed for her needs. She could think of no way to increase her store, and her gentle soul was troubled, for the cause of missions was very dear to her. Must the Lord's work suffer for lack of means? Suddenly the remembrance of her one indulgence, if it could be so called, came to her mind. Forty years before, Eliza Benson had come a bride with her ambitious young husband to make a home in the then far West. All her small hoard, earned in district school teaching, had been put with his to purchase the small farm. Early and late they had toiled; now success had come to them, so that their farm, just on the