

ly knew the need and how the sick must needs be turned from door and those anxious to learn be refused only because there is no time or strength for it. We do pray "the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest." This is not yet known when Mrs. Currie and my sister will be able to go, for it all depends on Mrs. Currie's strength.

What Has Christianity Done for Me?

BY SARAH POLLOCK.

Mrs. Workwell had had a hard day. Her nerves were irritated by a continual sense of hurry, and her feet ached with countless weary steps. It was with a sigh of relief that at last she turned away from baby, sleeping in her crib, and sat down in her chair to await her husband's return.

"What has Christianity Done for Me?" she read, taking up the program for the thank-offering meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society. "Well, I suppose it has done a great deal, but, of course, I believe I am going to be saved, but I'm so utterly tired out sometimes I just think the heathen women are better than we are, with no big washings to see to, only one room to keep clean, and no cooking to do but just boil a big kettle of porridge. They do not have to keep up the tear and wear of gowns, and stockings and shoes, dresses, jackets, bonnets and gloves, to say nothing of children's clothes. They wear one dress and have done with it. To be sure, I might let things go, but I feel I *must* keep the home clean and dainty, and be neat in my dress for the influence on the children."

"Then," she continued, warming with her argument, "these heathen women have no church work to do. I'm willing to help, but it's getting to be *too* much. There was service Sunday evening, the social Monday evening, Ladies' Aid Society Tuesday afternoon, the prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. I made sandwiches for the social, sandwiches for the Ladies' Aid Society, and paid up my dues besides, and now to-morrow here is this extra missionary meeting with extra giving. I know the officers will expect me to do my part, but I can't spare another cent for the heathen. I'd like to be a heathen myself for a while to be free from this everlasting giving."

"It shall be as you wish," came the reply in what seemed to be an audible voice, and without effort of her own Mrs. Workwell found herself in the early morning in a cotton field with a number of dark-skinned women.

"What a comical set," said she, with what would have been a laugh in her sleeve if she had had a sleeve, but her smile faded when she found she was clad in a dirty old garment like the rest. She was barefoot and bare-headed, and no rearrangement of her