

porteurs and Bible women to work among them. Friends take courage, there is a great work going on in the Province of Quebec; people are becoming enlightened. Where Protestants were mobbed a few years ago for preaching the doctrines of the Bible they are now welcomed by the people. Reforms are being made among themselves—such as the right of supervising education in convents and monasteries; they ask that all teachers receiving gov. grants shall have diplomas! It is a fact that thousands of copies of our Bible have been distributed among Roman Catholics of the Province of Quebec; no less than 2000 copies having been sold by one woman in Montreal during the past four years. The late Rev. L. N. Beandry was the means of bringing some 3000 persons to the knowledge of the truth. Take courage friends—do all in your power to help on this grand work, knowing that they who turn many to the Lord shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Which Loved Most?

FLORENCE M. YORKE.

In a beautiful address to the convention of King's Daughters in Toronto, last winter, Miss Davis, of New York, told a little story, which I would like to repeat as well as I can remember it, for the enjoyment of those who may not have heard it. Miss Davis had been speaking of the different lines of work adopted by the Order, and also the different motives which prompted the Daughters to give and to work in His name. She said that at headquarters it was the duty of several to read, arrange and appropriate to their best uses, the contents of letter, parcel, etc., which lay in heaps every morning on long tables, in a room used for such purposes. It is a long and tedious task sometimes, but often they are well repaid by the sweet lessons unconsciously taught, and the comfort given, by these messages from all over the continent.

One morning Miss Davis picked up a letter lying nearest her, and found it to be one of the most piteous she had ever read. The writer was plunged in darkness and almost despair. The clouds which had been gathering heavily in the sky of her life, had suddenly overpowered the blue, shutting out all the sunshine and leaving only the shadows dense and dark. There was not a ray of light anywhere, she said. The singing birds of hope had hushed their songs. In blind despair she clung to her faith, trusting God's Hand to uphold her, but waves and billows seemed to have swept over her. From the depths of this Egypt-

tian darkness, she thought of those even less fortunate, who had the added burden of poverty to contend with. So, that some shadowed life might receive a little ray of hope and comfort, she enclosed—seventy five dollars! With sympathetic sigh the reader laid the letter down. A touch of gloom was upon her heart as she opened the next. Did chance place those two side by side?

The second was from a young girl who had never known a sorrow in her life. Not a cloud was in the sky, but the halo of love and gladness surrounded her, making her whole life blessed. From the home of loving parents she was soon to step into one still dearer, shared by the one whom she had chosen out of the whole world. That others might know a little of the happiness which made this world an Eden for her, she enclosed—seventy five dollars! The reader smiled as she laid the letter down with a loving pat, then turned to a box coming the next in order. It was securely tied, and stuffed full of newspapers to protect something in the centre. During the process of unpacking others gathered around. What could it be to need such care? Something very precious surely! At last they came upon a small roll carefully wrapped, which they found to be a china toy lamb, such as one could buy almost anywhere for twenty cents or less, and broken in two in the middle. The pieces were held together by a strip of paper, upon which was printed by a baby hand in uncertain capitals these words "My dear lambe for some 'tittle dirl to play wiz." That was all, no name was attached, but the hearts of the readers went out in blessing to the tiny Princess, as did no doubt the heart of the King himself. Out of her nursery treasures the baby had given the best, and who shall say which gift was the fairest in the sight of our King!

To many of us as Mission Circle members may sometimes come the discouraging thought, "After all there is so little I can do." It may be we are so situated that we cannot give the cause we so dearly love much financial aid, or even the gift of time, and yet if we, from narrowed lives and straightened circumstances, bring our best, who will dare limit the power of the King to magnify our meagre offering into a gift so bountiful and wide-reaching that only Eternity will unveil its vast territory of usefulness. Then let us not despise the day of small things. It may not be for us to man the life-boats, yet perhaps, we can seize the speaking trumpet and send out a word of cheer to the tempest tossed. Or it may be for us to simply "keep the lower lights burning" steadily along the shore. If not even this, can we not spare from among our heart treasures something that may bring into the life of "one of the lowliest of these" now in heathendom, a single ray of brightness.

Colorado Springs, W. S., April, 1894.