

sources. You ask if the amount of money we pay is the measure of our responsibility? No, not as money, but as the sign of a thing signified. It is the putting of our hand and seal to a pledge that we will do the life work to which God has already called us. Much the same as when we take upon ourselves the vows of church fellowship assumed for us in our earliest years. What more solemn than the promise to be His faithful soldiers and servants unto our life's end?"

"Speaking of soldiers," I said, "soldiers receive royal bounty." I checked myself here for very shame, for what have I not received?

"Royal Bounty," said Aunt Mary, clasping her hands. "Royal Bounty! Thank God I have had it ever since I was born. And you, my dear, I think I know you well enough to be sure that you did not give this money grudgingly, or of necessity, but with the spirit that God loves."

"Yes I believe I did, Aunt Mary," I said, "though I fear I never fully realized its meaning until now. It was a pleasure to give it and I gave it, at some little cost."

"Well now, why not look upon yourself as a commissioned officer in this noble army of workers? Your commission was signed and sealed nearly two thousand years ago 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature' "

"I can understand," I said, "how our Lord gave that command to his disciples in the early age of the Christian church. The world was not very large then and they were men with nothing else to do, in fact set aside for that very purpose, but how can I and other women like me, heads of households, be expected to fulfil that command? Surely it is not required of us."

"In one sense no, in another yes," said Aunt Mary. "You remember how in war times many men were drafted, who from one cause or another were unable to do active service on the field, but in such cases each one was compelled to send a substitute. Can you imagine a man, with the heart of a man, utterly regardless of the fate of his substitute? Do you not think that just in proportion as he was a true soldier and patriot, he would study the plan of the battle, follow the details of each campaign, be among the first to forward supplies and by his zeal and earnestness incite others to the faithful performance of duty? This may be all that you are required to do to send your substitute, to help the supplies, to follow with your prayers the plan of the battle and by your zeal and enthusiasm urge on the work. But remember there are some things that cannot be done by proxy. One can no more pray by proxy than he can vote. And one thing more. The longer I live the more I feel the word Christian to be a misnomer when applied to one who has not the true missionary spirit. It seems to me that this spirit is the very essence of Christianity and that

there can be no real, vital Christianity without it."

"Aunt Mary," I said, and I meant it, "Pray for me that I may become a better woman and a more loyal life member of the Woman's Missionary Society."

"Amen" responded Aunt Mary, and she meant it too.

### Mite-Box Service.

Singing. Prayer.

Let each child recite a verse on giving.

*Pres.* Another year has gone, oh, so quickly! And the time has come again to open the mite-boxes or barrels. You have had a delightful summer, and those of you who have been away from home, have returned refreshed and strengthened. Now we will look into the boxes and see how many pennies have been gathered during the past year; but before we do that, let us sing again. *Sing.*

Let the leader question the children in regard to their money and find out how many have earned it. —Selected.

[Our story this month will be found helpful, for it has a bearing on this subject.]

### Missionary Exercises for Four Little Girls.

Each child presents a gift letter of GIVE at the close of her stanza.

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"  
So runs the hymn of old;  
Beside those mammoth icebergs  
Dwell hearts perhaps as cold:  
But warmed by Christian sunlight,  
Illumining the land,  
Bleak earth becomes an Eden,  
And so for G I stand.

You know how run the verses:  
"From India's coral strand"  
Comes forth the call for workers—  
A larger, stronger band;  
Buddhist and erring Brahmin  
The Saviour's call must heed  
And taste God's peace eternal,  
And therefore I must plead.

From far-off Venezuela,  
To popish bonds a slave;  
From Van and Voroneje,  
Which Eastern waters lave,  
The same loud voice is calling  
Which sounded years ago:

"Come over here and help us!"—  
The cry of Macedon.

From Ethiopia's borders  
And wastes of burning sands,  
Which cruel, dark-skinned Arabs  
Infest with hostile bands,  
By day and night unceasing  
There comes the pleading cry:  
"Bring us the truth you cherish!  
O, bring it ere we die!"

[Together.]

Give of your prayers and blessings;  
Give of your store, though small;  
Give of your time and service;  
Give self—best gift of all. —Selected.