

Woman's Work.

Conducted by Mrs. S. M. Brown and Miss Jessie R. Agnew, 372 Shaw Street, Toronto. Everything intended for this column should be sent to Mrs. S. M. Brown, Warton, Ont.

O. C. W. B. M.

President, Mrs. W. B. Malcolm, 89 Church St., Toronto; Cor. Sec., Miss Bella Sinclair, Blenheim; Treasurer, Miss Jennie Fleming, Kilsyth.

Programme for December Meeting of Auxiliaries.

Subject.—Christmas gifts. To whom shall we give them?

1, Prayer—For the blessing of God upon our meeting.

2, Hymn 85—"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing."

3, Reading responsively Matt. ii. 1-12. Matt. xxv. 31-46.

4, Prayer.

5, Hymn 363—"We Give Thee but Thine Own"

6, Business: Reading of Minutes, etc. Roll Call. Members responding by suitable quotations. Payment of dues.

7, So far as time allows let each member give a thought on the subject.

8, Hymn—Doxology.

9, Prayer.

Christmas! There is something exhilarating about the very thought! Who has not felt its gladdening influence? To the child's heart it is the day of days, looked forward to for weeks.

And should it not be a glad, merry time? To many, either through misfortune or fault, it is not. The question comes to us as Christian women, what can we do to lighten the burden of those in distress?

How many even at our own doors suffer during the cold winter for want of the bare necessities of life! Those of us who can (and is their one who cannot?), shall we not seek out at least one of earth's afflicted ones, and by every means in our power, make this joyous Christmas time a happy time for them, and in order to accomplish this, instead of, as is really so much our custom, giving gifts to those of our relatives and friends who have no real need of them, can we not, will we not, spend the money necessary to purchase these often useless things in relieving the wants of those less favorably situated than ourselves?

Can we not teach those about us that the highest, noblest giving is to those who cannot repay; that the ordinary Christmas present is simply an exchange? May not even the little children learn this, and find real pleasure in giving where it is indeed a virtue to give?

An old man was once asked the secret of happiness. He replied: "Try to make some other person happy." Is it not true?

And so, to answer the question asked in our subject, shall we not say, "To those in need," remembering the words of the king, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

L. V. R.

Letter From the Cor. Secretary.

DEAR SISTERS:—

I have been thinking a good deal lately as to how we can increase the funds to support our missionary. I wonder how many of us sisters can give an extra cent a day for this purpose? I am sure a good many of us can if we only get the desire impressed on our hearts. It is wonderful how much can be accomplished by systematically laying by a little every day.

Cannot we dispense with some of the luxuries of life that we may have

more to return to the Lord's treasury? "A hundred years from now" it will not signify that these frail bodies of ours were not always arrayed in beautiful rich garments, but it will signify if we have been instrumental in God's hands in winning souls to Christ—if we have helped to the utmost of our ability in sending the glad news to the perishing. I think that by and by we will wonder that we thought we were sacrificing in giving up some of the things we have been so accustomed to.

Rather let us consider it a rare privilege to be permitted to share in carrying out our marching order, "Go into all the world."

Dear sisters, let our faith and works go hand in hand; may we each one strive to do our very best and with our Father's blessing the work shall not want for lack of the means to carry it on. B. S.

A Talk with the Girls.

To all the girls who read the CANADIAN EVANGELIST, greeting:—

I feel like having a talk with you this evening, girls, you Canadian girls, and a vision good to look at rises up before me as I say those two words, "Canadian girls," a vision of troops of bright-eyed, rosy cheeked, healthful, wholesome, happy girls in comfortable homes in a land that affords every facility for being good and wise, and leading enjoyable and useful lives; and this year while other countries are suffering from famine and plague, we have an abundance and to spare and plenty of good health to enjoy it.

Did you know, girls, that Max O'Rell, the clever and witty French author and lecturer, said the "Canadian girls" possessed all the best qualities and the graces of mind and person of both the English and his own country women? Now I don't think anyone can pay you a higher compliment than did the gallant Frenchman, let him try ever so hard.

Now in view of all those generous gifts from the hand of the bountiful Father, don't you think you owe him a great deal of love and gratitude, and that you should be willing to share it in every possible way? And there are so many ways of doing it, each one of you will have different opportunities on account of different circumstances and locations, but if you are deeply interested in showing your love for the Creator and all His children, you will be quick to see and seize the opportunity when it comes.

There are two things in particular which you may all do, no matter how situated, that will make the lives of the people about you, and your own lives too ever so much happier.

One is, unvarying kindness in speech and action to all with whom you come in contact, and particularly to the poor; the feelings of the poor are easily hurt and they are very sensitive to a slight or even a fancied slight where it was not intended, so be very considerate of them. You would likely be much surprised if you knew how a kind word or deed cheers them and helps to brighten their hard lot.

People who are possessed of well stocked wardrobes and larders, and who have a profitable business or a good solid bank account, are generally possessed of a serenity that is not easily disturbed by small slights or cold words. But not so with the poor toilers who have none of these very desirable things, and who strive as they may to "make both ends meet," still have a pitiable gap between the two ends of their financial affairs. That is anything but enlivening, for them to view, and a kindness done to them will not be lost or forgotten by the One who watches over all His children.

The other thing I had reference to is singing. There are so many beautiful sacred songs, that you can use them lavishly with no fear of them becoming exhausted, and one wonderful thing about them is that they never grow old. Sentimental songs come into notice with a flourish, have their day, become old and unfashionable and disappear, but some of our choicest and loveliest hymns were written considerably over a hundred years ago and are just as new, just as soul elevating, and are sung with as great a love and appreciation now as they were then, yes and ever will be, as long as our King reigns and has faithful and loyal subjects on the earth. You cannot tell how many lonely hearts you might cheer or how many beclouded souls you might sing into the clear sunshine of God's love.

I was staying with a friend one time who lived in a little country town, and as she went about her work she would every now and then break out in a clear sweet voice with a verse or two of some fine old hymn. She had a lovely golden-haired, blue-eyed baby boy, and all his cradle songs were the same old hymns that her mother and father sang to her in her childhood, and I have hopes that that little boy will sing them yet to crowds of earnest listeners. She came into the room where I was sitting one evening, and taking up the babe sat down in the rocking chair and commenced to sing "Rock of ages, cleft for me," a hymn that always seems to me more of a prayer than a hymn. The dining room door stood open and just across the lawn in a neighbor's house at an upstairs window, sat a young minister just through college and come to take charge of his first church. He was sitting preparing his sermon for the approaching Sunday, and was in a very gloomy and desponding mood and sure that his sermon was going to be a complete failure, when all at once the words of that lovely song fell upon his ear, sung in full rich tones, and as he listened all the gloom and doubt dropped away, and he drew very near to Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood," and instead of his sermon being a failure, it was one to gladden the hearts and uplift the souls of all who listened to him.

So, girls, sing as you journey through this pleasant land toward your home, sing the ever new old songs that tell of God's glory and majesty and of His long suffering and loving kindness, and of the condescending and sacrificing love of our exalted Redeemer, and by and by we shall all learn a grand new song in that beautiful country where we shall go no more out forever.

W. A. S.

After reading the article by "W. A. S." I feel constrained to add a word of testimony concerning the power of sacred song.

Many years ago, and just about this season of the year, I was slowly recovering from sickness, and was weak both in body and mind, I presume. I felt a dread of the approaching winter and was forecasting many troubles and difficulties that I might have to encounter in my weak state. In short, I was in a most desponding mood, and could see nothing but cold, grey skies, and leafless trees. Just then, the young girl who was with me began to sing as she went about her work. I took little notice of it at first, until these words of the sweet old hymn floated in—into my consciousness—into my heart,—

"We'll praise Him for all that is past, And trust Him for all that's to come."

As if an angel had spoken, the clouds parted, and the shadows rolled back from my heart. The words were mine

forevermore. I have never let them go, and many, many times since, the recollection of that hour has filled my heart with the very peace of God.

One more instance will suffice, though I could give many; this also occurred many years ago, but has never faded from my memory.

I was returning about midnight from the bedside of a sick neighbor who lived nearly a mile from my home. It was a country road, and though very familiar to me, seemed lonely and uncanny enough at that hour, as the night was dark. Suddenly I heard heavy footsteps approaching, though still at a considerable distance. I cannot say that my heart kept on the even tenor of its way. I hesitated about whether to walk boldly on or to try to conceal myself in a fence corner. The footsteps were drawing nearer and my heart was beating more wildly, when a clear, manly voice struck up the words of that well known old revival hymn, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy." In an instant every fear had vanished, and I walked on without a tremor. Who the singer was I never knew. I passed him in the darkness, but with the prayer in my heart that the encircling arms of God would be his shield from every snare, and his refuge in every storm of life. And so, I, too, say to the girls, and to the boys, and to the travellers under the noonday sun, and to those who are resting in Beulah land, sing:

"Should coming days be cold and dark We need not cease our singing, Our King says come, and there's our home, Where golden harps are ringing.

A remark made to me by a friend lately, started some happy thoughts, and I pass them on. He had driven a long distance through a cold rain, and, after getting warmed and dried, he said: "What a pleasant thing it is to know where we are going to when we are out in a storm, to know that a welcome, and comfort and warmth await us at the end of the journey. I should have felt the cold very much if I had not known where I was coming to." In a moment I thought what a universal feeling that is; we have all experienced it many a time on going to visit friends at a distance, or on turning our faces homeward after an absence. The pleasurable anticipation of the welcome that awaits us, entirely overshadows the tediousness or the discomfort of the journey. And so, beloved, will it be with the discomforts and trials and cares that befall us by the wayside of this life, if we have always in mind the welcome, the warmth and light, the comfort and love that await us in the Mansions of our Father's house. Oh what a happy, inspiring thing it is to "know whom we have believed," to know that He is able to keep that which we have committed to Him against that day of our home coming.

And so Sister Mary Riach has really gone. She has taken her farewell look at the dear home faces and the familiar surroundings; has said "Good-bye" to the brethren and sisters who so lovingly greeted her at various points in her journey across the continent; has taken a last look at those who accompanied her to the ship; and even the shores of her native land have faded in the distance. And what now for our dear young sister—our very own missionary? Our beloved President has requested that prayers be offered for her in the churches of our Province; this is well; but, my dear sisters, it is not enough. Every morning as we open our eyes upon the dear faces and scenes of home, just then, let us every one, remember our Sister Mary, and carry her in our hearts to the throne of God for His blessing upon her at that hour, and for that day; and more than

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this, every time that a thought of her or her work comes to our mind, let us lift our hearts and say, "God be with her, in power, in wisdom, and in the comfort of His Holy Spirit." She has left all for Christ, and gone out in His name. May she daily, hourly realize that "Companionship with Jesus Makes life divinely sweet."

S. M. BROWN.

O. C. W. B. M.

CONTRIBUTIONS SINCE LAST REPORT.

Table with columns for location and amount. Home Missions: Auxiliary at Guelph \$7 00, Walkerton 5 56, Wainfleet 5 00, Warton 4 00, Erin Centre 6 00, Erin Village 6 25, Collingwood 5 00, Toronto (Cecil St.) 6 00.

Table with columns for name and amount. Foreign Missions: Mrs. M. A. Stewart, Guelph \$ 5 00, Mrs. J. Campbell, St. Thomas 10 00, T. Whitehead, Walkerton 5 00, Mrs. S. M. Brown, Warton 5 00, Mrs. W. J. Forrester, Toronto 3 00, Mrs. Wm. Tovell, Barret 1 00, Mrs. Higgins, Toronto 1 00, A Sister 3 00.

Table with columns for school and amount. Children's Day Collection: Sunday School at Erin Centre \$6 32, Georgetown 1 50, London 3 00, Owen Sound 2 60.

Contributions were also received (in response to our appeal) for Missionary's Outfit from the following Auxiliaries Toronto (Cecil St.), Blenheim, St. Thomas, Bowmanville, Guelph, Ridgeway, Erin Centre, Wainfleet, Lobo, West Lorne, Everton, London and Kilsyth.

JENNIE FLEMING, Treas. Kilsyth, Nov. 4, 1892.

The Auxiliary at Erin Village also sent a contribution for the missionary's outfit, but it was unfortunately lost in the mails.

Have You Asthma?

Dr. R. Schiffman, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffman's Asthma Cure to any sufferer who sends his address and names this paper. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases, insures comfortable sleep and cures where others fail.