

Woman's Work.

O. C. W. B. M.

President, Mrs. W. B. Malcolm, 620 Church St., Toronto; Cor. Sec., Miss L. V. Rioch, 225 Maria St., Hamilton; Treasurer, Miss Jennie Fleming, Kilsyth.

Auxiliary Programme for Jan., 1895.

SUBJECT—"Beginnings."
Singing—"Labor On." Gospel hymns, No. 5.
Scripture Reading—John i. 1-17.
Prayer by President.
Reading of Minutes.
Roll Call. Collection.
Singing—"They that wait upon the Lord." Gospel hymns, No. 5.
Readings by a number of sisters—one or two papers on the subject, if possible.

Let each sister tell of some new work she would like to take up in the new year; it may be the conquering of some sin.

Prayer by two of the officers that God will give them strength to carry out their resolutions.

Five minutes for the latest news from our missionaries.

Singing—"I belong to Jesus." Gospel hymns, No. 6.

Closing Prayer.

Our subject for to-day is a grand one. If we desire to accomplish anything in life we *must* make a beginning. Sometimes the thought of failure prevents us from making a beginning. We think we had better not make resolutions if they are to be broken in a few days. But we never resolve to do better unless we have a desire to do, and I firmly believe we are better for having made a good resolution. "We grow always in the direction of our habits and efforts." How very important it is that our habits and efforts should be taking us in the right direction! God may have wonderful opportunities in store for us during the coming year, if we will only put ourselves in a position to improve them. We all have a work of our own to do, "John was not that light, but was sent to bear witness of that light." Our work may seem insignificant of itself, but if it is the work God would have us do, it is important. Nearly every great work has had a small beginning. When William Carey said, "Attempt great things for God, expect great things from God," how many expected to see men and women giving themselves up to the Foreign Mission work as they are doing to-day? Very few were expecting great things, because they were not willing to attempt great things. A glance at our own mission work will encourage us; only a few years have passed since our first missionaries sailed for heathen lands, but already we are beginning to see great things accomplished "in His name." The beginning may seem small in our eyes, but how do they appear in the Master's sight? "Despise not the day of small things." Dear sisters, let us pray earnestly for the spirit of our Master, let us enter upon this glad New Year determined to seek out the little things and do them faithfully.

This may be our last year on earth, anyway we cannot afford to slight the opportunities that come to us this year, they will never return to us. May the dear Father give us wisdom to make a good beginning this year, and to spend the coming months in His service.

C. F. P.

From Lobo.

In view of all that has been said and written upon the subject before us, it may seem superfluous to have this article appear. My only apology for writing is that I have been requested to do so by the Auxiliary in Lobo, of which I am a member. There appears

to be a misunderstanding in some of the auxiliaries in regard to their duties and privileges. When we send our delegates to the Annual Convention we empower them to transact our business there. The instructions of the auxiliaries are presented to the convention by these delegates. Every question of importance is freely discussed and decided upon by the Convention, and that decision is final for the current year. It is of no use, after the Convention of 1894 is over, for the auxiliaries to say how they will dispose of their funds for this missionary year. That is already settled. It is the privilege of each auxiliary to think over and plan what they will do with their means for 1895. This is still in their power, and will be, until the Convention of 1895 is over.

The point at issue, at present, appears to be whether the auxiliaries of Ontario will devote all their funds to the Foreign work, or will they as heretofore spend a part in Home work. At the last meeting of our auxiliary, the members present expressed themselves most emphatically on the subject. It was unanimously decided, in accordance with the motion passed at the Hillsburg Convention, that after providing for Miss Rioch, our Japan missionary, the remainder of the funds should be used *at once* to aid weak and struggling churches in our own province or provinces. It is useless to have money lying idle in the treasury, while poor churches are losing heart, and laborers are losing credit, by not being able to meet their obligations; and thus the cause of our blessed Master suffers reproach. While we all deplore that so little is done for the Foreign field, still we realize that there are many struggling little bands all over our country whose light may go out unless we give them the needed aid just in time to save their courage and enable them to grow strong, when they, in turn, will aid the foreign work. If we allow the weak churches at home to die, where are the funds for the foreign work to come from? Our adorable Master makes no distinction between souls at home and abroad. He would have all to be saved, and to come to a knowledge of the truth. Oh, that the church would rouse from her apathy and realize her responsibility in this matter. How each professed follower of Christ should rejoice at the privilege of becoming a co-worker with the Saviour in the uplifting and redemption of those who are going the downward road to ruin.

M. S.

St. Thomas Auxiliary.

Dear Sisters of the O. C. W. B. M.: Almost the first news we look for on receiving the EVANGELIST is the Woman's Column, to see what our sister societies are doing, and almost invariably we are doomed to disappointment. We thought of writing the corresponding secretary, asking her to urge the different auxiliaries to send in reports and items of interest, but, as we had made no report ourselves, "Physician, heal thyself" came vividly before us.

We have a membership of eighteen. We meet regularly the first Tuesday of each month. Most of the sisters, besides the EVANGELIST, take the *Missionary Tidings*. We use programme in *Tidings* and EVANGELIST. We do not observe C. W. B. M. day, but hold a missionary tea in February of each year. The programme is missionary throughout, and much good is done in disseminating missionary intelligence.

Children, victims of weak digestive organs, can be cured by K. D.-C.

We also take charge, each year, of the Thanksgiving Prayer Meeting, and arrange a missionary and thanksgiving programme. This year, the meeting was very interesting. Each sister took part either by reading an item on missions or thanksgiving, or an essay on the same. The offering was over \$5.

One sister trains the Juniors in singing, three are on the Missionary Committee of the C. E., and take charge of missionary meetings. The president of the Auxiliary is superintendent of the Juniors. In this way we keep in touch with the children and the young people, and help to keep them in touch with the mission cause.

We have honorary members. Our pastor, Bro. Cunningham is one. He is a thorough missionary man.

We use the envelope system for dues. We give each sister one for each month, and, in case a sister is unable to attend, we ask her to forward envelope with dues, accompanied by a verse of scripture or missionary item.

Mrs. D. S. Royce, Cor. Sec.
St. Thomas, Dec. 3, 1894.

Secretary's Notes.

The churches are reminded that the first Lord's Day in January is the day on which they are asked to take a collection in aid of the work carried on by the O. C. W. B. M.

Envelopes for the purpose will be sent in good time for distribution.

It is earnestly hoped that all will respond liberally.

One half of our year is over, and so far only two auxiliaries have reported. I feel sure that secretaries need only to have their attention called to the matter in order that it may be attended to.

Might we not arouse more interest in our work by freely exchanging notes in the "Woman's Column"? Our aim should be to help each other.

HAMILTON.—The auxiliary here was organized a little over two years ago. Beginning with a membership of seven, we have steadily increased until at present we number seventeen.

Our meetings, which are held at 4 p.m. on the first Tuesday of each month, are well attended. The monthly published programme is, as a rule, well read, and missionary news from various sources read. Matters in regard to the home church are also discussed. A number of the sisters take part, which makes the meetings interesting.

L. V. Rioch.

Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Lediard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont. to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

Maggie's Christmas.

"Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born king;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

Sang Maggie Burns. She had a very good voice, sweet and strong, and she sang with all her heart.

Something new had come in her life since they had moved into the city, in the hard, bitter search for work. She had been sent to a mission Sunday school. They were to have a Christmas tree on Christmas evening, and Maggie had never seen a Christmas tree yet, and, beside that, there was to be a tea for the children and their parents.

There were two weeks to wait, and Maggie didn't see how she was going to stand it, it seemed so long. The only comfort was meeting twice a week, to practice Christmas carols.

Maggie thought there never was such wonderful music as that produced by the small reed organ at the mission hall, and there never were such lovely

hymns as "Hark, the Herald Angels," and one whose refrain was:

"Joyful, joyful, oh, children!
Come sing that song again:
Glory to God in the highest!
Goodwill and peace to men!"

There were half a dozen others, but these were her favorites.

She was quite unconscious of herself, this queer little girl. She never thought that her hair hadn't any color in particular; that her small grey eyes were crossed; that her face and hands were covered with large freckles, and that her mouth was very wide: all that never occurred to her.

After finishing her carol to her own satisfaction, she ran to her mother, threw her arms around her and hugged her like a bear.

"Christmas, Christmas, mammy! How can I wait two weeks?"

"There, there, child! Don't take all my breath. Christmas will come, and another after it, before you know where you are. Don't wish your life away." The piteous look that extreme poverty brings left the mother's eyes, as she smiled down at her little girl's eager face.

Maggie was the bright spot in life to her father, mother and big brother Will, she was always so bright and cheery. It is a great help to a father and mother when the little children are sweet tempered and sunny.

Mrs. Burns had bought Maggie an out-grown dress for Christmas, but that was a secret; Maggie knew nothing about it. She got it at a "mothers' meeting," and had paid fifty cents for it. I can't say that it was a pretty dress. The little girl's mama who bought it could not have had a very artistic taste, but it was the only one that was near Maggie's size, and it was made over a stout piece of lining, and was warm and comfortable. Mrs. Burns had bought a yard of lace for five cents and two rather pretty handkerchiefs for five cents more. One handkerchief was already in the pocket of the dress, and the lace was pleated around the neck and wrists of it. All was ready for Christmas.

As the days passed, Maggie grew wilder than ever. She danced through the house, she sang her carols, she hugged everyone fifty times a day. She often had to kick her feet to keep them warm, as they had a fire only at meal times, but there was joy in kicking.

At last Christmas morning came—cold, clear, sparkling. It was very cold in the tiny house, built in a lane at the back of a row of common tenements; but Will had given his mother half a cord of wood for a Christmas present, and they decided to have a little fire all day for a treat.

Now that the great day had come, Maggie could hardly hold herself, her face shone with gaiety and soap. At last it was time to get ready.

When the new-old dress, with the lace and the handkerchiefs, was produced, and a new circular comb from Will, she actually got quiet, it was all so beautiful.

Her father objected to her wearing the comb, as it might get broken, but Maggie pleaded:

"Oh do let me wear it, daddy; do, do let me! I must look pretty this one day." Her father hadn't the heart to refuse, though he knew that had he insisted, she would have submitted without a murmur.

Truth to tell, the comb didn't add much to her appearance, for her hair being short it stood up in a funny fuzz above the circle of the comb; but Maggie pronounced it "be-yew-tiful."

They were the first of the guests to arrive. Maggie's teacher greeted and entertained them. They were received in the basement, the great hall upstairs

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being, sacred to the anticipation of the Christmas tree.

What a grand tea they had! There was cold turkey and ham and cranberry jelly; baskets of bread and butter; plenty of tarts, great fluffy fellows, with a well of raspberry jam in the middle, and quantities of cake. There were oranges too, and as they went upstairs each child was presented with a little bag of candy. The bags were made of bright colored netting. Maggie's was pink, and Maggie adored pink.

But the Christmas tree! How the children, girls and all, cheered when they saw it! It was gay with candles, spangles, toys and colored paper balls. Maggie held her breath; she had never seen anything half so lovely. She gazed and gazed, and was sorry to see them take the things down. But when she was called up to get one of the prettiest dolls, and a gaily colored book full of sweet Christmas stories and carols, she was so delighted there were tears in her eyes.

After the tree had been despoiled the children sang their carols, and some recited pieces. One wee lady, who had to be lifted to a chair to be seen, recited in a clear, little voice:

"It is a sin to 'teal a pin,
But 'tis a greater to 'teal a tater."

This rendering of the time-honored couplet was received with what newspapers call "thunders of applause." It is to be hoped that the applause showed the honest spirit of the applauders. There was room to doubt some of the mission scholars, but that was the kind they wanted to get, in order to teach them better.

After this part was over, Maggie's teacher told them a story. Both parents and children listened with great attention. They always appreciated the stories told by this pretty dark-eyed lady, in her sweet, clear voice. This story involved another one, a much older one—the old, old story we never tire of. Of the shepherds watching the sheep, and the first Christmas carol sung by a host of God's angels; of the tiny infant laid in a manger by his sweet young mother, the most honored and blessed of all women. There were tears in many eyes when she finished.

It was growing late; babies went to sleep; bigger babies tried to look very wide awake, and did not succeed very well. They sang "Hark! the Herald Angels," a gentleman prayed, then everyone folded hands and closed eyes and joined reverently in saying, "Our Father."

And the dear Christmas day was done. Maggie wished she could have it all over again, but as that couldn't be, she played it with her doll and book for days after.

Let us not forget the Christmas days as they pass. Each one marks a year nearer the time when our Lord will come again: not to be reviled of men, but to be feared—a triumphant coming, a glorious King, a "great and notable day."

AGNES.
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