

the principal participants in the scene, and the gracious promise connected with the act.

The actors were Jesus, Mary, the sister of Lazarus, and the fault-finders. With the last we have to-day nothing to do, though they are to be found now as then, but our purpose is to look closely at the first two. Jesus said of the woman, "She hath done what she could." Why? Simply because she anointed His head with precious ointment. This afternoon we, by our presence here in connection with mission work, are at least saying that we desire to do something for this same Jesus. Should there be even one present without such a motive we trust she may be aroused to a sense of the great privileges women now enjoy of working in the Master's vineyard.

What was this box of perfums? It was costly. Do I hear some one say, "Yes, that is just it, now I have nothing costly to give. Why, it seems as though there is absolutely nothing that I can offer." Listen to the Master's comment on the offering of the widow's mites, "This poor woman hath cast in more than they all." But you say, "I have not even that." Yesterday when too late to properly insert in my paper, a very beautiful article came to me and thinking there might be some one here who has not even the mite, or that some of you might know of some one in your midst who has been laid aside from active work, I will just read it. It is written as a conversation between an oak and a violet.

"A violet shed its modest beauties at the foot of an old oak. It lived there many days during the kind summer in obscurity. The winds and the rains came and fell, but they did not hurt the violet. Storms often crashed among the boughs of the oak, and one day said the oak, 'Are you not ashamed of yourself when you look up at me, you little thing down there, when you see how large I am and how small you are; when you see how small a place you fill, and how widely my branches are spread?' 'No,' said the violet, 'we are both where God has placed us; and God has given us both something. He has given to you strength, to me sweetness, and I offer Him back my fragrance and I am thankful.' 'Sweetness is all nonsense,' said the oak; 'a few days—a month at most—where and what will you be? You will die and the place of your grave will not lift the ground higher by a blade of grass. I hope to stand here some time—ages perhaps, and then when I am cut down, I shall be a ship to bear men over the sea, or a coffin to hold the dust of a prince. What is your life to mine?' 'But' cheerfully breathed the violet back, 'we are both what God made us, and we are both where He placed us. I suppose I shall die soon. I hope to die fragrantly as I have lived fragrantly. You must be cut down at last; it does not matter whether I see a few days or a few ages, my littleness or your greatness, it comes to the same thing at last. We are what God made us. We are where God placed us. God gave you strength. God gave me sweetness.'"

But to return to those who have the mites. Have you never thought that at least the tenth of your substance belongs to God? The Jews who were under the law gave that and shall you, saved by grace through the blood of the Lamb, give less? Besides there is the New Testament injunction, "On the first day of the week let every one lay by him in store as the Lord hath prospered him." If we obey this command there will always be the mite ready for the demand and it will be a consecrated mite, for has it not been set apart for this special work? Surely then your difficulty is removed and those who are more highly favored with earth's good things can apply the same principle, for He says,—"Freely ye have received,

freely give." Dear sisters in Christ let us look at this in a very practical light remembering that

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

not only in sentiment but in each day's experience.

What I should like you to notice more particularly about this ointment is that it was very precious to her who gave it.

A beautiful poem written on the sisters of Bethany says that Mary, while visiting in Damascus, became engaged to a wealthy merchant and he had used some of the contents of this box to perfume her hair. He afterward died and it was placed among her sacred treasures. We can imagine her feelings when she took from its hidden receptacle this treasured memento to present it to, or use it upon her Lord. Whether any foundation for the above has been found in tradition we know not, but we do know that such a loving heart as Mary's would and could offer nothing less than its best to Christ. Are some present saying, "That sounds very pleasing, and were Christ here with us to-day we would willingly, cheerfully, and lovingly give Him our most precious things." Is He not here? We have His own word for it: "Where two or three are met together in my name there am I in the midst of them to bless and to do them good." And He knows what we are individually willing to give Him. Do not let us think that we are assisting certain missionaries or helping to educate a few boys and girls in our midst, but burn it into our hearts that our offerings are to Christ Himself. Think you He would bestow the encomium on us were He bodily present that "She hath done what she could?" We give, say, one dollar a year to each of the different schemes at work in our churches, assist in preparing boxes for distribution by our missionaries or in educating one or more native students and our consciences are lulled to rest. For the few this may mean much self-denial, but for the masses can this be said of them? How many of us are willing to deny ourselves one article of adornment whether personal or of the home? How many are willing to deprive ourselves a necessary of life? And if not so willing can we honestly say we are giving at all? Were a friend to offer us a gift saying at the same time it isn't of any use to me and if you would like it you are welcome to it, would we appreciate it very highly. Are we not doing similarly when we offer, what may be of value, but of which we do not perceive the want? Has any one present given out of her need to assist in lessening another's deeper need? If so, even now doth the remembrance thrill you with a quiet joy which comes from Him who hath said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me." Let us think of it, take it home with us, tell it to those with whom we come in contact that the Master wants a part, not of our abundance merely, but of our toil to carry forward his work.

Let us ask God to help us search out our precious things and lay them at His feet.

Eighteen hundred years have come and gone since our forefathers received the gospel and what has been done for others in return? 'Tis true there are missionaries scattered over various parts of the yet unchristianized world, but coming home what have we Baptists of Canada done

We have sent a few loyal, brave and true men and women, who have kept the gospel banner unfurled, forth to India; and nobly undertaken to assist those at home less highly favored than we. But have we done what we could? Have we striven to enlighten ourselves as to the true condition of the women of India? Have we thought,