

## Moving the Fence Further Out.

"Well I'll just tell you all about it," said Mrs. Brookes. "You see we'd been poking along in the same way for a good many years. When we started our foreign missionary society, we agreed to give fifty dollars a year, and for eleven we gave that right straight along. We took great credit to ourselves that we never fell below the mark. In fact, in every annual meeting some of us were sure to remark how faithful we'd been in holding meetings and always raising the fifty dollars, and it never occurred to any of us we might move forward a step or two. Our meetings were very small, generally seven or eight present and we thought twelve a large attendance. Like other societies, we had a good many contributing members who never came near the meetings. We'd sit there and say they ought to come, but didn't do anything to bring them. They'd give their money willingly enough when we went for it, but I declare, there were some who, in all those years, never seemed to get it through their heads what the society was or what the dollar was for. They'd say, 'Foreign Missionary Society? Let me see—there are so many societies in the church. Is that the one Mrs. Benton is president of? Oh, yes, to be sure. Well, how much do I give?' and that's just all they knew or cared about it. 'Bands?' No we didn't do much in that way. We had a sort of Band: one not very much alive, and not dead enough to bury—that kind you know; it needed looking after. That's, the way we dawdled along.

"Well after awhile, Miss Winsted—you know who she is, a real downright smart woman—she began to get restless, and tried to stir us up. She'd keep telling us we might do so and so, but you know how it is to get people out of ruts, when they once get in.

"One winter she went on East to visit her father's folks in New York

and Philadelphia. While she was there she went to some big missionary meetings and talked with the ladies who engineered them, and met some missionaries right straight from the 'front'(as it is called.) and saw the places where the missionary magazines are made. The upshot of it was she got wonderfully stirred up, and when she came home just talked right and left.

"Pretty soon it became time for our annual meeting, and when the treasurer's report was read, there were some of the usual remarks about how well we'd done, and so on, and Mrs. Corey, the treasurer, says she: 'Yes, for eleven years we've never failed to come up to our pledge.' Then it just seemed as if Miss Winsted couldn't keep in any longer. Says she:—

"That's all very well, but don't you think, friends, that eleven years is long enough to be faithful over such a few things? We've cultivated our little plot of ground perseveringly, but isn't it time to move the fence further out?"

"We were all taken aback by that speech, and sat staring with out saying a word, till Mrs. Corey managed to gasp out. 'I don't know what you mean.' 'I mean,' says Miss Winsted, 'we ought to do more in this work.' 'What more is there to do?' says Mrs. Corey.

"'Why,' says Miss Winsted, and her dark eyes just flashed, 'What's a woman's society for, if not to stir up the whole congregation on the subject of missions? We are losing splendid chances. Why I think a society that's contented merely to give some money annually, and holding meetings once a month in the corner of the lecture-room, doesn't live up to its privileges.'

"'Privileges?' says Mrs. Corey. 'Yes,' says Miss Winsted, 'It's our privilege to do everything in our power to interest all the women of the church and the children too. Who's going to look after them if we don't? Instead

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