

Out in the Fields With God.

The little cares that fretted me, I lost them yesterday Among the fields above the sea, Among the winds at play; Among the lowing of the herds, The rustling of the trees, Among the singing of the birds, The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen— I cast them all away Among the clover-scented grass, Among the new-mown hay; Among the husking of the corn, Where drowsy poppies nod, Where ill thoughts die and good are born Out in the fields with God. Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The True Missionary Spirit.

(By Elizabeth Cheney.)

Little Mrs. Lynfold was an enthusiastic believer in foreign missions, but, although her heart was large enough to endow a dozen orphanages and hospitals, her pocket-book was small, and she could only give 'two cents a week and a prayer.' In fact, her heaviest cross was that thin pocket-book. With all her thrift and industry and faculty for making something out of nothing, it was impossible for the Lynfolds to get ahead financially. Mr. Lynfold had a fair salary as a book-keeper, but six vigorous children can make incredible inroads on the stock of butcher, baker, and grocer, to say nothing of the shoemaker, and there were clothes for spring and fall, and always the rent to meet, and an occasional doctor's bill. The best they could do was to live in reasonable comfort and keep out of debt.

That day at the missionary meeting, Judge Wellford's widow had read an autograph letter from her very own Bible woman, a thrilling account of one day's work in the zenanas, where souls were turning eagerly toward the Light of the World. Mrs. Wellford read the letter with great satisfaction, and Mrs. Lynfold had listened with hot tears rising to her eyes.

'Only thirty dollars a year!' Mrs. President was saying.

Mrs. Lynfold smiled a grim little smile. Thirty dollars was not as much for Mrs. Wellford as thirty cents was to the Lynfold exchequer!

'Dear Lord!' she cried, 'Thou knowest that I do not envy Mrs. Wellford her fine house, her servants, her horses, her lovely clothes, but how is it, when she loves the heathen no better than I do, that she can send Thy truth to so many, many women, while I have but two cents a week to give?'

She buried her face in her hands.

'Not yours but you.'

She knew there were only forty members of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society in the great church to which she belonged. Forty women out of three hundred and fifty! She knew that most of them never had the work brought to their personal attention. Would she undertake that task? Did she love Christ enough to do it? Did she care enough for those suffering heathen women to do it? It meant so many steps, so many words, so much tact and patience and faith and courage, and so many encounters with indifference and unbelief, perhaps with contempt. The call grew clearer and stronger; the struggle with self-will and fear was brief. Whom God appoints He anoints.

'Only baptize me with Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, for this service!' prayed Helen Lynfold; and like every soul that passes over Peniel, she found that it was sunrise.

In that little attic store-room God had given her a commission. It was not romantic nor remote; but light and love came with it that she had never known. She went at the task quietly, and pursued it unobtrusively. She was sure that God would direct her every step, and so when the days were filled with home duties she did not fret at delay. She supplied herself with the best leaflets, and she distributed them in a manner that made them acceptable and insured their perusal. Occasionally, after earnest

prayer, she would make a call with the express purpose of securing a new member for the auxiliary, but it was difficult for her to get out of an afternoon, and it was surprising how many ladies called upon her, and so brought into her own parlor the coveted opportunity for saying a word for the cause she loved.

She often wondered at the interest the truth awakened, at the kindness with which her advances were met, and the almost un-failing success of her efforts. She did not know that there was a light in her eyes, a magnetism in her voice, a tenderness and force in her simple eloquence that came of the fulness of the Spirit of Jesus, and stirred many hearts. In six months she had secured, without any flurry of excitement or parade of lofty intent, one hundred new members and fifty subscriptions.

Of these, one woman of wealth undertook the support of an orphan in China, two others each pledged themselves to sustain a Bible woman in Japan; but, best of all, bright, beautiful Agnes Carroll, having joined the society, became intensely interested, and was called to the foreign field. The night before she left home for the missionary training institute, she bent and kissed Mrs. Lynfold on the forehead, saying, 'It was your hand, dear, that opened the door of service to my idle feet, and I caught a glimpse of a life so attractive, that I could not hold back. Whatever I may know of blessedness or reward in my life-work must be shared with you.'

And thus it happened that of all who toiled that year for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, the one whose achievement stood second to none in far-reaching results was the little woman with the thin purse, who gave herself.—Source Unknown.

What Kind of Religion We Want.

We want religion that softens the step, and turns the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being cross when the dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the doormat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants, besides paying them promptly; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the eastern fig-tree, bearing on its bosom at once the tender blossom and the glory of the ripening fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway and the sensitive souls who are travelling over them.—'Helpful Thought.'

The Solid Wood.

'I'm almost afraid to use this beautiful table,' said the owner.

The cabinet-maker ran his hand across the polished surface and felt the thickness of the wood.

'What are you afraid of?' he asked brusquely. 'You can't wear out that table. Why, do you know nowadays they'd make fifty veneered tables out of just the wood you've got in this one. But this—the more you use it, the better for it, madam. The only flaw there is on it now is this wormhole, and that came, you say, when you had it stored away in the loft.'

That ninety-year-old table had been in constant use, had been sunned, and aired, and cleaned, and polished, and loaded down with viands, over and over again without any injury. Left alone for a few years, and supposed to be safe from harm, and resting, it got the only injury of its long life.

'You're too bright and too lovely to be just wearing yourself out doing so much for other people,' said one girl to another.

'I can't be very good stuff to begin with, then,' was the girl's retort. 'Trying to live happily with one's neighbors never wore

anybody out yet, unless the person was of such thin veneer that she was afraid people would find her out.'

There is one law for the solid people and the solid woods, and that is the law of constant, well-sunned, well-aired, cheery use. Being 'exclusive' makes the value of either person or table deteriorate. The best thoughts, the most original ideas, the happiest wit, the liveliest talent, if they are of solid worth are worth most when they are in daily use, and not when they are put to one side for extra 'showing off' outside the circle of one's nearest acquaintance. Only veneer is injured by the common, practical, wholesome duties of every day.—'Forward.'

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