

Woman's Work.

Minnedosa.

A letter just received from our Minnedosa mission field says: "The opening of our meeting house on the 15th June was a grand success. The other churches in town all closed their houses in the morning, and the Methodists closed theirs both morning and evening. Our house was filled three times during the day. Bro. Finch, of Portage la Prairie, preached in the morning; Bro. G. O. Black in the afternoon, and Professor Howitt, of the Methodist University, Montreal, in the evening; subject, "Christian Union"—a splendid sermon all through. "Our collections amounted to \$95, and we also got subscriptions to our building fund of \$80 from brethren who were present from the Portage and Poplar Hill. There were with us four sisters and two brethren from the Portage—distance of 80 miles—and two sisters and three brethren from Poplar Hill—distance of 40 miles. So you can see no interest that is taken in our cause in this country when our brethren will go that distance to attend the opening of a small meeting-house. "Our house is the neatest and most comfortable church-building in the town, and our prospects for the present year's work are greatly ahead of what they were last year, if we have the right man to assist us. Bro. Lemon has gone home, and our prayers and our sympathies go with him. He has left a void in our midst that will be hard to fill. He has been a blessing to our town, and has been the means, in God's hands, of leading a great many to live better lives. The seed he has sown will yet bear fruit to the glory of God. Bro. Finch was with us on the 29th of June also, when two, who had decided for Christ before Bro. Lemon left, made the good confession and were baptized. Bro. Finch and Bro. Black will keep our house occupied until you send us a man. Give us an earnest, good man, who will preach the pure unadulterated gospel in Bible language, and in a plain forcible manner. The people will give liberally to support a good preacher, an every-day worker, who can win souls for Christ." This is very good, cheering news from Minnedosa. Truly both we and they may thank God and take courage.

In the report of our Annual Meeting in last issue it will be noticed that all the auxiliaries of the O. C. W. B. M. are urged to meet as early in each month as possible. In explanation we may say that if each auxiliary will appoint their day of meeting early—say the first Sunday, or the first Wednesday, as the case may be, in each month—they will then be able to make their quarterly returns in time for the treasurer to make her quarterly reports. If this plan is adopted it will also be a convenience for our treasurer at the end of the financial year, as she can then have in all returns, and be able to close her books before the Annual Meeting. Some of our auxiliaries have their meetings on the first Sunday in the month, and find the attendance considerably larger than it was when meeting on a week day.

At the last meeting we acted upon the suggestions given by Sister Christian in her program for June, that is, that those who read the Scripture selections should make remarks upon them as they read them. There were a number of selections, and our meeting was more interesting to all than is usually the case.

The great questions for us all are: How shall we get the greatest possible good from our meetings? And, How shall we make them helpful to all the members?

Now, there are many sisters who can take notes of the methods that have proved most successful in their meetings, and also give suggestions of their own, which will assist all if they will give them to us through THE EVANGELIST.

Nearness of life to the Saviour will necessarily involve greatness of love to Him. As nearness to the sun increases the temperature of various planets, so near and intimate communion with Jesus raises the heat of the soul's affections towards him.—Spurgeon.

Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. L. Lillard, Sept., Poplar Hill, Ont.; to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

Over There.

Come journey with me, little children, So guarded with fond, loving care; Let us take a short trip o'er the ocean, And look in on the little ones there. Lo! here, in an Indian hevel, Lies one with her veins all Atlantic With the fever's swift scourge; death is on her, Yet she never heard Jesus' dear name.

There is no one to bathe her hot forehead, To kiss her, with tear-filling eye, To speak to her words soft and tender; She is only a girl—let her die. For how can they know that a Saviour Died even for such as she? And who is to send them the tidings, Far over the wild, rolling sea?

Hark, children! oh, hark! From the forest Comes the sound of a baby's sad cry; 'Tis starving; 'tis lost there to perish; It is only a girl—it must die. And who will these little ones rescue? For thousands are thus cast away. And who teach the hard hearted parents It is wrong their own children to slay?

And now in Japan, little children, You think 'tis a happier land: Come into this strange looking temple, And notice these children who stand In worship before their dumb idols, Which hear not their praises or prayers; Look on that, and then think of our Jesus, Who knows all our pleasures and cares;

Who carries the lambs in His bosom— The weak, tender lambs of the fold. Cannot you help to send the sweet story To the lands where it has not been told? For no words can tell how they need it— Those poor, darkened souls over there; So your offerings bring, little children, And hallow each gift with a prayer. —Pure Words.

DEAR CHILDREN:—I am beginning to feel lonely without hearing from any of you. I saw a number of the dear young sisters in Owen Sound who are helping you in your mission work, and enjoyed talking with them very much. The time was very short, and I could not hear nearly all about the different bands which I should have liked; and now I have something to ask you to do, which will help to make our column more interesting and helpful. Will the President in each band choose one of the members in it to write to me. It may contain anything of interest about our work either at home or abroad. You may ask any questions you like, and I will try and answer them; or if you meet with any little article or short story in any of your papers, which you would like your brothers and sisters in the other bands to read, just send it to me. Tell me if you are quite pleased with what has been done with last year's money, and what you would like to do next year. Of course, if you all write at once, Mr. Munro will not be able to give us enough room, but I will save them, and all the carefully written letters shall go into the column as fast as there is space for them. So you can be writing to each other little pleasant letters, which will be very interesting, not only to the children, but older people too. Let me hear from some of you for the next paper if you can. J. E. L.

Mother's Journey.

There is a hint in the following incident of the way in which children may be trained so as not to regard death as the king of terrors:—

That night, before they went to bed, they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their hearts responded with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for it all their lives! She was very pale, but smiling, and her first words to them were: "I am going on a journey."

"A journey!" cried the children. "Will you take us with you?" "No; it is a long, long journey." "Mamma is going to the South," said Katy, "the doctor has ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida." "I am going to a far distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely South," said the mother, faintly, "and I will not come back." "You are going alone, mamma?"

asked Katy. "No," said the mother, in a low, sweet voice. "I am not going alone. My Physician goes with me. Kiss me good-bye, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall be gone. You will come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which mother had safely arrived while she slept.

"How did she go? Who came for her?" they asked, amid their tears. "The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" their father told them, solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children. When asked about their mother they say: "She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning they read in her Guide-book of that land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick," and where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes.—Detroit Free Press

Just as it Happened.

A TRUE STORY.

When little Clinton was five years old, his mamma showed him a pledge roll, to which she had persuaded several boys and girls to sign their names. He seemed very anxious to see his own name written there, and after impressing upon him the solemnity of the act as well as the great benefit it would be to him, mamma put his chubby little fingers around the pen-handle and guided it for him until his name appeared in full.

About a year afterward Clinton sat down to dinner where, among other desserts, mince pie was served and as he heard those about the table tease mamma and sisters about refusing it, he wanted to know what was the matter with the pie. When told it had liquor in it, he looked very sorry, for he was fond of pie. One and another urged him to take it, arguing that little bit of liquor would never hurt him, and that if he never did worse than that he would do well. Dear little Clinton! He looked at mamma, but she dropped her eyes, realizing that the moment was one in which he must decide for himself; she did not forget, however, to offer up a silent prayer that He who was tempted like as we are would help the boy in this first temptation. There was a pause—one look at the pie, and then the beautiful blue eyes changed their expression, and clearly and distinctly said the child, "Mamma, I will take some custard." God only know the joy of that mother's heart when the decision was made, and angels seemed hovering near that evening, when, closeted in her own room, she took Clinton on her knee and encouraged him to be always firm and to always dare to do right; and together they kneeled and asked the Father's blessing and protection.

During the late presidential campaign some one asked Clinton which party he was going to vote with when he grew to be a man, and he answered, "Whichever goes against the beer saloons." God grant that not only this little boy, but the boys all over our land, may come out fully for that part which is to remove the curse of liquor from our country!—Union Signal.

The test of a man is not whether he can govern a kingdom single-handed, but whether his private life is tender and beneficent, and his wife and children happy.—Julian Hawthorne.

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The moment a human being arrives at that point where he feels the object of life is to give rather than to get, when he prefers the place where he may be able to do the most for others, rather than to receive the most that others may do for him, that moment marks the transition into another and higher phase of life.—Christian Advocate.

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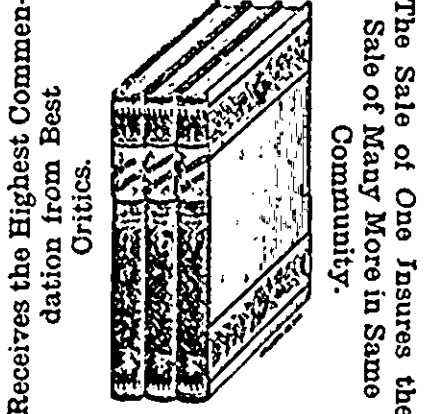
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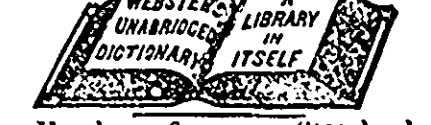
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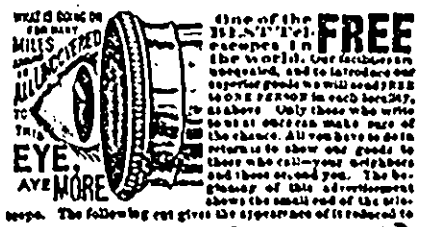
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