

Woman's Work.

Conducted by Mrs. S. M. Brown and Miss Jessie R. Agnew, 372 Shaw Street, Toronto. Everything intended for this column should be sent to Mrs. S. M. Brown, Watton, Ont.

O. C. W. B. M.

President, Mrs. W. B. Malcolm, 89 Church St., Toronto; Cor. Sec., Miss L. V. Rioch, 225 Maria St., Hamilton; Treasurer, Miss Jennie Fleming, Killyth.

Programme for January Meeting of Auxiliaries.

Topic—Preparation for work.

Opening hymn, No. 734.

Prayer by the leader.

Scripture reading—Col. iii. 1-17.

Hymn No. 689.

Recitation of appropriate texts by each sister in succession or roll call response.

Recording Secretary's report.

Corresponding Secretary's report.

Hymn No. 730.

Remarks, essays, or selections bearing on the subject by several sisters, interspersed by one or more stanzas of appropriate hymns unannounced.

Three or four sentence prayers.

A few minutes voluntary discussion on ways and means.

Collection of dues.

Closing hymn, No. 719.

Mizpah in concert.

Our success in any work we undertake in this life depends largely upon the preparation we make, and that preparation entails earnest thought and earnest desire coupled with a willing mind. Did the farmer bring no thought to bear upon his line of work, he might be hitching on to the reaper when he needed the seed drill. Did he not desire a good crop, he might sow the seed upon the uncultivated soil and serenely fold his arms in blissful ignorance of the result; had he not a willing mind to perform the necessary work, he would have no returns.

And this will also apply to our work for Christ and the church. If we will give one half hour every day to meditation and prayer, with our minds concentrated upon the needs of perishing humanity, and the cause of our Master, many opportunities for consecrated service will suggest themselves; and if in our weakness we hardly know how to proceed lest we hinder where we desire to help, then we may rely upon the promise given in James 1-5. I firmly believe that if we put ourselves in a receptive attitude toward our Heavenly Father (asking in faith—nothing wavering), He will give us liberally of that wisdom which cometh from above and is no where else attainable, and which many of us can testify is a great help in preparing for work.

In regard to our auxiliary meeting being made interesting, and instructive, and well attended, I wish to emphasize the great need of earnest thought. Why, if every sister would think each day as much about how to help along the church work, auxiliary, mission band, or whatever line she is undertaking, as she is obliged to do in preparing the meals for the family, how well every department of work might be provided for. We don't think enough about the Lord's work.

We have found it a good plan to appoint different leaders each month in our auxiliary, the president naming the leader for the following month at the close of the meeting. The meetings are made much more entertaining if some or all of the sisters have been thinking about them during the intervening weeks, and an item on missionary work in a paper or book catches the eye, and is cut out or copied, to be read at the next meeting. Sometimes a private letter contains something very helpful, and an extract from it. Then if some one sister has more selections

than she cares to read herself she may quietly hand them to one or more of the more retiring sisters with a whispered wish that she read it for the rest to enjoy.

If the leader feels herself incompetent to prepare an essay or remarks on the topic, she may ask some one else to do so, making sure that there be at least one or two short essays and plenty of selections. This can easily be done if the leader will only think about it, as I said before, and speak to each one privately beforehand. Changing the leaders every month divides up the work and responsibility.

To prevent formality, and also to cultivate a sense of responsibility and helpfulness, it is wise for each sister to try and catch the spirit of the speaker or reader and be ready to sing, unannounced, a stanza of some familiar hymn suggested by what has been said, and all join heartily in.

But above all let there be a willing mind and a prayerful spirit. Let love for God and humanity prompt our every action and inspire our every thought, and "be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

MRS. W. M. ANGLE.

Wainfleet, Dec. 4, 1893.

This December day is cold and bleak, for the air is thick with falling snow, which the wind, as if in playful mood, is busily forming into long white waves where it has "sea-room" to do so; and where its freedom of action is interfered with by buildings, or fence, or shrub, it creates such various and fantastic shapes that any one with a sprightly imagination could easily read their design, and thereby weave a pretty tale of fairy love. I wish that the sisters who, like the singing birds fled from our northern winter to the land of sunshine and ever-blooming flowers, would send us a word or two through the EVANGELIST, giving us a glimpse of summer-land to brighten our winter skies.

We sing of a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.

But I always like to linger over these lines:—

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

We are drawing nearer it every day. Some of us may not have long to wait. Will we pass through the "covered way that opens into light"—the beautiful light of God? Wherefore, seeing we look for such things,—things that ravish the heart even to think of them, let us be diligent in the work that our Master—the King of that fair country—has given us to do until He comes to call us home.

I have lately been reading some of Norman Macleod's delightful character sketches. They have a peculiar charm because of their setting with his own pure, beautiful thoughts and poetic fancies. Speaking of a sunset in the Highlands, he says: "The whole western sky became full of glory, with golden islands sleeping on a sea in which it might seem a thousand rainbows had been dissolved, while the beauty of the landscape was a very gospel of glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will to man." Here and there, all through them, we come upon bits descriptive of scenery or of character that hold us in the spell of that magic beauty, for we cannot choose but pause by his side upon the rugged edge of some overhanging cliff in the Western Highlands, and see with his eyes the "wonderful vastness of the far stretching landscapes of hills beyond hills in endless ridges mingling afar with upper sky." A feeling of solemn joy, as if we stood in God's presence, steals over us

as we still gaze with him upon "the sweep of the rocky corries, the sombre coloring of the mountains, the shifting mists and clouds that hang over its dark precipice or drink in the awful silence of the untrodden valleys." But, leaving all that, and coming down to the plain of every-day-life, I met with this saying: "Of all gifts bestowed on us from above, that of helping human beings to become better and happier is the greatest." And I was constrained to pause again, and linger over the thought. Is that a rare gift or privilege, bestowed only upon a favored few? The words are simple and commonplace enough—"helping human beings to become better and happier."

After all, wasn't it to do just that, that Christ came from heaven to earth? And how can we be at all like Him without helping some one to be better and happier. We cannot even wear a cheerful face, or speak kindly and encouraging words, or cultivate a patient, forbearing spirit, without making those of our own households better and happier. In short, it seems to me to be an impossible thing for any human being to have in them the mind that was Christ Jesus without causing all who come within their influence to be better and happier, just in proportion to the fulness of that mind or spirit which they possess. Prof. Drummond says: "To have lived with Christ, must have made one like Christ." And so indeed it did. Then, by very simple reasoning, we conclude that to live with one who is like Christ, who is filled with His spirit, and reflects as a mirror His character, will, in degree, cause us to grow into His image, and therefore to become better and happier. Perhaps it was something like this that the Master meant when He said, "Ye are the light of the world."

I found many beautiful thoughts in reading Norman Macleod that did me good, and it occurred to me that they might do some one else good; but I feel that I must not encroach too much upon the space that is due to others, and so will leave them for another issue.

It is our privilege, beloved, to realize more and more as the days go by that

"Companionship with Jesus,
Makes life divinely sweet."

S. M. BROWN.

Letter From Texas.

DEAR READERS OF CANADIAN EVANGELIST—

Perhaps we have never before so eagerly scanned the pages of the EVANGELIST for home news. Many of you will readily understand the reason—those who have been far from home. How often our thoughts wander back, and we pray that our Father will tenderly care for His own beloved, and lead them on to greater victories in His name. You will be glad to know that in this sunny southern clime we have those near and dear to us; to know that as each Lord's day comes round we have the privilege of sitting at His table with those that love to "do this in remembrance of me." As we think of those at home and in far off lands who also remember the Saviour's dying love, we realize the Christian need never feel far from home, but should ever bear in mind that wherever the Master leadeth there His work is to be found; and as "the King's business requireth haste," we should be striving to send the glad tidings everywhere.

It seems difficult to realize in this warm climate that Christmas is so very near. It is a rarity to see snow here. Usually the thermometer ranges from 70° to 80° in the day time, thus making outdoor life very pleasant while

the sun shines. And now in conclusion, I wish you all "a happy Christmas and very useful New Year."

BELLA SINCLAIR.

Bertram, Texas, Dec. 5, 1893.

Children's Work.

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

Bound for Fairyland.

Two little maidens went hand in hand,
Trudging and toiling to fairyland;
They lost their way in a tangled dell
And came at last to a wishing well.

What did they wish for? They wished
for home,
But gave their hand to a merry gnome,
Who led them to a fairy bower,
And there they slept in a lily flower.

Through fairy morrows each reigned a queen
In jewelled crown and a robe of green,
But in the arbor where roses peep
Their kind nurse found them—they'd gone to sleep.

Jimmie State, and the Little Bird's Prophecy.

BY AGNES.

CHAPTER V.

So Jimmie and James b came fast friends. The feeling of restraint between them vanished after their talk about the accident.

In the course of one of their conversations Jimmie confided his intention to be a rich man some day to James. He said, "Yes, since I mean to be a rich man, your father is the only real rich man I know beside Mr. Anderson. Mr. Anderson is quite rich, you know, but both of them know such a lot," and Jimmie sighed.

"Well, can't you learn too?" queried James.

"That's it, you see. I've begun to try to get rich. Figgerin' I like, but books, grammar 'n sich do seem such fool sense to me. Do you like 'em? I guess you know a lot."

"I don't know as much as I had a chance to learn by a long shot."

"Well, I'm bound I'll learn, but I'd rather snit wood any day. You and your father talk different to us. It don't sound rough, somehow. Mrs. Anderson, now; she talks pretty, but your father's words come so nice and smooth."

"He is used to making speeches and—oh, well, haranguing a court is his business, you know."

"Yes, I s'pose so. I s'pose he got his learnin' before he begun to earn money?"

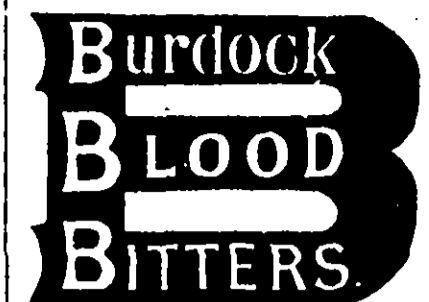
"Yes, father went through college and took his degree before he began really to study law. I believe he was twenty-five when he passed his final exam," said James.

"Whittaker! Was he that old? Was he all them year learnin'?" Jimmie looked despairing. "I'm ten past now, and when I have to multiply quarts of berries 'n sich, and make it come to dollars and cents I get so scared for fear I'll get it wrong 'n cheat Mrs. Anderson or the folks that deal with her, my heart bangs like a hammer."

James laughed. "I'll bet anything they will look out for that. You need not be afraid for the customers, Jim."

"I'll watch out for Mrs. Anderson, though," Jimmie hardly liked the judgment James passed on Mrs. Anderson's customers, but he had recollections of times when people had tried to do him out of a few cents that were in reality nothing to them except as they showed their sharpness at bargaining.

"Tell you what," said Jimmie, thinking of these people, "there's some folks I'd like to turn loose 'n make



UNLOCKS ALL THE CLOSED SECRETIONS OF THE BOWELS, KIDNEYS AND LIVER, CARRYING OFF GRADUALLY, WITHOUT WEAKENING THE SYSTEM, ALL IMPURITIES AND FOUL HUMORS. AT THE SAME TIME CORRECTING ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, CURING BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, HEARTBURN, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, SKIN DISEASES, JAUNDICE, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, NERVOUSNESS, AND GENERAL DEBILITY. THESE AND ALL SIMILAR COMPLAINTS QUICKLY YIELD TO THE CURATIVE INFLUENCE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

them raise their own grub, just to see if they wouldn't get to think it was worth payin' for. There's Mrs. Close in town there, she wouldn't buy my lettuce—it was crisp and fresh—because she said she could get three bunches for five cents at the butcher's, 'n I wouldn't sell a leaf over two bunches for five cents; the butcher's stuff was all willy. And there's old Mrs. Miserly; she won't never buy a pound of butter without grumbling at the price. One day I up 'n sez to her, sez I, 'tell you what, Mrs. Miserly, if you had to milk the cows, 'n skim the cream, 'n scald 'n salt the churn 'n butter bowl, 'n churn the butter, 'n work it, 'n then send it five miles into town, I'll bet you wouldn't take a cent less than a dollar a pound? I said that to her. Mrs. Anderson said I was sassy, but she laughed in her eyes; I could see through her specs."

James did not confine his laughter to his eyes; he shouted with boyish merriment. "Did you really say that to that properly named old skinflint? Good for you, Jim. I couldn't have done it myself, but I'm glad some other fellow could. Father has had some experience with that individual; she used to come to the house—." Here Mrs. Anderson interrupted this rather too personal conversation.

"Come, Jimmie, here is James' tea tray all ready. Get out the little table."

AGNES.

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