

ELLEN'S OFFERING.

BY EMMA STEWART.

Ellen Allen was a Christian girl, and it was with a sincere and earnest purpose that she asked of God—

"Help me this and every day
To live more nearly as I pray."

Yet she was young and often thoughtless; full of life and fun, and in danger of losing sight of the high standard of action she had set for herself with the opening year.

Miss Havergal's words are indeed an inspiration, by which the simple round of daily life may be made rich and beautiful with heavenly light, and Ellen wanted to realize this wish as expressed in one of her poems—

"A bright new year and a sunny track
Along an upward way,
And a song of praise on looking back
When the year has passed away,
And golden sheaves nor small nor few,
This is my new year's wish for you."

Ellen was sitting on the floor in her mother's room, arranging a box which held her fancy work. She was one of those who like to do what others are doing; consequently there were rolls of crocheted antique lace and lovely embroidered squares of a silk quilt, as well as a completed sofa cushion, richly worked. Embroidery was Ellen's forte; her wild roses looked as if they had been thrown carelessly on the olive satin, and the shading was excellent, while her cockscombs and golden-rod were tufted in soft perfection; and then her work never looked drawn, nor were the stitches uneven. Just now, however, she was looking at a crocheted tidy worked in cross stitch.

"What shall I do with the old thing? I'm tired to death of it, and never did like to do cross stitch."

"Why, I thought you were going to give it to Agnes Keller," said her mother.

"Yes, but it isn't pretty enough, so I will finish it up in a hurry this afternoon and put it in the missionary basket; it will do plenty well enough for that. By the way, I promised last month to look up something about the climate and productions of India, and here it is nearly time for the meeting of the Band!"

Mrs. Allen was too much engaged in trying to get the inside part of a sleeve out of a very small piece of gingham to pay much attention to her daughter, so merely said, "hem hem" musingly, after the fashion of busy people. Ellen was about to hunt up her information concerning India when the mail came in, and with it a roll of music which occupied her until it was within ten minutes of the time to go to the meeting of the Band.

"Mother, mother! do you know anything about the climate and productions of India?"

"If I do, I cannot tell you now, I am very busy; look in your geography."

"Can't find my geography," cried Ellen from the depths of the book closet where she was searching frantically. "Well, I shall have to tell them all I know, and that will be very little."

But she was disturbed by her own neglect, and at bedtime she remembered, with another twinge of conscience, that she had not looked at her Sunday-school lesson, and it was Saturday night. So wrapping herself in a shawl she sat down to look it over, for anything so cursory could not be called study; but one verse of the lesson was impressed upon her heart:

"Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing"—2 Sam. 24: 24.

The next day Mr. Laudon, the minister, dined with Ellen's parents, and she heard him tell of how the ladies of a Southern town where he used to live, had done plain sewing, in order to earn money for charitable purposes. The idea attracted Ellen at once, and she eagerly suggested it to her mother at the first opportunity, asking:

"Why should not I do something of the kind. Let me make those gingham aprons and unbleached muslin things you intended Mrs. Howen to do."

"Why, Ellen," said her mother, "I am rather in a hurry for these things, and your time is so occupied with study and music that you would not finish them very soon; however, that is not really the point, Mrs. Howen positively needs the money for this

machine work, and it is a real charity to give her sewing to do."

"But, mother, I would like to do something."

"Yes, dear, but it seems to me you already have a good deal on hand. There is your Sunday-school class; have you visited all your children lately?"

"I am afraid if I do they will all come out, and what I have nearly set me wild," said Ellen, laughing.

"No matter what happens, do not neglect them on any account; and there is the Mission Band, for which you should carefully prepare and attend regularly, and your Sunday-school lesson; do you study it as you should? But if, besides all this, you want to earn by your own effort some money to use in your Christian work, I have a plan to propose; but it will require some self-sacrifice on your part. Cousin Mary Wilmot wants to have a white cashmere cloak embroidered for her little namesake, and I think you might offer to do it. What do you think of undertaking it?"

"The very thing!" cried Ellen; "but, mother, I would rather that only you and Cousin Mary should know for what purpose I want the money."

"Very well, dear; and think well before you undertake it, for you will be obliged to spend your evenings at home for a while, and exercise self-denial in other ways. Above all, do not depend upon your own strength to carry out this new purpose."

Ellen made no reply, but the conversation

many times over about the way it began, and about the Woman's Crusade, the "Crusade Quilt," and the woman who led the first prayer-meeting in the Crusade.

Mrs. Eliza J. Thompson, as the daughter of Governor Trimble, of Ohio, came by her strong temperance principles both by inheritance and education. When only a girl she was her father's companion upon one occasion when he was a delegate to a temperance convention. Now some of you have been in temperance conventions where the largest churches or city halls would not contain the crowds who came. Conventions where the delegates were numbered by hundreds, and the interested spectators by thousands; but this early convention was so small that all who came could be accommodated in the dining-room of a hotel. And in another respect was that convention of half a century ago unlike those of to-day. Now you will find men and women coming together to plan for the battle against our nation's foe; then, the young Ohio girl said as she glanced in at the open door and saw only men assembled: "I shall be the only lady there!—I am afraid it is not proper for me to go in." But her father reassured her, by saying, "My daughter should never be afraid even if she is alone in a good cause."

When, years afterwards, in Hillsborough, O., there came the beginning of that remarkable temperance movement known as the Crusade, this same Ohio girl, now Mrs. Judge Thompson, was chosen by the women of the

'the bar.' Seizing the strange opportunity, the leader addressed him as follows: "Well, sir, this must seem to you a strange audience. I suppose, however, that you understand the object of our visit. As you look upon some of the faces before you and observe the furrows of sorrow, made deep by the unholy business that you ply, you will find that it is no wonder we are here. We have come, not to threaten, not even to upbraid, but in the name of our Heavenly Friend and Saviour, and, in His spirit, to forgive and to commend you to His pardon if you will but abandon a business that is so damaging to our hearts and homes."

"The embarrassment and hesitation of the saloon keeper were at once improved upon. The leader said softly, 'Let us pray.' Instantly all, even the liquor-seller himself, were upon their knees! The spirit of utterance came upon the leader, and perhaps for the first time in a saloon, 'the heavens were opened,' and as a seal of God's approval upon the self-sacrificing work there inaugurated, the 'spirit' came down and touched all hearts."

I have mentioned the "Crusade Quilt" This was presented to Mrs. Thompson at the convention in Baltimore, in 1877. It contained the autographs of three thousand women, and a curious thing about it is, that in the centre of the quilt there was sewed a prophecy, to be opened in the year 1976! We can imagine, can we not, what would be the prophecy of the hopeful, sanguine hearts of the women of the Temperance Crusade? And we can all echo the sentiment expressed by Mrs. Lathrop: "Let us hope to meet at the next centennial on the hills of Paradise, and look down upon a country redeemed from the curse of alcohol."—Pansy.

A BOY'S STORY.

A Christian man, meeting a little boy in the country one day, had a conversation with him, and, among other things, he asked him if he was saved.

"Oh yes!" replied the boy; "I have been saved ever since the bee stung my mother."

"What is that you say, my boy?" said the gentleman.

"I have been saved, sir, ever since the bee stung my mother."

Seeing that the boy looked serious and as if he were only making a very ordinary remark, he said, "Tell me all about it, then."

"Why, sir, it was like this," said the boy; "I was out in the garden one day when a bee came buzzing all round me, and being afraid that I should be stung, I called out, 'Mother! oh, mother!' She quickly came to my help, and led me indoors, but the bee came in, too, and there it was buzzing about mother and me; so she lifted up her apron and covered my head with it, that the bee could not get near to me."

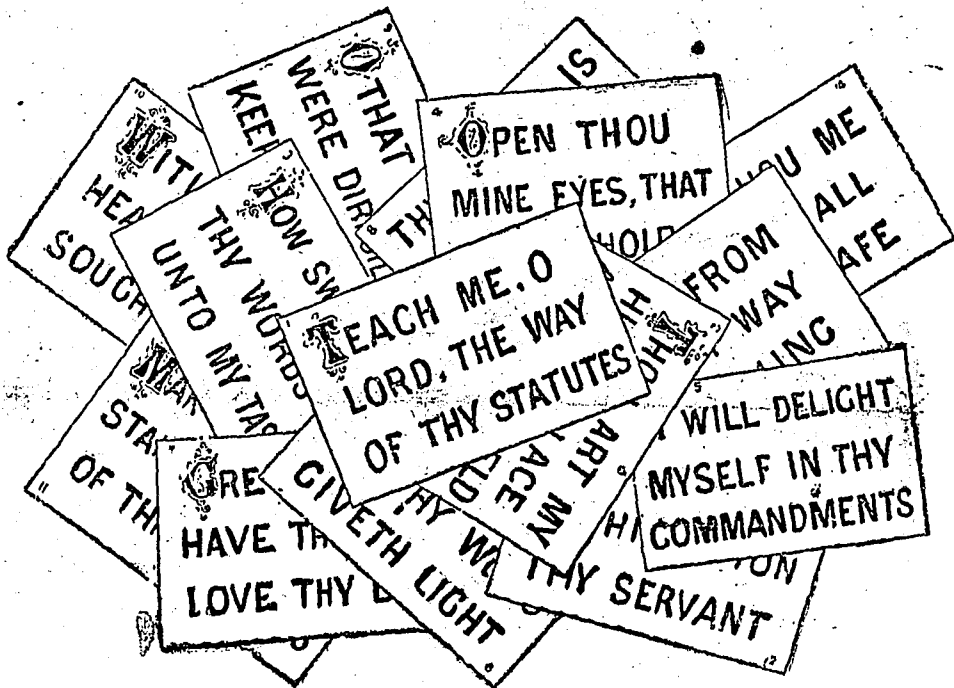
"Well, while I was covered with mother's apron the bee settled on her arm and stung her. But it left its sting behind, and she took me from under her apron, showed me the sting still in her arm, and said that that bee could never sting any one else, because it had lost its sting—left it in mother's arm."

"Then she said that, like to the way she had borne the sting for me, so Jesus had borne death for me; that He had destroyed the power of Satan our enemy, and that if I believed that He had really done this for me, all my sins would be gone. I did believe, then, sir; and so I am saved."

This was the little boy's story, and the gentleman could not say nay to it; he could only add, "May God bless you, boy," as he bade him good-bye.—Little Friend.

"THAT I MAY HAVE TO GIVE TO HIM THAT NEEDETH."

Write it on every bond you accumulate, on every profit you acquire. Write it on your daily earnings and on your weekly pay: "That I may have to give to him that needeth." Write it on your investments and on your income, the great amount or the little amount: "That I may have to give to him that needeth." Write it on your safes and on your ledgers, on your workman's tools, on your seamstress' spools and needle case: "That I may have to give to him that needeth." Here is the end of toil and labor.—Rev. A. J. Gordon.



Give references (from Psalm cxix.) to the texts on these 14 cards.

led her to think more seriously of her plan, and to give it more prayerful consideration, as her mother had suggested.

Mrs. Allen hoped that this work, though perhaps begun in mere enthusiasm or impulse, might have a lasting effect upon Ellen's character. She was evidently beginning to realize that it is not right to offer to the Lord that which costs us nothing. The service of Christ requires "our warmest affections, our sunniest hours." She was also learning that the little ordinary everyday duties, when performed with an eye single to God's service, are as acceptable as was the alabaster box of very precious ointment offered by the woman who loved much; and is not the whole house filled with the perfume thereof?

"The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

The dainty needle-work begun and persevered in in this spirit proved, after all, a real pleasure to Ellen. With what care she placed every stitch, and how many loving thoughts and earnest resolutions were interwoven with the graceful pattern, and when complete how joyfully thankful she felt that she had taken one step along the upward way!—N. Y. Observer.

MRS. THOMPSON ON THE CRUSADE.

Many of you hear much about the W.C.T.U., because your mothers and sisters belong to it. And perhaps you have heard

village to lead the first heroic band in saloon visiting. She tells us how, when the summons came to her to join the women who met at nine o'clock on the 24th of December, 1873, she sought to know her duty in the matter. She says: "I turned the key and was in the act of kneeling before God and his holy word to see what would be sent me, when I heard a gentle tap at my door. Upon opening it, I saw my little daughter with her Bible open, and the tears coursing down her young cheeks, as she said, 'I opened to this, mother; it must be for you.' She immediately left the room, and I sat down to read the wonderful message of the great 'I am' contained in the one hundred and forty-sixth Psalm." She doubted no longer, but immediately went to the church where the women waited their leader.

And this psalm which was her inspiration that morning, has since been known as the "Crusade Psalm." After an hour of earnest prayer, and singing the hymn, the first line of which is, "Give to the wind thy fears," these noble women formed a procession, with Mrs. Thompson as their leader, and visited the places where liquor was sold. A description of one visit made that morning, as related by Mrs. Thompson herself, will give you an idea of the Woman's Crusade.

"We approached the 'first-class saloon,' on High street. Doubtless the proprietor had heard of our approach, as he held the door open with the most perfect suavity of manner until all the ladies had passed in, then closing it, he walked to his place behind