

W. B. M. U. Tidings.

VOL. 1,

AMHERST, N. S., MAY, 1894.

No. 7.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR

“Lord what wilt thou have me to do.”

PRAYER TOPIC.

“Pray that we may be able to send out four Missionaries this autumn, two male Missionaries and two single ladies.”

HER OFFERING.

The lock was out of order, so it was a long cold minute before the door could be opened. Even though she lived in one room and a closet, Miss Randilla felt a glad sense of home coming every time she conquered that unruly lock.

She lit her lamp, and looked about her. On the floor lay an envelope which somebody had slipped under the door. Miss Banks picked it up, and tried to guess what it contained, before she lit her oil stove and put her supper on to cook. How frugal was that supper they can guess who, after a hard day's work, have cooked lonely suppers over an oil stove.

Miss Banks sat down to wait for the cooking, and examined the envelope. It contained a stirring appeal for the cause of missions, and a statement that the treasury was empty. Also a little envelope to hold Miss Bank's thank-offering to be given at the praise meeting on Saturday Night. It was then Saturday evening.

Miss Banks was a seamstress, but for the last three years repeated attacks of rheumatism and grippe had left her little strength for work. The last sick spell had eaten up her small bank account; now she lived from hand to mouth. She was a tall spare woman with old age thinning and whitening her hair. Some people made unkind remarks about her homely appearance.

Yes my heroine was poor and homely and old; but to Him who looketh on the heart she was rich, beautiful and immortal. Poor and homely and old; yet her taste in giving was royal. She would like to pour gold into the Lord's treasury, she would