

"You love the Lord, brother, but can you afford to do this for Jesus?"

"Yes, I can afford to do anything for Jesus."

By this time the money was counted, and we both felt very tender. How I was made ashamed of the little I had done for Christ and the outside world, during all these years of my professed Christian life. I gave him a receipt and was anxious to know more about him.

"How long have you been a Christian?" said I.

"If I mistake not," he answered, "four years."

"What is your occupation?"

"I drive a truck."

"What wages do you receive?"

"Twelve dollars a week."

"And have you saved this out of your earnings?"

"Yes; I have some left."

"But how do you do it?"

"I lay away a little every week."

A gentleman present said, "I guess you don't go to the theatre?"

"Never was in one in my life."

I said, "I take it you do not drink beer or smoke?"

"Never amoko, and do not know the taste of liquors."

We parted; but I did not get over the effect of that meeting for days; and when I think of it now I am led to say with the poet:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my love, my life, my all."

Here is a practical lesson of living and giving for Christ—of giving our life to the Lord's work, though, in body, we are not in the foreign field. This young man is a real missionary, an example of self-sacrifice as bright as though teaching the heathen in their wigwams. While some are called to the front, and heroically give up all, others are needed on this end of the line, both as examples of holy living and holy giving; of earning for Christ, and giving it cheerfully for His service. — *Medical Missionary.*

Thank-Offerings.

SAID a lady not long ago, speaking of a thank-offering box on her friend's table:—

"I do not believe in these thank-offerings. It seems to me belittling that every time I receive any good thing from my Heavenly Father, I should try to pay him for it by dropping a dime or a quarter or a dollar—according to my valuation of the gift and the amount of change I have on hand—into a box, for thanks. If I have anything to give I want to give it, and not dole it out as payment to the Lord for his gifts to me."

Was the lady right? Her friend pondered the matter long and thoughtfully, and by and by light came. She knew another lady who, having both the wealth and the inclination, was accustomed to give beautiful gifts to her less fortunate friends, who, of course, were not able to make acknowledgment in kind.

One of the recipients of her bounty, on a Christmas day, sent to her a single rose, begging her to accept it as a very small token of her appreciation of her friend's love and kindness. Speaking of it afterwards, the lady said:—

"Among all my gifts that day—and they were many and beautiful—I think nothing pleased me so much as that single rose. I love to give gifts, especially to those who have few of the good things of life, and all I want

to know is that they are pleased; still I must confess, a card or a flower or some little token in return does gratify me."

It seems to me that we may apply this same principle to the Friend who is the Giver of every gift to us. Though our small offerings can in no sense measure the value of the good things He is constantly showering upon us, still they may serve as a small expression of a great gratitude, and so be well pleasing in His sight.

The grace of thankfulness can be cultivated in no better way than by its frequent exercise in some tangible shape, and by some self-denial, if need be.—*Mission Studies.*

THE MASTER'S CALL.

[The following verses are from the pen of an aged lady, whose eyes are nearly blind, but whose heart is buoyed up with the prospect of the triumphs of the Church.]

Our poor heathen sisters, with crush'd hearts and bleeding,
Are stretching their hands and imploring our aid;
Across the blue ocean comes mute interceding;
Come over and help us, in darkness' deep shade!"

The door is now open to every nation,

The harvest is plenteous, the laborers few;

O, send forth the glorious news of salvation,

The Master is calling; He's calling for you!

Go forth in His strength, and show forth His glory:

Go! Labor where darkness and cruelty reign,
Or give of your substance to spread the glad story,
And pray that our Father, His blessing may deign!

There is work for each one, dearest sisters in Jesus;

No one need be idle at home or abroad.

Abroad, there is labor; at home it is precious

To work, wait, and pray, for the Kingdom of God!

THE WORK ABROAD.

Peyreee.

Extracts from Missionaries' Letters.

My dear Miss Buchan,—Yes, we were disappointed, very much disappointed, that no medical lady was found for us this year; but He doeth all things well and He knoweth best and we trust Him in this as in all else.

You may be sure the Brantford meetings were not forgotten before a Throne of Grace by us here, and while you were assembled there, discussing ways and means and plans for the coming year (Mr. and Mrs. Craig and I) were with the Church at Gunnanapudi. The first week of the month (October) Mr. Craig and his workers, my workers, and I met for four days study of the Word; and we were blessed indeed—don't know when I ever attended or took part in meetings that were so really helpful to me as were those, and, judging from expressions, both public and private of Bible women and preachers, I was not the only one thus enriched. Then the good Lord put it into our hearts to go to Gunnanapudi, and there hold special meetings with the church. The membership numbers something over 400 and what might not be, if only they were thoroughly roused. We came, and for eight days we met morning and afternoon, sometimes we had women's meetings—while Mr. Craig met with the men only—but more often the meetings were general. Good meetings they were and cannot but result in the upbuilding and strengthening of the