

MY THANK OFFERING.

MRS. J. H. KNOWLES.

Lord here is my hand, with its vigor and skill,
Or even its weakness, if this be Thy will:
Outstretched for humanity, tender and true,
Lord, here is my hand, for the good it may do.

Lord, here is my mind, with its power of thought,
With its treasures of knowledge the years may have brought:
To think and remember and purpose for Thee,
Lord, here is my mind, for the use it may be.

Lord, here is my heart, with its God-given store
Of faith, hope and charity—would it were more!
For grief it may soften, for pain it may share,
Lord, here is my heart, for the love it may bear.

So little and poor is the best I can bring,
To aid in Thy service, my Saviour and King!
But lo! with my gifts as I gratefully stand,
Transfigured is all by the touch of Thy hand.

THE MISSIONARY SACK.

SHOULD like to write you tonight a short sketch of some missionary travellers—not delegates to the W. M. S. to or from Brampton—but missionary gifts sent from that same vicinity where beat so many loving missionary hearts.

God's hand had rested heavily (humanly speaking) upon the home of one of earth's favored ones, and from that luxurious and worldly home four beautiful and promising children had been snatched. The broken but rebellious heart of the mother clung to the garments as well as all the other belongings of those loved ones, with the tenacity of a mother's affection. Through God's mercy, in a mysterious way, this mother's heart was brought under the ever-blessed influences of one of the Auxiliaries of our W. M. S., and rebellion yielded to loving submission. After some little time a call was made by this Auxiliary upon its members for ready-made clothing to be sent to some place known only as a needy mission station. It was then that the much-prized and carefully preserved clothes of her dead children seemed like so many voices to cry to the mother's awakened conscience, "Send us! Send us!" But ah! the thought of other forms wearing her darling's apparel, was like a knife severing the last tie. After a struggle, however, the bitterness of which was known only to her God, she sent into the Auxiliary the most useful of the clothes with this written message attached to each article: "God so loved that he gave." Many other contributions were made to the missionary sack, all more or less the fruit of personal sacrifice.

One young member, anxious to show practical sympathy for those in need, waived her intention of purchasing a rink ticket and nobly invested the price thereof in clothing to help fill the sack. Another made last winter's suit serve present demands and sent the sea-

son's new outfit to clothe a more needy case.

Now, let us follow the course of this precious freight after its delivery at the intended mission. It falls into the hands of those whose hearts are wrung with sorrow at the familiar sight of need, but whose means are limited to almost personal requirements. Imagine with what interest and love the welcome charities are distributed. Earnest prayers are offered for Divine guidance that they may indeed prove to be God's messengers, and go forth to do the Master's work.

What rejoicing came to Jonnie James' heart one night when a whole suit of lovely clothing was sent to her! Jennie was the only girl of a large family—a sweet child of twelve years—but unfortunately born of parents who knew or thought very little of the things of God. This child had been asked so often to come to the Sabbath school that her childish curiosity awakened in her desires to attend, and when the last obstacle was removed through decent apparel being provided, she started out and continued as a regular attendant at the school.

One in no way interested in missionary work can scarcely imagine the dark hearts and stolid indifference to be found even amidst the very blaze of gospel light. Such was the extreme condition in Jennie's house; and as her hungry soul feasted on the story of Jesus' love, so new to her, as taught in the Sabbath School, she became a subject of converting grace. After a few months, consumption made rapid progress upon her delicate frame, and kept her housed; but her constant talk was of what she had learned in the Sabbath school, and her grateful heart pointed to the missionary clothing as the means of so much good. After a year of weakness and suffering she slept in Jesus. During that time her personal and affectionate appeals to the loved ones of the home, sank as seed in good ground and sprang up in rich harvest in the hearts of Jennie's parents. They too have begun to learn of Jesus and are leading consistent Christian lives. Truly, love's sacrifice was not in vain.

A poor invalid boy was another to receive of the contents of the missionary sack. He was his father's idol. But alas! that father's feet never tended towards God's house, and his mind had only false and cruel conceptions of God. But when these gifts touched the interests of his boy, so dear to him, his mind was led to enquire the persons, the motives, etc., that had to do with bringing sunshine into his boy's life. On examining the gifts, the passage attached—"God so loved that he gave"—caught his eye. This proved an arrow of conviction and gave new direction to his queries. He sought the word of God, then the house of God and people of God. I need not detail the sequel. To-day, he, with many of his kin, are humble followers of Christ.

The value of that bereaved mother's gifts, who can estimate?

Quilts and warm clothing went to houses where hearts were pleading the promise "Jehovah Jireh," and widows' tears spoke the gratitude that lips refused to utter. But why prolong the tale! These few instances, out of many more, assure us that no sacrifice is vainly made for His name's sake, but that we shall receive an hundred-fold more in this present time; and in the world to come, life everlasting.

Nova Scotia,

A MISSION WORKER,