

OUR NEXT MARY IS MARY OF BETHANY.

She and Martha and Lazarus lived together. It was the home where Christ was always welcome. Freely they gave of their hospitality to the tired and precious Lord. And on one occasion this Mary of Bethany brought forth an alabaster box of precious ointment, opened it, and anointed the Master's head and feet with it. It was a costly sacrifice. It represented a whole year's wages. But so fervent was her love for Christ that she gladly broke the box and anointed His body with the contents. And for that generous gift she received the warmest approval of the Christ. "Where-soever this Gospel shall be preached, this also that she hath done will be told as a memorial of her." The perfume of her gift has lingered through all the centuries. The house of the Church has been filled with the odour of the ointment.

Mary of Bethany is **the type of those who give to missions.**

She placed her home and her wealth at her Master's disposal. And now we must think of **money** for a moment or two, for we cannot do our work without it. On all sides we are crippled and held back because of its lack. And it is not because Christians have it not. For there is ample wealth in the treasuries of professing Christians to evangelize the world to-morrow, in so far as money can do it. There are alabaster boxes just bursting with stored abundance. All that is needed are consecrated hearts and hands, to break them open, and pour forth their contents. And we have only one appeal to make. We do not want to stir your emotions by harrowing tales of suffering and paganism. Pity and sympathy are not motives sufficiently strong. Here is a story to illustrate what I mean. A wealthy woman awoke one very cold morning and said to her maid: "Jane, after you have built my fire and brought my breakfast, you may carry a little coal and provisions to those poor people in the alley. They must be suffering this frightfully cold morning." In a little while the lady was sitting in a cosy chair, by a cheerful fire, sipping her coffee. She was all peace and comfort, so she said, "Jane, you need not mind about those alley people. The weather has moderated quite a bit and they cannot be suffering so much now." Her sympathy and pity had vanished in her own warmth and cheer.

We need something stronger than pity. Only love for Christ will open the alabaster box. We talk of giving money to this or