

people are free to show their appreciation by such gifts as they choose to bring."

"Certainly then the success of your enterprise depends on the appreciation of the public; and what are you doing in training the public to appreciate the splendid goods you offer them?" I queried. "Are you thoughtful and persistent in reaching the public by use of the press? Are you telling them what they should know?"

"Well, hardly," he replied with a slight tremble of the lip. "I have hoped that the goods would advertise themselves, or that the good people would pass the word around. Perhaps this side of our problem has been neglected."

My interest was intense as I asked further, "What are you doing among the children who may become your best customers in the future? Can you teach them to value this enterprise and eventually give in return for what is done for them in such amounts as shall finance the work at least?"

A smile played over the kind merchant's face. "Come with me. I'll show you what we have been doing" said he, as he led the way down to a room where many children were gathered around earnest teachers. We watched the school for a few minutes, and I could not repress this question: "What appreciation do the parents show for this splendid work?"

"Oh, it is hard to say," he answered, "I hope very much; but they seldom visit the school, and their gifts would not keep the work going."

"And what value are the children led to place on this work and this institution?" I asked impatiently. His reply was a request that we wait and observe the ceremony as the children gave their gifts.

It was a pretty sight, many little folk marching around the room past an offering basket where each placed a penny or more as they sang, "Hear the pennies dropping." Yet I could restrain myself no longer, and I prayed "O, Lord, open this man's eyes that he may see." And it seemed as though I rushed out of the

place smitten with the conviction that while the outside world demands dimes and dollars for its service, this institution is content that children give paltry gifts passed to them from their parents—gifts which every little child knows are not adequate to buy a stick of candy or a package of gum. Is it little wonder that children grow up with penny notions of the value of this work?

As I rushed out into the busy street a bell in the tower seemed to be ringing and I knew that I had been in a church; but I do not recall the place or the name of the preacher, for the trainman rudely shouted my station and aroused me to other realities.

United Day of Prayer for Missions

Remember the United Day of Prayer for Missions, **March 7th.**

Speaking of this day, one of our Exchanges, the Missionary Messenger, well says:

"**The Power of Prayer** is unquestionably the greatest power on earth. When we call our women throughout Canada to unite in prayer, as we do on March 7th, it is because we realize that prayer will release more energy for the world's help than any other agency known to us. We read of Christ, our Example, that "He went into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God," but after He had prayed all night, when it was day, He came down and stood in the plain and healed the people. He knew the source of spiritual strength; and every Christian who would serve the world successfully must not only learn the power of prayer, but practise it.

In the days that lie between now and the seventh of March, may we "keep the channels open between the Heavenly Throne of Grace and the earthly place of supplication so that the Spirit of Prayer may have unhindered entrance and complete possession," when we gather at our intercessory service."

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