

W. B. M. U.

Of The Maritime Provinces.

Communications for this Department should be addressed to Mrs. J. I. Bates, Amherst, N.S.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH.—*Tekkali, for a manifestation of the Spirit's power upon its missionaries, and helpers, that they may be used in the conversion of souls. For the officers of the W. M. A. Societies.*

EVENING PRAYER.

Take unto Thyself, O, Father!
This folded day of Thine.
This weary day of mine,
Its ragged corners cut me yet,
O, still the jar and fret!
Father! do not forget
That I am tired
With this day of Thine.

Breathe thy pure breath, watching Father,
On this marred day of Thine,
This wandering day of mine,
Be patient with its blur and blot,
Wash it white of stain and spot,
Reproachful eyes! remember not
That I have grieved Thee
On this day of Thine!

—E. S. Phelps.

GOING UP TO JERUSALEM.

*A meditation on Mark 10: 32, by the late Miss Amy Johnstone.

I had been a long weary journey from the North, down by the Jordan, stopping every now and then where the crowd gathered, bringing their sick for one touch of His all-healing hand; or, while He preached to them of things pertaining to the Kingdom; sermons, that, as He neared His journey's end, seemed to grow more and more solemn, laden as it were with the air of eternity.

We can almost see the company, the Master in the midst, the disciples as close as possible, and the great crowd following behind. As they near the holy city we lose sight of the multitude. Christ seems to be alone with the twelve, and then, somehow, from being in the midst, He suddenly takes the lead, and even Peter, awed, follows in silence. "Jesus went before them; and they were amazed; and as they followed they were afraid." It could not have been the first time that they were amazed. All along His

wondrous works and words must have excited their wonder, but now it is different. He speaks no word, apparently, at first. There must have been something in His manner or face which separated them from Him. They could not enter into the anguish of His soul.

We have seen people in great sorrow, whose grief was so great that it seemed impossible to come near them—a grief without tears or words. The Master was enduring agony such as never had been nor shall be. Was He not as man, realizing more and more the awfulness of the trial before Him? Did He not feel a terrible loneliness coming over Him? He had tried to tell His disciples what should happen; but they understood not. He had not the comfort we have of telling our sorrows to sympathizing ears. Often the very telling of them brings relief, and He was man. What strange and incommunicable thoughts must have filled Him, as the weight of a world's guilt was pressing Him down, with the shadows of Calvary and Death deepening at every step! And then the physical agony. Death by crucifixion was attended with unspeakable suffering. We shudder at pain, even with every appliance for relief. He knew that His pain must last till death, that He must tread "the winepress alone." And then the withdrawing of His Father's face from Him; no words can express the horror and anguish that must have filled His soul. Perhaps there would come the thoughts of a redeemed people, bought by all this agony. No wonder that seeing this agony depicted on His face—an agony blended with a holy, awful joy—the disciples were amazed and afraid.

The more we think of it, the more it seems that we must "take our shoes from off our feet; for the place whereon we stand is holy ground." Then He took again the twelve, and began to tell them what things should happen to Him? Only for a little while the terrible dread and loneliness overpowered Him. He was in sight of

* The above was written by Miss Johnstone, when comparatively a young girl, and was sent to the LINK by one to whom she was very dear, with the hope that it may comfort and help others, so that she being dead, may yet speak.