

ing anything in particular from this chance of a lifetime. I tried to explain:

"You see, Jennie, we get so much more good if we have some aim in going to any large gathering of this kind. There is so much that has to be left out, that we must decide what we want, and then put ourselves into the way of getting it. Now Mary—"

"Mary is going to get a message of what her Father wants her to do. I want to get closer to him, to meet him face to face"; then her eyes filled, but after a minute she went on: "And so I have put a big black mark around the quiet hours, and one of the daily Bible studies. You said, Annie, that you wanted all the committee conferences and ways of working meetings. And you, Jennie, maybe didn't know that we expect you to learn all you can about missions."

Now wasn't that a bold stroke? And I worked like a charm. Jennie objected a little at first, of course, but she is one of those girls that like to be managed, as most girls do, and before we stopped talking Jennie had agreed to listen for the missionary cause.

She began with the opening meeting on Wednesday evening, and there could not have been a better beginning. Just enough of the foreign in the talk and dress and appearance of those responding to the welcome to show that they were from some other country, and still so little that one wanted to get nearer, to ask questions and hear more. Jennie's only comment on the meeting was: "Those foreign representatives were interesting, weren't they? But I wish Wm. I. Chamberlain had been there."

That was a concession, but it was not what we expected and wanted. So long as she got no farther than to call an address 'interesting' in the same tone that she spoke of the decorations as 'beautiful,' she had not heard anything to stir her to independent, self-forgetful action.

Thursday afternoon came our Denominational Rally. We got there late, and the Rev. J. Vander Erve, of Grand Rapids, had just began to speak. Then after him came Dr. Brett, and Pres. Kolyn, and Dr. Elliott, Well, if that was not enough to make us Michigan people feel that this was our work, I don't know what could. To begin with Grand Rapids, with people we knew, and gradually widening out to take in the extremes of our American church field. I knew the charm was beginning to work when I saw Jennie's pencil flying over her note book. And such singing! I know we never before got so much enthusiasm into our Dutch singing. If she had gone home now, she would have been a worker for the lookout committee.

But she didn't go then! Chairman Kinports called for William I. Chamberlain, of India; the man that used to carry the message on a high-wheel bicycle, and in half a minute he had us all laughing at the unfamiliar jargon flowing from his lips. But there was deep interest and earnestness before he closed. I caught Jennie's look of dismay and asked, "What's the matter?"

"I can't remember a single syllable of that funny language. I want to tell our society what it sounds like, and I can't. If only I could sing just one line of 'Jesus Loves Me' like they do in India."

When the Rev. H. V. S. Peeke rose to speak for Japan, Mary whispered, "He looks something like the pictures you see of Chinese, doesn't he?" When I looked at Jennie again, she was writing "Rev. A. Paige Peeke, Japan!" But I don't suppose that was much worse than most of us would do.

Taking into account our advantages, I should be able to name all the foreign missionaries in our Church, and I couldn't do that—then. But before Mr. Peeke got through speaking, I resolved to learn their names at least. Just to think that they work with the consciousness that theirs is not success work, it is only try work, endeavor work. To keep on blindly working, year after year, and perhaps see no result. And all the while the people at home, who should be encouraging, strengthening them, live care free, thoughtless, perhaps not even knowing that there are such workers.

By this time we were eager to hear more, but we needed something to bring the responsibility nearer to us, and it came when Nellie Zwemer was announced. All Michigan people know Nellie Zwemer, but of the important part of her life, out in China, we were as ignorant as of the work of any of the rest. Strange how often our knowledge and interest in people's work is bounded by the coast line of our country; But when she told of the C. E. pledge those Chinese take, I did some more hard thinking. When those pig-tailed, almond-eyed people, with centuries of heathenism behind them, read their Bibles every day and have family prayers, and when they leave out of their pledge the clause, 'take some part in every meeting,' because every Christian does that, and the missionaries do not want to suggest that there could be another way; then we with Christian parents and Christian training, may well look to our conduct.

Jennie got good from the meeting, too, I know, but all she said was 'I didn't know missionary work was like that. I thought it was so easy.'

Mary said, 'It was a wonderful meeting.' And it was. The great missionary meetings in the tents on Monday morning were revelations in inspiration and education, but this little Thursday afternoon meeting touched the heart.

When we got back home again, Jennie proved a worker for missions. A society doesn't generally work harder during the summer than it does during the winter, but ours did. When two people like Mary and Jennie wake up, they can make others do something. Of course, I helped, too—a person had to, after the privileges of the convention. Yes, we are still at work, with Mary in the lead. And Jennie—the most wonderful thing—Jennie went away a week ago to a medical course in the University. She will make a good doctor, so cool and self-possessed, but it will be over on the other side of the world.

Mary is going half-way to the other side, but on the western frontier, next summer when a certain Theological Seminary sends out its graduates.

Two made missionaries at that wonderful meeting. And the other one? Oh, yes! Some one has to keep the light burning at home, and spread the good of the convention over our society, and that's the work that has been left for me.

'Cigarette smoking blunts the whole moral nature. It has an appalling effect upon the whole system. It first stimulates and then stupefies the nerves. It sends boys into consumption. It gives them enlargement of the heart, and it sends them into the asylum. I am a physician in several boys' schools, and I am often called in to prescribe for palpitation of the heart. In nine cases out of ten it is caused by the cigarette habit.'—Dr. C. A. Clinton, of the San Francisco Board of Education.

## 'Too Great a Risk.'

(By Marion Harland, in 'The Housewife'.)

Some one—Mrs. Blount, I think—was speaking of the story current when Lady Jane Franklin was appealing to kings and councillors for assistance in prosecuting the search for her husband. According to this rumor, she was exceedingly averse to this last voyage of Sir John's. So strenuous was she in her opposition, and he so inflexible in his purpose, that they parted in coldness, if not in anger.

We were wives—all six of us gathered about the tea table—and we discussed the piteous tale quietly, each heart supplying its own comments and making its own application, unspoken until Mrs. Dana said, in a tone that sounded strained to my ears, tranquil though she looked:

"Yet who of us has not known the secret bitterness of such useless repentance as poor Lady Franklin is said to have suffered? I think not a day passes in which I do not say to myself—'If I had only known! If I had only known!' I was not twenty-one when I had the lesson that will last me all my days. The dearest friend I ever had, or ever shall have,—a girl about my age, dropped in unexpectedly one evening when I was entertaining half a dozen fashionable visitors, men and women. Mary Allen's little finger was more to me than all of them put together, but I was mean enough to be mortified when she appeared. She was a very pretty girl, usually. On that night she was positively plain, without color and with haggard lines in her face that made her look at least thirty years old."

"She had been to town on a shopping expedition and got caught in a shower. I can see her now,—passing her hand nervously over her closed eyes, then opening them as with an effort. Her skirts were dragged and limp; all the curl was out of her hair and the stray locks streaked her forehead untidily; her bonnet was not straight upon her head; her boots were muddy, and her hands ungloved. As she stopped short in the drawing-room door, blinking in the glare of the chandelier, and confused at sight of the gay party, I had but one thought—to get her out of the way as quickly as possible. I said to myself afterwards that it was for her sake as much as for my own. I lied in saying it, and I knew it."

"I was seated near the door, chatting with a dashing young fellow, a so-called wit with an unsparing tongue."

"'Ah, Mary!'"—I said, without moving, and in a civil patronizing way—"Please step into the library, and wait for me there."

"She went with never a word. I heard her cross the hall and enter the library."

"'Don't let us detain you,'" begged one of my visitors, supposing, as I meant she should that the new-comer was a dressmaker, or may be a servant come with a message."

"'Oh, she can wait as well as not,'" I answered, and rattled on with our talk, the more gayly for a twinge in my conscience. We had some music and a great deal of badinage and much laughter. I rang for cake and coffee at nine o'clock, and the visitors stayed half an hour longer. I had 'a good time' in spite of my conscience. I could easily make it all right with Mary, who was, no doubt, amusing herself with a book. She had the sweetest disposition in the world, and was always reasonable. She would understand just how it had happened, being as much at home in our house as in her own. Had my mother been in, I should have sent Mary up to her. As it was, what could I do but get her out of range of critical eyes?"