

their time, their effort and, yes," she added a moment later with shining eyes, "even themselves since it is for Him," She often prayed, "Dear Lord, open thou their eyes; go thou before me; speak thy words through me, and the glory shall be thine."

Not a single call, not even the preliminary ones, when she went about, "just to get acquainted with the women," did she dare to make without a special prayer for guidance.

Do you wonder that this collector was fitted for her work, in answer to earnest, pleading prayer?

Do you wonder that God's spirit did prepare the way before her? and that, as she called here and there, not daring to trust her own way or her own words, it seemed to her the Lord Jesus Christ walked by her side and really did tell her what to say? He had given his words, you remember, was it strange that He fulfilled it?

Do you wonder, either, that as she left this humble door and that, one would ejaculate, "Blessings on her sweet face and loving heart!" or another, "There's a Christian if there ever was one!" or another standing one day at the gate to watch her out of sight, "I just can't bear to think of her going 'way off as a missionary!" "No more can I," responded the neighbor who came up at that moment, "though I know she would say we ought to be glad."

Of the thirty two women on Miss Bennett's list, five had long been regular contributors to the cause of missions, and six had given spasmodically. Do you think it surprising that of the remaining twenty-one who had never been interested, fifteen became members of the Women's Mission Circle before the year ended or that one of these had organized a mission band, or that another had offered herself a candidate for missionary service, or that the Treasurer received from this collector's hand forty-seven dollars? Surely not, when you remember Who had worked with her.

"Oh! I am so glad," she said to Mrs Wade, on their way to the annual meeting. "Yesterday, just as I was going to carry the money to our treasurer, Mrs Lane came to me with five dollars, a thank offering, because her oldest daughter has just become a Christian, and I had to go and put another one right with it because, O, Mrs Wade, when Christ called her," and glad tears rolled down the collector's cheeks, "He spoke through me! My heart is full of joy that He has helped me do a little of His work, I shall never doubt again, dear Mrs Wade, that I can do all things "through Christ which strengtheneth me."