

Woman's Work.

Conducted by Mrs. H. M. Brown and Miss Jessie H. Arrows. Everything intended for this column should be sent to Mrs. H. M. Brown, Kingston, Ont.

To Mrs. D. Ash:

Dear Sister,—It is with feelings of deepest sorrow and regret that we are assembled here this afternoon in our closing meeting with you as a member of our Society. We are filled with sorrowful emotions at the thoughts of the separation that is so soon to come, but we know and trust that wherever you may be you will still be helping to carry on the Master's work. While you have been with us we have been helped in all our undertakings, encouraged in all our plans of missionary enterprise by your skillful and earnest efforts in our behalf, and in the furtherance of those plans which we have designed.

Your place will be sadly missed in our little Band; nor do we know where we can find a substitute that will at all fill the void, but while parted from you your kindness and sympathy will always be in our memory, and we know that your best wishes will go with us in the future as your counsel and presence helped us in the past.

Adieu, then, dear sister, and may a kind Providence watch over to guide you and protect you in that far land whither you go; may your efforts for good be blessed, and success crown you to the utmost of your heart's desire in the work you undertake; may temporal fortune also smile favorably upon you, and, should we never meet again below, may we all meet in that larger, better and happier society above, where parting is no more and sorrow never comes.

Signed in behalf of the sisters of the C. W. B. M., BESSIE MACKILLIP, Sec'y. BELLA M. MACKILLIP, Pres.

Sister Brown has again reminded us of our promise to write for this column, which is my apology for the following:

My thoughts have been with our isolated sisters. No doubt many such read this column. Can we not get nearer one another. Several of the sisters who belong to the same Auxiliary as myself are now scattered in distant parts. They have not the privilege of meeting with their brethren to worship, yet they are kept in touch with our work, and our hearts are made glad by hearing from them once a month or quarterly as the case may be. They are still members of our Auxiliary, and as their dues are handed in by a friend, or sent directly from themselves accompanied by a kind letter, our hearts and prayers are raised up in thankfulness because there are such warm, earnest, and zealous sisters, and we go on with renewed courage. We may be sure these absent sisters, too, are blessed in the giving, and that they feel happier because they still have fellowship with us in our work.

Now, you sisters who may never have been connected with an Auxiliary, and have not the opportunity now, can you not form a small auxiliary of one member? If you are longing to do systematic work for the Master in this way, can you not give your thoughts and your prayers for one hour in each month for the cause of Missions. Also sacredly set aside whatever you feel you can afford to give toward the work of the Lord now in our hands?

You may say, "I can do so little." Dr. Johnson wisely said: "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything." God only asks of us according as we have. He does not ask impossibilities. Whatever the O. C. W. B. M. has accomplished in the last four years, has been done by by little. If you lay by ten cents a

month, and have it ready to send to send to our Treasurer next May, when our missionary closes, it will not look so little. If any of you should resolve so to do, and will let us know through this column, we shall be glad to welcome you as a co-laborer with us, and you will be spiritually blessed. M.

Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Leppard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont., to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

The Quest.

There once was a restless boy Who dwelt in a home by the sea, Where the water danced for joy And the wind was glad and free; But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me go; For the loveliest place in the world, I know, Is this little brown house, This old brown house, Under the apple-tree.

"I will travel east and west; The loveliest homes I'll see; And when I have found the best, Dear mother, I'll come for thee. I'll come for thee in a year and a day, And joyful then we'll haste away From this little brown house, This old brown house, Under the apple-tree."

So he traveled here and there, But never content was he, Though he saw in lands most fair The costliest homes there be. He sometimes missed from the sea or sky, Till he turned again, with a wistful sigh, To the little brown house, The old brown house, Under the apple-tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled, While her heart grew glad and free. "Hast thou chosen a home, my child? Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.

And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west, The loveliest home, and the dearest and best, Is a little brown house, An old brown house, Under an apple tree."—St. Nicholas.

He Bore His Cross.

It was a hot July day and Joo walked wearily along a dusty country road. Sometimes the distant lake sent a few stray breezes from its cool waters, and as they rustled the leaves of the way-side trees and fanned his sunburnt face he thought of the kind mother whom he (in a fit of boyish anger) had left behind.

He didn't find boat life in a rough barge the desirable thing, the sailors described; and when they finished up by saying "Now, lad, if you want a job as mess-boy, come aboard, the boat sails in five minutes," he went aboard. But oh! the rough men, the uncongenial work, the rocking motion of the vessel made him homesick as well as seasick, and when the boat reached port poor Joo was told to go, because he didn't "fill the bill."

Cast ashore so ruthlessly he walked away from the dock not knowing whither he went, but feeling as a boy can all the pain and sorrow of wrongdoing.

On coming to a pretty house, standing quietly back from the hot, dry road, he opened the gate, and, following a path which led him round to the kitchen door, he saw a pretty picture; in the doorway stood a little lad of four summers, with rosy cheeks and sunny hair; his mother was near him playing with a baby brother, and a lady friend who had just called in was saying, "Well, Don, what have you got?" pointing to two sticks which, fastened together, he was carrying about in much triumph.

"Oh!" said his mother, smiling, "he is bearing his cross, Mary."

"Yes, Mamie," said Don proudly, "and I made it myself."

"Well, well, here is a chance to 'draw a moral,' as the fables say," said the lady. "How many make their own crosses but do not bear them with such happy hearts and smiling faces. Do you carry your cross long at a time, Don?"

"Oh, no, not very long; when I get tired I gives it to my mama, and she puts it away."

Just at this minute they noticed the strange boy, into whose heart the baby words had stolen, and as he asked for a drink of water, and instead, had the little hands bring, at mother's request, some bread and milk for the tired laddie; at the door of that old-fashioned kitchen, Joo felt that one of God's earth angels had spoken to him, and the words "When I gets tired, I gives it to my mama," repeated themselves over and over again, until, footsore and weary, he reached his own dear home again, and left his pain and sorrow—the cross his own anger had carved—with his mother, who pointed her penitent boy to Him who bore the cross for the whole world. M. M. L.

DEAR CHILDREN.—I hope you will enjoy the story in the Children's Column this week. It is written by a lady who is interested in our special work, and who also wrote "How Nellie Caught the Sunbeam," in one of the EVANGELISTS for June. All such contributions to our columns are very welcome. It would be pleasant to have more of them. J. E. L.

The Narrow Crossing.

"You never signed the pledge, did you, Uncle John?"

"I never signed a pledge on my own account, Harry. I presume I have signed several as an example or aid to others," replied Uncle John. "When I was a boy, a good deal smaller than you, I lived in a small town in Vermont. There was a large creck by the village, and at a place called 'The Mills' there was a beautiful fall of water, of ten or twelve feet, pitching off from an even edged, flat rock. Reaching quite across the creek, a distance of twenty feet, over this fall of water was a bridge spanning the stream. 'The sides of this bridge were boarded up some four feet high. These side pieces were capped by a flap railing of boards of from four to six inches wide. Some of the more daring school children used to walk on this narrow capping-board when crossing the bridge, and there was more than one fall and serious injury happened."

"There was one thing that saved me from getting hurt or killed by the dangerous crossing. You would like to know what it was? The easiest thing in the world. It happened from the small circumstance that I never had either the courage or disposition to walk there at all! In other words, I wasn't sure of my head, and I was sure on the broad open bridge."

"I can think of a great many places that boys and men try to pass safely which are quite as dangerous, and where multitudes fall and ruin themselves, and perhaps perish, both soul and body, for ever. The safest way is never to take the first step on a dangerous path."

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