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The Sowers.

Ten thousand sowers through the land
 Passed, heedless, on their way;
 Ten thousand seeds in every hand,
 Of every sort had they.
 They cast seed here, they cast seed there,
 They cast seed everywhere.

And, as many a year went by,
 These sowers came once more,
 And wandered 'neath the leaf-hid sky,
 And wondered at the store;
 For fruit hung here, and fruit hung there,
 And fruit hung everywhere.

Nor knew they in that tangled wood
 The trees that were their own,
 Yet as they plucked, as each one should,
 Each plucked what he had sown.
 So do men here, so do men there,
 So do men everywhere.

—Selected.

A Higher Ideal of Life Membership.

BY S. E. SMITH.

"There" exclaimed I, somewhat triumphantly I confess, waving the pretty parchment above my head as I spoke, "who will dare to doubt my loyalty now? Here is a genuine certificate of Life Membership in the Woman's Missionary Society. It has not been an easy thing for me to do either, but has involved quite a little bit of self-sacrifice. I say who will question my loyalty now? I think I have given a practical proof of it once for all. The money will do good, and there will be some advantage for me in it too. I shall not have to keep the subject so constantly in mind, and the monthly meetings—well, I shall still attend them frequently of course; but shall not feel obliged to be there every month, whether it is convenient or not."

I paused—the silence grew impressive. I lifted

my eyes to find those of my dear old friend fixed steadily; and I thought, sorrowfully, upon me. "Once for all," she repeated half to herself, "once for all!"

"Yes, once for all, Aunt Mary" replied I, feeling somewhat nettled at the implied reproach, "I consider that I have given a practical expression of my interest in the subject once for all."

"We read," she said, softly, "Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." I was just wondering whether He felt relieved that his work for us was done, once for all! Whether he congratulated himself that He need keep us no longer constantly in mind or feel obliged to listen to the story of our wants and woes as often as once a month."

"Now, Aunt Mary," I said, and I know my cheeks were crimson, "that is too bad! We can not all be *Christ's*." I paused here, for what is the hope of our calling? "Certainly not all *Christ's*," she said, "but we may, nay we *must* be all Christlike. And what is it to be Christlike but to share in the fellowship of His suffering, and to be made conformable into his death. O my dear, my dear, shall we not put our small strength beneath the great weight of human sin and misery which still presses so heavily upon the heart of our divine Atlas? No, we have *not* a Christ who is content having suffered *once for all*, but one, who having suffered, has passed into the Heavens, there to *continue* his life work, making intercession, and never, *never* till he has seen the far-reaching results of the travail of his soul will He be satisfied. This question of Life Membership is one of special importance. It has its advantages and its obligations. You say the money will do good. That is true, but did it ever occur to you that the Lord of the universe is the Lord of its wealth also!