

to its great prairies, should we not be striving eagerly to double our contributions to the work?

We need *more* for the home work this year, and very much *more* for the foreign field. We need above all an abundant outpouring of God's spirit in our hearts.

More love to Christ would make toil in His service sweet. If we remember what He has done for us, and then remember our motto, "Laborers together with Him," if we would not be ashamed "at His coming," will we not begin at once to work earnestly, more faithfully and more self-denyingly.

"What have we done for Him," who gave His life for us? How much of our *lives* are we giving Him?

What part of our time? Our money? Our pleasures?

He *knows*, just as He did in the olden days.

We need a *praying* membership. A membership that pray, as our dear Sister McLaurin said at Hebron, "conqueringly." We need a membership that pray for the work in their closets, and in their societies and churches.

The "prayer of faith," how much this world owes to that prayer! The prayer that will not cease till the blessing comes. It may last "till the day breaketh," but it "will prevail."

"He is faithful that promised," He has promised. "Whatever two shall agree to ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive." Are there not more than two who will unite in believing prayer, that new and greater life shall come to Mission work in New Brunswick?

"From glory to glory! Be this our joyous song,  
As on the King's own highway we bravely march  
along!  
From glory to glory! O word of stirring cheer,  
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad  
New Year.

Oh let our adoration for all that He hath done  
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and  
life are one!  
And let our consecration be real, and deep and true;  
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows  
renew!

Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength  
we go,  
While grace to grace abundantly shall from His  
fulness flow,  
His glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,  
"Until His Very Presence crown our Happiest New  
Year!"

M. S. COV, *Prov. Sec.*

## SELECTED ITEMS (NO. 2).

When God created man, He did not say to him, you are to spend your time in devout contemplation and prayer; He put him into a garden, and told him to dress and to keep it.

Christ is the only fountain from which you will never come staggering back crying with bitter anguish, "I thirst."

It is, no doubt more agreeable to ascend to the Mount of Transfiguration, there to behold the shining face of the Beloved, than to plough one's way along the every-day pathway of duty; but the question is not one of mere delight.

"Self-ease is pain; thy only rest  
Is labor for a worthy end,  
A toil that gains with what it yields,  
And scatters to its own increase,  
And hears, while sowing outward fields  
The harvest song of inward peace."—Whittier.

Men measure their charities by a peculiar standard. A man who has but a dollar in his pocket would give a penny for almost any purpose. If he had a hundred dollars, he might give one; carry it higher, and there comes a falling off. One hundred would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand, while a present of one thousand would be thought miraculous from a man worth one hundred thousand—yet the proportion is the same throughout, and the poor man's penny, the widow's mite is more than the rich man's high-sounding and many-trumpeted benefaction.

"The longer I live and the more experience I have of the world, the more I am convinced that the one thing that is most worth living for and dying for, if need be, is the privilege of making someone else more useful and happy. I have found that the happiest people are those who do the most for others, and the most miserable are those who do the least."—Booker T. Washington in *Up from Slavery*.

We believe in evangelistic work among the children more and more. Who forms the inner circle of the average Hindu audience? the children. And what a pleasure to hear them sing the songs of Zion and answer questions about which their elders are seemingly ignorant.—Mabel E. Archibald, *Chicacole*.