

the Treasurer did say, as she received the money, "Almost four dollars more than last year from your section; you've done well." Mrs. Foster felt dissatisfied; and after laying the whole matter before Mrs. Wade, anxiously inquired, "Why hasn't my plan worked better?"

Mrs. Wade's eyes were full of sympathy as she replied "May it not be because it has been *your* plan? Did you have much of Christ in it?"

"Why, I—I—O Mrs. Wade, I don't know," stammered Mrs. Foster.

"Did you pray much, dear sister, for yourself and for those women on your list?" was kindly asked; but the collector could answer only with another burst of tears. It was suddenly revealed to her. She hadn't prayed particularly for those women or for herself; she had worked instead. She had followed her own plan and depended upon it for success, she sorrowfully confessed.

"Why didn't I realize it before?" she murmured regretfully. "Now the year is gone—wasted." "Oh, no," interrupted Mrs. Wade, "not wasted, when we have learned so much. He has made you dissatisfied with your plan, your way, and now—" "Now," broke in Mrs. Foster, "oh, ask Him to show me His way and I'll follow that hereafter."

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"O, Mrs. Wade," exclaimed Alice Bennet, as they walked home from the same missionary meeting, "I'm afraid I can't do it, after all."

"Oh yes, you can do all things through Christ, don't you know, Alice?" "Yes, but, Mrs. Wade, don't you think a collector ought to have some special qualifications? I'm afraid I haven't a single"—"Wait a minute, dear," and Mrs. Wade smiled into the troubled face; "let me see, you have leisure, influence, good health, a cultivated mind, a warm heart, an earnest desire to advance the Master's Kingdom, and over and above all—Christ. What more does a collector need?"

"Well," responded the young girl "you know they have to meet so many people. I shan't know what to say to them, I fear."

"Is that it? 'Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say,'" quoted Mrs. Wade, just as they reached the parsonage.

The girl's face brightened as she said "good night" and walked thoughtfully on. "Will he do that?" she said to herself. "Will he really teach me what to say? Then I can do it—for Him," and she quietly slipped up stairs to her own room, for a little talk with Him about it, before meeting others; and after that it was settled. Then as her eyes fell on the calendar, she remembered that just a year ago that very day, a dear schoolmate, with flushed face and trembling lips, had come to her saying, Alice, the Master is come and calleth for thee, won't you

go to Him? Surely, the young girl mused, He taught her what to say to me, and she recalled how deeply the words had impressed her, so that she arose quickly and found Him. "Strange," she said the next day to her pastor's wife, "that you should have used those very words at the missionary meeting yesterday. I felt then that I should have to do it, though I couldn't see how until you quoted that verse coming home; nor could I feel quite willing till I—I had prayed over it, and then I said: If He calls, of course I can go; if He gives me words, of course I can speak for Him in collecting as well as in anything else. It isn't my work, it's His, isn't it?" "Yes, indeed," responded Mrs. Wade, "you've learned the secret of making all work easy. You may safely leave the result in His hand."

In this spirit Alice Bennet had taken up the work of collecting. How diligently she studied her Bible with special reference to her work, and how earnestly she prayed for fitness, during the weeks that followed, only God and herself knew; how she increased in Christian character was evident to more than one; and how she daily grew more sweet and helpful and Christlike was noticed by all in the dear home circle.

More and more, as she distrusted her own ability to do this work, or any other, did she draw close to Christ and seek His wisdom and strength. More and more she became impressed with the thought she had somewhere heard: that the highest motive for missions is not the need of the heathen—though her heart ached for them; not the reward that is offered, though her heart bounded at the thought of it; but the *command of Christ*.

So a spirit of perfect obedience to Him—which is the missionary spirit—became her chief desire for herself and for those women on her list. How her heart yearned after them! Daily she took their names from her Bible and collectively and individually carried them to God in prayer. Do you wonder that she began to love those women? "O, how can I help them see and feel," she would frequently say, "that Christ calls them to this service; that mission work is His work, the building up of His kingdom! If they can realize that, how glad they'd be to give their money, 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