

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be remembered."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH.—For our Grande Ligue Mission, that the workers may be faithful, and the new converts made strong in the Lord.

A PART IN THE PLAN.

Because my life is what it is,
Shall I despair,
And offer up bitter complaints
Instead of prayer?
Because my life is what it is,
I may instead
Be drawn the closer unto God,
And comforted.

And the comfort wherewith He comforteth,
Makes precious every need,
And life as it is, if He wants it so,
Is precious to me indeed.

Because my life is what it is,
Heav'n seems more sweet,
And ev'ry joy that finds me out,
I rise to meet
With keen surprise, because my life
Is what it is,
The least in that stupendous plan
Of Deity's.

For my part in the plan is but weakness.
My place in the structure small
But what a thing for a worm of the dust
To be in the plan at all!

—Anna J. Grannie, in *Skipped Stitches*.

Seldom can the heart be lonely,
If it seeks a lonelier still:
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Empty cups of love to fill.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

THE letter in this issue from Mrs. Gunn, was not written for publication, but such letters do good, and we are always glad to print as many as come to us.

OUR Treasurer received the following the other day: "The enclosed coin is for N. W. Mission. It was the gift of a dear departed friend, and for blessings that have come to me the last year, I freely give this offering." The "coin" was one sovereign.

Are there not many such gifts hidden away in locked drawers that should be sent to work for the Master?

WILL our sisters read very carefully the financial statement for the second quarter?

Our Treasurer says, "I received about \$80 more for H. M. up to the end of second quarter than last year, and the money came from a much greater number. It seems to me the outlook is more encouraging for that department of our work than ever before." We had only \$1,275 to send for Foreign Missions instead of \$1,675. Where is that \$400?

We had hoped to alter our W. B. M. U. Directory, but must wait for directions. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw being obliged to leave the field so suddenly, has necessitated a change in the plans, and the locating of Mr. and Mrs. Corey was left in the hands of the missionaries in charge. Miss Clark will be with Mr. and Mrs. Higgins.

We have lately come across some interesting items relating to the work of our women for missions in these provinces as far back as 1810. We hope to publish these, beginning with the April number of the LINK.

A WORD TO TREASURERS.

PERHAPS you did not feel particularly flattered when they elected you to be Treasurer of your Missionary Society, and found in the office, what has seemed to you, a thankless work. Work that had to be done, to be sure, but woe unto her who had to do it! Oh, how you have mistaken your calling!

It is to great honor and glory that you are called, to an office than which none, not excepting the President's, is more useful and honorable, and on which depends more than anything else the growth and prosperity of your society.

For one thing, you are to be, though you may not suspect it, a beautiful figure-head. The officers, to a large extent, represent the society, and for its sake should look their best and act their best. A Treasurer should really be an alluring, fascinating sort of person, attracting the dollars to herself as a candle the moths, and to whom the contributor, intended to give a one dollar donation, unhesitatingly hands over the five dollar bill. You must have tact, of course. What a failure a Treasurer would be without tact! If you solicit contributions for the society, do it with a winning grace and dignity that makes the contributor feel flattered and hail your visits or your graceful notes with pleasure.

Of course you are always present at the meetings. A President may have a substitute, but a Treasurer has no one to take her place. Always at her post, she is in herself a gentle reminder of forgotten pocket-books, tardy subscriptions, unpaid pledges. Her business-like statement, and her ever-ready box with a hole in it, allow neither conscience nor purse to escape.

When bright little Mrs. Brown was made Treasurer of the Foreign Missionary Society at Brownville, she determined to do her best, and did not scorn to go to her husband for advice. She had never been particularly fond of figures, and her bank-book rarely balanced right, but when she undertook this work for the Lord, she determined to do things differently. Mr. Brown was immensely pleased and promised to teach her all the book-keeping she needed. His first broad and general rule was, *Learn to add and subtract*, which was really found to be quite essential to proper keeping of the books. He was very particular that the funds of the society be kept entirely separate from personal money, so she never got into the dangerous habit of borrowing the one from the other, or of trying to keep them both in one purse. Then he had peculiar ideas of strictness, which at first made Mrs. Brown feel as if she were to be suspected of stealing, but which she soon learned were really for her own protection. The cash received at each meeting was to be counted before leaving the room, and in the presence of some other person. Every penny received or disbursed was to be entered on the books, which were carefully