

The Woman's Missionary Society.

[This Department is in the interests of the W. M. Society. All communications for it should be addressed to Mrs. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

- PRESIDENT.—Miss Augusta Slipp, Hampstead, Queens Co.
- RECORDING SECRETARY.—Mrs. J. F. Boyer, Victoria, C. Co.
- ASST. REC. SECRETARY.—Mrs. B. H. Nobles, Sussex, N.B.
- CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.—Mrs. C. W. Weyman, Apohaqui, King's County.
- HOME SECRETARY.—Mrs. H. Hartt, Jacksonton, Carleton County.
- TREASURER.—Mrs. D. McLeod Vince, Woodstock, N. B.
- AUDITOR.—Mrs. M. Fenwick, Apohaqui, K. Co.

MARIA'S MISSIONARY MONEY

BY A. M. L. HAWES.

When Maria had hung the cup-towels on the rod behind the cooking stove the work was done for the night. She crossed over to the wide lounge, and played a minute with the cat, dreading to ask what she longed to. Grandma Reuben sat by the lightstand, knitting double heels into a pair of grandpa's old stockings.

"Were there any Porters left, grandma?" Maria pretended to be absorbed with the cat, and to ask her question carelessly, but she could hear her heart beat. She thought grandma might hear it, too.

"No. Mr. Trueman wanted 'em all, so I let him have 'em. There'll be another store bill next month,"—Mr. Reuben seemed to feel that an apology was called for—"and what goes over this time can go on that."

"Won't there be anything else?" Maria asked as soon as he could.

"Well, I don't think of anything," said grandma, knitting calmly. "There's something all the time. You have a good deal yourself, Maria. There'll be a new dress and shoes for you, pretty soon, and taxes again before long."

Maria caught up her knitting and began counting the stitches fast and hard though there was no reason for knowing them. She was in plain knitting. She saw no object in getting ready for next year's taxes this fall, but it was no use to argue with Grandma Reuben, and they clicked their needles without speaking until grandmother went off up the back stairs to the "weave-room" to hunt out some yarn to finish her heel.

Grandpa laid down his paper as soon as they heard her overhead, and beckoned Maria over to him. "What is it?" he asked in a husky whisper.

Maria had to cry a minute, but time was precious, and she told him as quickly as she could that the girls in her Sunday school class were trying to get some money to send to India for Pundita Ramabai's work.

"Each girl wanted to get a dollar by her own work. Grandma said if I'd chop everything for the pie-meat, nights after school, she'd let me have some of the Porter apples to sell, if there were any more than Mr. Trueman wanted, but he's taken every one."

"Well, well, don't cry," said the old gentleman, heartily. "I'll see, I'll see. There, she's coming." And when grand-

ma came peacefully in with her yarn, he was intent on his paper, while Maria was playing with the cat again.

When Grandpa Bassett married his second wife, the widow of a distant relative, his children and grandchildren simply changed her title "Mrs. Reuben" to "Grandma Reuben," a name that satisfied her. She was a good deal younger than grandpa, and she had come to hold the purse-strings. She gave tithe of fresh pork to the poor she knew, when the pigs were killed, and a pair of chickens to the minister at Thanksgiving, but she had no faith in sending money through unknown hands across the ocean. Nobody liked to displease her, and even grandpa often gave of his own abundance by stealth.

When Maria started for school the next morning, grandpa was trimming an apple tree in the orchard. He followed her down the road out of sight from the house, and told her about a cranberry patch over in the lower field.

"I'll go over there sometime today," he said, "and see if anybody's been there. If they ain't, there'd ought to be twelve or fifteen quarts sure, and Mr. Trueman 'll buy 'em, and you'll be all-right."

Grandpa smiled happily, and Maria went on half comforted. She couldn't feel sure of anything after the apples.

It was well she did not set her heart on grandpa's plan. When she came home at night Grandma Reuben called her to "hurry and help pick over these chanbriz." She held a big tin pan full on her lap, and she told Maria she had picked them all "that afternoon, down in the medder."

"There's enough to last about all winter," said Mrs. Bassett, comfortably, "and there's that much money Mr. Trueman won't take out of us. Your grandpa won't lift a finger to help," she complained, shaking up the berries vigorously as Maria drew up a chair, and put her hand into the pan.

"No, I won't twiddle with such small stuff," said grandpa more energetically than usual. He sat by the stove casting up some accounts in a little note book, and Maria needed to steal only one look at his face to know that Mrs. Bassett's fingers had reached the cranberries first.

Maria had one cry after she went to bed, then she gave it all up. She told Miss Brown, the Sunday school teacher, and the girls she could do nothing, but told it with shame for she knew they dimly understood and pitied her. She was more helpful than ever about the house, but both she and grandpa were so quiet that Mrs. Reuben wondered. She made no objection when Maria proposed to read something about the child-widows of India one evening, though in the course of the reading she doubted if such things could be true.

"Of course they be," grandpa averred stoutly. "Don't you remember that picture in the old geographies, Elva, of women burning up their husbands' funeral pile—sutty, they used to call it? I'd believe anything of them critters."

"Well, I do know what such works is permitted for," sighed Grandma Reu-

DID YOU KNOW?

That we have just added to our Optical Department, one of the latest and most complete Trial Cases made. It is finished in handsome quartered oak. This in addition to the latest model of the Combined Geneva Retinoscope and Ophthalmoscope and other instruments for testing the eye, makes our Optical Department second to none.

We have just received from the New York Mutual Optical Co. of New York, one of their Latest Lense Drills, which enables us to drill rimless lenses while you wait.

Our Optical Department is in charge of:—

C. H. FOWLER,
Graduate Optician.

Graduate of:—The Canada Ophthalmic College of Montreal and the Canadian Ophthalmic College of Toronto. Also member of the Canadian Association of Opticians.

We will be pleased to have you call and consult our optician at any time.

EYES TESTED FREE.

We make a specialty in repairing broken lenses. All repairs neatly done.

JAMES D. FOWLER, Jeweler and Optician, FREDERICTON, N.B.
(OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.)

MURINE FOR TIRED EYES.

Increasing by Millions!

The record of the

MANUFACTURERS LIFE

places it amongst the best life companies in Canada. The applications received for new insurance in each of the last four years amounted to the following sums:

1900, - - -	\$4,894,874
1901, - - -	5,502,069
1902, - - -	6,542,569
1903, - - -	7,764,542

Such increases prove once more that 'Nothing Succeeds Like Success.'

The company has still good openings for energetic men. Apply to

The E. R. MACHUM CO., Ltd.,

Manager for the Maritime Provinces,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Chinaman may not be very different from pagan Chinaman. All the Protestant denominations, with the exception of some weakening on the part of the Episcopalians, insist on the acceptance of the Gospel.

THE MESSAGE REALIZED.

In 1833 three white men from France appeared before the great chief Moshesh in Basutoland with the Gospel message. The chief compared their message with an egg and said he would wait for it to hatch before forming an opinion. The egg has hatched. After seventy years there are in connection with the Paris Mission in Basutoland twenty-seven missionaries and 425 native workers, with 22,356 professed Christians, of whom 14,950 are communicants. In the year 1903-4 these Basuto Christians gave nearly \$20,000 for home and foreign missions. That is to say, they supported all of the 197 out-stations of the Paris Basuto Mission, and besides this they sent \$400 to the mission in Barotiland on the Zambesi.

ben, "but we must go to bed for the men 'll be here early to kill the pigs and fow!"

"And that's all the good it did," Maria said to herself as she went up stairs.

A busy week followed, but Saturday night Grandma Reuben called Maria into her bedroom and shut the door mysteriously. "Look here, child," she said in a half whisper, "you've done splendid, picking the fowl and trying out the lard, and everything, and I'm going to pay you two dollars for what you've done, and—and I've thought a good deal about those poor girls, and there's another two dollars you can give Anna Brown to send to Injy along of the rest, and I want you should read some more about 'em sometime."

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

Exeter Hall, London, was recently the scene of a very inspiring valedictory meeting for outgoing Wesleyan missionaries. Fifty-seven ordained men, three lay missionaries, thirty missionaries' wives, eight workers of the Women's Auxiliary, and two Wesley deaconesses, were farewelled, and the meeting was one of great enthusiasm. Fifty of the number were new men in the mission field, and this was the first time that deaconesses have been sent to the foreign work.

IN CHINA.

Roman Catholic missionaries are said to be making rapid progress in China at the present time, and their success is largely due to their acceptance of pagan traditions and ideas, and incorporating them in their system. This was the course of Catholicism in the Middle Ages. In fact the Romish Church today is almost as much pagan as Christian. The Catholic priests wish to get control of the people, and their course in China is consistent with their history. The evil wrought by them is in throwing the sanction of Christianity and of the Christian name around heathenism, so that a Roman Catholic