

THE MISSION TO THE STREETS.

When Margaret Andrews was 25 she received what she thought was a call to the foreign mission field. Her parents, although at first they tried to dissuade her, put no obstacle in the way of her hopes, and full of eagerness, she began her training at a school in another city.

One day she received a telegram. Her mother had met with an accident, just how serious could not at once be known. Margaret packed her books and took the first train home, expecting to return in a few weeks. Long before the weeks had passed she knew that her dream must be given up. Her mother would never be able to do anything again and Margaret, instead of making her journey to strange lands, saw herself shut in to the duties of housekeeper and nurse.

For a year or two she bore her disappointment in silence; then she went to her pastor with it. The pastor was an old man, who had known Margaret all her life. He looked at her steadily for a moment. Then he said slowly, "You are living in a city of two hundred thousand people. Isn't there need enough about you to fill your life?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered quickly, "and I could give up the foreign field. It isn't that. But I haven't time to do anything, not even to take a mission class; and to see so much work waiting, and be able to do nothing—"

"Margaret," the old minister said, "come here."

Wonderingly the girl followed him to the next room, where a mirror hung between the windows. Her reflection, pale and unhappy, faced her wearily.

"All up and down the streets," the old minister said, "in the cars, the markets, the stores, there are people starving for the bread of life. The church cannot reach them—they will not enter a church. Books cannot help them—many of them never open a book. There is but one way that they can ever read the Gospel of hope, of joy, of courage, and that is in the face of men and women."

"Two years ago a woman who has known deep trouble came to me one day, and asked your name. 'I wanted to tell her,' she said, 'how much good her happy face did me, but I was afraid that she would think it presuming on the part of an utter stranger. Some day perhaps you will tell her for me.'"

"Margaret, my child, look in the glass and tell me if the face you see there has anything to give to the souls that are hungry for joy—and they are more than any of us realize—who, unknown to themselves, are hungering for righteousness. Do you think that woman, if she were to meet you now, would say what she said two years ago?"

The girl gave one glance and then turned away, her cheeks crimson with shame. It was hard to answer, but she was no coward. She looked up into her old friend's grave eyes.

"Thank you," she said, "I will try to learn my lesson and accept my mission—to the streets."—*Kath's Companion.*

PROMISED NEVER TO PRAY.

One Sunday morning the Rev. Henry Higginson was passing along a road which was divided from some gardens by a hedge. Being a tall man—six feet four inches—he looked over the hedge and saw a man digging in his garden. Calling to the man, he shouted: "Eh, sirrah, come here!"

The man walked up to the hedge, when Mr. Higginson asked him if he

ever prayed. The man, after a little consideration, said no, he never did. "Well, then," said Mr. Higginson, "I will give you five shillings if you promise me you never will." The man promised and took the five shillings, and Mr. Higginson went his way.

The contract he had entered into soon began to make the man feel uncomfortable, so much so that he had to leave off digging, and went into the house and sat down. Noticing his gloomy look, his wife asked him what was the matter. He told her what the man had said and done, saying he thought it must be the devil. His wife asked him what kind of a man he was, he described him as a big, tall man all in black.

"Why," she replied, "I have no doubt it will be that Methodist preacher, and he is going to preach at the little chapel down the road. If you like, we will go and see."

So it was agreed, and they went. Being a little late they sat on the benches near the door; but they had not been in the room long when the man nudged his wife, saying: "That's him! that's him!"

They stayed till the close of the meeting, when the man went up to the minister and gave him back his five shillings, saying that he would not have it. "Then you mean to pray?" asked the preacher. The result being that the man became a changed character.

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU BUILD.

One of my friends told me of a philanthropist who once bade a contractor, who had been most unfortunate, build him a dwelling, and he gave him authority to choose the material and to govern every part of its construction. At last the house was finished, but the contractor had felt that this was an opportunity for him to recover some of his lost fortune, and had put into it the poorest material and the faultiest of work, and when the house was finished the philanthropist said, "This house is for you and your family, and you can live in it as long as you please. It is yours forever." And then the man realized that he had built a poor house in which he must live. Is it not like this with those of us who build weakness into our character and allow sin to rule in our lives? We are building a house in which we must live forever.—*Selected.*

HOW WE MIGHT LIVE.

For any of us can there be on the road of life a sweeter fruition than to learn God's will and to dwell within it, as within a secure abode? Not to make exceptions, not to choose, not to murmur, not to strain at the leash, but to feel in every pore of being and in every conscious breath that God's will is best and that it is joy and gladness to be used as God pleases.

So living, we can never know defeat or disappointment. Failure on the earthly side may be success on the heavenly side. If we stumble, we are aware of a hand that was pierced, swift to uplift us. If we sin, we repent and begin again, sure that our infirmities are pardoned and our sins blotted out. And the way, though steep and stony, is forever up, up, up, till we leave the bounds of time and the last station here is passed and we leave the darkness and perplexities of earth to enter into the golden hereafter of an eternity in Immanuel's land.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

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"I MIXED THE MORTAR."

A traveller when standing outside Cologne Cathedral expressed his admiration of its beauty.

"Yes," said a laborer who happened to hear him; "it's a fine building, and it took us many a year to finish."

"Took you!" exclaimed the tourist; "why, what have you to do with it?"

"I mixed the mortar, sir!" was the modest yet proud rejoinder.

The laborer had the right to feel that he had some share in the good work. In the same way everyone can help in the work of building up human society into a holy temple in the Lord. Even if we have no higher work than mixing the mortar, let us be proud of this and do our best at it.

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—A missionary in India had been earnestly preaching in the bazaar or market-place of the town where he labored, and was going out of the city when a heathen asked him in mockery: "How many Christians have you made today?" The missionary pointed to a field and said: "What would happen tomorrow if we were to sow corn there today?" The answer was: "Nothing." "What would happen the day after?" "Nothing," was again the reply. "What would be in a few days after that?" "Little blades would sprout up." "Well," said the missionary, "I have sown the good seed today, and this, too, will come up after some time."

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