

of heavy comfortables called "futon," some are used to spread underneath and others are for the top. The beds are made up every evening just before going to bed, and in the morning, after they have been aired awhile, they are folded up and put into the closet. You think you would not like that way of sleeping? I can assure you it is very comfortable for one or two nights. How many girls in each room? Sometimes three, sometimes four, you see the rooms are not very large.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Story of the Carpet.

In that most delightful of books, Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, there is a story of a Magic Carpet which would carry its owner any where in the world. I want to tell you now of a carpet just as wonderful. An old, old carpet which has been transformed by some magic into one beautiful and bright. This is how it came about. I am a housekeeper and enjoy having things as pretty and fresh as most housekeepers do.

On our stairs, front stairs too, was a carpet once good as well as beautiful, but now shabby and worn—yes, I have to confess it—fearfully old. For a year or more it had been an annoyance and mortification as the annual spring cleaning came around, but the time never seemed to come when something else was not more necessary, so the dingy old stair carpet was made to do. At last the time arrived when it was pronounced past that period when it could any longer be made to do, and so money was appropriated for a new one. But just then the claims of our Missionary Society seemed to press with more and more force and then followed a brief conflict. "The carpet was a necessity." "The old one was no longer even respectable," and so the struggle went on.

Well, the end of it was that the money appropriated for a new carpet went into the missionary treasury, and I thought I had made a sacrifice. But not so! The fairies have been at work, and my old carpet has been brodered all over with beauty! As I go up, step by step, it speaks to me. Here is a worn spot where the pattern is almost invisible, but it says, "Precious truths have been woven into the heart of some girl in Japan, which will model her life after the Perfect Pattern, to be followed by the women of that nation who are so earnestly striving for a higher life, and your little self-denial has helped to do so." Here are other bare places, which look as though a troop of rosy rollicking children had been rushing up and down with feet none too daintily shod. From these bare spots there seem to come the words, "think of happy children in your favoured lands and then think of the little ones in China—little girls unwel-

come at birth, with feet tortured and bound in youth, and of the aimless, ignorant, hopeless lives of matured years. The day is coming and perhaps a little more speedily through your sacrifice when these from the land of Simeon shall be the free and merry children of a Christian land.

I step on—here are long bare places worn by the careless tread on the edge of the steps and another voice reminds me of the little child widows of India, carelessly trodden under the iron foot of custom, until all the bloom and beauty and freshness of young lives are crucified and worn into one long weary, dull round of suffering; and perhaps by your small sacrifice relief is to the step nearer the poor little child widows of India. And so my old carpet has become bright with beautiful lessons. Fair flowers of Christian life and bright blossoms all over it and the intelligent language of these sisters translated to me by my own heart need.

And so the 'Voices of the women' speak to me as step by step I ascend the stair, and mingling with them I hear a silvery voice like a theme of music, now louder, now soft and low, but ever sustained, until as I reach the last step it sings, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me." This is the magic which has filled my poor worn carpet with music and beauty! R. M. C., Halifax.

Leaves from the Branches.

TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.

The Coral Builders Mission Band, Maple, Ont., held their third anniversary on the evening of June 6th. One of the larger boys acted as chairman to the great satisfaction of all present. The programme was varied and well rendered, each one doing his and her part successfully. The little six weeks old baby boy of the president was christened by the senior pastor, and his name enrolled as a member of the Band. Of one of the dialogues, "The voices of the women," a minister who was present said, "It was as good as a sermon and he did not see how any woman could fail to join the W. M. S., after hearing it." A pleasant and unexpected feature of the evening was a graceful remembrance of the pastor's wife who was leaving them, by whom, in turn, the dear children and young people of Maple will always be kindly remembered.

BAY OF QUINTE BRANCH.

Cheerful Workers (Lindsay), is doing good work under the supervision of Mrs W. C. Jeffers. Amount of Mite Boxes opened some time since \$6.00. Aid in the support of a girl in Chinese Home, B. C., is one object of interest. Albert College, M. H., is restoring its former record for faithfulness. A Birthday Offering totaled \$15.00 recently. They are educating at Victoria, B. C., a little Chinese girl for a missionary to her own people. M. G. H.