

## THE MISSION BAND.

Our Mission Band was formed one day,  
 With purpose good and true:  
 To teach the wise and helpful way  
 To children and to you.

The wise and helpful way is one  
 Which useful makes our lives;  
 Which shows some loving-kindness done,  
 And for some goodness strives.

Now if you think we are too small,  
 To work in cause so high,  
 Remember that the oak tree tall  
 Did in the acorn lie.

Remember, too, the Saviour was  
 The Christ-child first, then Man.  
 He loves our work, and us, because  
 We do the best we can.

The good we do lives evermore;  
 For we are sowing seed  
 Which God Himself is watching o'er,  
 Whose care is all we need.

Our mission Band has done some good,  
 We feel that we can say;  
 And now to do still more, we would  
 Ask all your prayers to-day.

We'll join in work our hearts and hands,  
 Until at last the song  
 Of Christ that's sung in Gospel lands  
 Shall to the world belong.

—Sel.

## A ROOSTER THAT SPOKE IN MEETING.

The Mexican children have little societies among themselves, just as you children are so fond of having. They meet together under the guidance of older ones, declaim, read poetry and talk about their plays and schools. Sometimes they try to sew and sell some little things of value, to get money for the orphanage. The older people help, too, and also have their meetings to help on the work.

At one of these meetings of which I am telling you, the people were very quietly

listening to the speaker, when suddenly "Cock-a-doodle-d-o-o-o!" rang out loudly in the room. My, what a shout there was! Even the old people had to smile, and the boys were really boisterous in their fun. What could it be? There was no rooster that any one could see; so after a few moments the meeting was quieted, and the boy who had been speaking began again. But in a moment there was another sharp crow, "Cock-a doodle-d-o-o-o!"

They began to search under benches, behind the doors, beneath tables and desks and chairs. But no rooster was to be seen. Yet it was a real genuine crow; no counterfeit, they well knew. And then, soon there was a flutter, a flapping of wings, and an old woman, with a basket under her shawl, who was sitting on one of the benches, was found trying to hide and smother the voice of the fat cock which had made the disturbance.

She was a poor woman who had no money to give to the orphanage, but she wanted to help on the schools to the best of her ability. She had walked a long distance that day, her basket under her arm, to attend the meeting, and she had brought the young cock which had "spoken out in meeting," hoping that some one would buy it and that she could give the money for its sale to the orphanage.

Perhaps the young rooster thought he, too, ought to have a say in the matter, and was loudly protesting against being taken away from his good old mistress. Though we cannot tell his motive, even if he had one, we do know and admire that of the old woman who tried "to do what she could."

And there is a sad story about this poor woman, too. She had a son nineteen years old, who was a good and kind boy. His name was Jose de los Angeles—"Joseph of the angels." Like many of the Spanish and Mexican boys, he possessed a talent for music, and after working hours sat in the door of his cottage and played upon the harp.

He was, moreover, one of the converts to our church in Mexico, and because he was a Protestant and read his Bible, he