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LIFE—A GARDEN.

Our lives are gardens, and their flowers
 Are thoughts and smiles and tears,
 And God, who gave them, knoweth all
 The gardener's hopes and fears.
 Not always will the sunlight be
 On leaf and blossom there ;
 Nor will the summer always fill
 With incense rich the air.

Nay, frosts and snows are needed both,
 And days of shadow, too,
 That greener yet may be the leaf,
 And fairer still the hue.
 And when each changeful day is done,
 And comes the evening hour,
 God smiles to see how shade and sun
 Have beautified the flower.

Life is a garden—may yours show,
 In all that blossoms there,
 The mingled sweets of sun and shade
 And the Great Gardener's care.

LOVE'S REWARD.

IN a pretty country village, there lived two little girls, Susie and Amy by name. Now in this little village there was a Mission Band, composed of earnest boys and girls, also two bright jolly leaders; all bound together in work for the Master. Susie did not belong to the mission band, her parents being opposed to it, but her friend Amy did. Amy was very much interested in mission work, so she tried to awaken some interest in her friend. They often met and talked about it. Amy longed for Susie to join their band. Then they could make plans together and talk about what they would do—

how some day they would go as missionaries, to tell others of a kind Saviour's love. One lovely summer afternoon, as the sun was shining very brightly, a group of happy faces, blending inextricably with the sunshine, gathered in the fortnightly Band meeting. The pleasant face of the leader added greatly to the enjoyment of the meeting. What was all said, sung and prayed for we do not know; but we do know that there went out from that meeting a glorious influence, which was carried home by the different members, especially by little Amy Bell. One word, the leader said that afternoon, seemed to effect Amy very deeply. It was when she spoke about trying to bring one's companions and urged upon them to do their best for the Lord, that little Amy resolved to go at once and talk to her friends about it. She met Susie half way to the gate; and, giving each other a pleasant smile and sweet kiss, they went hand in hand to a quiet nook in the garden, to have a cosy little talk. Susie had more than once heard her father say that there was no good in a Mission Band—that there really wasn't any need of it. After Amy had told her playmate about the nice time they had at the meeting, Susie asked if there was any need of a Mission Band. "Of course there is," replied Amy. "You see we earn money to send to the little boys and girls in foreign countries. Our president says, seeing that in many countries the girls suffer the most, we should do all in our power towards making them happy." She then went on and told about the little girls in China; how they bind the feet of the little girls, making cripples of them for life; depriving them of many enjoyments; such as running, playing and skipping rope, in which all girls delight. She told also of the little Hindoo girls, who get married when