

TOTS DOLLAR.

Dess I dot a dollar!
 There now, don't you see!
 Tause I dot a birf-day,
 Papa gave it me. (Holds it up.)

An I've dot a awful
 Lot of sings to do,
 Don't see how I ever,
 Ever, tan dit froo.

Sink I'll buy for mamma
 A pittymon ying,
 For myself I isn't
 Doin' to dit a sing.

A dassing case for papa,
 Tause, I heard him say,
 That he'd like to have one,
 Just the ozzer day.

Then a great bid aproa
 With frill, and pocket too,
 One for nurse and Lena
 Our house maid, don't you know.

Best of all, I'll tell you
 What I'm doin' to do
 Drop a shinin' twarter
 In my mite-box new.

That's to buy some Bibles,
 For children o'er the sea,
 Who never heard of Jesus,
 The Saviour who loves me.

Canso.

J. L. J.

"WHITE ROBES."

In loving remembrance of Mary Wilkinson of the
 "Rill and River" Mission Band, Alberton, P. E. I.

WHITE robes! Don't you love them? I do. Away in dear old England long ago, when I was a little girl, I loved in the twilight hour to curl up in the depths of a quaint old arm-chair which stood by our family fireside, and there with pussy in my lap dream of riding a milk white pony, and carrying dainty things to sick people, all wrapped in snowy napery, and my own garments were always pure white! Well, I have found that washing days and ironing days are closely connected with the white robes of earth, and so have learned to be content with a wee bit at the throat and wrists, with now and then a white apron. I am wearing one now as I write, it has long broad bands beautifully hemmed on either side, and across the bottom the same exquisitely neat work is seen. I am very fond of this apron. Would you like to know why? The hands of a dear little Band worker wrought all these delicate stitches, and those same hands brought the apron so lovingly to me on a bright May morning as a birthday gift, and now those dear busy little hands are folded quietly away under the snow. Just one year ago Jesus called dear Mary to live and walk and talk with Him in the beautiful home, where the dwellers wear only white robes which never get soiled, since, "naught that defileth" ever enters there. Mary was quite young, just a little over fifteen, when Jesus called her to the upper home, yet she was not afraid,

but really glad to go, although she had on earth a very happy home, where she was most tenderly loved and cared for by father, mother, sister and brother. When we first knew her she was a merry, fun-loving and seemingly thoughtless child, but when about a year afterwards we formed our Mission Band she became a most interested and active worker, and continued such, with increasing devotion, to the very close of her earthly career. She was ever ready to serve as an officer, or to sew, sing or recite, to earn money, or to deny herself that she might swell the Band treasury. Well do we remember, during the summer of 1894, visiting her sick room and purchasing from her some missionary aprons, which had been made by the Band and left in her care. What a bright flush of pleasure illuminated her pale face as she counted over the money! I think you will have guessed ere this that Mary had not only joined the Mission Band, but had given herself to Jesus. Yes, very quietly but very decidedly the winter after the Band was formed, she came to Jesus in simple trusting faith and made choice publicly of His blessed service, uniting with His visible church in the Spring of 1893, of which she was a consistent, useful and growing member until she passed away. Her illness continued from early summer, for just as the beautiful June days arrived, bringing holidays, flowers and friends, she was smitten with fever, from which she never fully recovered; later lung trouble developed and ere the merry Xmas bells began to ring she went up to join the music of the skies. She never murmured through all the weary days and nights, but was most patient, nay more, quite cheerful, often singing in her chamber "Jesus bids us Shine," and other pretty pieces belonging to the Band and Sunday school. When it became quite evident that she could not linger long upon earth, and sorrow filled the hearts of her dear ones she strove to cheer them. In her room was peace and sunshine and heavenly song, though the poor body was rapidly wasting away. Outside her door they wept and said, "What shall we do without her?" She alone was perfectly calm and wonderfully sustained of God. She asked for the boys and girls of her acquaintance to come and as they stood weeping around her bed, she urged them to love and serve Jesus, and to meet her in heaven. She quietly disposed of her little trinkets to one and another, sending all her money to the beloved Mission Band, in which she had worked so faithfully—then her work on earth seemed done. On the last Sabbath evening she was suffering very much yet smiled and asked them to sing, "My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine," and so she passed from our vision! By her request her remains were borne to the sanctuary in which she had glorified Jesus by taking Him publicly as her Saviour and King. By her wish also the choir sang softly, "Some Sweet Day," "Bye and Bye." Sorrow and silence filled many hearts and tears fell thick and fast, nevertheless as the sweet strains rose and fell, followed by prayer and psalm, the thought and desire of the large congregation were lifted heavenward. "God came down their souls to meet, whilst glory crowned the Mercy seat." It was a never to be forgotten season.