



Devoted to the interests of the Mission Bands and Circles of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

Published Every Month.

ST. JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER, 1894.

VOL. I. No. 10.

The Missionary Nuts.

How fair are the woods in the ripe Autumn weather!
 How tempting the nuts as they cover the ground!
 Now Duncan and Jessie go nutting together,
 Two bright, happy children as ever were found.
 Just look at the chestnuts, how plump and inviting,
 Wee brown satin 'bags, stuffed as full as can be,
 The hearts of the two busy children delighting,
 See Duncan and Jessie down under the tree!

But, oh! do you think these are like any others?
 They're not common nuts, I would have you to know,

For these are to help far off sisters and brothers;
 For Mission Band money, these nuts are to go.
 There's no little Band where the children are living,
 Like the one they belonged to before they came there;

And yet they must always keep on with their giving
 So the first Mission Circle will still have its share.

Just think how a bushel of nuts will surprise them!
 For chestnuts don't grow in that town far away,
 And surely no person will need to advise them
 To sell them for all that the people will pay.
 At last, with some help, all the nuts are collected,
 In Duncan's new wagon the box finds a place,
 Then Jessie takes hold, as might be expected,
 And off to the station the little ones race.

How it went on the cars, how papa wrote a letter,
 How the children rejoiced when the box came to hand,

And sold all the nuts - I believe it is better
 To leave you to guess, for you all understand.
 But put on your thinking caps this very minute.
 Pray, what can you do for your own Mission Band?
 If you think of some new thing, make haste to begin it,

Or do the old things with a readier hand.
 --Selected.

--Small service is true service while it lasts;
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew drop from the sun.

--Wor. Isworth.

A Dialogue on Church Matters.

Two young girls, of Roman Catholic parentage, had been educated together at a convent and become fast friends. They had been separated after leaving school for some time, but meeting at a quiet seaside resort one summer, were delighted at the prospect of a visit of several weeks. One afternoon they had been enjoying a lively conversation in Susie's room, when Aggie, to her astonishment, spied an open Bible lying upon the table.

"Why Susie," said she, "you are not really reading the Bible when you know how strictly that is forbidden by our priests."

Susie.—Is it possible Aggie you have not heard that lately our holy father the Pope has advised all the people to read the Scriptures? In the states they have been permitted to do so for years. You know I have been staying with some of mother's protestant cousins for some months, and while there I read the Bible with them every day, and found it so interesting that I am going to continue the study and try and find the comfort and benefit that they seem to derive from it.

Aggie.—Well, tell me Susie what do the protestants really believe? You know the sisters in the convent used to say that their's was no religion and there never was a protestant before Luther.

Susie.—I remember we were told that and I asked my aunt one day if it was really so. 'Why' said she "my dear child do you not know what the word protestant means? A Protestant is one who protests against the declarations or errors of another. Christ protested against the wickedness of the Scribes and Pharisees and He was a Protestant. Luther protested against the priests in his day and also against the false doctrines which had crept into the church that were not according to Scripture