

MISSION BAND NOTES.

THE TONGUE.

The Bible tells us to "war a good warfare," and we find that one of our equipments is the weapon of speech. It remains with ourselves whether this weapon shall be used as a deadly instrument, or as a healing and helpful one. Man is the only creature that has power to give expression to the products of the mind in the form of articulate speech, and as a consequence he is held responsible for the use or abuse of this power. Words are the expressions of thoughts, and instead of attacking the instrument, the tongue, we should cultivate pure, ennobling thoughts—then our tongues would take care of themselves. It is impossible to enumerate the effects of speech. Perhaps we never realize it so much as when we have said something that we would give anything to recall. We all can remember some speech, lecture or sermon, that has stirred us wonderfully, and if acted upon, the inspiration has spread its influence all through our life. Or perhaps some kind word, spoken when we were in great perplexity or doubt, is still bearing fruit as an example of "little things" done in His name.

Did you ever think about the "idle words?" Where do they commence and where end? We say so much that we do not mean, and which would save a great deal of trouble if left unsaid. We may not mean any harm, and in some cases no harm is done, but not in the majority. Sometimes the tongue misrepresents; only one word may be added, or the tone of voice be very expressive, and the mischief done is past rectifying.

If we would be sure of the correctness of everything before we speak a great many things would be left unsaid because of our uncertainty of their correctness.

A pebble is thrown into the lake and its effects are felt from shore to shore. Are not our words thrown into the ocean of time, whose shores reach from the present to the eternities? If as our words fell from our lips they would take shape and linger in the air, we would be appalled at the result. Although not seen, they are in the air, and may they not have some influence over others? If such is the case, how careful we should be that our tongues do not say anything that we would fain recall. One of our poets has said:

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
But you can't do that when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may be called back dead:
God himself can't kill them when they're said.

—One of the Band.

Japan Work.

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.

allow them to do this; they were very much disappointed at this, as Tokizo had been their friend and had often talked to them of God. Miss M. explained that as he was now in heaven the flowers would do him no good, but that they might take up a collection of not more than 3 cents each, to buy flowers to send to those who are now in the hospital where he died, and so do good to others for His sake. This pleased all.

You will remember the S— family. At one time two of the girls were in the school. In the days when this school was so fashionable, Mr. S. was our great friend, but for some reason that we could never understand, the girls were taken away in a strange manner, and all communication ceased. Two years ago last Christmas, Mrs. S. was present at our closing, having been brought by our teacher of Japanese literature, Mrs. Kobayashi. I spoke to her. Looking at me, she said that she was ashamed to see me, after the way they had acted. These last two months Mrs. Kobayashi has been telling me where she thought my going would do good, as she was aware that I was giving all my spare time to visiting in the homes of former students. So one day she asked me to go to the S—'s with her, as they had a little girl to send to school shortly, and talked some of sending here; that they regretted very much having ever taken Tazu from us; that she had been changed around, and now knew nothing; that if I went, they would see that there was no ill-feeling in my heart towards them. I consented to go. As we walked together, Mrs. K. was full of the good that this visit was going to do. I confess I was not quite so hopeful. The children only were at home, so we made a short call; and when leaving, I gave Tazu tracts and papers. Among them were seven volumes of a tract on "The True Life." That same, or the next day, Mr. S., while in an unconscious fit, fell with his face over the "hibachi," and when found was terribly burned. Since that time he has not been able to leave his home. Saturday, Mrs. K. came to me for some more books, and told me that the day before she had found him rejoicing in sins forgiven. He could not read for himself, could not stand to have difficult matter read to him, and so these seven little volumes had been read. Through them he had seen himself a sinner,

(To be continued.)