

said Miss Lane, "Remember I have told you stories ever since you were small children, I have no new ones for you."

"Couldn't you tell us about your girls at Markville Seminary? Are they as nice as we?" said Kate roguishly.

"Well, now, I wonder if you girls would be interested in our "home mission child," as we called her, and how the Seminary girls raised money to keep her."

"O yes, Miss Lane, your stories are always so nice," said Meg, who was rapidly making comfort for herself at the foot of a lilac bush.

"I think I told you last summer of how these girls had pledged themselves to send \$50 a year to support a little girl in Japan. They raised the money this year as usual, and had quite a comfortable feeling of having done their duty in helping to spread the Gospel. I had often tried to arouse their sympathy for home missions, but their complacency was so great over that \$50 for Japan, that I began to despair of ever getting them interested in any other quarter, when unexpectedly I was helped in this by some of the girls themselves. It was customary for any girl that had been in the school for four years, and had made during that time a good record of deportment, to have what was known as senior's privileges, that is the privilege of going for a walk unaccompanied by a teacher. One afternoon two of these senior girls, Ada Howard and May Kennebec, who had started for wild flowers, came back telling a sad story of a child, living in a hut, without even the common necessities of life. Next day, with Ada and May as guides, I took a number of the other girls and walked to the place. The afternoon was a hot one, and it seemed, as we entered the one low room, as if we could scarcely breathe, the air was so foul. You, I expect, have been grumbling at the heat this afternoon in your large shuttered rooms, but how would you like to live in a small kitchen with the steam of a wash tub ascending; for the aunt earned her living by washing, and might have made herself and the child tolerably comfortable had she not had a fondness for liquor. When our eyes became accustomed to the steam clouded room, we saw lying in one corner on an old mattress a child of about ten years. She was feverishly tossing and moaning and begging for water. Although she was apparently very ill, the hard-featured woman paid no attention to her beyond saying when we went to the bed, "It's nothing but laziness that ails her, she can eat fast enough when I give it to her." The poor little thing looked up gratefully when I moistened her lips with the cool water which one of the girls brought from a spring close by. Fearing for the health of the three girls whom I had allowed to enter the dwelling, I hurriedly rejoined the waiting ones outside, after promising the child to come again. The girls immediately beset me with suggestions, while one or two lamented the fact that their \$50 had been sent to Japan. I told them, while I was glad that they had discovered how much need there was for mission work at our very door, yet they must not forget that the heathen abroad had a strong claim on them as well. On the following day, with the doctor's permission, we had

the child moved to the Seminary building where she might have proper care and food. Her aunt willingly signed papers handing her over for life to us, and soon afterwards disappeared from the neighborhood. The child, who is a bright, intelligent little creature, will remain at the Seminary until she is qualified to go out as a teacher, and we all have hopes that we may send, beside the barren money, a real, live teacher to Japan, and in this way will be linked together our home missionary and our foreign missionary attempts. But now to tell about the Seminary Mission Band's part in this good work. The Principal would not receive the child into the school until the Band had promised to be responsible for her board and education. Then there was real work and self-denial, and various were the means resorted to in order to raise the money. On one door, underneath a triangle formed by the names of May, Ted and Ada, might be seen the following notice: "Darning and mending done quickly and cheaply by the inmates of this room; also buttons sewed on so tightly that no washerwoman can rub them off." On another door was: "Aprons of all kinds, especially large ones for practical work in chemistry." More appetizing than these was the notice on another room that "Fresh candy would be supplied every Saturday from one o'clock until four." Novel advertisements were the order of the day. Books might be covered, trunks packed, pins sold, and one audacious advertiser even offered for a small sum "to supply brains for the coming examinations." The purchasers of the latter hardly knew whether they had been defrauded or not, when they received a folded piece of paper with the following: "Study hard through the term, take plenty of exercise, a cold bath every morning, and go to bed early the night before. You will then be sure to pass." The buyers concluded, however, to take it good naturedly, as the money was all to go toward the little girl's expenses. It soon became quite fashionable for each room to have a small paste-board box on the table, into which odd change might be dropped by the owners or their visitors. So far the girls have fulfilled their promise nobly. They have even some money put aside for expenses next year. There will be, of course, less enthusiasm as new girls come in, but as long as our "home mission child" remains faithful, I have no doubt the band will be true to its promise. That is all I can tell you now, but I know you will always be interested in her, after hearing her story."

"Oh, indeed we will, Miss Lane," cried Kate, "and may we not help?"

"That you may," said Miss Lane earnestly, "but only on condition that you earn yourself what you give."

"I for one, can do that easily," Meg said, "for I may have so much a quart for all the fruit I can pick in the garden, and I am sure there must be thousands of quarts, more or less." she added, catching a humorous look from Miss Lane's eyes. "But come, girls, it is getting dark, and we must be going. Thank you so much, Miss Lane, for your story and its moral. I'm sure we shall remember it on the next hot day, and be thankful for ice and shutters."

KATE,

Halifax, N. S.