

to meet at the usual time and place next Saturday, to hear the will read and receive their bequests."

Fifteen girls looked puzzled and troubled, and ashamed, as they asked each other: "What does it mean?" "Is it really dead?" "Will she scold us?"

But when Saturday came, all the girls filed into Miss Dean's sitting room and sat down with wondering faces in the chairs arranged in a stiff row around the room.

Ollie was at the table opposite Miss Dean. They noticed there were real tears in Miss Dean's eyes as she said: "You know, dear girls, when the missionary spirit leaves a society, although there may be as many hearts and hands and feet attached to it as ever, it is really dead. Usually there is no funeral service held, and no monument is ever erected. But I remember how we once loved our meetings, and I couldn't bear to see the patchwork and thimbles and papers in the box, so I wanted you to receive them again. Then there is little Bertha Darrow in Japan, who is an orphan now—I thought you might like to send love and sympathy to her before she is given to another Band. Our corresponding secretary received a letter from her last week, which we will hear before the will is read."

Rosa Darrow, for whose angel sister the Japanese girl was named, turned around in her chair and hid her face at this moment. Ollie rose and read:

TO MY DEAR FRIENDS IN AMERICA—I received your kind and loving letter Saturday morning. I was much pleased to read it, and read it not only one time but twice and thrice. I am very sorry I did not write you before this. I hope you will excuse me with your great humaneness, for I am not lazy, only forgetful always. We have a society, too. Tokwa San is vice-president, O Fuku San is secretary, O Miki San is treasurer, and I, humble girl, am president. I shall try very hard to faithfully work like you in America, who so diligently work for Jesus. I thank you very much for your kind letter to think of such foolish girl very often with great deal of love and prayer. When I read that, tears came to my eyes unknowing. Good bye, with great love. Your girl,

O KO SAN (Bertha Darrow).

"Miss Dean! O Miss Dean!" sobbed Rosa, "we can't give my little sister's name away. She sha'n't go to another Band, shall she, girls?"

Then Alice Hooper, the treasurer, arose. "Miss Dean," said she, "we feel dreadfully—we girls do. I never meant to stay away from the meetings, but I just *did*. If you'll try us once more."

"I wish you would," interrupted Sarah Lester, wiping her tearful eyes. "Mamma says we don't deserve a society. She says our girl in Japan knows how to appreciate her blessings better than we do."

Elsie Atkins was ready to speak as soon as Sarah

sat down. She began in her most grown-up manner: "I talked with papa about it, and he said perhaps it was a case of"—here Elsie paused to look at a bit of paper—"a case of *suspended animation*. He said perhaps it would come to life if the right remedies were used."

As Elsie's father was a doctor, this opinion had considerable weight.

Then dear, conscientious little Mabel Bliss arose and said, with tears in her voice: "I think the trouble is in our *hearts*. I've been selfish. I wanted to play, or go off somewhere, every single Saturday. I didn't think about our girl, and I didn't think about our doing it for Jesus. When we were going to have a fair or an entertainment; then I was interested. But since I got that note I've made up my mind if we could—come to life—once more—I'd do better."

"How many of you would like to 'come to life'?" asked Miss Dean, with the first smile that had lighted that dismal meeting. Every girl sprang to her feet.

"That is good!" she continued; "but, dear girls, I cannot begin on the old plan. The society isn't a game to be dropped when you want a change. It means real responsibility and work for Jesus. It means sacrifice too. It means that we love the grand, beautiful cause of missions so well that we are glad to give some of our time and money and strength to help it along. All who *desire* to begin over in this way, raise your hands."

The girls looked at each other soberly, questioningly, and every hand was slowly raised. Then every head was bowed as Miss Dean prayed: "Dear Jesus, give us the life and love in our hearts which shall endure forever!"

And then the girls would not stay in these chairs another minute! They crowded around Miss Dean, laughing and crying and confessing and explaining. It was a never-to-be-forgotten meeting. And Ollie whispered to Miss Dean just before she went home: "Just think! We didn't read the *will* after all!"—*Zion's Herald*.

THE LILY, THE DAISY, THE BIRD, AND A CHILD.

Every lily in the valley
Waits in patience for the rain;
Every daisy in the shadow
Waits till sunbeams come again;
Every birdie in its home-nest
Waits for food, nor waits in vain.

Dearest Saviour, it is written,
"Be ye patient, in Thy word,
Make me patient as the Lily,
Or the Daisy or the Bird;
Give me, Lord, Thy loving Spirit
Never by a passion stirred.

ANON.