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"SOWING IN TEARS."

BY MRS. CHARLES.

Ye have not sowed in vain !
Though the heavens seem as brass,
And piercing the cry of the burning plain,
Ye see not a blade of grass.

Yet there is life within,
And waters of life on high ;
One morn ye shall wake, and the Spring's soft green
O'er the moistened fields shall lie.

Tears in the dull, cold eye,
Light on the darkened brow,
The smile of peace, or the prayerful sigh,
Where the mocking smile sits now.

Went ye not forth with prayer ?
Then ye went not forth in vain ;
The sower, the Son of Man, was there,
And His was the precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud,
The first sweet signs of Spring,
The first slow drops of the quickening shower
On the hard, dry ground that ring !

But the harvest-home ye'll keep—
The summer of life ye'll share.
When they that sow and they that reap,
Rejoice together—there.

And He that "sowed in tears,"
With joy shall come again ;
And among His sheaves, with their ripened ears,
Ye shall see your long-lost grain.

NELL'S TRIP TO BRAMPTON.

It was a cold night in October, when at a country station in New Brunswick, a gentleman and his two daughters, Madge and Nan, were waiting for the incoming train, for was not that train to bring home Mamma and Nell, who had been to Board meeting in Brampton? Nell had gone with mamma, not on account of any special fitness for Board meetings,

but to be company for her mother. Soon the train came, and then papa, mamma, and the girls were being driven over the rough road to the Parsonage. Now, grandma had been left home to get supper ready, and because she was too old to go to the train to meet "the delegates," as the girls insisted on calling mamma and Nell. After supper, all gathered around the bright fire in the study, to hear Mamma's and Nell's report of what they had seen and heard at the Board meeting.

"Now, dear ones, I wrote you all about the good time we had going up to Toronto, so we'll just imagine that the train has stopped at Brampton. When we stepped out on the platform, the ladies were there to meet us and take us to their homes. As we went along through the pretty streets, with their lovely residences and trees, I could not help thinking how much it looked like Truro. One of the most beautiful sights I saw was the Conservatory at Brampton. There were hundreds of roses in bloom. There are two Methodist churches in the town, Grace Church and St. Paul's. We turned our steps to the former, where meetings were to be held, and we found there ladies from every part of the Dominion. There seemed to be so many strange faces that we were glad to find a few old friends from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

"Now, mamma, you did not tell them that there were five missionaries there," ejaculated Nell.

"Yes, five missionaries—Mrs. Large, Miss Cartmell and Miss Robertson from Japan, and Mrs. Tate, who has been working among the Indians—were there."

"You should have heard Mr. Raley, who is a missionary from Ritamaat," said Nell. "It made me cry to hear him tell of the sufferings of the little Indian children, and he had no room for all that wanted to go to his home, so he came to the Board to ask the ladies to give him some money to build a new home, and to send some one to help him teach them, and they did, too. Then I was so interested in hearing Miss Cartmell and Miss Robertson tell about the Japanese children. I guess they have a pretty hard time being missionaries. Now I used to think