

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


*A NEW LEAF.*

He came to my desk with a quivering lip,  
 His lesson was done;  
 "Dear teacher I want a new leaf," he said  
 "I have spoiled this one."  
 In place of the leaf so stained and blotted  
 I gave him a new one all unspotted,  
 And into his sad eyes smiled—  
 "Do better with this, my child."

I went to the Throne with a grieving soul,  
 For the year was done;  
 "O Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?  
 I have spoiled this one."  
 He took the old leaf stained and blotted  
 He gave me a new one all unspotted,  
 And into my sad heart smiled  
 Do better with this, my child.

*Selected*

**"HE SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO THE HEATHEN."**

 vine-covered arch stood in a shady corner of Dr. Graham's garden, and it was used by the children for a play house.

On a certain bright morning the sole occupant was a pale-faced lady doll, dressed in a pink cashmere wrapper, and about her slender waist a soiled blue shawl was tied, the ends of which had caught on a nail in the seat, and the poor thing hung forlornly in mid-air. Her troubles, however, had apparently been forgotten in sleep, and the thoughtless cackling of a number of hens, failed to cause even a quiver of those waxen lids.

Little Daisy Graham had gone across the street for her little friend Flossie Bell, and presently the two came dancing into the arbor, each with a baby doll in her arms. They seemed in no wise dismayed at beholding the dangerous position in which the pale dolly was reposing, but calmly unhooked the shawl and put her, face downward, upon the bench.

"Now," said Daisy to her playmate, "I will take

Paulina Helena out for a walk, while you tidy up the house: She seems rather restless this morning." So Paulina Helena and her little nurse walked round to the back yard to see the chickens. While they were standing there the cook opened the door, and Daisy heard her say in a cross voice, "Well, I declare, Farmer Jones is a regular old heathen; this is the second time he has sent a basket of half-bad apples with a few good ones on top—the old cheat," she added in a wrathful undertone, for she had caught sight of Daisy in the yard.

The little girl ran up to the door with Paulina Helena in her arms. "Who did you say was an old heathen, Eliza?" she asked.

"Oh, just that old man your pa buys his vegetables from, Miss Daisy."

"Where does he live?"

"I don't exactly know, Miss. Out of the village somewhere, in that old brown house at the corner, I think. Now don't you want to give these crumbs to the chickens?"

Daisy took the crumbs, and threw them to the chickens, but instead of standing to watch them being gobbled up, as usual, she walked soberly back to the arbor.

"Flossie" she said, "you could never guess who lives in the old brown house at the corner?"

"Who?" asked Flossie.

"A heathen," said Daisy, in an awe-stricken whisper. Then the little girls looked at each other in silence.

"A heathen," Flossie repeated, "who told you? Miss Mason said heathens lived in some country away way off."

"Eliza said so, and she ought to know, when she's lived here all her life."

Another deep silence, broken by Flossie saying in a solemn voice: "Well, then, you know what we'll have to do, for we promised when we joined the Band to work as hard as anything for the heathen."

"I put all my birthday money in my mit-box," said Daisy triumphantly, "and I put in the money