

LITTLE THINGS.

BY MRS. MARY TENFON.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire—
A little thing; but her mother smiled,
And banished all her care,
And a day that was sad,
Closed bright and glad.
With a song of praise and prayer.

'Twas only a little thing to do
For a sturdy lad like Ned
To groom the horse, to milk the cow,
And bring the wood from the shed.
But his father was glad to find at night
The chores were all well done.
'I am thankful,' said he,
'As I can be,
For the gift of such a son.'

Only small things, but they brighten the life,
Or shadow it with care;
But little things, but they mould a life
For joy or sad despair;
But little things, yet life's best prize,
The reward which labor brings,
Comes to him who uses,
And not abuses,
The power of little things.

HOME MISSIONARIES.

EDITH A. ANNING.

WAS walking down town one rough March morning when the wind seemed lurking as if with design at every street corner, to make fierce sallies at the passer-by. Everyone felt mother nature was in a bad humor and it was wiser to stay in the house and keep out of her way, but marketing must be done, whatever the weather, so I turned up my storm-collar and stepped briskly along. The usual busy people were abroad, all bent upon their affairs for the day, but yielding themselves—or it seemed so to me—mentally as well as physically to the inclemency without. The few greetings I received were principally "rough weather;" or "good morning," in such a tone that it struck one as a new mode of address.

Suddenly, as I turned the corner, I saw a group of little boys running gaily with the wind. As they came towards me one of them looked up, his blue eyes blinking, and the merriest bit of sunshine spread over his face as he shouted a happy "Hello".

I had only time to say "good morning, little man," and they were gone, but they changed the whole day with me.

The next Sunday our lesson was on Missions, and after we had talked about them for awhile I said, "Children, do you know we have a little missionary in our class?"

Everybody looked very much surprised. They all knew they brought coppers for the Japanese and Chinese children, and the little Indians of the Northwest, and sometimes their mended story-books and toys for the boxes sent to near stations, but they thought that was all little children ever did,—only big people went away to be missionaries.

"But this little boy," I said, "has never been away as a missionary, and I hope he won't go for a very long time, because we need him here so much."

"Benny, come here, please," and Benny with his weather-beaten little face and big blue eyes came towards me.

I put my hands on his shoulders and turned him to the others and said, "Children, this is the little missionary."

They looked at him a moment and then one of them said, "Why, that's Benny Foster," and others laughed good-naturedly to think their playmate was so illustrious.

"Yes," I said, "it is just Benny Foster," and I told them what a dear little missionary he had been on the rough, windy morning.

They listened with the greatest interest. This was a new aspect to them. Big folks were missionaries to little children to teach them that Jesus loved them and they could help with their pennies as they had done before, but little people could be missionaries to father and mother and Sunday School teacher and everybody they saw every day, by just giving their love in the happy word and smile.

Belleville.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

JO GAKKO, KOFU, MARCH 24th 1897.

DEAR PALM BRANCH:—I send you a letter written by one of the graduates of Kofu school to one of her teachers—You can use it for publication if you wish. Her name is Shige Amemiya. She is the only child and heiress of wealthy parents. She is an earnest Christian girl and is doing a good work for Christ in her home and village. Several lecture meetings have been held lately by the Japanese pastors in her village and she has worked hard to make them a success, afterwards entertaining the speaker over night in her home. She started a Sunday School for the children, and keeps it going at her own expense. I am sure she is sowing good seed among the little ones, only God can measure the results. When she was a student of this school, she taught in one of our Sunday Schools among the poor, and thus received some training for the work. She has a nice organ of her own, a most unusual thing for a Japanese girl to own in that country. She can play on it nicely too. She would like very much to return to the school for post-graduate study, but evidently thinks it may be her duty to remain home. The noble Christian life this young girl is leading is a great encouragement to us all. It is difficult for our young girls surrounded by those who care nothing for and may even oppose Christianity to keep their faith, and it is a great joy when on leaving us, one becomes such an earnest, aggressive worker. Yours sincerely E. A. P