

the hearts of that Mission Band for those two little strays, nineteen years ago, well that arm is just as long and strong to-day.

I am praying for a heart that always opens at God's gentlest touch.

Your loving friend,

H. F. LAPLAMME.

Cocanada, India, 24, 8, '97.

A BAND'S RESOLVE.

F. E. S. E.

"I haven't any patience with stories that end, 'then she woke, and it was all a dream,'" said Jennie Burns, scornfully, as her twin sister, Jessie, finished reading a story that ended in that way.

Eight members of the first Division of the Sunbeam Band sat sewing on a wide, vine-covered veranda while Jessie read to them. All summer they had been having these weekly out-door meetings, and, as a result, had a nicely furnished pile of garments as their contribution to the frontier mission-box which the Woman's Missionary Society was to send early in the fall. They had not forgotten all Miss Baker, the leader, had told them of how their missionary suffered last year for the very things they sent, but not until the winter was half over. They did not mean to let this occur again, and their work was to be a pleasant surprise to Miss Baker on her return.

"Of course," went on Jennie, breaking off a new thread with a snap, "no one ever dreams missionary dreams. I'm sure I never did."

"Well, I don't see why you might not," replied Jessie, ready to defend the story she had read. "You dream of all sorts of things you are interested in, picnics and dresses and all that. It is because you are not interested enough."

"Oh, I suppose so," answered Jennie carelessly. "I don't pretend that missions are my thoughts by day and my dreams by night."

"But people do dream missionary dreams," said Mary Morgan decidedly.

"I believe you've dreamed one yourself," cried Fannie Carlton. "You speak so knowingly."

"Tell it, tell it," cried all the girls in a breath, and Mary felt the warm blood mount to her forehead as she found herself the centre of observation.

"I always know Mary was better and thought more of missions than the rest of us," said Jessie half aloud.

"You won't say that," said Mary, who overheard, sadly, "when you hear my dream. But I will tell you, for I think, maybe, I ought. Just don't look at me so hard. It makes me feel like my dream again. It was this way. Just before I went to bed I read about Miss Whildon's blind girls, who know so much of the Bible by heart, and how one can repeat a whole book without a mistake. 'My, I thought, 'I don't believe I know but one verse—'God so loved the world,' you know. I did know a few others, of course, but that one was all I could think of then. Well, that night I dreamed this dream: I knew I was in a strange country, and I heard many voices, though I still had my eyes closed.

"The Christian girl is coming," said one voice.

"One who has always had the Bible?" asked another voice.

"Yes," the first one answered, "she and her mother and grand-mother and great-grand-mother and many more before them."

"I wish I knew as much as she," sighed one.

"Then another one said, 'Let us go and call the mission school children to see this wonderful girl.'

"In a moment I seemed to open my eyes and I stood alone on a high mountain top, while stretching far out below me were thousands of children—Chinese children, Japanese children, African, Mexican, Cuban children—about my own age, or younger. They all looked at me, and without a word, as things go in dreams, I knew they were there to ask me Bible questions. Before I could more than think a Chinese child stepped out from the rest and said:

"Tell me, sweet sister, how the sixteenth chapter of John begins. I know all the rest of the book, and teacher is away."

"Oh, I do not know," I answered, and my heart began to beat so fast I could hardly breathe.

"Tell me, seniorretta, the fifth verse of the Travellers' Psalm, I cannot recall it," said a Mexican girl.

"And me the tenth of the Idol Psalm," said an African child.

"And me, in which chapter to find the No-other-name verse."

"And me, where is the Who-so-ever verse," said another Chinese child.

"It was dreadful. And all I could do was to say, no, no. They kept on faster than I can talk, and I did not know a word.

"At last they began to grow sad and disappointed. Their eyes looked through and through me. 'There must be some mistake,' they said one to another. 'This cannot be the girl whose mother and grand-mother and great-grand-mother and many before them have had the Bible.' I was so ashamed that I sunk down there all alone on that dreadful mountain-top and covered my face with my hands.

"Then I heard a voice behind me. I knew it was Jesus without looking up, and, oh! His voice was so sad! Girls, I don't like to talk about it. It nearly broke my heart. He said slowly, 'Child, have I not said Search the Scriptures? He that hath My commandments and doeth them, he it is that loveth Me. He that loveth me not keepeth not My sayings.'

"I knew He had said to study the Bible. I had not, and He said I did not love Him. How could I when I had not studied, hardly read, what He said about Himself. Then He raised His voice and it thrilled with joy. I knew He spoke to those thousands of children from the mission schools.

"I have given unto you the words of eternal life. They that have my words and do them shall never perish."

"The voice was silent and I opened my eyes. The mission children still stood there, but now each held an open Bible in her hand. The books shone with a light my eyes could hardly bear, while across each was written in letters of fire, Thy words are a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my pathway.

"I had no Bible. I stood all alone in the dark, Something lay at my feet. I stooped to pick it up. It was my Bible dark and dusty, and shut. Then I awoke."

There was silence. Each girl bent low over her work. A tear fell on the apron Jessie was hemming.