

terest and membership are both increasing. The Band has procured a map of our Telugu Missions. What every band should have.

VICTORIA, Feb. 20th, 1893.

I HAVE been intending for a long time to write and tell about our "Mission Band" work here. When the ladies of the Mission Circle asked me to take up this work, I felt it was a burden of responsibility the "flesh" would rather have done without. But I made up my mind, by God's help I would do my best to start a Mission Band in Vittoria. I made it a matter of prayer that God would bless the work and believed he would. But my most sanguine expectations were more than fully realized. We organized in June last with many girls but few boys. We prayed God to send us more boys. He did so and now we have a noble band of boys and girls, the very nicest girls and boys their President thinks in the world. So well behaved, so kind, and willing to work. My dear Mrs. Newman do you think it too much, to ask God in faith, *nothing doubting* for every soul in my Mission Band? God is able, and willing. Of this one thing I am sure: They will be better girls and boys by attending the meetings, for God's word shall not return to Him void. And now I must tell you about our Christmas festival. The barrels were opened and the money counted then, and what do you think it amounted to for six months, \$18.55! was'n't that good? The children were so joyous when it was told them how much they had raised that they shouted and clapped their hands for fully five minutes and when what the Treasury had taken in was added it was \$23.50, and do you not think we can afford to be proud of our Band! God bless them all. To Him we ascribe all the glory, for without Him we could do nothing. In Christian love,

IDA NEWTON, Pres. Vittoria Mission Band.

### A BIT OF LOGIC.

RUFUS lay at full length on the sofa, and puffed a cigar, back parlor though it was; when Mr. Parker reminded him of it, he said there were no ladies present, and puffed away. Between the puffs they talked:

"There is one argument against Foreign Mission work which is unanswerable; the country cannot afford it. Two millions and a half of money taken out this year, and sent to the cannibals or somewhere else. No country can stand such a drain as that upon it, with everything else it has to do. Foreign Missions are ruinously expensive."

The two young sisters of Rufus, Kate and Nannie, stood on the piazza and laughed.

"O Rufus!" said Kate, "you won't take a prize in college for logic, I am sure."

"What do you mean little monkey? And what do

you know about logic?"

"More than you do, I should think. Just imagine the country not being able to afford two millions and a half for missions, when just a few years ago it paid over four millions for Havana cigars. Have you thought of that, Rufus?"

"And I wonder how much champagne is a bottle!" chimed in Nannie. "How much is it, Rufus? You know about ten million bottles are used every year. And O! why, Rufus, don't you know that we spend about six millions for dogs! Something besides Foreign Missions might be given up to save money, I should think."

"Where did you grow so wise? Where did you get all these absurd items?"

"We got them at the Mission Band; Kate is Secretary, and I'm Treasurer, and these figures were all in the dialogue that Dr. Stephens wrote for us to recite. If you choose to call what he said absurd, I suppose you can; but he is a graduate from a college and a theological seminary besides. I mean to tell him that you think two millions and a half for Foreign Missions will ruin the country; I want to hear him laugh." And then the two girls laughed merrily.

"You needn't tell him anything about it," said Rufus, sharply. After the girls ran away he added thoughtfully:

"How fast girls grow up. I thought these two were children, and here they are with Mission Bands, and their large words about secretaries and treasurers."

"And their embarrassing facts about money," interrupted Mr. Parker. "Those girls had the best of the argument, Rufus;" and then he, too, laughed.—*The Parry.*

### CLAUD'S BIRTHDAY.

Claud was thirteen last Monday. He has been a Christian, as we trust, for more than a year. His Aunt had thought a good deal about what she would give him for his birthday present, and this was what she did. She got a little barrel with a place on the top to drop in pennies. On the side on a pink slip were the words: "Attempt great things for God." She took her purse and went downstairs. Then she called Claud away to a quiet corner where she could talk to him alone. And this is about what she said.

"You are a Christian are you not, Claud?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Then, said his Aunt, I think you will like to give a tenth of all the money you receive for the Lord's work. I wish I had known when a child how blessed it is to give a regular portion of all I received to the Lord. I have learned since, and I would not for anything be denied the privilege of giving to Him who gave all for me. Will you accept this little barrel on your birth-