

whole paper, and urging them to become subscribers.

Last summer Miss Craig represented us at our Baptist C.G.I.T. camp for leaders and girls.

We also had Baptist missions at some of the co-operative camps for teen-age girls held in different parts of the Province. Mrs. Zavitz spoke for us at Normandale camp and Mrs. Dengate was at the leadership camp at Beausoleil Island and for a week at the camp at Vails Point. These camps provide a wonderful opportunity of presenting claims of our Mission work to the leaders to take back to the groups of girls.

There is no more vital question at the present moment than the training of these young girls and the developing of their interest in service for others so that when they graduate from the C.G.I.T. with their lives rounded physically, intellectually, socially and spiritually they will quite naturally enter the Y.W. Mission circles. With their fine training in conducting business periods, in leading devotional periods and in planning and carrying out programmes, what excellent members and officers they will be. This should be our aim and ideal and there will be no broken links in the chain of Mission Bands, C.G.I.T., Young Women's circles and senior Mission circles, that binds the children, the girls, the young women and the older women into one strong united army ever moving forward in the conquest of the world for Christ."

HILDA'S CHRISTMAS CHIMES

By Marcia Gale

"Mite," pleaded the little tin box on the top of Hilda's bookcase, the horizontal slit begging like a hungry mouth.

"Might not," whispered a voice somewhere inside Hilda's head, while Hilda herself hesitated with the last one of Aunt Lucy's shining ten cent pieces held firmly between the thumb and first finger of her right hand.

"Mite," this time, the suggestion came fainter.

"Might not," the small voice had become insistent as thunder, and the little girl obedi-

ently slipped this last coin, as she had its four brothers, into the red leather purse so suggestive of Christmas shopping.

"It isn't as if I were keeping it, anyway" she told herself. "That makes the whole of three dollars and fifty cents for presents." She patted the pocketbook with approval as she returned it to her bureau drawer, tucking it well down under a pile of ties and ribbons. Then she looked up at the box on the shelf and nodded at it in an assuring way. "Just wait, once Christmas is over, you'll have your turn," she seemed to say.

But if the little tin box made any answer it was probably to the effect, "You mite, I haven't much faith left, but you mite."

If Hilda heard the remark she didn't worry about the opinion of the tin mite box. Instead she went ahead planning all that could be purchased with the contents of the red leather purse. Never before had it held such riches!

That had all happened before Miss Anne made the special plea in Mission Band for a Christmas offering. "A love gift for the Christ Child," she had called it; and she said it made no difference how it was given. Only she urged the boys and girls not to overlook such a privilege. For centuries, ever since the first Christmas, people who followed the star, had brought their gifts of love to lay at the feet of the Saviour. Some had brought rich presents like the wise men who, opening their treasures, presented gold, frankincense and myrrh. Others, like the lowly shepherds, had only been able to offer a lamb. But all had given of themselves. Therefore the members of the Mission Band should do the same, not simply asking their parents for gifts to offer. Each gift should come from the heart of the giver.

The idea had sounded very attractive as told by pretty Miss Anne, there in the hush of the church with the late afternoon sunshine slanting in jewel-colored through the stained glass windows. Hilda had felt eager to make her offering of love. Willingly she would sacrifice. Once back at home, she had suddenly awakened to the fact that what she gave must necessarily lessen the amount in the red pocket book. That did not please her.