

In Memoriam

HERBIE BELLAMY.

And thou art gone—thou of the brave,
young soul
And tender heart,
Perchance throughout the whole
Of this wide universe of God,



HERBIE BELLAMY.
"I love to work for Jesus."

Of all who bent beneath the rod
None bore a nobler part.

Heavy the cross on thy young shoulders
laid,
Yet bowed not down
Thy patient spirit—stayed
On his sweet word of promise sure,
That they who to the end endure,
Shall wear the victor's crown.

I love to work for Jesus!" happy
words—
Sweeter, by far,
Than tuneful song of birds,
Or voices of the summer time—
An echo from that blissful clime
That needs nor moon nor star.

And Jesus loved his little worker too—
So bending low,
He gently, gently drew
To the safe haven of his breast
The little lad who needed rest,
The boy who loved him so.

Ah, not in vain thy brief, true life shall
be,
The strong desire,
That early woke in thee
To do and dare for his dear sake,
Shall zeal in other hearts awake,
And deeds of love inspire.

And their perchance, on some sweet,
coming day,
Thine eyes shall see
A shining, bright array
Of children gathered in this quest,
From north and south and east and
west,
Close flocking to the Saviour's breast—
All led to him by thee,
Dear Herbie Bellamy.
—By S. E. S., in The Palm Branch.

Herbie was only twelve years old, and he lived in Manitoba. There is a new Auxiliary there, and \$83 of the money sent by it to the Branch came through Herbie Bellamy! When you know that Herbie was a little boy, whose hands were helpless, and who could not stand on his feet, you will wonder how he could work for Jesus.

This little letter was written with his foot! He learned to write names in this way and so earned ten cents a name. Much of the money sent was raised by this means. He had a special object in working. The money went to support a little orphan boy in Japan, and Herbie hoped that one day this boy would do work in the world that he might have done under happier circumstances.

Herbie was blessed in having a tender, devoted mother, who lovingly cared for him, and his father had made him a little carriage, so that he need not stay within doors all the time, but could see a little of the outside world. He came down to the station in his little carriage to meet Miss Veazey on her way home from Japan. He knew that she had come from the orphanage in which this Japanese boy was being educated, so he was anxious to see her and hear news of the boy in whom he was so interested, and Miss Veazey could tell him a great deal about him.

Dear young people, you have feet and hands to work for Jesus, what do you

think of this story of Herbie Bellamy? Have you done the many little things that you might have done while he has been doing the one thing possible for him to do? Will it be said of you as it will surely be said of him, "he hath done what he could"? Do not think that it cost him nothing—it must have cost many a pain and nervous effort. If any one has an excuse for doing nothing he had that excuse. What then is the secret of his work for Jesus? He tells us himself, "I love to work for Jesus." Ah, it is love—love in return for the Divine love which brought a Saviour down from heaven. Herbie loved Jesus because Jesus first loved him, and Jesus proved his love for Herbie by showing him how he could work for him and in giving him this great interest in life.—Palm Branch.

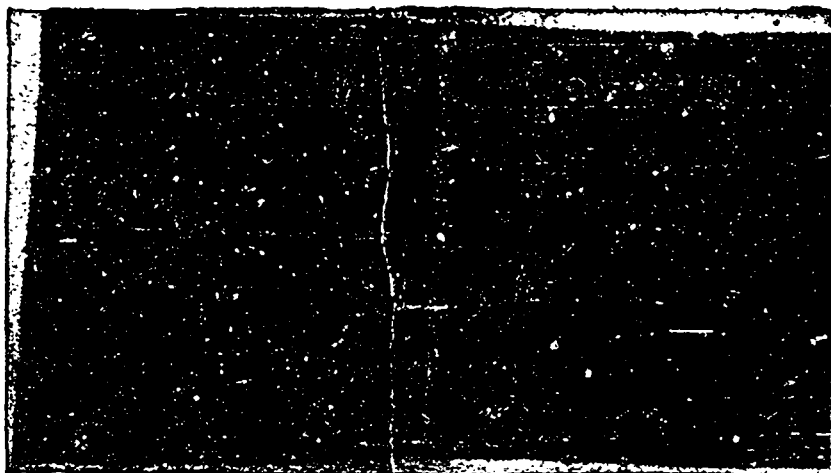
In Loving Memory of
"LITTLE HERBIE,"

Youngest son of John and A. W. Bellamy, who died at Moose Jaw, on January 21st, 1899.

Aged 12 years and 6 days.

Mission Band Memorial Service on Sunday, February 5th.

Such was the memorial card received by us last week and read with tearful eyes. Dear little Herbie! If the poet's words be true, "That life is long which answers life's great end," then Herbie Bellamy's short, suffering life of twelve years was a long one, for is it



not the great end of life to glorify God, and not only to find our own way to heaven, but to help others also to attain its peace and rest?

We are sure that this was God's compensation to dear Herbie, here, for all the trials and deprivations incident to his feeble physical condition—this great, loving incident in the missionary work, which went so far to make a sad life beautiful.

We have heard some few particulars from his bereaved mother. His sufferings were constant and intense, so that for weeks he had to be held day and night in loving arms. How sweet, by contrast, the rest of heaven must be! So extreme was the pain that he could say but little, but what need of words when the life tells! He told his mother that he was going to die, but begged her not to let his Mission Band die. He made provision for its continuance, and said God would not let it die. When parched with fever he said he would not be hungry or thirsty up there, and God was good to give him such nice, cold water.

His dear mother sends us the photograph of Herbie in his little wheel carriage, that all the boys and girls who are interested in him may see him as he was. We think we can see him as he is now, his little rapt face shining with the nearness of God's presence.

The little Japanese boy whose picture we give is Motako San, the orphan boy that he was educating to grow up and fill his place in the world.

The Kanazawa Orphanage will be called by his name, "The Herbie Bellamy Home." We will all be glad to know that the Easter offering next month from our Mission Circles and Bands will be given to this Home. May the mantle of dear Herbie's loving, self-denying spirit rest upon us all.—Palm Branch.

WHAT TO MAKE OF DINSMOOR.

Did you ever move into a new home? Was it in the country? Were the floors bare and uneven, the china packed in boxes, the chairs left at the station, the curtains hung at the wrong window, and your comb and brush left in the top drawer at your old home?

I hope if you have had all these sad experiences that at least it was not dark when you got to your new front door, and raining in a steady, twenty-four-hour pour. This was what the Garretts went through last summer, and I am afraid to say how many of the six children cried themselves to sleep that first night.

But with the next day came entirely new feelings, new hopes, new plans—especially plans. Each member of the family seemed to be cultivating a separate crop of them for this new home, and the glorious sunshine which the new day brought smiled impartially on them all.

"I don't like Dinsmoor for a name," objected the oldest son, a young collegian. "It is extremely commonplace. I propose, father, that we call the place 'Riverdell,' as the river is quite the most picturesque feature of the place. What do you say to 'Riverdell,' mother?"

But the mother's brain was crowded with unpicturesque details, and it was evident that until the sideboard was in place, and the blue carpet down in the blue papered room, "Dinsmoor" and "Riverdell" were alike to her.

"Don't let's be in a hurry about the name, Joe," said Mabel, whose dresses were beginning to grow downward, as her auburn hair showed an inclination for the top of her head—a budding young lady in fact. "By all means let's have a real landscape gardener out, first, to tell us what we can make of the place. There must be splendid possibilities in it, don't you think so, father?"

"Yes," said the father, "splendid possibilities," but there was that in his tone which suggested at once that he

"Did you know the pigeons would come when you opened the window?" asked father's little questioner.

"Not I, indeed," said he. "I opened it to show you some other creatures of our heavenly Father. There are the nests down under the hill—see!"

W. all crowded up to the window to look. Father was pointing to the village which nestled against the hillside, a little more than a mile away. It looked very pretty and picture-like against the green hill, but father knew, and we found afterwards, that it was far from pretty, and that the real picture it made was a very sad one.

"The one great and noble use to make of our new home," said the dear father, "whether we call it Dinsmoor or Riverdell, whether we adorn it with evergreens, or build Bert a kennel for his hounds, is to make it a place where God's creatures shall find sympathy and help. Then," added father, smiling at his own fancy, "happiness, peace, love, and gratitude will fly in at our open windows like these white-winged, soft-eyed pigeons."

FROM ANGELL'S LESSONS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

1. Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.
2. Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.
3. Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.
4. That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.
5. That earthworms are harmless and useful, and that when you use them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly, before you start, by plunging them in a dish of boiling water.
6. That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes slowly dying.
7. That it is kind to feed the birds in winter.
8. That bits should never be put in horses' mouths in cold weather without being first warmed.
9. That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.
10. That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered, and in cold weather that his blanket is properly put on.
11. That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the horse and refuse to ride after a poor-looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight check-rein.
12. That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.
13. That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.

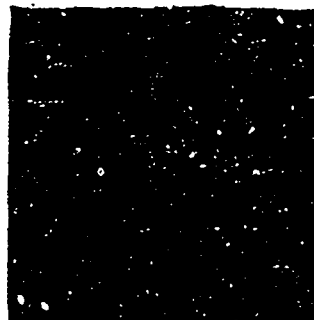
Turn About.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Turn about, boys, turn about.
Help us drive the demon out;
Turn before you reach the brink
Where so many thousands sink
Into ruin, who began
Just like you, my little man.

How? Well, first they strutted round
With cigar ends that they found;
Then, to imitate grown men,
Sipped at liquor now and then,
Very often took a "chew,"
Now, is not that just like you?

When they grew to man's estate,
Can you guess what was their fate?
Drunkards, loafers, louts, and knaves



MOTAKO SAN.

Filling goals and early graves.
Surely you would rather grow
Into noble men, I know.

Think, then, think how they began;
Shun their habits, little man.
Turn about, yes, turn about,
Ere you grow to be a lout.
Turn about, boys, turn about,
Help us drive the demon out.

was not thinking of the landscape gardener.

Bert, finding a little scrap of silence, seized upon it to exploit his plan. "It's the very place for a kennel," he said. "I've already engaged Smalley to get me two fine hounds."

At this there was some uproar, even the mother protesting that she drew the line at hounds.

"You'll have to draw something fiercer than a line, mother," laughed the young collegian, "if you expect to keep Bert's hounds off your spare-room bed."

"What will we do, papa?" asked Jennie, speaking evidently for her chum Litza, as well as herself. In her little imagination landscape gardeners cut no figure; names were all alike. Bert's hounds might be some fun, but everybody seemed down on them, and since the quiet father did not seem to have any plans of his own, he was just the person to make one for Jennie and Litza. "What will we do, papa?" Litza echoed.

Then we found out what had kept the father so silent.

"What will we do?" little ones?" he repeated. "Come, and I will show you." He got up and opened the wide southern window, which had been shut against the rain and dampness, and instantly a flock of beautiful pigeons, white and gray and violet coloured, left the wood-shed roof and fluttered to the open window.

"Ah!" cried father, surprised and pleased, "other people have made this a safe and pleasant place for you, my beauties. See, Jennie, see, Litza, this is one thing we will do—we will give God's birds some breakfast." Dinsmoor shall be a place where all living creatures shall be safe and happy as long as they respect the rights of others. No bird shall be shot or snared here, no nest robbed, unless it be the nest of a robber, like the owl or hawk."