

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. WM. PURVIS.

One, who loved Mrs. Purvis, has suggested to me that I, who also loved her, should write a short sketch of her life for the PALM BRANCH. Many of your readers knew her as Miss Maria Hart. She has made that name an honored one wherever she was known.

Mrs. Purvis was the youngest of nine children. Two of these died in infancy, the others early gave themselves to God and His Church. Maria, after the happy and triumphant death of her twelve year old sister Sarah, came to Jesus and was by Him forgiven and taken for His own. Five years after she wrote her married sister, "I have been worried for some time for fear I was not really a child of God. I am determined from this time forth to be one if I never was before."

She now considered she should be the same help and comfort to all at home that her older sister had been. This fun-loving, merry girl, then commented the habit of denying herself and thinking first of others, a habit which increased as the years went by, and gave her the sweet, unselfish character she afterward showed.

For over thirty years she was the mainstay at the homestead, sharing the burdens and smoothing the paths of her dearly-loved parents, welcoming the children and grandchildren to the old home, ever finding time to help make her native town, Guysboro, an attractive place to strangers.

No one could be more faithful in the work of the Church. The sick and the poor were never forgotten by her. As a S. S. teacher, a class leader, and a W. C. T. U. worker she was faithful and successful.

An attractive feature in her character was her love for children. She was rewarded by their love for her. As for young people, they could never realize but that she was as young as any one of them. She was always anxious to prepare herself for future usefulness; ever learning something new, she kept herself interested in every bit of human progress. Above all, her interests were in the progress of Christ's kingdom. For that she longed and prayed and worked. Nothing was too hard for her to do if it would help on a Mission Band or Auxiliary. Five weeks from her wedding day, the call came to go in to the marriage supper of the Lamb. She was suddenly rendered helpless by apoplexy, and a few hours after her freed and joyful spirit was within the gates of the New Jerusalem.

The door is shut, but by faith we see within. We see the bright angel form with happy, tireless energy

serving her God; at times, perhaps, bending down and watching us below. She now, no doubt, is a thousand fold more anxious for us to let the world know of the beautiful home God has prepared for all. Soon we too shall rest from our labors here. Let us work while we can.

N. S.

A.

A GIRL BABY IN CHINA.

Rev. Mr. Sadler, of the London Missionary Society in China, tells, in the News from Afar, the following story of a Chinese girl:

"Early one morning from a little house in a Chinese village came forth cries of a tiny baby girl. No one took any notice, because no one cared whether baby lived or died. Her father and mother were quarreling about what they should do with their child; they did not want her because she was a girl. Many ways of putting out her little life were named. Some one said, 'Take her to the blacksmith, and let him burn her on his forge.'

"Another said, 'Throw her into the pond, or put her in a box and bury her.' The father settled the question, and called for a grain of uncooked rice and put it into her mouth, for he knew she would soon choke and die. While the parents and the rest of the family were watching this cruel act, the door of the house was gently pushed open by a woman who, having heard the quarrel going on, came to ask if she might have baby to bring up as her own child.

"The bargain was soon made, the rice taken out of the little mouth, and under a promise that baby should never be brought back, or any money asked for its support, it was handed over to its new and kind foster-mother.

"Now, dear children, you see how cruel some heathen parents can be, and what a good thing you do when you put your pennies into the missionary box to send missionaries over to China to teach the fathers and mothers that it is wrong to kill their poor little baby girls. There are some Christian people in China, however, and that woman who took the child away from its unkind parents, had been taught by the missionaries to know and love Jesus Christ. Baby grew strong and pretty under her loving care, and she named her 'Ho-khoa,' or 'Handsome.' And she has now for many years been a true Christian."—*Dayspring*.

If we look down, then our shoulders stoop. If our thoughts look down, our character bends. It is only when we hold our heads up that the body becomes erect. It is only when our thoughts go up that our life becomes erect.—*Alexander McKenzie*.