

## MISS JESSIE KNOX MUNRO.

MISS Jessie Knox Munro, the Principal of the Girls' School at Tokyo, Japan, is a native of Peterborough, Ont., and she was educated at the public schools and Collegiate Institute of that town. She was always a very faithful and ambitious student, and from the time she was a child evinced a love for the vocation of teaching, a vocation for which she has shown that she has natural abilities, and in which she has been very successful. Having received her certificate of qualification, Miss Munro taught in several public schools in the vicinity of Peterborough, and was a faithful, painstaking and conscientious teacher, and manifested a zeal in her work that she afterwards carried into the mission field.

Miss Munro is a descendant of John Knox, the great Scottish Reformer. She was converted to God at the age of sixteen years, and at once took an interest in the work of the church. She was a valued teacher in the Sunday School, and the result of her faithful teaching in more than one class is recognised in the lives of the young people who came under her religious influence and teaching. At the time she volunteered and was accepted for the work in Japan, she was the teacher of a class of young girls growing into womanhood in the George Street Methodist Sunday School of Peterborough, and the members of the class were so attached to her that they mourned greatly when she left them.

Miss Munro's call to the missionary work came to her while she was teaching a geography lesson in her public school. As she taught the lesson a sense of God's greatness came over her, and she felt that she would like to tell it to those who had never heard of it. Japan came into her mind as a field for such work, and she thought, why should she not go to Japan and teach there as she was then teaching the class before her. The idea took such a strong hold of her mind that it was present with her all the week. She was then teaching in a school a few miles from Peterborough, and on Friday evening went home as usual to spend Sunday. Before she reached home she went into Mr. John Carlisle's, her brother-in-law, and Mr. Carlisle, who had been reading the Christian Guardian, picked up the paper and said, "Here, Jessie, is an advertisement for you." It was an advertisement of the Woman's Missionary Society for a teacher to go to Japan. Miss Munro had not mentioned the idea of going to Japan to any one, and she looked upon this as a direct call to the work. The next week she applied to Mrs. Strachan, of Hamilton, the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, and was accepted, and was sent by the Woman's Auxiliary of

the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, to teach in the Tokyo school. This was in 1888, and after five years of faithful service she returned home on a furlough, to recruit her health. She remained home a year, but during that time was not idle, for she did valuable service in delivering addresses on the work in Japan. A marked feature of her addresses, and one that impressed and had an excellent effect upon her audiences, was her ardent love for the girls of Japan. The girls of the school in Tokyo especially were entwined around her heart, and her references to them, and more especially to the hold that Christianity was gaining among them, were pathetic in their earnest tenderness. The daily details of the school work and life were important in her estimation, so long had her life become bound up with the work there for the Master whom she loves. After spending a year at home, she returned to her beloved school, of which she is now the Principal S. R. A.

## "THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

I sometimes think if some familiar friend,  
Perchance my mother, ere on angel wing,  
She soared away to her own native skies,  
Had said, in tones of deepest tenderness,  
"Do this, my child, and do it oft, I pray,  
In memory of me"—in after years  
How I would take the cup, and then indeed  
Remembering all—the light in those dear eyes,  
The lavish mother love—Oh, how the thought  
I oft had dimm'd the light and grieved that love,  
Would rise, and surge, and swell and gather force,  
Rolling resistless! Till at last, at last,  
The great deeps of my heart all broken up,  
Like tired child I could but weep and sob  
In uttermost contrition. Is Thy love  
My Saviour, less indeed than mother love?

St. John.

S. E. S.

A report from Japan says: Many times women have said to us, "We have been waiting for you." Others hearing of Jesus' love, would exclaim, "wonderful! wonderful! peace! peace!"

Of every six infants in the world one is born in India; of every six orphan girls, one is wandering in India; of every six widows, one is mourning in India.—*Woman's Work.*

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.—*Long fellow.*

God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because His ordinary works convince it.—*Bacon.*

Talents are best matured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.—*Goethe.*