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LITTLE MARJORIE.

"Where is little Marjorie?"
 There's the robin in the tree,
 With his gallant call once more
 From the boughs above the door!
 There's the blue-bird's note, and there
 Are Spring voices everywhere,
 Calling, calling, ceaselessly,
 "Where is little Marjorie?"

And her old play-mate, the rain,
 Calling at the window-pane,
 In soft syllables that win
 Not her answer from within—
 "Where is little Marjorie?"
 Or is it the rain, ah me!
 Or wild gusts of tears that were
 Calling us—not calling her?

"Where is little Marjorie?"
 Oh! in high security:
 She is hidden from the reach
 Of all voices that beseech;
 She is where no troubled word,
 Sob or sigh is ever heard,
 Since God whispered tenderly
 "Where is little Marjorie?"

JAS. WHITCOMB RILEY.

LISBETH LYNN'S LESSON.

LISBETH'S ankle had been badly sprained, and the doctor had put it in a plaster-of-Paris bandage. Her father had bought her a pair of crutches, with which she could walk comfortably, and her mother was giving her entire time to entertaining her. She had dressed Lisbeth's dolls, and read to her, and told her story after story, and yet the little girl fretted and fretted because she had to wear that hateful bandage. To add to her ill humor, the rain had begun to fall, and she said she just hated rainy days; she didn't see why it could not always rain at night.

Just then the door opened and her dear Cousin Ella entered. It was like the sunshine coming in,

Cousin Ella was always so bright and cheerful. The clouds on Lisbeth's face disappeared immediately.

Cousin Ella drew a chair up close to the sofa on which the little girl was lying, and said, "Why, Lisbeth, not yet resigned to that bandage, that is so soon to cure your poor weak ankle? What would you do if you were a poor little Chinese girl, and had both your feet bandaged in the cruel manner they do in China? You know, when a little girl there is six or seven years old, they bandage her feet, beginning at the toes, and drawing them under the sole toward the heel, till the poor little foot grows all humped up and deformed. It is terrible suffering, and the little girl cannot run about and play, and often cries hours and hours with the pain. When she is a grown lady she can hardly walk at all, but goes hobbling and mincing along, maimed for life by an outrageous and silly fashion. Aren't you glad enough that you were not born a Chinese girl, to put a nickel in your mite-box as Mrs. Pickett did?"

"Yes, Cousin Ella; I think I will do it just as soon as I get up," replied Lisbeth.

Cousin Ella was the lady manager of the missionary society, and had read the children "Mrs. Pickett's Mite-Box," and taught them how to "render unto the Lord for his benefits" by giving money to carry on his work.

She dearly loved to talk on the subject of missions, and now went right on, saying: "There is another country where a little girl has a dreadfully hard time, and that is India. Often she is married when she is only five years old, and is carried away from her own father and mother and left with her husband's family. To them she is almost a slave; and if her husband happens to die, she is beaten and driven out to take care of herself, and her good clothes taken from her. No one is allowed to be kind or to say one comforting word to her, and nobody cares if she starves. There is nothing more dreadful in this world than the fate of a child-widow of India."

"I'll drop another nickel in my box for not being a little girl of India," said Lisbeth decisively. "Papa