

ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES.

WHEN the call for more workers for Japan was made by our W. M. S. in 1887, a young girl, with pleasant countenance and gentle manners, was moved to make application. This was Miss Kate Morgan, of Brantford, who had some experience in school-teaching, and knew that it brings grand opportunities for winning souls. Miss Morgan offered for the Educational department of the work, and was accepted and sent out, arriving in Japan in January of the next year. This young lady is a native of Brantford, where her parents had died, leaving a family of three daughters and one son—the latter deceased a few years ago. The sisters are Mrs. Boyd, wife of Rev. Thos. Boyd, one of our highly esteemed Methodist ministers, and Mrs. Rose, of Brantford. Miss Morgan's first months in Japan were spent in the girls' school in Tokyo, after which her field of labor was Shidzuoka, where Miss Cunningham had been working alone. Here, with great energy, and without intermission, save a short season of imposed rest, on account of health, the full term of five years' service was enthusiastically rendered. With many difficulties, especially in the business arrangements, in which it was necessary to have a certain partnership between Japanese directors and the W. M. S., and in which much wisdom and tact were needed to retain the good will of the natives, and still not place in jeopardy the best interests of the school, this young lady labored with very satisfactory results. A school was founded for young girls, the institution of which will, with God's blessing, prove of incalculable benefit to the women and girls of future generations. As the time for needed rest and furlough approached, it was learned that Miss Morgan's health was in a precarious condition, demanding the most skillful treatment. The return to the home land became imperative, and while being treated in the General Hospital, Toronto, faith and courage, and consecration, must have been severely tested as the sufferer passed down to the verge of the unseen land. But in answer to the fervent prayers of many loving friends, asking for a blessing on the skilful efforts of the physicians, the crisis was safely passed, and slowly but surely the hoped-for recovery began. And now, while gaining strength by slow degrees, it is a joy to her to proclaim the goodness of the Lord in all the way He has been leading, and sometimes, as strength is given, to speak to little companies of the blessed work that is begun for the women and girls of Japan. Whatever the future may have in store for her, of joy or sorrow ease or pain, one thing is certain, that our invalid friend will never regret that so many years of

her young life were spent in the Master's service in foreign lands; and that if health and strength were given, it would bring great joy to go forth once more to do His bidding. The memory of God's faithfulness in the past, of His goodness all the way through, and the assurance of the presence and power of His Spirit in the work, would lead to loving, joyful, and increased consecration. May a similar mantle of devotion fall on many more of the Lord's handmaidens.

“There is sunshine every where
For thy heart and mine,—
God for every sin and care
Is the cure divine.”

G. McD.

THE NEW MEMBERS.

TOM and Charlie were playing horse in the front yard, and seemed to be enjoying themselves very much where their mother left them, after charging them not to get into mischief.

They enjoyed themselves very much for a little while, but soon their interest began to flag, and Tommy said, “Oh Charlie, lets go out of the yard, I'm tired of this.” “All right,” said Charlie, “lets go down the street.” And soon the yard was quiet and the boys were gone.

In the vestry of the little church not far away the mission band was holding a meeting. There were only four there: the president and three others, and all the faces wore a most despondent look. “Oh dear!” sighed one, “this was to have been the most interesting meeting and hardly anybody here. What can we do? I wish we could get some new members and perhaps they would come for a little while, but we've got everybody, so it's no use. It's too bad!”

It was the boys' sister, Dorothy, who spoke; and just at that moment they themselves entered. Having seen that the door was opened, they had walked up to see what was going on, and heard what their sister had said. “I will be a member,” said Charlie; and me too,” said little Tom. The mission band, to tell the truth, did not put much faith in them, but they accepted the boys as a matter of course, and soon they were glad that they had, for every member had either to come to the Band meeting or let Tom and Charlie know the reason why, and never again did the Band meet with such a small attendance as when they joined it.

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