

CHILD LIFE IN NORTH AFRICA.

BY ELLA A. BALDWIN.

HAUNTERING thoughtfully along one of the narrow, crooked streets of Mogador, a coast town in southern Morocco, I came to the Saffee gate, where I saw some bonnie little Arab boys playing checkers. Their checker-board was a whitewashed stone of the pavement, marked off into squares with a piece of charcoal, and the checker-men small blocks made of carrots and turnips. The little fellows, prone upon the ground, were so intent upon their game that only one looked up to notice me. He was probably getting worsted, for he angrily bade me "go to my grandmother," (a term of contempt much used), which I would gladly have done had she not been in America, and I in Africa; for I wanted some one to solve the problem I was trying to unravel.

Being near the consulate, I went in, and asked the wife of the British Consul if she could tell me how it was that I saw so many sickly babies, and yet such strong, splendid children when a few years old. She laughingly replied, "Well, my dear, 'tis one continuous case of the survival of the fittest; only those survive who are able to endure the hardships and neglect which is their lot at the hands of their young, ignorant, untaught mothers." The frailest ones die off; those who live come up like weeds, without much love or care.

For many days I had been visiting some Moorish houses, where there were sick infants. One poor little thing, only five months old, had a very sore mouth, and could not take its natural nourishment. Its little gums had been seared with a hot iron, to help it cut its teeth easily. For days green tea had been given it. As it could not take that or anything else without crying, all effort to feed it was given up. Fortunately, a day or two later it died, much to the relief of its mother; for "twas only a girl," and girls in Africa have a hard, hard lot. They are indeed dark daughters of a dark land. Now do not think these Arab children are black like our Southern negro. They are a light cinnamon brown, have straight noses, thin lips, black or brown eyes soft as a gazelle's. Some of these little folks are really beautiful. 'Tis no unusual sight to see artists from Italy and Spain, with their easels, here and there in the streets trying to reproduce the grace and beauty of these little subjects as they flit about in their few but fantastic-looking garments. S. S. Times

MISSION BAND WORK.

This is the young people's opportunity to work for God. Let us take the work as from Him, cheerfully, willingly, gladly, using our talents in His service; giving Christ our best, for there is no one to whom we owe more. Trusting in His strength we cannot fail. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" said St. Paul, and so can we, if we put our trust in the Lord. Dear discouraged workers, put all the discouragements and troubles into the Lord's hands. There is no better way. Our efforts are in vain unless He is with us, leading on the

work. There is no trouble too small to tell Him, if it troubles His children, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." We have often been made ashamed of our lack of faith. He is so much more ready to give than we are to ask, or this, He is able to give us far more than we can ask or think, and often He has answered our prayers in such glorious ways that it seems impossible to doubt His willingness and power to help. Let us go bravely on in His strength, do our best, and leave the result with God.

We are builders of that City,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear the shining ramparts,—
All our lives are building stones.

But a few brief years we labor;
Soon our earthly day is o'er,
Other builders take our places,
And our place knows us no more.

But the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in terror, and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years.

It will be at last made perfect
In the universal plan;
It will help to crown the labors
Of the toiling hosts of man;

It will last, and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right,
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light.

Ont.

A. B. C.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

ALL-CIRCLES and BANDS will kindly be sure and have all Annual Reports sent to me not later than the first week in September. M. EDITH BROWNE,
Cor. Sec. Mission Band.

MISS LIZZIE P. MCGILL, Corresponding Secretary of Silver Stream Band, Shelburne, N. S., writes: "The Silver Stream Band held a concert on the evening of July 23rd. It was a complete success, as indeed every concert we ever held has been pronounced. We had several new features, including the "Mission News by Telephone," which was kindly sent to us by Miss Lathern, of Dartmouth. Perhaps the most interesting part of the programme was the Chinese Motion Song, "Wen Shun," particularly the musical part. We had a fine dialogue, namely, "Stirring up the Gifts," rendered most effectively by four young ladies of the Mission Band. Toward the close we had a sale of holders, in the shape of pens, sold at ten cents each, from which we realized \$2.80. The total amount from the concert was \$10.15. The money realized from the holders will go to our Memorial Fund, which is destined to support a native minister in China, in commemoration of two of our members, who died within a few weeks of each other in 1894. We have not been idle up to this date. The older girls each outlined an apron, which helped to increase our funds. We also made candy, and sold it. We hope our interest will steadily increase in this cause, which is making so much progress in the world."