

THY WORK.

The present moment is divinely sent,

The present duty is thy Master's will.

O thou who longest for some noble work,

Do thou this hour thy given task fulfill,

And thou shalt find, though small at first it seemed,

It is the work of which thou oft hast dreamed!

O, t'ink not, if thou art not called to work

In mission fields of some far distant clime,

That thine is no grand mission! Every deed

That comes to thee, in God's allotted time

Is just the greatest deed that thine could be,

Since God's high will appointeth it to thee.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Extract from a Private Letter written by Miss Hargrave.

"First, to tell you something of our trip-out here. We landed in Yokohama on the 7th September—a very hot day. Miss Blackmore had waited for the steamer, so that I could come to Kofu with her. We had four of the girls with us. We left Tokyo at 4.30 A. M., on the 8th, as the school was to open on the 10th. We had to get off at once.

We had rain all the way, a perfect down-pour too, and were three full days making the trip, so you will know that in this, my first trip, I experienced all the disagreeable that was possible. The rain was a general one all over Japan; there were floods everywhere, and much damage done to the rice crops.

When we reached Hachoji, where we take the first "basha," (a primitive 'buss), we were four hours trying to persuade a "basha" man to go. I realized how one has to draw on one's patience here; I confess I found it rather hard to be patient, and was sorry for Miss Blackmore, who had all the talking to do. A Judge from Kofu joined us in the "basha," and was with us all the way. He was a man of influence, so the police came to our aid very often. We thought we should never have got through without his assistance. The roads were in a dreadful condition. We had to pay double fare, and were often forced to walk, as we could not get horses. Bridges were down, and landslides blockaded the roads; so we often had to walk or wade as necessity demanded. At one place, where the road led up a mountain pass, we met a perfect torrent of water over a foot deep. It was often as much as we could do to keep our feet; through this we had to wade over a mile. This was in the first day's experience. When we reached the inn that night we were wet, tired and dirty. The answer to our first question disheartened us somewhat. We were told that broken bridges and landslides ahead made it impossible for horses to go next day, so we would have to walk. We had some warm water brought, bathed our feet at the door near the street, slipped out of some of our wet garments, went in and made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and waited for the morning. We had planned for an early start, so were off by 5.30 A. M.

It was still dark, and the rain pouring down; we were in our wet clothes, as we had not been able to get them dry. Miss B., who always looks on the bright side, cheered our hearts by telling us we might be worse off, for we were neither cold nor hungry. We walked ten miles to the next village, and much to our delight were able to secure "basha" from there. We reached the school at 9.30 the next evening, very glad that our journey over those mountains was at an end. Never was a foreign house, bed, table and bath, more appreciated, I think. We were tired, wet, and weary with the shaking of the "basha." It is all over now however, and we, with thankful hearts for mercies received, have nearly forgotten the disagreeable."

THAT MISSION BAND CAT.



HI-IOU-OUH, SPIFF!! and puss flew out of the sitting-room door just as Mrs. Stone rushed in, exclaiming: "Robert, what in the world are you doing to that cat?"

"Just endorsing her signature, mother," laughed Rob, while poor Nellie looked ruefully at her neat secretary's book, all disfigured by a great blurred cross, underneath which was written, in her brother's not too legible chirography, Miss Kitty Kate Catherine Cat, her mark.

"You see, Mnm," he continued, "Nell has been teasing and teasing me to join the Mission Band. She wants me to pay anyway, but says I don't need to go unless I like. I said I'd make puss a member, and pay a-cent for every mouse she caught."

Mrs. Stone's eyes twinkled as she heard this, for puss was an excellent mouser, although Rob, who was out of doors a great deal, seldom saw her with one.

Soon after tea that evening, Mrs. Stone called from the pantry, "Rob, kitty has caught a mouse; give Nellie a cent."

"All right," replied Rob, promptly producing a cent from his pocket. The next day, as he was starting for school, puss came out of the barn carrying a large fat mouse in her mouth, and again Rob had to pass over a cent to Nell, whose bright eyes sparkled with fun as she received it.

At dinner, a few days after, Mr. Stone remarked quietly, "I think I must have disturbed a whole colony of mice in the granary this morning. They ran in all directions, but the cat caught four."

This was too much for poor Robert, whose weekly allowance of five cents was usually exhausted before the middle of the week. He cast an imploring look at Nell, but she only exclaimed merrily, "Pay up Master Rob, you know you endorsed Kitty's signature." So Rob had to ask his father to pay it for him, and deduct the amount from the next week's allowance. "And now," said he, "I guess it will cost less to pay my own fee, than it will to pay the cat's, if she keeps on at this rate. Anyway, I'll go for once."

He did so, and was so pleased with what he saw and heard, that he has been going ever since, and has got quite a number of other boys to join with him.

Canso, N.S.

J. L. J.