

"If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!
How all the dark places would brighten,
How the mists would roll up and away;
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
To hail the millennial day!"

Perhaps some of you would like to know what kind of a house Miss Cartmell lived in when she first went to Japan. Well, it was a tiny little doll-house of a place, but very neat and pretty. There was a parlor on one side of the hall and a dining room on the other. The largest room in the house was on the right of the dining room and was called the chapel. In this room the present Kobikicho congregation had its birth, and though only a few of the first members are on the church roll now, the scattered ones have nearly all proved faithful. There was a very small kitchen and some little pantries and closets at the back, Upstairs over the parlor was the study and over the dining-room the bed-room. From the windows of the upper rooms could be seen the waters of the Bay; across the garden belonging to the larger house now occupied by Dr. Macdonald, beyond the wide roadway, flowed the Sumida River. Could your eyes have seen the junks that floated upon the river, the nearest single mast, fluted sail, and high stern, would have held your attention long enough to make a lasting impression. These boats were built more than forty years ago and are very clumsy, though picturesque. The open sterns make it unsafe for them to venture far from shore and whenever a stiff breeze blows they hoist sail and fly for shelter, always glad, like the chickens to get their tails turned from the wind. It is a pretty sight when the river is full of these, packed closely with bows turned to meet the waves, and at night their lamp add to the beauty. The view of the street from the lower windows was almost hidden by the fences of Dr. Meacham's garden and lawn, thus making the little house quite secluded. The walls of the rooms were covered with very pretty Japanese paper, blue with a white sprig in it, for the study and bed room; the hall was white; the dining room green; the parlor a neutral tint very pretty. The floors were covered with fresh matting, and the furniture, though second hand, was in good condition. The carpenter who had been putting the house in repair made her a present of a nice little set of shelves to hang on the wall, and when Miss Cartmell had put up the lace curtains and lambrequins that she took with her, and the various little knickknacks and photos that reminded her of home, we can imagine how snug and cosy the little house looked. There was a flower plot in front to delight the eyes and a nice organ in the parlor, with the latest improvements which must have been a source of real pleasure to the lonely missionary who had left home and friends so far away. Here she studied the difficult language here she taught the coveted English and here she sowed, as opportunity offered, the good seed of the Kingdom.



Address:— Cousin Joy, 282 Princess St.,
St. John, N. B.

Dear Cousin Joy.—You said you would like some one to tell you about the Little Light bearers.

Perhaps I don't know much about them but I will tell what I do know. The reason is I've been reading about them lately in some leaflets: one was "The dawn of the Little Light bearers," and I found out the idea. It is to give the little bits of babies a chance to help in the great missionary cause! Isn't it a nice idea to give them a start in the right way from the time they first come down to this world!

There's such a lovely card! They call it the enrollment card, there's a big globe on it and on one side there's a procession of the sweetest little white children you ever saw, each one holding a torch to light the poor little dark children who have'nt any light at all. Well, this is the way they do. Somebody belonging to the auxiliary or mission band goes to the baby's mother or friend, shows her the card and asks her if she wants that baby to be one of the Little Light Bearers? If she says "yes" and will pay 25 cents that baby's name is put right down on the card, and it is hung up in the nursery where Connie Chipman's mother hung her baby's. Next year and next year and next year it is 25 cents more. If she has no baby but a little girl or boy four years old she pays \$1.00. After the child is five years old it can't be paid any more but must join a mission band or have a mite box. Sometimes the mother buys a card for the little baby that has gone back to heaven! I couldn't help wishing while I was reading about it that it had been the fashion when I was a baby! It would be so nice for me to look back and think that I had always helped to carry the light but I couldn't very well, you see, because it was only begun two years ago. Now there are more than 12 000 Little Light Bearers in the different churches. Your affectionate cousin,

JESSIE.

Puzzle Drawer.

ANSWERS TO MARCH, NO.

- Enigmas.—1. Crosby Girls' Home.
2. Rev. George McDougall.
Charades.—1. Chilliwack.
2. Glad Tidings.
3. (Miss) Veazey.
Conundrum.—Wickett.