

THOSE MOTHERS.

BY ANNIE E. MELLISH.



Sister May, do come out for a drive, it will do your headache good and make you feel much better."

"No thank you," answered the wearied girl, "I cannot possibly go this afternoon, as my Band meets at half-past three o'clock."

Her sister knew that it would be no use to coax her, and so passed on.

About half an hour afterwards, just when May was starting out, she met a number of friends who urged her to go on a snow-shoe tramp with them. Oh! how she longed to go, but *no*, she must be true to her duty as President of the Mission Band, and again a negative answer was given. When she arrived at the church, she found five little girls awaiting her, and so with that number commenced the meeting. After the opening exercises the President said: "As the Secretary is not present I will call the roll, and if any who are present can tell me the reason why so many are absent, kindly speak out."

Katie Jones:—"Present."

Janie Flagler:—"Oh, please, she is having a party to-day."

Anna Smythe:—"Please Miss, I called for her and her mother said she just couldn't be bothered getting her ready."

Josie James:—"She is out snow-shoeing."

Gladys Bonsho:—"Absent."

Mary Coles:—"Oh, please, Mary told me, in school this morning, that her mama was just sick and tired of these Mission Bands and things, and she wouldn't let her come any more, for charity began at home any way."

With a wearied sigh the president read on.

Betsy MacQuillian:—"Oh, please, she has grippe."

Jennie Corey:—"Please ma'am she said she would come if she didn't go for a drive, but I s'pose she is gone as she is not here."

Winnie Luffell:—"Present."

Bella Penna:—"Absent."

Cora Penna:—"Present—please Belle's at the rink to-day."

Lou Hawthorne:—"Her is at the party."

Susan Collins:—"At the party too."

Jeanie Cameron:—"Oh, please, she is out buying valentines."

Clara Flood:—"Oh, ma'am, her ma made her stay home and darn her brother's socks, for her mother said there is more mission work in it than comin' here learnin' a lot of stuff about the heathen."

Katie Ketchum:—"Present."

Lily Lacy:—"Oh, please, Miss, her mother made her stay home and nurse the new baby."

Anastatia Duffy:—"Please I was in her place coming down, and Mrs. Duffy said it was such a glorious day that it would be a sin and a shame to go and keep children cooped up in a church, and so Anastatia went out coasting, but please I am here."

"And you are a dear good little girl to be here," faintly responded the president.

Bannie Bevan:—"Present."

Lizzie MacLoney:—"Oh, please Miss, her told me that your ma said her mother sold matches when her was a little girl and she did no such thing, and so now please, she says that she just won't let her family have anything more to do with your folks."

This seemed like the last straw to the already over-taxed President, but with a prayer for help and a determined effort she went through her usual programme and then dismissed the meeting. On reaching home she found that all the rest of the family had gone out pleasure seeking, so with a heart-breaking sigh she flung herself on a lounge and the tears ran down her face unrestrained. She was not to blame by any means, but oh! she did feel so discouraged, and wondered how it was that Christian parents could not or would not take a little interest in Band work. It would lighten her burden so much if they would simply do their part. For oh! she thought, when the mothers at home are so utterly indifferent how could she tell the children that it was their first duty to attend Mission Band before going elsewhere? how could she teach them about self-denial, talent money, prompt and regular attendance? And above all how could she tell them that it was in their power by prayer and work to help send the gospel to the poor little heathen away across the sea? How could she?

Charlottetown.

We see Him now. He walks no more,
By Zion, and Jordan and Galilee;
But sweet as the song the night winds bore,
And rich with meaning unknown before,
His words ring out as they rang of yore,
"Go forth, and tell the world of me."

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

BAND EXERCISE.

First Protestant missionary to China—while a boy was apprenticed to a last maker—kept his book open while he worked, and had his bed in the shop, that he might study late at night—sent out, at 25 years of age, by the London Missionary Society in 1807—spent 25 years as Chinese translator for the East India Company—compiled a Chinese dictionary—translated both the Old and New Testament, and lived to see them completed and widely circulated.