


thing; has six toes on each foot. When asked if she would like to go home now, she shook her head and said, "No, Miss." They do their own washing, ironing, mending and knitting. The elder girls take turns by the week of looking after the cooking and preparing of the vegetables, and of course each one looks after her own bed. We take a peep into each bedroom, and it looks clean and comfortable, with from three to five single iron bedsteads in each room. On one bed we saw an autograph quilt; we noticed the names of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, and several others of Nova Scotia.

You must remember, dear readers, that our Orphanage, so long talked about, is not yet built. They have only a small rented house and are cramped for room. After seeing the bedrooms, we were shown into a small room used as a Lavatory, where we saw a long row of boots, cleaned and ready for Sunday. On Sunday morning, whether fine or stormy, they all march in procession to Alexander street church, and again in the afternoon they go down to Sunday school. They are eagerly looking forward to Christmas, when kind friends send in all the good things. In each of the Methodist churches they give large bags, to all the people, which have on them "Fill me up and send me home." These are filled with different things, as rice, cakes, biscuits, oranges, apples and clothes, etc. The day before Christmas these bags are gathered up and taken to the Orphanage.

GUSSIE.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR BAND LEADERS.

 A child is delighted with a new toy, however simple in its construction, so leaders of Mission Bands will find there is more interest aroused if some new method is used in every meeting.

Here are a few methods which have been tried and found effective. Have some one read aloud an interesting article, and before the reading divide all the children into two sides of equal numbers. Tell all to listen carefully to the story; then let each on one side ask some question about it, to be answered by any one who can from the other side.

Another time the leader reads something, and after reading says: "I am thinking of a word mentioned in this reading that begins with [some letter—B, for instance]. Who can guess what the word is?" Then give the members of the class a chance to suggest some word.

Cut a short story into curious shapes; let some child paste the pieces upon thick paper, and let another put it together at the meeting and then read it.

If the children are irregular in attendance make a new rule. Once in three or four months have a social, and allow no one to come who has not been present at least at one meeting before the social, with excuses sent for absence the other times.

Select an article in a missionary magazine, and ask one of the older children to prepare a set of questions to be used, after it is read, at the next meeting. Give one or two others some missionary paper and several

questions to be answered. Tell them the answer is in the paper, but let them find it for themselves.

Ask three of the members to prepare an entire program by themselves for some future meeting.

Don't fail to have a picnic in the summer. Then perhaps you will have the pleasure of hearing some one say, "We have real good times in our mission circle."—A. J. S., in *The Helping Hand*.

#### A MISSIONARY DIALOGUE,

FOR TWO GIRLS.

NELL :—

O Susie, stop a moment, dear,  
You don't know what I've heard—  
'Tis such a tale of want and sin—  
I'll tell you every word.  
It's what the Missionary said,  
Who held that meeting here;  
I went with mother—what I heard  
Has cost me many a tear.

SUSIE :—

So that is what you mean, dear Nell,  
I too, can ne'er forget  
For I was there, and, like your own,  
My cheeks with tears were wet.  
I scarcely could believe it true,  
That men could stoop so low  
In any clime, in any place,  
To treat a woman so.  
To think of helpless baby girls,  
And women old and grey,  
Cast out unloved to die alone,  
Or fall the wild beast's prey.

SUSIE :—

But that was not the worst, for Nell,  
Their sufferings soon were o'er,  
But tongue is powerless to relate,  
The wrongs those widows bore,  
Betrothed oft times, as soon as born—  
Poor babes, by custom wed  
To men so old, that ere they grew  
Were laid among the dead,  
Or if on some bright Hindoo boy  
Should fall her parent's choice,  
Still has the hapless little maid  
Small reason to rejoice.  
For should the youthful husband fall  
To some disease a prey,  
"Her own ill deeds have caused his death,"  
Then every one would say,  
Till oft, the Missionary said,  
By misery driven wild  
There plunged into the Ganges's wave,  
A trembling, widowed child.

NELL :—

Tell me no more, my dearest friend,  
But let us see if we  
Can something do—I'm sure we can  
To help their misery.  
I have a dollar all my own,  
'Twas given me to spend  
As I thought best—I'll Bibles buy  
And to those heathen send.  
And can't we have a Mission Band?  
At any rate, I'll try.

SUSIE :—

I'll help you all I can, I'm sure,  
And now must go, good bye!

CANSU, N. S.