

EVELYN'S BANK.

"MY dear Dick," said Mrs. Watson, at tea, "you remember, don't you, that our missionary meeting will be to-night?"

"I had forgotten, Mary, and promised to go to the Lodge. It is too bad, but how would you like to take Evelyn with you?"

"Oh, do, mother. I have not even seen a missionary meeting, and the girls at school said there was to be a man there right from the Indians."

Mr. and Mrs. Watson laughed at their little girl's eagerness, and Mrs. Watson said: "They are quite right; Mr. W. is a missionary on the coast."

"May I go with you, mother? Please say yes."

"Very well, dear, you may go."

"Here is something for the heathen," said Mr. Watson, as he handed his wife a ten dollar bill.

"Thank you, Dick. I will give Evelyn one dollar for her special gift to Missions."

"Oh, mother!" and Evelyn could not say any more, she was so delighted.

That evening a great crowd, and among them Mrs. Watson and Evelyn, went into St. Paul's. There was some bright music, and afterward St. Paul's minister came forward and said: "My dear friends, it gives me much pleasure to introduce to you my brother in the ministry, Rev. L. Wade. You have heard of his self-denying labors among the Indians of 'The Coast.' Mr. Wade stepped forward, and for half an hour held them spell-bound by his thrilling missionary stories.

"Now, dear people, I will tell you how we came to build a home for little Indian girls." The audience became even more alert. "One evening my wife and I sat by the fire, reading and talking, when I heard a sound like knocking. My wife said she thought it was mice. We listened, and presently it was more distinct, a faint rapping. I went out, and just below me there came a faint moan. I stooped down over the step, and there in the snow was a dark bundle. I gathered it into my arms, and my wife and I looked when we got to the light, and behold! it was a tiny Indian girl. She was half frozen, and nearly starved. We got a bed warm and put her in between hot blankets. Then we gave her a bowl of hot soup. She seemed very happy. She was a bright little girl of four years. The next day I inquired about her, and found she was the foster child of a sorceress or witch woman. After a good deal of trouble we persuaded the witch to let us adopt her. We christened her Mary.

She was very happy with us, and learnt our ways quickly. Several little girls came to us and we took them in. But our house got too small; so kind people sent us money to build a home for them. Now that home is too small, and I ask you to give as much as you can, and God will bless you."

A very liberal collection was taken up. Evelyn keeps a bank now, and puts all her coppers in. Already she has over four dollars saved in it.

"You know, mother," she often says, "I can do without candy, but the poor little Indian girls cannot do without a home.

Ontario.

M. M. S.

From the Woman's Missionary Friend.

NOTES OF MARGUERITE WHONG'S JOURNEY.

FROM A LETTER TO MISS RUTH M. SITES.—Continued.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Yesterday was my first Sabbath on this ship. It was a peaceful day to me. I suppose you were at somewhere for a missionary meeting, and I can only pray for you and think about you. We've lost an hour every day, so Monday is slipped over and turned for Tuesday to-day.

"I certainly am enjoying my mails every day per 'Neptune's Submarine Mail Express.' Yesterday Miss Hartford handed me a *package*, and when I opened it, there I found a beautiful Bible from Mr. and Mrs. Readler. I am so very glad to have it too.

"September 27. We are almost to Japan now, and I am so thankful that all the way I have not been seasick at all, and feel well, only when I look out the port-hole away over the deep blue sea toward America. It makes my heart sick and *homesick*, and my heart feels just as blue as the sea.

"Viceroy Li is not going ashore in Japan, and I am very glad. Our government will have a man-of-war all ready there to take him home to China. This afternoon he sent his secretary to me again, to get my father's name and address, and say he is going to write father just as soon as they arrive at Tien Tsin. I think father will be perfect willing to have his daughter bring him this honor: and he is so scholarly, he know how to write the most polite suitable answer to Li. His Excellency commanded me to learn Mandarin thoroughly, and keep on with my English also, because he desires me to go to Peking and see him before starting to London in 1898; also when we come back we must carry the report to him ourselves, and then he will also present us to the Empress of our China. I trust 'Our Father' for all things and for this also. Oh, in some way you must help me. I know our work is getting greater and greater, so we, you and I together, must work to save this poor, lost nation, and, by and by, when we are through in this world, we will go to see our Heavenly Father, who is the Lord of Lords and 'King of Kings' and hand in hand report our work before His throne. We are called to help save China, and so it is His will to make Li notice and have something to say to

Your loving little girl,

"MARGUERITE."

LATER.

Our readers will be delighted to hear tidings of our beloved Marguerite Whong, now Mrs. Dr. Lim Boon Keng. Her husband, in a recent letter to Mrs. Sites, says:—

"I am indeed grateful to you and your daughter for the very excellent education in the English language which Marguerite has received. We were married in the Church of Scotland, and we had the privilege afterwards of meeting all the important people of Singapore. We feel sure that we shall be very happy, and we shall ever remember Marguerite's indebtedness to her friend Ruth, and shall recall the occasion of her American journey with thankfulness to you and yours. We beg, also, to send you and all Marguerite's friends our kindest regards and affectionate remembrances."

Marguerite's friends in turn wish her all joy in her new home in Singapore.