

Deacon Coldstream was most emphatically against it; and he was the most influential man in the church except Mr. Grace, who was very wealthy and well liked. But he was a very quiet man, so Deacon Coldstream usually had his own way.

"Oh—oh—oh!" wailed Avis, to whom the little waif seemed strangely near and dear. "I am just going to take care of her myself."

"So you shall, darling, and we will all help you," said Dot, hugging their pet.

After a great deal of planning with father and mother the five girls actually assumed the responsibility of providing for the little "China baby," as Avis called her.

Violet was seventeen, Dot fifteen, the twins, Ruth and Rose, thirteen, and Avis eight.

Quite an undertaking, truly.

"Another begging society," said Deacon Coldstream.

Dot shut her teeth with a little click to keep the funny, saucy answer that rose to her lips from flying out.

"We will not beg one cent," she said.

"No," said Violet, "we will save what little we can. The rest we will earn; but how?"

(To be continued.)

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

Nova Scotia Branch.

Bridgetown—The corresponding secretary writes: "The Alcorn Mission Band is holding its meetings regularly, with a good attendance. At present we are practicing for a public meeting. We received a very nice letter from Miss Alcorn, for whom our band is named; also a photo of her class in Japan. At our last meeting we had visitors from the youngest band in Nova Scotia, the "Veazey" Band, Granville Ferry. Some of our members went as delegates to the district convention, and had the great pleasure of hearing Miss Veazey speak of her work in Japan. We esteemed it a high privilege to listen to one who for five years has done such work for Christ. As we listened our interest grew, and we feel we know the workers much better, and that our prayers will be more fervent. At Easter we held a tea with the auxiliary, and raised ten dollars.

New Germany.—The "Try Again" Band is meeting regularly, though the attendance is small. One fancy sale and a public meeting have also been held.

Riteev's Cove.—The "Blackmore" Band reports increasing interest, good attendance, and three new members.

Woodlows "Workers" are pushing the good work. Large attendance and four new members.

MARCIA B. BRAINE,
Band Secretary.

124 Tower Road, Halifax.

RECITATIONS.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

A little bird with feathers brown
Sat singing on a tree—
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by
Looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody
That ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
For birdie was so small,
And with a modest, dark brown coat,
He had no show at all.

"Why, papa," little Gracie said,
"Where can this birdie be?
If I could sing a song like that,
I'd get where folks could see."

"I hope my little girl will learn
A lesson from that bird,
And try to do what good she can,
Not to be seen nor heard.

"That birdie is content to sit
Unnoticed by the way,
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise
From dawn to close of day.

"So live, my child, all through your
life,
That be it short or long,
Though others may forget your looks,
They'll not forget your song."
—Selected.

REMORSE.

I killed a robin. The little thing,
With scarlet breast on a glossy wing,
That comes in the apple tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there,
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went—and hit him square.

But as I watched him I soon could
see
He never would sing for you or me
Any more in the apple tree.

Never more in the morn'g light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day,
How never, never I can repay
The little life that I took away.

—Sydney Dayre, in *Youth's Companion*.

The Japanese understand very clearly the dangerous character of the drink habit,—

"At the punch-bowl's brink
Let us pause and think,
What they say in Japan,
First, the man takes a drink,
Then, the drink takes a drink,
Then, the drink takes the man!"