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On the Beach.

We drove to the seashore last week,
Georgie and Jessie and I,
With papa, and mamma, of course,
And Jack—he's only our horse,
But I never could pass him by.

And oh, 'twas a wonderful day!
Brimfull of everything fine:
We paddled about in the waves,
We dug in the sand little caves,
And tried our hook and line.

We had races on the smooth beach,
Gathered seaweeds of every hue,
We saw the white crests uncurl,
And the ships their wings unfurl,
To fly far over the blue.

But when the dinner was done
And I lay alone on the sands,
The waves of the great old sea
Spoke in scolding tones to me,
Of the children in distant lands.

And I felt as never before
For those on the other side,
For the poor little feet not led,
For the sad young hearts unled,
In the lands beyond the tide.

I thought of my mother's care,
Of my father's look of pride,
And I wondered what it would be,
No look of love to see,
If I lived on the other side.

What would it be to gaze
Into the quivering sky,
And not have my whole heart stirred
With the story so often heard
Of the mansions built on high?

What would it be to look
On the sea in its ancient bed,
And think of no loving Lord
Who could still it by a word,
And bring again its dead?

What would it be at last
To enter the valley deep,
Not knowing that Jesus died,—
Laid his precious life aside
And called death but a sleep?

Then the sea seemed tears of salt,
And the seaweed helpless hands,
And the moving waves a cry;
And I said I must help till I die,
The children of heathen lands.

—Selected.

A Higher Ideal of Life Membership.

BY S. E. SMITH.

(CONCLUDED.)

Aunt Mary mused for a moment. "Let me continue to illustrate my idea of life membership before I answer your question. Each one of us comes into the world as a life member of some family. That family has a common interest—a common centre. Years may come and go and work their wondrous changes; the members of that family may be divided

'By mount, and stream, and sea,' one may be in China, one in Japan, another in India, and still another in the far West or in some island of the main, but however widely separated, the true life member will recognize the claim of kinship; a claim upon his interest, his affection, his sympathy and, if need be, his resources. Yes, yes, I anticipate you—you are going to say that this is a natural tie. Granted—but what tie more natural than this 'And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.' That is a tie we cannot ignore; those suffering women of heathendom are our sisters—and as such they have a claim upon all these things, our interest, our affection, our sympathy, our re-