

Our Baby Member.

The sun was shining and the birds singing sweetly, one bright pleasant Saturday in early May. In the little Methodist church in a village in Halifax county, were twenty-five children, ranging in ages from four to sixteen years. There were several ladies there also.

And for what do you suppose these children were gathered here on this bright sunny day; instead of being in the woods, plucking the sweet scented May flowers. Can any of my little readers guess? Oh! now you have it! They were there to organize a Mission Band.

When all the business had been arranged; the officers elected, and the day for the next meeting appointed, the next question "What shall we name our Mission Band." After a little it was decided to name it the "Mayflower Mission Band." "Now children," said the President, "how many of you will promise to bring another member next month?" Nearly all the children raised their hands in token of their willingness to try. Even the youngest there, a bright little fellow of four years, raised his hand. "Well Robbie" said the president, "will you try to bring another member?" "Yes'm," said the little fellow. The meeting then closed, and the children went home. That night before Robbie went to bed, he said to his mother, "Mamma, may I take Mabel to our mission band next month?" Now Mabel was the baby, and as dear a little piece of humanity of fifteen months, as ever gladdened a home. "Well deary," said his mother, "you know that Mabel is too young to earn her dues as you do. You may take her if you agree to pay her dues as well as your own." This gave our little man something to think about, could he pay fifty cents a year? He must earn it himself, his mother had told him. So he marched off to bed to sleep over it, and in the morning he had decided. He would pay it some way. So he bargained with his mother to this effect; every day that he fed the hens and chickens, picked up chips and kept the wood box filled, he was to receive a cent a day. Robbie thought these terms perfectly fair, and said he would begin that day. So he ran errands, picked up chips, and worked like a little man. The result was that little Mabel at the next meeting of the band appeared in her sister's arms, and Robbie proudly paid in her dues, "for me and Mabel." And Robbie kept it up too. Not one day behind in the payment of his dues, he was quite a credit to the band.

Robbie and Mabel still belong to the Mayflower Mission Band. Mabel is now a dear little girl of five, and Robbie is eight, but he still pays his

sister's dues as well as his own.

Now children you have seen what one little four year old boy has done. Will you now each try to bring a new member to your Mission Band? You may not all have a little brother or sister at home, but have you not some little friend whom you might persuade to join? Of course you need not pay for them unless you choose, but you will help your band by bringing a new member. Try it this month, and see how well it will succeed.

A "Mayflower."

Recipes of Programme for Mission Band Meetings.

I

Condense the life of a missionary into short paragraphs. Write them on numbered slips of paper and distribute them to any of the members of the mission band. If possible have map of country through which missionary travelled before the meeting and appoint a member to trace journeyings. As slips are read, ask for questions, so that all may understand what is being talked about; and at the close, get a member to tell all he or she can remember. We have had Carey, Livingstone, Moffat, Paton and George Macdougall in this way, and have had most pleasant afternoons.

II

TWENTY QUESTIONS.

Write questions on a certain country or topic on numbered slips of paper and prepare answers with corresponding members. Pass both questions and answers round before meeting commences. When time for programme arrives ask for question No. 1, and after it is read, the member who has answer No. 1, should stand and read it. In this way go through the list. At close, collect the slips and then ask members how much they have learned. Have tried questions on Japanese schools, China, and Korea, and intend to have an afternoon soon on our W. M. S.

III

MISSIONARY SALAD.

Take one or two sheets of cabbage green tissue paper and cut into lettuce leaves of various sizes, scalloping the edges to make them look as real as possible. Paste on these slips of missionary information easily obtained from religious papers or Outlook. Pinch the edges of the leaves, bend them over and then stand them up in dish or basket and the result will be a dainty and attractive Missionary Salad for Band days; and the reading of the slips will prove quite a feast of good things.

N. S.