



Devoted to the interests of the Mission Circles and Branches of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

A WRITER in the Outlook, for September, gives the story of Lucile Davidson, a little girl of Manitoba, whose picture you see to-day. She is the daughter of a Methodist minister, who died when she was only one year old. She is now eleven. During that first year she was a bright, healthy little child; but sickness came, and she lay in a helpless condition a long time. Then her strength returned, through the care of her loving mother, the skill of physicians and the blessing of God, and for two years she ran about like other well, happy little children. Then she was again attacked by disease, and for six years she has not been able to lay her poor little head upon the pillow, and pain is her almost constant companion. The writer says, "When first I saw her, she was lying on the carpet, playing with a ball, fastened to a string, and unable to turn upon her side or sit up—only the movements of the hands and arms indicated the remaining strength. A twinkle of the eyes and cheerful smile met me in my frequent visits. It was on one of these pleasant rambles that I learned of her deep interest in the cause of missions, and her desire to do something for the children beyond the sea. Her mother had read to her about Herbie Bellamy, and Lucile said she would like to try to do something for the heathen, too."

You know how it is, dear children, when you are working for "tables" or bazaars—all the pretty things you make—pin-cushions and needle books, pen-wipers, mats and dolls—especially dolls—how you do enjoy dressing them, to be sure! Well, while lying on her couch of pain, dear little Lucile's nimble fingers went to and fro, making these pretty things; her busy little

head thinking all the time, no doubt, of the poor children far away in heathen lands. The Sunday-school children asked if they might help her in her good work, and she was glad to have them do so. After a while a bazaar was held, and a great many people came, and they all thought it looked just like Fairyland, but what they most loved to look upon was the face of the gentle, patient little girl in the wheeled chair. They raised \$2.5, and that money has gone to the Methodist Hospital

in China, where cots for sick children have been called by her name—the Lucile Davidson cots. How happy her "little missionary heart" must be thinking of them. The bazaar will probably be held every year now. "A missionary spirit has fallen upon young and old," says the writer, "and the influence of the golden-haired Lucile is felt in other churches." You see what dear little Herbie Bellamy's life and influence did for Lucile. "Being dead, he yet speaketh." And now, in turn, Lucile's story speaks to you, dear children, who, unlike her, have health and strength, and calls upon



LUCILE DAVIDSON.

you to use them in this service of love.

Pray this month, dear young people, for the members of the Board of Managers, for they do need all the help we can give them in this way. They need wisdom and good judgment, and all that is necessary to such a responsible position as theirs. When they meet in council this month let them feel that they have the sympathy and support of the whole Society—that it is not only the Auxiliary members who have an interest in their work, but that the Circle and Band members share in it too.