

of your own theory, for such a beautiful, happy, peaceful face, it has been my good fortune not often to see.' Truly, it did one good to look at her.

A. F. R.

Rambles among our Missions.

Just like all other good things the novel and interesting experience of a first ride in a Jinrikisha speedily came to an end, and we were set down at the railway station where we boarded the train for Tokyo. A short run of forty five minutes along the bay, brilliant with its thousand reflected lights, past fields prepared for rice sowing, and quaint little villages brought us to the Shimbashi station at Tokyo.

From the moment of our landing in Japan new surprises met us at every turn. Now, we are in the midst of a real native city, and like the unfolding of a panorama, the scenes of domestic and commercial life are presented to our curious eyes as we pass along the narrow, crooked streets. Doll-like shops, whose occupants seem happy and contented in their various occupations, line the roadway on either side, and like the ever changing variety of the kaleidoscope, delight follows delight until we reach the Jo Gakko which we have travelled so far to see. Here we receive such a greeting!—and as our friends of the school gather round to bid us welcome, it seems to us the climax of all the pleasurable experiences of the day.

The influence of the Woman's Missionary Society for good, is already whispered in Japan, but who can tell of the wondrous results as its graduates go out, some to help in other stations, some to homes of their own, but all to manifest the benefit of the training received. The girls school in Tokyo, is fully equipped, furnishing two courses for graduation beside which, the girls are instructed in sewing and embroidery that on leaving the school they may be self-supporting. There are, at present, about seventy boarders, and one of the most encouraging features of the work lies in the fact, that the girls educated here in very many instances receive Christ into their hearts, so the good work extends in an ever widening circle beyond the walls of the Jo Gakko. Twenty of the girls are teachers in the various Sunday schools reaching three hundred and fifty children.

The King's Daughters are engaged in a most commendable work, and many touching scenes could be told of how they have gathered little uncared for and unprotected children, into the school which they support by their own contributions. They hold mothers' meetings, and many instances

have come to our notice of fathers and mothers having been led to Christ through the instrumentality of these children. The members of this society truly go about doing good, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the sick, for love of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." THE RAMBLER.

Help One Another.

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to his fellow leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be."

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"This warm south breeze would dry me away,
And I would be gone ere noon to-day;
But I'll help you and you help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then—oh, what will become of me!
But come, my brother, give me your hand,
We'll build a mountain, and there we'll stand."

"Help one another," a penny said
To a fellow penny, round and red;
"Nobody cares for me alone,
Nobody'll care when I am gone;
But we'll stick together and grow, in time,
To a nickle, or even a silver dime."

"Help one another," I hear the dimes
Whisper, beneath the ringing chimes;
"We're only little folks, but you know
Little folks sometimes make a show.
Ten of us, if we're good and pure,
Equal a big, round dollar, sure."

And so the snowflakes grew to drifts;
The grains of sand, to mountains;
The leaves become a pleasant shade;
The dewdrops fed the fountains;
The pennies grew to silver dimes;
The dimes to dollars, brothers;
And happy children send a gift
To bless the lives of others.

—Adapted.

"The gifts and prayers of the children.
Gathered in one strong band,
Could conquer the world for Jesus
And make it a Holy Land."