

Woman's Work.

Conducted by Mrs. S. M. Brown and Miss Jessie K. Agnew, 372 Shaw Street, Toronto. Everything intended for this column should be sent to Mrs. S. M. Brown, Warton, Ont.

O. C. W. B. M.

President, Mrs. W. B. Malcolm, 89 Church St., Toronto; Cor. Sec., Miss Bella Sinclair, Blenheim; Treasurer, Miss Jennie Fleming, Kilsyth.

O. C. W. B. M.

CONTRIBUTIONS SINCE LAST REPORT.
FOREIGN MISSIONS.

S. School, Cecil St., Toronto.	\$10 00
Sunday School, Stayner.	4 45
Sunday School, Hamilton.	5 00
Sunday School, Warton.	2 41
G. O. Black, Susp. Bridge, N.Y.	10 00
Mrs. Agnes Borland, Bowmanville	5 00
Amos Tevell, Warton.	3 00
M. N. Stephens, Glencairn.	5 00
Miss Lydia Frame, Glencairn.	1 00
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S. Troyer, Concord.	1 00
Thos. Maitland, Owen Sound.	5 00
R. J. Doyle, Owen Sound.	1 00

JENNIE FLEMING.

Kilsyth, July 29th, 1892.

Important.

TO THE AUXILIARIES OF THE O. C. W. B. M.

All those who have been requested to furnish something towards the outfit of our missionary sister, Mary Riach, 225 Maria St., Hamilton, Ont., will please send the parcel to her at once, as her goods must be shipped not later than the last week in August.

Should any auxiliary not be able to do as requested, the secretary will oblige by notifying me immediately, so that I may apply elsewhere.

Any of our friends who have pictures, illuminated scripture texts, etc., they would like to send to the Japanese children, will kindly send them to Miss Riach as soon as possible.

JENNIE MALCOLM.

89 Church St., Toronto.

Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Lediard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont., to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

"Our boy is flourishing and looks fat and hearty. He is not a Christian yet."

These words formed the last paragraph in Dr. Macklin's letter in the last EVANGELIST, and are especially interesting to us. It will always be pleasing to hear from Little Wang, and to learn that he is doing well. That he is not a Christian yet, does not surprise us when we remember how many of our own dear children in the different lands are holding back from confessing the Saviour's name, who are elder than he is and know so much more of Jesus and His love than he can. I hope that when the next annual report comes in, there may be a large number reported as having united with the church during the year. Will the members who did so last year accept my hearty congratulations? It is the one act of your lives which you can never regret.

In answer to the question "What do you consider the best method of conducting your meetings with a view to interesting the children, especially the boys?"

First—Be interested yourself. Do everything heartily; sing a good deal, but never anything in the Old Hundred style. At each meeting give the work for the next; every member must do his or her part. It needs forethought and judgment to be able to give to each just what is best suited for them, but it pays, and each one is required to answer promptly with a verse of scrip-

ture when the roll is called. We keep a correct record of all the proceedings, so the reading of the minutes is always an interesting part of our programme. We vary the exercises as much as possible. When reading a story to the children, if you insert the names of some of them, it will secure their individual attention and interest.

Second—With regard to boys, give them work to do—I mean make them feel that the success of the band depends on them. They do much better with a little burden of responsibility, and above all, don't speak to them in a 'You-dear-wee-boy' tone; they think they are nearly men, and it annoys them to be spoken to like children.

In giving work to prepare, don't give "Little Jack Horner" pieces; give them something that requires time and thought, and let them understand that you expect them to prepare it in the best manner, and they will seldom disappoint you.

Kilsyth. MINERVA FLEMING.

The above paper contains some very good suggestions where the boys are concerned. It was my privilege to visit the Kilsyth band of Cheerful Givers sometime in May, and I was very much pleased with it in every way. The intelligence and behaviour of the children reflected great credit on themselves and their leaders. I may say that this is also true of the Bowmanville Coral-Builders. It was a great pleasure to meet and talk with them. Their quiet attention and intelligent answers speaks well for all concerned.

J. E. L.

Trotfoot and Lightfoot.

Trotfoot is a boy; Lightfoot, a girl; twins; five years old in June. They are on the go from early morning until their mother extinguishes them under the crib-covers at night. Wherever the children are Bang is, but even Bang takes more rest than they do.

Bang, you must understand, is a dog—a black and grey setter, a year younger than the children, but quite grown up, and able to take care of himself and them too.

Trotfoot and Lightfoot live in the country, where all the good times are. They haven't many toys; each one has a doll and a cart, for each one likes to have what the other has. Never did farmer's heavy wagon perform any rougher work for it than do these strong, unpainted little carts, and never did farmer bear any greater jolting than the rag dolls—in fact, the poor dolls have been known to jolt out of the carts and lie lost for a whole day and night; indeed they have often been irrecoverably lost.

Trotfoot and Lightfoot were told never to enter the chicken-run after a game, bantam had torn Lightfoot's pinafore and scratched her hands, and Trotfoot's too, for he, like the little gentleman he is, bravely fought the cross little rooster until Ben, the big hired man, heard the noise, and came in and rescued them.

But the game banty had disappeared mysteriously, and there was a hen with oh! such a lot of dear little fluffy chicks, and Trotfoot and Lightfoot were so anxious to see them. They weren't a bit afraid of anything in the chicken-run except the big gobbler their father had got recently from a neighbor who was leaving.

After a consultation, in which they both decided that mama wouldn't mind a bit now the game banty was gone, they stole rather shamefacedly across the farm lane, slipped through the rail fence, and went around behind the barn, where the run was built. Trotfoot took a stick and turned the button of the door—it was too high for

him to reach—then carefully pecked in. Away up at the other end was the gobbler, standing quite still; his ornament hung gracefully down over his beak and his neckle was red as coral.

"Oh, Lightfoot! old gob is ever so far up and he's asleep, his head is bent down, and I guess he's cold, his feathers are all sticking out and he has covered up his feet with his wings."

"Yes, and here are the dear little chickies."

The old, mother-hen was quite willing to have her family admired, but was rather afraid to have them touched. However, as she was a great pet, she didn't do more than cluck and cover as many as would come under her wing. Suddenly, with a horrible "Tra-lollipop lollop," the gobbler rushed at them, overturning the water-pan over some of the wee chickies. Trotfoot and Lightfoot made for the door, but the button had slipped down, it wouldn't open; oh dear, oh dear! Then nests were tramped on, eggs broken, hens flew and cackled; all the young roosters who didn't dare practice their crowing on account of the tyrannical old gobbler, took advantage of the uproar and did more crowing in a few minutes than they had done in their lives before.

Bang was outside waiting, it wouldn't do to bring him in to frighten the chickens. When he heard the noise he rushed up and down, barking furiously; then he threw himself at the door; fortunately he shook it so that the button fell again, and it opened. Then the turmoil was worse than ever for Bang rushed in, chased the gobbler all around, pulling out his feathers, while every hen in the place got out and ran straight to the garden. With a last effort the gobbler flew up on a high roost where Bang couldn't reach him. There he sat, gobbling weakly, tipping this way and that, so badly frightened his neckle was quite blue.

Then the sobbing children coaxed Bang out and went crying home to tell of their mishap and help chase the chicken away from the currant bushes.

They had a long talk under their favorite maple tree in the calf-pasture that evening, and decided it was best to do as they were told.

"For it's always awful when we don't," said Lightfoot oracularly.

"Nimble, nimble, Trotfoot and Lightfoot, oh, what a pair! Now here, now there, now everywhere; Running of errands, dancing in glee, Skipping and jumping merrily, What shall we ask for these little feet?"

"Lead them a blessed pilgrimage, From childhood through to saintly age, Dear Lord, we pray; Hold them a light in the dim, dark night, And out of the narrow path of the right Ne'er let them stray!"

AGNES.

Bad Company.

So long as children are in our land, just so long will it be the duty of parents, teachers, and papers to warn them to shun bad company. Parents are wasting time in teaching goodness to their children and then permitting them to associate with evil companions. If you rub against chalk it will make you white, and if you rub against smut it will make you black. Only a few minutes in a room with contagious disease is sufficient to contract a disease that will destroy our boy that we have watched, fed and protected through many months and years.

Ten minutes with bad company may teach your boy to swear, or steal, and your daughter to use "slang" or indecent words. Dear reader of L. S., please do not get impatient with mamma, because she appears anxious about your company. She is much

older than you, and because of her love for you and for her future happiness she so often warns you to beware of and avoid bad company; and remember the Bible says, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."—*The Little Seeker.*

To Boys Commencing Business.

Be on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty. Be respectful to your employers and all in authority over you, and be polite to every one; politeness costs nothing and it will help you wonderfully in getting along in the world. And above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body, who falls into no bad habits, who is honest, truthful and industrious, who remembers with grateful love his father and mother, and who does not grow away from the church and Sunday school, has qualities of mind and heart that will ensure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honor, truth and industry are more than genius.

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it. Shun billiard saloons and be careful how you spend your evenings. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true and full of cheer in times of gloom, and sweet companionship for l-nely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same. And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty and industry, and a living faith in God, you will succeed.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

Little Women.

The seven-year-old daughter of a very busy mother who, in consequence of her husband's early death, was obliged to carry on his business, was asked one day by a friend what she was able to do in the way of help.

"I can only pray to God and hem the dusters," was the child's reply in all seriousness, but it showed that she had learned to do the duty which lay nearest her; and as years went on she developed into the steady, reliable, cheerful girl to whom the whole household looked for help, and seldom, if ever, looked in vain.

Very pleasant are the hours spent by our little Mary in the kitchen, still under "mother's" wing, or that of some trusty or reliable servant. How she enjoys picking the bits of stem from among the currants, stoning the raisins, buttering the cake tins, and cutting any spare dough or paste (which may be over when the pies are made) into rounds with the top of a wine-glass! And what a crowning joy it is when she is allowed to have a whole gooseberry, or a tiny apple, to make into a dumpling for her own dinner or a nursery feast! And what an important personage she is when on busy days she may even be trusted with washing up the breakfast things!

If all little girls were allowed these early visits to the kitchen, with real participation in its work, the world would not hear so much about undomesticated wives and housekeepers, who cannot teach their servants what they have never learned themselves.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

The Pan-Presbyterian alliance meets in Toronto in September.

Fagged Out!!



THAT tired, worn-out feeling, of which so many women complain after a day's washing, is done away with by those who use that great

LABOR SAVING
Sunlight SOAP
Which makes the Dirt drop out Without Hard Rubbing Without Boiling Without Washing Powders

Try the easy, clean and economical way—the way of washing, and you will not be disappointed.

* Sunlight SOAP having no equal for Purity, you may use it with comfort and delight for every household purpose.

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Cherish your Girlhood.

Dear girls, don't be so often wishing you were grown up women that you will neglect your girlhood. In the rush and hurry of these fast times there is danger that you will reach and strain after "young girlhood" too much.

Be girls a while yet; tender, joyous, loving, obedient and industrious. Womanhood, with its privileges and power, its burdens and its trials, will come soon enough. On this point one has said:

"Wait patiently, my children, through the whole limit of your girlhood. Go not after womanhood; let it come to you. Keep out of public view. Cultivate refinement and modesty. The cares and responsibilities of life will come soon enough. When they come you will meet them, I trust, as true women should. But oh, be not so unwise as to throw away your girlhood. Rob not yourself of this beautiful season, which, wisely spent, will brighten all your future life."—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

A Noble Example for the Young.

Wendell Phillips is an example of what a rich young man may become who resists the temptations of early dissipation. He developed a grand moral character, and must ever remain one of the noblest figures in the history of New England. An interesting illustration is related of his early boyhood: One day, after hearing Dr. Lyman Beecher preach, he repaired to his room, threw himself on the floor and cried, "O God, I belong to Thee. Take what is thine own. I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no power of temptation over me, and whenever a thing be right it may take no courage to do it." "And," observed Mr. Phillips, in later years, "I have never found anything that impressed me as being wrong exerting any temptation over me, nor has it required any courage on my part to do whatever I believed to be right." In other words, in that supreme hour his moral nature conquered and subjugated his lower self. For him henceforth there was no compromise with animalism, with selfishness, cupidity, or in a word, with any debasing inclination; they were suppliants at the feet of his soul.