

LET us introduce to you our new missionaries, latest arrivals in China. Miss Brinstin's account of her journey is very interesting; she says: "It seems so wonderful that I am really in China. The dream of the most intelligent years of my life is realized." "These poor people are constantly reminded of the punishment of wrong, but there are so few to tell them how to do right. I am so glad to be in this dark land; I praise God continually for bringing me here." Their experience at



MISS BRINSTIN.



DR. HENRY.

Ichang, in the China Inland Mission Home, where they stayed, was a thrilling one.

The Home was invaded by a band of robbers one night. Miss Brinstin awoke to see one of the thieves bending over her trunk, a burning stick of incense in his hand, stealing the contents. She screamed and he ran. They had also opened Dr. Henry's trunk among others, and together they lost about \$60 worth. They thought it a Providential escape as these men carry knives which they use freely.

LITTLE GIRL BLUE.

FIRST BOY.

Little Girl Blue, come blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn!
The harvest is great and the laborers few,
And the grain's getting trampled, while such as you,
As capable girls as ever grew,
Who ought to be helping the ones who reap,
Are under the haystack fast asleep.

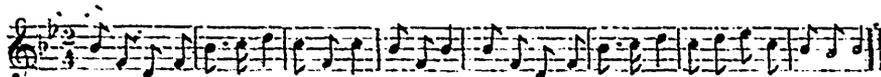
SECOND BOY.

Little Girl Blue, come blow your horn,
And gather your wits in the early morn;
Since none of you go to Tim-buc-too,
You must clear the way for those who do.
Let the world grow better as you pass through.
Did the Lord of the harvest order this heap
For you to be under it fast asleep?

[A little girl runs in, blowing horn.]

Why! where have you been that you did not know
That we 'woke from our sleep a long time ago?
Just open your ears and list while I call;
You'll find us awake, and that is not all.

[Blows her horn three times. All the girls of the "Busy Bees" come running in.]



Mission boys and girls are we, Mission Boys, Mission Girls, Mission boys and girls are we, Ever true we hope to be.
[wave hats] [wave handkerchiefs] [slower]

[A boy steps out from the group and comes to the end of the platform.]

I've come from the hive to take the stand
And speak for the boys in this Mission Band.
I'm sure I don't know what you'd do
Without the boys to help you through.
If I could only stop to tell the story,
You'd find to the boys belongs some of the glory
Of spreading the gospel far over the sea.

A LITTLE GIRL.

No, that is not all, for now, if you please,
We belong to a band of real "Busy Bees;"
[All say this and bow low.]
We are planting good seeds and feeding the roots,
Hoping to gather the best of fruits.

[Repeat all together.]

But where are the boys? Are they in a heap
Under the haystack fast asleep?

LITTLE BOY.

They are watching the sheep, keeping cows from the corn,
The most capable boys that ever were born.
I'll just blow my horn; you'll see your mistake,
And find that the boys are all wide awake.

[Blows horn three times. Boys come in singing, joined by the girls.]

Mission Boys and girls are we!
Boys—Mission boys. Girls—Mission girls.
Mission boys and girls are we;
Ever true we hope to be.

[All say this and wave caps.]

Three cheers for the boys of the "Busy Bees!"

[All go out singing.]

Mission boys and girls are we,
Mission boys, Mission girls,
Mission boys and girls are we;
Ever true we hope to be. [Hold up right hand till through.]

—DAYSPRING.