

by meeting, that we could hardly see what was being accomplished. But when all the littles were massed, then we could see the true result. 'Does it pay?' Yes, oh, yes, it *does pay!* There is not a Band too weak to be urged to continue. We don't realize, while we are doing it, that it is counting, but it does. I feel as if I wanted to tell every weak and discouraged leader our experience, and urge them to go on."

CHILDREN'S THANK OFFERING MEETING.

In Mission Studies we find a unique programme for a children's Thank-offering meeting. It was arranged by a missionary in Shanghai, and was the first service of the kind ever seen by Chinese boys and girls. Object lessons are appreciated by children, and impressions formed from a simple service like this will not soon be forgotten.

In front of the pulpit was an arch, and behind this a background of bamboo. Branches of autumn leaves and sprays of bright flowers could be used, and small sheaves of wheat can be substituted for the sheaves of rice.

First came Yung Teung carrying a basket of flowers, which she hung on the arch. She was followed by Kyung Tue, reciting Matthew vi, 28, 29.

Zoen Hyang, with a basket of vines, recited John xv, 1. Keve Ling, with herbs, recited Ps. 104, 14.

Kyung Me, with grasses, Matthew vi, 30, Pe Tsung, with moss, Matthew xi, 28.

Yoeh Ugro, with shells, Psalm cvii.

23, 24.

Pan Ling, with leaves, Revelation xxii, 2.

Ah Me, with fruit, Matthew vii, 20.

Loh Pau, with rice, Psalm cxxvii,

25, 26.

Sing Yuin, with sugar, Psalm cxix, 103.

Nug Sic, with a glass of milk, 1 Peter ii, 2.

Ah Loh, with a glass of water, John iv, 14.

Ah Woo, with pennies, Isa. lv, 1.

And then with hearty voices and overflowing hearts we sang "Praise God," etc.

Five little ones now came forward each bearing a small sheaf with a motto. On the first the motto was "Work," and he recited a hymn, "Working for Jesus."

On the second child's sheaf was

"Trust," and she recited, "My faith looks up to Thee;" on the next, "Prayer," and the hymn, "Sweet hour of Prayer." The child whose motto was "Praise," recited the hymn, "We thank Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love." The last was "Love," and the hymn, "Jesus Loves me, this I know." Each child stood in place and the first one said: "I bring my hands to work for Him;" the second child, "I bring my ears to hear His Word;" the third child, "I bring my heart to be His home;" the fourth child, "I bring my tongue to sing His praise;" the fifth child, "I bring my feet to walk His ways."

Closing hymn:

"Oh what can little hands do
To please the King of Heaven."

LEGEND OF THE MOSS.

There is a beautiful legend which tells how, long centuries ago, in a sombre forest, some moss began to grow. The sunshine warmed it, and it spread until it formed a soft, rich carpet of bright hue. One day, Jesus, coming out of the wilderness, passed through this old forest, with feet torn and bleeding from the rough way by which He had come, His path led over this carpet of moss; and as His bruised and weary feet walked on it they were soothed, refreshed, and rested by its gentle softness. Grateful for the comfort which He had received, Jesus, from His loving heart, uttered words which made the moss holy for all time: "Thou shalt be blessed for ever, o'er every plant that grows," then forth from the green bosom of the moss there sprang a perfect rose.

This is only a legend; but in its tender beauty we can get a sweet lesson—that Christ honors always and everywhere the gentle thoughtfulness which makes the way easier for any tired one. We are in this world to bless others. If we can spread a carpet of moss for any bruised and weary feet, we are sure of the benediction of Christ. Such sweet ministry we can render every day. Evermore Jesus is passing in the person of His little ones. The paths are rough, and feet bleed as they walk over them. He who lives to give cheer and hope and strength, will receive the Masters' blessing.—
J. R. MILLER, D.D.

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