

Perhaps the Band-leaders would tell us that there are a great many things to hinder their work. Rain keeps the children at home ; when there is snow and ice, the boys want to coast and skate ; in summer it is too hot, and in winter too cold ; the children forget the meeting and the mothers forget to remind them : birthday parties and ball games will come at the same hour. Perhaps the children would tell us that the meetings are not interesting ; that they are tired of hearing about India and China ; and, if they are very honest, that they want to keep their money to buy candy and marbles and paper-dolls.

Well, think about it, children. While you are growing tired of the work, the missionaries are keeping right on in summer and winter, never dreaming of stopping just because they are tired. It is not always interesting. The school children are dirty and naughty, the men and women are lazy and deceitful. Don't you suppose that sometimes, when the mercury in the thermometer goes up to 120 degrees in the shade in India, they think it would be nice to come to America and take a sleigh-ride? Don't you suppose that when they hear the harsh, shrieking music of the Japanese, they wish that they could go to one of the Thomas concerts?

Is it not a little thing for us to give an hour a month to a Mission Band meeting, even if it is not always very interesting ; even if we have to go late to the party or give up the ball game, so that we may learn about the missionaries and pray for them, when they have given their whole lives to the work ? Is it not a little thing for us to give our money, when they have given up home and friends and native land ?

I wish that all the boys and girls in every Band of Lights and Gleaners and Workers and Soldiers that has *stopped*, would think about this and either start again or join other Bands. And every time that there is the least little feeling that it is