

Youth's Department.

MISSIONARY FRUIT.

(For Six Little Girls.)

I.

This is a funny fruit you see,
It did not grow on any tree,
But it has seeds which rattle round;
Just hear the merry cherry sound!
(All rattle mite boxes.)

II.

We cannot eat the seeds, you know,
And in our gardens they'll not grow;
But yet, they'll grow in other lands
When planted by our faithful hands.

III.

Now shall I tell this riddle queer?
Pennies and dimes are found in here.
These are the seeds they try to sow,
And wondrous things from them will grow.

IV.

Sometimes a school in China starts
From what we sow with willing hearts.
Sometimes a baby's life we save,
And then how glad we are we gave!

V.

Then, out in India—you should see
How little girls as small as we
Are shut within zenana walls,
Where scarce a ray of sunlight falls!

VI.

But even there these seeds will grow,
The flowers and fruit are sure, if slow.
God cares for that—He sees the need,
We only have to sow the seed.

VII.

No soil so hard, so dry, so cold,
But we will gain a hundredfold,
If this good seed we scatter wide
That it may fall on every side.

VIII.

(In concert.)

Then help us fill these boxes small;
Pennies we're sure to get from all.

—Selected.

A JAPANESE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

You know the farmers in Japan do not live in isolated houses in the midst of their own fields, but they live together in villages, going out by the day to work in the small fields they hire of landlords. There had never a girl been away to school from the village where O Hana lives. The small, primary country school was considered quite enough for the girls. But O Hana had a great thirst for

more schooling and by and by her father let her come to Nagoya, on condition that she should go home and help with the work at times when they were especially busy.

He heard from some friend that our school was a safe place for girls alone in the city, so he sent her to us. Last spring she was called home to help transplant the rice which had been sown weeks before on the water of the irrigated fields. For two weeks she worked from morning till night of every day, wading up to her ankles in mud and water, stooping over, and with her hands pulling and transplanting the little plants. In the early summer she was called home to help care for the silk worms at the time when they grow so fast and need so much care. Her work was to go out in the field early in the morning and gather mulberry leaves, then cut and arrange them on great flat baskets. Then with her fingers pick the worms, hundreds of them from the leaves. She would then clean and refill the other baskets ready to return the worms. So back and forth day after day for two weeks or more.

This fall she was called to help harvest the rice. So I saw her off at noon of the next day, a smile on her face. She carried her Bible and school books in a bundle on her back. She said if there should be a spell of bad weather she might get some time to study. She always walks the ten miles to her home and usually makes it in four hours; but this time a sudden thunder shower drove her into shelter. This delayed her so much that it was quite dark before she reached home, and she felt very timid alone on the country road. But she remembered that one of her teachers here in the school had told her that the Lord is everywhere, just as near to us and cares for us in the dark just the same as in the light. Then all fear left her and she went singing on her way.

She was at home only ten days this time; for, as she said, the Lord gave them all pleasant weather so she could more quickly return to school. Every morning of that time the whole family got up long before daylight so as to reach the fields and be ready to work as soon as they could see. And all day they worked, bare feet and hands numb with cold, cutting and stacking the grain, and going back home after dark at night.

When the work was done, back she tramped to school, leaving home at three o'clock in the morning so as surely to reach here in time for the morning session, and came in smiling and happy. How my heart warms toward this strong brave girl of fifteen, in her courageous desire to make the most and best of her life.—
Missionary Messenger.