

HOW FRANK HELPED THE MISSIONARIES.

E had just come in from our annual Missionary meeting, and it had been such a good meeting too. The speeches were short, bright and earnest; the singing was lively and hearty, and there were quite a number present. But when we came to count the collection, it was, oh! so small. "Fifteen dollars less than last year!" I exclaimed in dismay. "Surely there must be some mistake," but no, the fact remained. "And, really, I cannot blame the people either," said my husband. "One of our men told me yesterday that he put fifty dollars into the mackerel fishing last spring and only took thirty out. His is not, by any means, the worst case. I fear some of them have lost everything."

Just then our seven year old Frank came and laid his head against my shoulder and asked, "Mamma, couldn't I do something to help the missionaries? I'd like to so much."

"I don't know, dear," I answered. "I'm afraid you're too little. "But," seeing the troubled look, "you can pray for them, and you know Mr. Cassidy said they wanted our prayers."

The next day Frank came rushing in from school shouting, "A hundred in spellings to-day, mamma!"

"Well now if that is not fine," I replied, "I believe I'll have to give you a cent."

"O mamma, will you really, and can I put it in the Mission Box, and will you give me a cent every day I get a hundred, to put in the Mission Box?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Yes," I said, "I'll give you a cent every day you have no mistake, if you'll give me a cent every day you have one mistake."

"All right," he replied, with a boyish chuckle, "I guess you won't get many of your cents back."

All through the long winter evenings the little fellow toiled patiently at the often long, hard words, and it was a very weary boy who sometimes lay down to sleep with the words, "But I know them all now, don't I mamma?" on his lips.

One day I happened to mention the matter to a friend, the wife of a merchant. "Well, I must say, I am ashamed of myself," she exclaimed. "Here is that dear baby trying to help the missionaries and I only signed a dollar, and thought I did very well. I think I'll try the cent a day plan too, and perhaps I'll put in an extra now and then just for good measure," she added, half laughing. As she was going away she said, "I shall tell some more of the friends about Frank's Mission Box," and she kept her word.

When our missionary monies were collected in the Spring, Frank's box contained one dollar and nine cents, the result of hard, faithful study, in order to help his beloved missionaries. Mrs. M. brought, as her personal contribution, five dollars and thirty cents, and, as a result of her vigorous canvass among her friends, to whom she told the story of Frank's Mission Box, twenty-five dollars were added to our funds, and the Missionary Report showed a net increase of ten dollars.

Canso, N. S.

J.

A LETTER TO THE MISSION BANDS.

DEAR CHILDREN OF THE PALM BRANCH,—I often promised to have a talk with you through your paper, but I see so very little in the PALM BRANCH from the ministers that I am half timid about writing now. However, as the poet says, or somebody else: "Nothing venture nothing have," I will write it and try if the genial Edittess will let me have a writing talk with you.

I am sorry that I have not a better pen to write with, mine does not seem to be like the one the little girl went to buy. She asked for "a pen which would not spill, nor splutter nor spell the words wrong." What fun if we could buy that kind of pen, we should never be kept in school for bad spelling then. Still I would rather be kept in school for bad spelling than for bad conduct.

Bad conduct! Well now, fancy me talking to Mission Band children about bad conduct! Well now, Mr. Pen, if you make a mistake like that again I will just put you out of the holder and you shall not write another line. All Mission Band children are good for something, and by the amount of money they raise for Missions they are good collectors, any way.

Well now, children, what shall I say to you? I hope you are not saying with the little boy who, when a minister had been speaking a very long time, said, "Now children, what more shall I say?" answered, "Please sir, say amen and sit down."

I intended to tell you something about the work of God in New Guinea, when I started, but here my letter is long enough perhaps. A few years ago there were no Christians in that place, and the people were cannibals, that is, they would eat human flesh, and the missionary out there says the people used to think those who did not like a good slice of man or woman were destitute of good taste. On one occasion the Rev. James Chalmers was invited to a supper where they had some roast man and woman, and one dear little child was also brought to be killed for the feast, but she was spared. Why, do you think? Only because she was too small, not large enough to make a good big feast.

Oh, dear children, think how awful to live in a country where they have no Sabbath schools or Mission Bands as you have, and where they have never learned to say:

"Our Father who art in Heaven."

I will not write any more this time, as I must first find out if my letter will get into the PALM BRANCH, then, if I find out you would like some more talk with me, I will write again. Wishing you a prosperous year for the Mission Bands and their meetings,

I remain, W. J. KIRBY.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., March 12.