

Peterboro' M. B., \$6.50; Fingal M. C., \$5.70; Toronto (Parliament St.) M. C., \$10.75; Hillsburgh M. C., \$3.35; East Oxford M. C., \$3.75; Westover M. C., \$7; Colborne M. B., \$1.50; Norwood M. C., \$1.50; "A Friend of Missions," \$3; Burgessville M. C., \$2; M. B., \$1.85; North Cayuga M. C., \$1.50; Etobicoke M. C., \$3; Tiverton M. C., \$2.75; Campbellford M. C., \$10; First Houghton M. B., \$10; for Morampudi Mary; Vittoria M. C., \$3; Gladstone M. C., \$10; Eglington M. C., \$5.90; Thedford M. C., \$2; Glamis M. C., \$1.50; Guelph (2nd Ch.) M. B., \$13.25; for Martha Sundarapilli; Listowel M. C., \$2.20; Second King M. C., \$2.78; Mrs. R. W. Elliot, Toronto, \$25, towards Miss Macdonald's medical education; balance of contribution from "A Friend to missions," \$25; Peterboro' M. C., \$11.35; Aurora M. C., \$2; Howick M. C., \$5.35; St. George M. C., \$2; Grimsby M. C., \$5; Niagara Association Annual Meeting, \$7.50; Burford M. C., \$2; London (Grovenor St.) M. C., \$2.55; Stirling M. C., \$2; Norwich M. C., \$3.50. Total \$359.47.

The Treasurers of Circles and Bands having money which should be included in this year's Report are requested to forward these funds in time to reach me by the 10th of October, as the books close on that date.

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Mission Bands.

Psalm 8, v. 1.

Jesus, Saviour, Thou hast blest us
With Thy dear redeeming grace,
Banished all that once oppressed us,
Changed our grief for songs of praise.
In Thy service
Now we seek some humble place.

Tidings of Thy great salvation,
Thou Thy servants dost command
To proclaim to every nation,
Every tribe in every land.
For this purpose
We maintain "our Mission Band."

Gladly we Thy word obeying,
Would be servants of our King,
On Thy strength our weakness staying.
Songs of praise to Thee we sing.
Blessed Jesus
Unto Thee our griefs we bring.

Bless, Oh Lord, the Children's Mission,
Thy plain tokens may we see;
Strengthen each young heart's decision
Still to live and work for Thee.
Light of Heaven
Shed Thy beams from sea to sea.

T. WATSON

Fenella, June 21, 1891.

An Enigma for Builders.

They were building a house. Already in imagination they lived in the mansion that was still but a castle in the air. From the day that the spade first broke ground, every member of the family, even to the toddling baby, watched with enthusiastic interest the progress of the

work. When they went to town, they changed their usual route so as to pass the building. Every evening, when the workmen were gone, they climbed about the house, noticing and commenting upon every stone and brick, every board and timber that had been added during the day.

They admired the prospect from each new window, they examined every part of the cellar. When, at last, all was finished, and they settled in their home, the most timid child was not afraid to play alone in the rambling attic, for he knew so well every part of it. Had he not helped to build it?

Still, while the work was in progress there were serious and well-grounded complaints. There could be no real reason why the work should not go on quickly and well. The architect had long ago finished the plans, which could be easily followed. The money to pay for the house was lying in the bank. The master-builder gave close attention to the work, and yet, day by day, little progress was made.

And why? The reason was easily seen. The men from whom the lumber was ordered stuck the letters into the pigeon-holes of their desks, and forgot them. Paint, lime, all sorts of things were delayed by the carelessness of employees. The workmen took holidays or quit work on the slightest appearance of rain. In the absence of the superintendent, they built so slightly, that what went up one day had to be pulled down the next and done over again. In fact, if the house had been left to the builders, it must eventually have fallen down, so little attention did they give to their work, and so little thought did they put into it.

Among the daughters of this family there was one who was herself a builder, at least, she was so called. She was the most critical of the watchers and the most impatient, always declaring that the house would never be finished, and that the beautiful material would be ruined by the beating storms and the careless workmen. As she sauntered homeward one lovely evening, her mind quite irritated by the confusion at the new house, she felt that she would gladly do the work of a man, if only she could hurry the building. So intent was she on her own thoughts, that she did not hear the brisk step behind her, until a voice cried cheerfully:

"Good evening! You are just the person I wished to see"; and, hardly waiting for a response, the leader of the Temple Builders went on: "You are just the girl to do the work I have in mind. Will you not see how many young people you can bring with you to our meeting on Friday? You know it is our first meeting after the vacation, and we need to lay plans and talk over work for the winter. You are so well acquainted and so popular, I shall hope to have you for my right hand this coming season."

"I fear," said Christina, a little coldly, "that you will have to find some other girl for that."

"But why, my dear? Have you not graduated from school, and with your time pretty much at your own disposal? Why have you cultivated your faculties, if not for use? And what better use can you find for them than the Master's service?"

"But it is just because I have been working so hard in school that I do not wish to be an active member this next winter. I want a holiday. You must find some other girl."

"But where is the other girl? I have been looking for her all day. She, too, wishes a holiday, or she is absorbed in society, or she has invested her talent in some personal work, or she has to earn her own living. Where