

only six years old ; who know nothing of the blessings of childhood and girlhood days ; nothing but to live and die under the mother-in-law's roof. As Amy closed her little sermon with these words: "Dear little girls, if only they knew of Jesus' love," Susie found herself choking down a great lump that had risen in her throat. She only replied: "Oh, how glad I am that I live in a Christian land and have a nice papa and mama and so many things to make life pleasant and enjoyable!" "Well, Sue," questioned Amy, "if you really are so glad for all these nice things, why not join our band and help bring nice things into the homes and lives of the little heathen girls?" Susie jumping up and throwing her little arms around Amy's neck, exclaimed: "Oh yes, I will!" There and then, under that shady tree, two little hearts and hands were locked together, determined to work in their simple, childlike way for Jesus. That night, in an earnest way, she related to her father and mother all that Amy had said about the little heathen girls and as with tears in her eyes, she asked their permission to join the band, they could not refuse, for they loved their little girl dearly.

Accordingly, the next time of meeting, Susie went with her little friend and joined the band ; and among all the members there is none more faithful than little Susie Gray who had been won by the love of her friend.

"Little children love one another, for love is of God."

LIZZIE RITCEY.

Ritcey's Cove, Lunenburg Co., N S.

THE VIOLET.

God does not send strange flowers every year ;
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same dear faces,
The violet is here.

It all comes back, the odor, grace and hue ;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated ;
No blank is left, no looking for is cheated,
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death winter it must be,
God will not put strange signs in heavenly places,
The old love shall look out from the old faces,
Darling ! I shall have thee.

Mrs. WHITNEY.

A letter from Miss Jennie Ford comes with a sadness all its own in view of her lamented death, tidings of which had already reached the home land.

Wishing for the presence of the dear home friends she says: "A great deal of sentimental pity for missionaries would be done away with, and you could better realize how we are living face to face with the

devil and his works daily, and how much we need the prayers of the home folk to help keep us sweet and unsullied, and from being hardened to it all. The misery and suffering, the vileness and crime, the lying and cheating, the idol worship! The first chapter of Romans never seemed so true to me before and the book of the Acts of the Apostles never before read so like a real history of every-day living."

Mrs Hartwell follows in a tender and touching description of the sacred spot "outside the city wall," the "God's acre" so dear to Him and to the hearts of his missionaries. She says "Friday the streets were again hushed, as solemnly we followed the remains of Miss Jennie Ford along the usual route to the little knoll. We marvelled in that quiet time. But God knows best ; we dare not doubt His wisdom." And then follow words which must bring comfort to many sorrowing hearts, telling of the "Peace, perfect peace," which were hers and entire resignation to the Divine will Miss Brackbill her associate in work, says, "The first few days, a great part of the time, she was preaching to the Chinese and telling them the way of salvation as plainly as when she was in her right mind." And she was not, for God took her !

SOME WESTERN INDIANS.

A friend from Oklahoma sends us the following:

The missionary's wife at Shawneetown, Oklahoma, wrote to the missionary committee the following incident.

Some boys were shooting with their bows and arrows, when a pig passed by which they used as a target, and killed it.

Bushy-head was in the company and shot at it without any intention of damaging it.

The Superintendent learned of the event, and called the boys up for punishment.

Having them all seated in the schoolroom, she observed Bushy-head, and thinking of course, he had nothing to do with it, she immediately excused him.

He said to her, "Oh, I felt so bad after I left the room, that I had to go right back, and tell you to punish me too, because I had some part in it." He said he would never get into anything of the kind again.

The following sabbath the missionary, not knowing what happened, spoke to them on the cruelty of torturing animals, etc. That evening two little Indian girls brought a little crippled dog to her to be cared for.—*The Indian Helper.*