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A Single Stitch.

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
 His nimble shuttle to and fro,
 In and out, beneath, above;
 Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
 As if the fairies had helping been;
 And the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out,
 And a weak place grew in the fabric stout;
 And the perfect pattern was marred for aye,
 By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan,
 How futile it seems as the ages roll,
 Do what it may, or strive how it can,
 To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
 A single stitch in an endless web,
 A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb,
 But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
 Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;
 And each life that fails of the true intent,
 mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

—Susan Coolidge.

The Chinese in California.

(CONCLUDED)

Though missionary work among them is often discouraging, as I suppose it is everywhere, yet the good done can never be known. Mr. Masters, the Methodist minister who has charge of the mission work of our church in San Francisco, says that the results of work among them are as good as they are among our own people; that after they are converted not any more backside, and that they contribute as much. This minister was for nine years a missionary in China. Three years were spent in the Southern part where most of the Chinese here come from. He said he knew of many who became Christians here and after they went back kept their faith through persecution. Some did good missionary work among their countrymen. Mr. Masters tells of a band of evangelists—Bible readers, etc.,

—in the city of Canton, who were wholly supported by Chinese on the Pacific Coast of America. There is a Chinese Y. M. C. A. in San Francisco; and they contribute largely for missionary purposes.

I read a pathetic story about a household servant in the employ of a judge in Sacramento. While there he died, and the judge remarked that he had been looking for a model Christian character and he had found one in this Chinese lad from across the sea.

Many will tell you that there is no use trying to make Christians out of the Chinamen. Because they have seen those who call themselves such do wrong things, they make up their minds that there is none good among them. But we have only to think for a moment of our own Christian people! Do they all do what is right? Probably John Chinaman, when he has been treated badly by an American or Canadian, will think all Christians are bad. I read a little story where a richly dressed upper-class Chinaman was picking his way across a muddy street in San Francisco. A rude man roughly jostled him, and he stepped quickly in the mud which splashed over his purple silk pantaloons. The Chinaman found his way across, and while the on-lookers were laughing, he bowed to them and said, "You Christian, me heathen. Good day."

Let us remember we are, as Christ says, 'the salt of the earth, and set us try to be real Christians. These real, true Christians are to be found. One meets them everywhere, and they are the grandest, noblest people living. I heard a lady speak the other day about her work as Missionary to India. The whole address was very interesting, and she ended by telling the young people present that if they wished to grow old gracefully, "to have an object to live for outside themselves," and I thought, "You are a living example of the truth