

Woman's Work in the Second Presbyterian Church.

CONTRIBUTED.

The Woman's work of the Second Presbyterian Church of this city is carried on through the agency of the three missionary societies and the Ladies' League. The Ladies' Missionary Society meets on the third Tuesday of every month. It has a contributing membership of about sixty ladies, and an average attendance upon its meetings of about twenty-five. The contributions are to the Women's Boards of Home and Foreign Missions, in fulfillment of the Master's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." A carefully prepared programme of exercises, consisting of reading, recitations, and short talks on home and foreign missions, Christian consecration and reports from the mission fields, is carried out at each meeting and necessary business is transacted. Miss S. B. Scott is the President of this society.

The other missionary societies are the Young Ladies' Circle, and the Children's Band, each manned by its own officers, and all working together for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom at home and abroad.

On Sabbath evening, November 23d, the three societies united in their annual meeting for prayer and praise, and thank-offering. The President of the Ladies' Society presided and made a short address. There were readings and glad songs of praise. The offerings were made by nearly all the congregation, children as well as older members, and were enclosed in small envelopes along with scripture texts expressive of the feelings of the givers. The reading of many of these texts by the pastor formed one of the pleasantest and most profitable parts of the service.

The Ladies' League includes in its membership most of the ladies in the church who have either time or inclination for any duties outside of home. It was organized for the purpose of carrying on systematic Christian work in our own community, visiting the poor, and waste places of the city, urging on the careless and godless an attendance on the Sabbath services and trying to discover the places where mission work is most needed in our own city. They also endeavor to aid their pastor by visiting among the church members and welcoming strangers, and inviting them to help with the Christian work. These are some of the ways in which the Christian women of this church become "fellow helpers to the truth," and gladden the heart of their Pastor by their sympathy and hearty co-operation.

Oldest Missions in Texas.

MISSION CONCEPTION.

The mission "La Purissima de Acuna," by which title it was originally known, is situated to the left of San Antonio river, a beautiful and romantic stream about two miles below the city. The mission was founded in 1716 and its construction began in 1731. It is the best preserved of all the old monastic relics. It was the scene of many encounters with Indians, and near it was achieved one of the most pro-

nounced victories gained by a handful of Americans over four times their number of Mexicans. It is now used for services by the Catholic church.

MISSION SAN JOSE.

The mission "San Jose de Aguayo," or as it is usually known now as the Second Mission, stands on the west bank of the river five miles below the city. It was founded in 1720 and completed in 1771. The elegant design and exquisite finish of this mission has been the theme of comment on the part of everyone who ever saw it.

It was this building that was declared by an eminent artist the finest piece of architecture in America. Senor Huica, one of the most celebrated artists of his day, was commissioned by the King of Spain to do the ornamental work and spent several years decorating it with frescoes and statues. It has suffered also by the hands of the tourists.

MISSION SAG JUAN CAPISTRAN.

The remains of this mission, some eight miles below San Antonio, is by no means as imposing as the first two missions. It was founded in 1716 and for many years was occupied by Christianized Indians. It is now little better than a mass of ruins.

MISSION SAN FRANCISCO DE LA ESPADA.

The ruins of this old mission are one and a half miles below San Juan. It was founded in 1716. It has a chapel of quaint design and is rapidly disintegrating. Soon nothing will remain but a pile of stones to mark its location.

J. T. AUBREY,
San Antonio.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL REPORT.

Practical Cooking.—Good Attendance. Good Prospects.

The fall work of the school commenced Saturday, Oct. 3, 1890, under very encouraging prospects; with most of the old officers present, and a goodly number of the old scholars as well as new ones; all with willing minds and ready hands to take up the winter's work.

There is no prettier sight than a room full of these little ones, some as young as five years, sewing so earnestly and patiently on garments, which they earn by their faithfulness in well doing, and which are to give them comfort and warmth.

We have added to our work this year that of practical cooking, where the children are taught that the plainest, poorest dinner properly cooked and neatly served, can be made both wholesome and healthful.

We are always glad to welcome good faithful teachers, and any donations of money or material will be gratefully received.

V. N. ALEXANDER,
Secretary pro tem.

A Hebrew Bible has just been resurrected from the dust in the Vatican library. It is supposed to be the oldest in the world, and is valued at \$100,000. It is so weighty that it requires two men to lift it, the binding being in heavy metal. In the year 1512 the Jews of Venice offered Pope Julius II. its weight in gold for it, but though he was financially hard up just then he refused the offer.

Send blankets to the Infirmary.

NURSERY READING.

Dick's Plums.

BY AUNT JEAN.

"Now, Dick, listen to me!" gravely said Mr. Hanson. "You've been a very naughty boy all week, and I've let you off every time. If you touch those plums I will surely punish you, and that severely!"

"But, papa," remonstrated Dick, "just see how nice and ripe they are. I think you might let me eat one or two."

"You've already had a great many more than one or two," replied his father, "and you don't deserve one. You spoiled that poor little bird's nest yesterday, and frightened old Speck from her nice warm eggs. How can your mother have chickens for you to eat, if you trouble the good old hen?"

Dick hung his head, but said: "Well, I didn't want to touch the bird's nest, but Jack Brown dared me to climb the tree, and I couldn't take a dare you know. Could you, papa?" Then hurrying on in his brave defence, he said: "When I got up there I slipped and caught the limb so quick the nest fell down. I was sorry about that as could be."

"But what about old Speck?" asked the father, smiling a little in spite of himself.

"Oh, she! Well, she always looks so cross and pecks at me so hard, I can't help it. I didn't mean to bother her."

"Well," said his father, "I give you warning about my plums. I want to take the premium on them at the fair. There are not many of them, and if you pull any I may not be able to show a good specimen; so take care!" and Mr. Hanson started down the street.

"O papa!" shouted Dick, a gleam of hope in his big brown eyes, "you don't care if I eat what falls on the ground do you?"

"No; of course not. You may as well have those," was the reply as his father looked back.

Dick could think of nothing but the juicy plums on the little tree.—just one ewe-lamb of a tree—and of so rare a species in that climate that a special premium had been offered for the fruit.

In vain Dick sailed his little ship on the duckpond and let fly his new kite. His mouth watered every time he caught sight of the plums. The morning wore on till lunch came to satisfy him for a while. He left the table smacking his lips over the peach sauce he had eaten.

As he went back to his play he said: "Mamma, when did papa say he meant to pull his plums?"

"To-morrow, I dare say," answered his mother. "Why, dear?"

"Oh, nothing. I just wanted to know."

"Be very sure you don't touch them, Dick. Your father will be angry and punish you if you disobey him."

"I sha'n't touch them!" he replied. "I'm going fishing."

Then the restless little fellow got a cord and a stick and a bent pin and a handful of dead flies from the wire flytrap, and perched himself on the banisters of the back porch to fish in the rain-barrel. But this wasn't much fun, seeing the fish wouldn't bite; so Dick sauntered away to the tempting plum tree.

It grew upon a grassy mound that looked so green and inviting that Dick stretched his limbs out for a nap. No other place seemed

so exactly the thing. Somehow he wasn't sleepy. Above him hung the gleaming fruit in the warm sunlight. It was too much. Dick started up and carefully searched through the grass for some that had fallen. Not a plum was there.

At last Dick's mother, who sat at her sewing out of sight within the window, heard a strange rustling, dropping sound, and looking out, this is what she saw:

Dick was tottering about the ground, muttering to himself: "What a lazy boy I am! I declare, I'm so lazy I can't stand up!" With this he staggered against the tree and fell. Down came the plums.

"Why!" he exclaimed, as if astonished, "who'd'a thought it? Lots of plums on the ground! Papa said I might have these. Here goes!" and he proceeded to devour them.

He got up then and repeated the experiment. Again the plums fell. Again Dick had a hearty feast.

He was about to continue the process, soliloquizing and falling, when his mother's voice exclaimed: "Richard Hanson, come here to me—at once!"

Dick obeyed the summons and stood before his mother, a little sheepish, but after all, he wasn't "much afraid of mamma."

"Have you been eating your father's plums—the nice plums he forbade you to touch?" and the voice was stern and grave.

"Yes, but I didn't pull them, mamma, they fell on the ground."

"But why did they fall on the ground?"

"Well," slowly confessed Dick, "I was so awfully lazy, you know, mamma, and couldn't help falling against the tree. I wouldn't pull the plums!" he added heroically.

"Will you tell me the difference between pulling them and shaking them down? Why didn't you pull them?"

As the tones grew deeper and sadder, Dick's eyes filled and his voice trembled as he said: "I was afraid to pull them. You said God could see me."

"And did my little boy think he could cheat God? Did you think God wouldn't know why you fell against the tree? Now you must confess this to your father and ask him to forgive you; you must ask God to forgive you, too. You have acted a lie, and it is as much a sin to act a lie as it is to tell one. Fortunately there are still some plums on the tree. Sit here now and think over what I have said till your papa comes."

Dick's father did forgive him, but he punished him severely, as he had threatened.

His heavenly Father also forgave him, I doubt not, but he punished him with a terrible cramp colic from eating too many plums.

The neighbors got hold of the story and laughed about it as a cute and smart trick; but Dick had a double lesson which he never forgot.

Stanley's surgeon, at the outset of his African expedition, vaccinated all of the 800 men engaged who did not show fresh marks. Afterwards smallpox broke out among the camp followers and they died in great numbers, but only four of the members took the disease, and they recovered. This is strong statistical evidence in support of vaccination.