

## Youth's Department.

### SUCH A NICE LETTER.



HE postman has just brought me a letter from Marjorie of Lakefield. She wants me to answer it soon, and as she belongs to the Mission Band in Lakefield perhaps an answer in the Link would do. Do you boys and girls want to hear her news?

The Band opened their mite boxes that week and found \$7.56 inside. They are to study Bolivia at their next meeting. A missionary addressed their Band not long ago, showing them curios from the heathen land where he had been teaching and preaching about Jesus Christ. Charms and-necklaces which had been worn to keep sickness and sorrow from the people's homes, besides pocket books, bracelets and thread made by the natives themselves. Also a robe worn by the king of that country. I am sure the boys and girls were much interested, Marjorie, and that they were all glad their homes were in Canada. In an old paper the other day I found a poem you might like to learn for the next meeting.

### A MITE BOX.

If you were a mite box, and owned by a maid,  
Just how would you like to be treated?  
How would you like to be cast in the shade,  
And never quite joyously greeted?

How would you like to be left half a year,  
With pennies—just two, three or four?  
Neglected, forgotten, forsaken, I fear,  
You'd be begging and longing for more.

How would you like to be torn too, or broken,  
Till scarce you should know you were you?  
And must look at the words on the side for a token,  
Now I should not like it, should you?

Would you not rather be carefully tended,  
And fed with a penny each day?  
With every small blemish most tenderly mended?  
I would, would not you? Now, just say?

Then a little lad was rummaging around in the attic one day, as boys and girls love to do, he found an old-fashioned powder horn which he decided to make into a mite box. His older brother promised to cut a motto on the wooden bottom of the horn for him. These were the words Eddy chose:

Once I was the horn of an ox,  
Now I am a missionary box."

The boys and girls thought it was such a funny plan that they wanted to put a cent or two in, so Eddy collected a nice sum for the Mission Band.

Just one more story about Mattie and her missionary hen, old Croaker. When Mr. Stevens gave her to Mattie she began counting how much money she could get for the heathen from the eggs laid by this hen. She got a perfectly new box from the wood-house, filled it half-full of nice fresh hay, set it under a big chestnut tree and planted Croaker right in the middle of it. Just as soon as Mattie turned away out jumped Croaker and walked off to scratch for worms. For three days Mattie visited her nest every morning, but not one egg was in it.

"She's no good at all, and does not mean to do a single thing for the heathen," complained Mattie to her mother. But old Croaker meant to surprise her little mistress and one day came walking into the yard with twelve fluffy little chickens, cackling away as if she meant Mattie to understand that twelve chickens meant more money for the heathen than twelve eggs would have brought. How many of our boys and girls who live on farms will try having a missionary hen this spring? One lady used to keep every egg her hens laid on Sunday to sell for her missionary offering. I expect she would give them extra good food on Saturday so as to get plenty of Sunday eggs. Another lady took two young hens and named them Turkey and Japan, keeping all the eggs they gave her for mission work in those countries. She found it an easy way to get her missionary money. If we are only really in earnest about helping the missions supported by Canadian Baptists we shall find many a way to fill our mite boxes. Now, Marjorie,