

GIRLS AND BOYS

HELPING.

You who are the oldest,
 You who are the tallest,
 Don't you think you ought to help
 The youngest and the smallest?

You who are the strongest,
 You who are the gladdest,
 Don't you think you ought to help
 The weakest and the saddest?
 —Selected.

SAVED BY A KISS.

Our dear boys and girls of the LINK will wonder why they have not heard from me since we took our race across India with Jack and Janet. The weeks seem to fly faster than ever in Kingston, and many good intentions are not carried out, but certainly such a long silence was not intended.

Now for a little story about the wonderful way two good people were saved from death.

Some years ago at Papua, New Guinea, a missionary and his wife had a dear wee baby girl. How precious she was to their lonely home, but fever came there and the little one was taken away. The mother's arms felt so empty and the father was afraid she would die of grief. One day they went out in their little Mission ship among some islands where no missionary had ever gone, to preach about Jesus. They landed on one, and followed a path running through the woods. Creeping through the trees, they saw naked savages, cannibals, with spears in their hands, looking so fierce. They knew their lives were in danger, but could not go back. At last, coming to a village, they found all the men standing about armed with spears, bows and arrows. All the women and chil-

dren had been sent out of the village, a sure sign of death. The missionary's wife looked in a hut nearby and saw a mother lying on the floor with a baby girl beside her only a few hours old. The mother was too weak to be moved with the other women. The missionary's wife forgot all about the naked savages with their spears, bows and arrows. She picked up the little baby, kissed her so tenderly, then gave her back to her mother. At once the men threw down their spears and eagerly asked what they could do for the missionaries. They carried fruit and food down to fill the little boat, and listened to tidings about Jesus and His great love. Then they waved good-bye and let the missionaries go in safety, instead of killing and eating them. The loving kiss given to that helpless little baby had won their hearts, and saved the lives of God's servants.

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GETTING A HINDU "HAIR-OUT."

A missionary says: "My attention was once attracted to a company of people marching slowly around a little temple. There were evident signs of some sacrifice to be performed, and on inquiry, I learned that the only son of a Hindu family was to have his hair cut for the first time. A goat was to be sacrificed, a feast given to relatives and friends; the Brahman priests were to be richly fed as well as fed, and the hair was to be offered to the god or idol. The little fellow, dressed in clean white garments, with a red girdle about his waist, and his long plaited locks, looked quite important as he headed the temple procession."—Sci.

"The thing that is most worth while is good character, and for that every person should work."