

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—A lady in Halifax wrote me a letter asking how to make the meetings of a Mission Band so interesting that no child would want to miss one. Little folks get tired of things so much quicker than big people do. At least they are more ready to tell their real feelings:

How can we make the weekly meetings so good that you will not get tired of them? Several plans have been tried, and I think this a good one. Let the Band be divided into companies, five or six in each one. These boys and girls could take turns in speaking or reading. The President might give you a subject to study. Perhaps she will ask you to come prepared to tell her all you can about India, with its different countries, China, Japan, Africa, or some of the heathen islands of the ocean. One company might tell the geography of these countries; another their history; another about their people, manners, dress, customs and homes; another could give little stories about the missionaries at work there. One of the older members could write a short composition about it. The very little ones might get mamma to teach them some text or little poem to recite. One "Band" was studying about Hindustan in this way. A dear little girl stood up and said, "many of the Hindus think the moon is their father." Then she sat down again having done what she could to make the meeting interesting. Such a plan would take some of your play-time to prepare for this study, but I know you would be glad afterwards. Then once a month,—or if your meetings are held monthly, once a quarter—you might have a missionary prayer-meeting. Sing your hymns, recite texts, and then have four or five short, earnest prayers for the men and women who are working for God in these heathen lands.

I know you will feel like sending more money and working harder yourselves after such a prayer-meeting. That is the way God answers our prayers for His blessing on others often, by giving us a mind to work for them.

Here is another little poem for one to recite at a Missionary Band Meeting:

In the Vineyard of Our Father,
Daily work we find to do;
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are so young and few;
Little handfuls
Help to fill the garner, too.
Tiding early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day;
Nothing small or lowly scorned,
As along our path we stray;
Giving gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth;
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth;
Telling heathen
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

SISTER BELLE

Lorne Place, Ottawa.

Horrors of the late Famine in China.

In his report to the Chairman of the China Famine Relief Committee, Walter C. Hillier, Esq., H. B. M. Consular service, says:—

"I may say that I have no doubt whatever that the consumption of human flesh existed at one time to a frightful degree; indeed, I feel almost inclined to believe that five people out of ten in Shan-si have learned the taste of human flesh. The question is one that I hardly liked to put to any one, but the necessity for doing so never arose, as information on the subject was volunteered on every side. I was told again and again that human flesh was actually sold on the market in the most undisguised and unmistakable form; persons were pointed out to me who were known to have devoured it, and numbers of people who could have

had no reason whatever for deceiving me on the subject, as I never asked them for information, told me that the practice was terribly common.

One man said that he had seen two women buried alive by the authorities as a penalty for killing and eating their own children, and that this was only one instance out of many that passed unnoticed. Others said that so terrible was the condition of things at one time that men dared not go beyond their own village unless in large parties, as they would have been killed and eaten to a certainty had they done so. Many were mentioned by name who were known to have gone out at night in gangs simply to hunt down human game for food, and Mr. Richard himself told me that he had seen the bodies of dead people bricked up in the rooms in which the survivors of their families were living, as they wished to preserve them from being devoured.

The state of the country at this time must have been simply indescribable. Each village or town was almost in a state of siege, for no one hardly dare go beyond the place in which he was known for fear of what might befall him. There seems to be a sort of impression that the majority of those who gave way to this fearful temptation did not long survive; whether from the effect that this food had upon the system, or from mental causes, no one could say, but the practice was universally condemned, and the fact of its causing speedy death was looked upon as a proof of its being wrong, though it was very justly argued by some that when only this step lay between a man and death it was hardly fair to pass judgment upon him.

I have been asked by some, "If the state of things was as horrible as you say, why did the people stay?" I really do not think they could have got away. When things were at their very worst, not only the whole of SHAN-SI, but large portions of CHI-LI, SHEN-SI, SHAN-TUNG, and HO-NAN were suffering from the same scourge, so that these unfortunate people were hemmed in by a belt of famine that it would have taken weeks to penetrate. It was hardly to be wondered at that they should have clung to their homes until their last cash almost was spent, hoping on each day for rain that never came; until at last, weakened by hunger, and utterly penniless, they started from their homes, perhaps with wives and children, for a weary tramp of many weeks through districts as suffering as their own. Thousands must have tried it, and almost all, I fear, but those on the confines of the famine region have failed. The whitened bones on the roadside which are the remains of a very small proportion of those that died, tell too plainly the sequel of their efforts.

The mind almost fails to grasp the intensity of the suffering that must at one time have been undergone in this ill-fated region, and perhaps it is as well for most of us that it should be so, for I know at times as we travelled along the road and pictured to ourselves the weary gangs of fainting wanderers, and the feeling that must have been experienced by a husband or a father as he saw his wife or little ones lay down by the roadside to die, seemed to invest the place with such terrible associations that we were strongly tempted to turn back. I think, however, thorough realisation is hardly necessary to call forth the active sympathy of all charitable persons should it be found necessary, as is only too painfully probable, to appeal for aid to prevent a repetition of these awful scenes.

—From China's Millions.

The Word of Life.

An interesting story has been related in one of our missionary periodicals concerning a faithful minister now laboring in a foreign field. While travelling once in India, he discovered in a retired spot by the wayside a man lying on the earth. Seen at a distance, he appeared to be asleep. He judged him to be one of those singular heathen devotees, so often in that land encountered upon their painful pilgrimages, and supposed that,

fatigued with his protracted journey,—he had fallen on the ground for rest.

Coming up to him, however, he found that the man was really in a dying state, just breathing his last. Kneeling down by his side, and solicitous to give help or bring comfort to one in such mortal extremity, he put the question in the native language: "Brother, what is your hope for eternity?"

Faintly, but with an expression of delighted surprise, the man replied: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." His strength failed him with the mere repetition of these inspired words; and in a moment more, the soul of this unknown believer had passed out of human sight, and was in the presence of God. Subdued into unutterable emotion at thus suddenly confronting death there in so secluded a retreat, the missionary gazed upon the lifeless body, silently wondering who this strange fellow-Christian might be. His eye caught a glimpse of a fragment of paper closely clasped in the dead man's hands. On examination, this proved to be a detached leaf of the Bengalee Testament. On it were traced the words which that Hindoo convert had repeated with trustful reliance, as he floated out alone upon that shoreless sea of eternal existence which rolls, all around the world.—*Ex.*

Chinese Christians.

Rev. E. J. Weekes, of the China Inland Mission, relates the following very interesting incident:

At the close of 1877 I was visiting a station some distance from Amoy, and I heard there was a large number of Christians who never gathered in our church. I made enquiries, and I learnt that four years previously eleven persons who had been under our Christian instruction had refused to come to our church. They said, "No, it is our duty to keep in our village with our parents and children and relatives. Why should we walk seven miles over the mountains and leave our friends behind us? No, we will stay here and instruct them." I told them that I should like to see them and talk over the matter with them and see whether something could not be done for them to help them. When I reached a place that was not far distant from the village at which they held their meetings, I stood on the brow of a hill, and the house which was used as a church was pointed out to me, and across the valley there floated the sound of a hymn which I could recognize. It was, "My heart greatly rejoices because of the grace of God, which saves my life from destruction. With my whole heart will I praise him." I thought that that was a grand song to hear, especially remembering that no missionary had ever been there before, and that on the Sunday no pastor or preacher had visited them, and that teachers had rarely gone there during the week. Those eleven Christians had multiplied into seventy, and they carried on the service three times a day, and had done so for four years.

WOMEN'S BAPT. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF WEST. ONT.

Receipts from Jan 28th, 1879 to Feb 20th, 1880.
Proceeds of social at Guelph, \$24.44; Guelph Circle, \$9.55; Cheltenham, \$2.00; Alexander st, \$8.75; Aylmer, \$5.25; Brantford, \$21.70; Dundas, \$8.00; Simcoe, \$10.00; Peterboro, \$15.00; Jarvis st, \$10.35. Total \$115.05.
Special for "Mission Boat." Jarvis st 2.00. Total receipts \$117.05.

EMILY LAIRD, Treasurer,
232 Carlton St.

CANADIAN MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Rev. Rufus Sanford, A. M., Bimlipatam.
" George Churchill, Bobbili.
" W. F. Armstrong, Chicacole.
Miss Carrie A. Hammond, Bimlipatam.

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Rev. John McLaughlin, at home.
" John Craig, Coconnada.
" G. F. Currie, Tuni.
" A. V. Timpany, Cozana-la.