

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—The LINK for December had good news in it for us. Three new Mission Bands formed since the meeting of the Women's Convention in October. Seventy-three boys and girls are the members in these new Bands. We gladly welcome these little workers to our ranks, and pray that God will bless them as they try to be a blessing to others. On Friday night I attended a missionary meeting in the City of Hull, where the boys and girls gave the best things on the programme. Their missionary dialogues and recitations were said in such an earnest, wide-awake manner, as if the hearts as well as the heads had learned the lesson. That is the secret of a good meeting—having our hearts in it. I am sure you were all glad to read the letter of our missionary, Mr. Craig, about the fine large building just opened in Akidu for a girls' school. \$15 will keep a girl in this school for one year; and oh, how much good it will do her! We will all pray for the school at Akidu as well as for the others in which we are interested. The more we pray, the easier we will find it to give, even if the giving means a doing without something we wish for ourselves. Here is a recitation about that—

A thoughtful child was seen one day
Turn from her toys and her careless play,
With a questioning glance of sad surprise,
And a far away look in her dark brown eyes.
For something so strange she had heard them say
Those ladies while talking that summer day;
They thought she had come for a fond caress,
Nor dreamed that their meaning the child could guess.

She listened, while shadows came down apace,
Then crept to her playthings, with earnest face;
And there in the twilight she told it all
To one little hearer—her best-loved doll.
"Why, Fanny, my dolly, across the sea,
Are millions who never can Christians be
Till somebody tells them of Jesus' love,
And how they may go to His home above

"And I heard mother say that to lands afar,
A packet is going—'The Morning Star.'
To carry the Gospel, I believe she said,
If people to *giving* are only led.
Now I have ten cents that I meant for you
To buy you, my dolly, a ribbon blue,
But perhaps it would help them out this ship,
We'll give it," she said, with quivering lip.

The mother bent low at the evening prayer,
O'er the form of her darling kneeling there,
And lovingly stroking the curly head
She heard these words so softly said,—
"Dear Jesus, my dolly and I are glad
To keep the poor heathen from being bad,
And some time will help them, I hope, again,
I know *you* will bless them, dear Lord—Amen."

And then in the starlight a silence deep
Betokened the coming of quiet sleep;
But the head on the pillow turned once more,
And a puzzled expression the child-face wore
"I want to know, mamma, what word I hear—
The meaning of *sacrifice*—that's the word."
She answered, "My child, I'll explain to you,
Your sacrifice, dear, was the ribbon blue."

She had given to send to those afar
The wonderful light of the "Morning Star."

Then into her soul did the Saviour shine
To beckon her on to the life Divine;
And so in her girlhood's sunniest hour
She yielded her heart to the Spirit's power,
And she kept her desire of greatest worth
To send the Gospel to all on the earth.

And out into maidenhood's hopes and fears,
Far out in the whirl of the rushing years,
She remembered the lesson learned that day
In the happy hours of her childish play.
The cents to dollars had now increased;
The blessing of giving had never ceased;
And her sacrifice often took shape anew
In another form of the ribbon blue.

This poem has filled our corner, so the rest of the things I wanted to say must wait for another month. May we all learn for ourselves the meaning of this word "sacrifice," when giving our money to foreign missions.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

SISTER BELLE.

God's Promises to Cheerful Givers.

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."—*Prov. iii. 9, 10.*

"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure you mete withal it shall be measured to you again."—*Luke vi. 38*

"He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again."—*Prov. xix. 17.*

"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."—*2 Cor. ix. 6.*

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from November 29th, to December 26, 1883.

Guelph, M. C., \$25 (to make Mrs. Thompson a life member, proceeds of a reading given by Miss Hart); Sarnia Township, M. C., \$12 (proceeds of social \$8, fees \$4); Jarvis st. \$19.65; St. George, M. C. \$8.80, (quilt) \$5.80; Cheltenham, M. C., \$3; Belleville, M. C., \$10.84, (quilt) \$17; 1st. Lobo, M. C., \$11; London, Talbot st. M. C., 18.87; M. B., \$5.22, (quilt) \$6; Guelph, M. B. \$40; M. K. C. \$2 (per W. Craig, Port Hope); Miss Payne, Montreal, \$7.75. Total, \$192.93.

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Discouragement is not a fruit of humility, but of pride.
—*Fenelon.*