

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Did you ever see a little magazine published in Boston, called "The Pansy"? We have commenced to take it for our little folks, and there are so many good things in it about missions that I want to copy two of them for you this month.

First an item about monkeys in India. "Among the thousands of gods of the Hindoos the monkey is held in high veneration. Temples are dedicated to it, and hospitals are built for it, and the people believe that whoever kills one will die within the year. Monkeys walk boldly into houses and steal things to eat, but their visits are considered a great honor."

Next, a story named

PRUE'S MISSIONARY MONEY.

"Oh, mamma, my potatoes are looking splendid, and papa thinks there will be at least six bushels, and if they are fifty cents a bushel, there will be three dollars. Only think, won't that be a good deal of money?" So saying, Phil Sanborn drew up to the dinner table, delighted.

"Yes, my son, that will be a good deal indeed," said Mrs. Sanborn as she smiled down upon her ten-year-old boy.

The spring previous some of the ladies of the Woman's Board of Missions had been in that town to tell of the grand work they were doing, and even the boys and girls were interested. Phil had been told that he could plant some potatoes, caring for them himself, and have their price for missions when these ladies came again.

Prue, Phil's nine-year-old sister, heard, and her large blue eyes grew sad for she had nothing to give.

"Eat your dinner, Prue," said mamma, "I thought my little girl was fond of apple dumplings." "So I am, but—I was thinking."

"Of what, pussy?" asked papa, "Any new disease attacked your dolly?" "No, papa, but such wonderful things are to be done!"

"What wonderful things? Is Barnum coming up here with his museum?" "Why no, papa, but about missions, and you, and mamma, and auntie, and even Phil have something to give, and I—I—haven't anything," and Prue ended with a sob.

"Who ever expected girls could earn anything, I'd like to know! See here, Prue, I'll give you ten cents of my potato money," said Phil. "Thank you, I do not want it," returned Prue.

"I'll give you twenty-five cents," said papa. "That would not be earning it myself, like the rest of you do! No, I shall give nothing which is not my very own," said the little miss.

After the dishes were washed mamma sat down to her sewing, and auntie to her knitting, while Prue with the kitten in her lap was in a brown study.

"Oh, mamma I've got an idea," and Prue gave such a jump that the kitten went out of the window. "Auntie said I was very clever at making dolls' clothes, and I might make a few suits, real nice ones, and put them in Mr. Roberts' store. He will let me if it is for missions, and then I'll have some money all my own to give."

"So you shall, dearie," said auntie. "Get your silks and merinos and your dolly and we will commence. I will cut and fit and you shall sew every stitch."

In November the missionary meetings were held again, Phil gave three dollars and seventy-nine cents, the dollars from potatoes and the cents from chestnuts. Then happy

little Prue brought her offering, four bright, new silver dollars, with her eyes shining like stars.

That night as they talked the meeting over by the fire at home, Phil said, "I have changed my mind about girls since Prue earned four dollars, I don't know that many boys could have done better."

And Prue whispered to mamma, "Wasn't it work for Jesus too, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, if you did it for the love of helping Him," replied mamma with a loving kiss for her little girl.

"It seemed to-day as though Jesus stood there and smiled at me, saying, 'Prue, I know you love me for you gave up those pretty clothes for me.'"

Perhaps some of the little girls who take the LINK can copy Prue's idea, and earn something of their own by dressing dolls in their play hours. I know many of our boys have planted missionary potatoes.

Each little offering from hands that belong to Jesus is precious in His sight.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

Duty of the Church.

The church must grope her way into the alleys and courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken staircase, and into the bare room, and beside the loathsome sufferer; she must go down into the pit with the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the factory with the operator, into the field with the farmer, into the counting-room with the merchant. Like the air, the church must press equally on all classes of society, like the sea, flow into every nook of the shore-line of humanity; and like the sun, shine on things foul and low as well as fair and high, for she was organized, commissioned and equipped for the moral renovation of the whole world.—Bishop Simpson.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

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