

Sister Belle's Corner.

For the Little Folks that read this Paper.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—If a little baby is sick in Canada, its papa and mamma do all in their power to make it better, or ask the doctor to come and see it. The little brothers and sisters are so sorry for baby, and show their love for him by walking softly and keeping still while he sleeps. But if a baby is sick in India, the idol priest tells its mamma that an evil spirit is angry with the child. So the poor baby is put into a basket and hung up in a tree for three days. Then the mother goes to look at it, and if still alive, she takes it home, thinking that the evil spirit is pleased again. Often she finds the basket empty, and her little baby gone forever—carried away by some vulture, or eaten up by ants; or that the poor little child has starved to death. When there is a famine in India, many mothers will sell their children for bread, or leave them to starve. One missionary took fifty-one starving children into his house; they were always crying, "Sahib, roti, roti," which means, "Master, bread, bread." But the bread came too late to save their lives, for all died except one. There is a tribe in India called Khunds, and they say the way to make their corn grow is to kill little children and sprinkle the fields with their blood. The English government will not allow such cruel things to be done, so Queen Victoria's soldiers once took away eighty miserable little children from these wicked Khunds, and sent them to a missionary's school. How wretched they were at first; but they were soon fed and clothed and comforted. Then they were taught to read and sew, and of Jesus who died for them. So instead of being put to a cruel death, they were saved, and their lives made useful and happy. Does not this remind you that we were all condemned sinners, waiting for the punishment of death eternal, until Jesus came to save us? If we believe what He says and love Him, all our sins will be forgiven, and instead of eternal death, we will spend eternity with Jesus in the home He has prepared for us, and be perfectly happy.

The tents of some English soldiers were once pitched in a lonely part of India. On a very dark night the wife of one of the officers heard a child crying. She sent her servants out to look for it. Soon they came back, bringing a little girl, four years old, with them. Where do you think they had found her? Buried up to her throat in a bag, her little head just peeping out. Her cruel mother had put her there, and left her alone to die. There was once a little Hindu girl named Rajee. She went to the missionary's school, but would not eat with her schoolmates, because she belonged to a higher caste, or class, than they did. Her mother brought her food every day, and Rajee sat under a tree to eat it. At the end of two years she told her mother that she wished to turn from idols and worship the living God. But her mother begged her child not to disgrace their family by becoming a Christian. Rajee cared no longer about her caste, for she knew its teachings were folly and deceit, so one day she sat down and ate supper with her schoolmates. When her mother heard it, she ran to the school in a rage, and catching her little girl by the hair began to beat her severely. Then she took Rajee to the idol priests to ask whether she had lost her caste forever. The priests said as Rajee was so young, and had not yet got her new teeth, they could cleanse her, so when her teeth came she would be as pure as ever, only it would take a great deal of money to pay for this cleansing. The money was paid and poor Rajee given to the cruel priests. They burned

her tongue, and did many other wicked things to make her say she would not love Jesus. But the dear Saviour gave His little lamb patience to suffer for Him. At last they sent little Rajee home to die. Her poor deceived mother wept bitterly over her little daughter; but Rajee said she was not sorry to die, for she was going to Jesus. She begged her mother to leave her idols and love the true God, so that they could meet in heaven; and then little Rajee's body died, but her soul went to live with Jesus in the "happy land."

Oh, my little friends, let us never forget to thank God that we were born in a Christian land! May we all work, give and pray for the poor children of India!

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

Mission Band Report

TORONTO.—ALEXANDER-ST. MISSION BAND.—Our Mission Band was started last September. We meet the first Saturday in each month. Our average attendance is about twenty-three. Our collections have amounted to twelve dollars. We have two cents to pay monthly to become members, and each family has a missionary box, which our President opens at every third meeting. She reads us missionary news, and we recite verses out of the Bible or pieces of poetry. We feel glad we have been able to do this little for Jesus, and pray God will bless our efforts in bringing some to hear of the only true God in far distant India.

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Seventy-five cents of the amount from Port Burwell was given by Mrs. Joseph Merrill's Sabbath-school class of little girls.

Twenty-five dollars of that from Brantford was to make Mrs. Tuttle a life member.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, Treas.

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