

### Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—One month ago a little baby girl came to live at our home. Papa and mamma are much pleased with their first daughter. Brother Andrew, who is six years old, loves his little sister very dearly. Two-year old Jimmy, while still calling himself "Mamma's big baby," also had a loving welcome for the wee baby. How different it would have been if my baby girl had been born in China! Whether her parents were rich or poor, she would have been disliked for not being a boy. Many a mother would have sold her for a trifling sum, to be a slave in another home as soon as she was able to work. Her father would only have frowned at her as a burden, or even worse, as a disgrace. If born in a rich person's home, she would have had her tiny little feet bound up tightly, instead of kicking and stretching them as my baby does. If too poor for her mother to take this trouble with her, she would be trained for hard work in a few years. A large-footed girl in China must be clothed in the coarsest and plainest blue cotton, with no stockings and clumsy wooden shoes. Only once in all her life is she allowed to wear bright colors. On her wedding day she may dress in red or "the joyful color." As she grows up she is often sent to pick tea leaves and prepare them for market. From early morning until dark, in wind and rain, stormy weather and the heat of noon, she must pick these leaves, and often midnight finds her at work over the firing pan drying them. This rough life soon makes her rough, and before long she can jostle and push her way through the crowded streets, and can shout, quarrel and swear as well as the rudest loafers in our land. So her life goes on, digging in the field, staggering under heavy burdens, or tugging at the oar from morning until night. Her religion is only a belief in silly stories without a word of truth in them, worshipping idols instead of the God who made her and who loves and pities her as He does you and me. The only hope she has is to become a wife and a mother of sons. (No baby girls are wished for as we wished for our darling before God gave her to us to be a blessing in our happy home). Saddest of all, -he is so low and wicked that she does not want to be changed, and it is hardly possible for the missionary to persuade her that there is a better way of living, either here or in the world to come. Their sacred books teach that it is a disgrace for a girl or a woman to become wise

"Groping in ignorance  
Black as the night,  
No blessed Bible  
To give them the light.  
Pity them, pity them,  
Christians at home,  
Haste with the Bread of Life,  
Hasten and come."

If my baby girl had been born in India her life would have been fully as dark. I have often told you how many babies have been thrown to the fishes, drowned in the river, strangled, smothered, buried alive, or thrown out in some waste place to die, for no other reason than that they were girls instead of boys. If allowed to grow up, she would have been a slave for her father and brothers, who would treat her worse than a dog. Her mother would teach her that she had no soul, that she was only a girl. An old woman in India was once talking to Mrs. Ingalls, a missionary, about the Bible, asking if it told the only way of salvation. When Mrs. Ingalls said

"Yes," this old woman said with trembling, "Why did I not know it before? Did all your ancestors believe in this God? Did they teach you that all who do not worship Him must live among the devils when they die? If it is true, why did you not come before? Why did not your friends send more people to teach us the truth? Why have they not given us Bibles to teach us the sweet promises you love? If these words are the only truth, my children, my friends, my ancestors are lost. Oh, if I had been in your place, I would long ago have taken my little canoe and brought you these blessed tidings!"

Dear Boys and Girls, is there not truth in what this old woman says? Are we not far too slow in spreading the joyful news that has been ours for so long?

The coming of my dear little daughter has made my heart very glad, but out of this joy has come a greater pity for her little heathen sisters.

May the God we have learned to love make us more faithful to the Foreign Mission cause in this "Happy New Year" than we were during 1882.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

CIRCLES OR MISSION AID SOCIETIES, where the members are widely scattered, may find in the following letter some valuable hints.

Enclosed you will find \$15 being amount collected by our circle during the last half year.

We have proceeded in quite a novel way. A year ago last December a meeting was held and a circle organized, but that was all. I found it quite impossible to get the sisters out to meeting, so last January I prepared a number of small boxes, by sealing them up; and making an aperture in the cover long enough to slip our largest coins through, labelled, numbered and distributed them, among as many of our congregation as I could see personally. We had a meeting the first Saturday in April, and another the first Saturday in July. These boxes have been opened and the enclosed is the result. I hope we shall be able to send as much more in October.

WOMEN'S B. F. M. SOCIETY (CONVENTION EAST).

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MRS. F. B. SMITH, *Trés*

2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from Dec. 27th to Jan. 24th, 1883.

Goble's Corners M. C., \$7.20; do. Sale of Photographs, \$1.45; do. Mission Band, \$2.09; Belleville M. C., \$5.61; Rondeau M. C., \$4; Jarvis St. M. C., \$15.75; Theiford M. C., \$2.50; Aylmer M. C., \$4.50; Yorkville M. C., \$10.45; Alexander St. M. C., \$18.70; Miss Burnett, Toronto, \$5. Total, \$77.23.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, *Treasurer*.

222 Wellesley St., Toronto.

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