

Young People's Department.

OLD RUBBERS.

One of the best things I heard at our Toronto Convention last month was of a Mission Band who set all the small boys at work collecting old rubbers.

The little chaps called themselves the "Rubber Band," and by selling these worn out articles, helped to raise money for their mite boxes. Another mission band leader told me she gave each child a little bag made of sateen in the shape of a heart. Inside this bag was a slip of paper with words like these: "Out of a heartfull of love for Jesus, I bring an offering for Missions." I wish the dear people who told me so many fine new plans for helping their own mission Bands would just write them out for the Link, so every perplexed President might get the benefit of them. The editor would gladly welcome all such letters. I was glad to shake hands with so many friends in Toronto, who read our Corners. If meeting our friends on earth is so pleasant, how much greater the joy will be when we have an eternity to spend together! May the dear Saviour draw each boy and girl to Himself as they work for their Mission Bands. Then we shall have many a bright jewel for His crown as a result of our work for Him, and the new song of praise from Canada will be echoed in India, all rejoicing in the same dear Jesus who died that they might live.

SISTER BELLE.

558 McLaren Street, Ottawa.

TUNI, INDIA.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Would you like to hear a little about a family, the various members of which have been giving me lots of trouble lately? They seem to have combined to do all the damage they can to my bungalow, and though they are very small, they are so numerous and industrious that they can make lots of trouble and expense. Have you guessed what family it is? The ant family. First, there are the large black ants. They built nests under, or in, the lime and brick floor of the verandah and then diligently set to work to carry out the sand from the foundation of the house. Last year, I had one side dug up and the nests cleared out, then a new flooring of sand, lime, bricks and cement. Just lately the other side was dug up and

such a lot of their eggs were found. It seemed as though they were about as thick as the sand. Well their case was dealt with as far as the floor is concerned, but now they are busy finding holes in the wall through which to work. Another branch of the family called the scissor ant, have also designs on the floor. One morning, on stepping into the bath-room, such a noise was stirred up at each step on the bamboo mat. These ants had made holes in the cement and come up in a number of different places and were busy trying to eat the mat from underneath. All the things had to be cleared out and the mat taken up and the holes filled in with tar and cement. One of them was about a half yard deep. Then the white ants keep us busy looking up to the roof as well as at the floors. They have eaten away several of the small slats that hold the tiles on, and yesterday I saw that a contingent of them were busy trying to eat one of the rafters and covering up their presence with mud. Still another branch must be introduced and that is the small red ant. Not long ago, our women's prayer-meeting was held in one of the houses in the Compound, and we were treated at the close to some parched grain and sweetmeat. I took mine in my hand, while the rest had theirs put in a corner of their cloth. Soon my hand was covered with these wee insects crawling out from the grain, and the women quickly emptied theirs out and the ants were sifted out.

Your loving friend,

ELLEN PRIEST.

TO THE MISSION BANDS.

Dear Young Friends,—Last Sunday the teachers of our Sunday School were called together for the purpose of discussing plans for a Christmas Entertainment, and, for the first time, we realize that the gay Christmastide is just ahead of us. Years ago we children had a little song with which we always awoke the household on Christmas morning, and its chorus rang out cheerily:

"Merry Christmas to all;
Merry Christmas to all,
Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas,
Merry Christmas to all!"

We wish we could shout it to everyone of you. We wish time and strength and pocket-