

Young People's Department.

"I FORGOT."

Wonder how many of the boys and girls who read our LINK have to use these words, "I forgot!" My we daughter Grace learned a little recitation lately, called

"A QUEER LITTLE GIRL."

"She forgot to go to the meeting
Of her own dear Mission Band,
But remembered to go down town
For candy, I understand.

"She forgot to put her pennies
(For she told me so herself.)
The pennies for heathen children
In the Mission Barrel on the shelf.

"She forgot to ask God's blessing
On the missionaries too,—
Does she care no more for Jesus
Than the heathen children do?"

What a sad thing it would be for us if the dear Saviour should forget us when He comes by and by to gather the redeemed people for his beautiful Heaven? But that could never be. You know how dearly your mother loves little baby brother. She watches over him day and night, always taking the very best care of him because she loves him so. God says in the Bible that even if a mother should forget her child, He will never forget those who love him,—He knows all about us, and just how hard our great enemy tries to crowd our hearts so full of other things that we are like those people in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago, who had "no room for Jesus." Let us pray for His help to remember the things Jesus wants us to remember because we love Him. Then our Mission Band meetings will be better attended, and the mission barrels, which we took to help Jesus do His work for the little heathen children, will not be left empty or forgotten on the shelf. Two lines of a little poem come to me very often—

"If one only is really in earnest
There's wonderful power in prayer."

SISTER BELLE.

Ottawa, Sept., 1901.

MRS. TUCKER'S CONVERSION.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Mrs. Tucker was very tired. Life was hard at best—only a tedious routine of wearisome duties; but on this particular afternoon the closing of the week's work pressed very heavily upon her.

As she passed wearily back and forth from stove to ironing table, and from table back to stove, the easy lives of many of her friends and neighbours came to her mind; and her thoughts grew hard and bitter as the contrast forced itself upon her. Down the lane and across the doorstep came the sound of hurrying feet, and an eager voice cried, "Oh, Mrs. Tucker, can Sallie go with us to the mission band?"

Mrs. Tucker raised her eyes, and saw standing in the doorway three little girls.

"Mission band! I'd like to know what's a mission band?" she demanded sharply.

"Why," spoke out the bolder of the three, "it's lots of children all together working and sewing for heathen folks. We bring our pennies to Miss May for them, and she says it's giving to Jesus. We have just the nicest time—do let her go."

"Oh, mother," and Sallie's brown eyes looked appealingly into her mother's face, "please say I may—do let me."

Mrs. Tucker slowly folded the garment she had ironed, and hung it in its place before she answered.

"No, she can't. I can give her all the sewing she wants at home, and we've got nothing to give to the Lord. He don't give to us. So go along, and tell Miss May that Sallie Tucker's better set to work."

"My!" said Lulu Strong as they gained the safety of the street, "wasn't she cross! And Sallie was just crying. I'm so glad she isn't my mother."

"I'm very sorry," said gentle little Susie Earl, "that Sallie could not come. But we'll tell Miss May about it, and I'm sure she will pray that God will make her mother willing, and find something to give him, too."

When Mrs. Tucker, the hard day's work at last completed, toiled wearily upstairs, she found her little daughter seated upon the top stair, while about her on the floor were scattered all her childish treasures.

"What on earth, child," exclaimed her mother, "is all this clutter for? What are you trying to do?"

"Why, mother," chirruped the sweet child's voice, "I am looking to find something to give to Jesus."

"Give to Jesus! What do you think the Lord wants of such stuff as this?"

"But, mother," she explained, and her voice grew unsteady, and the bright eyes filled with tears, "my teacher said anything we give to him he would like it, and if we gave what we loved best it pleased him most; and this is what I love most, my wax doll and my birthday book. Won't he take it, mother? Can't I give him anything?"

"Sallie Tucker," and her mother's voice was cold and stern, "you just put this notion out of your head. You don't know what giving to the Lord means. Put this trash away. When the Lord remembers us with some of his plenty 'will be time enough to give to him, I reckon."