

Sister Belle's Corner.

For the Little Folks who read this Paper.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—Did your bright eyes see a little note in this paper last month about a gift to the children of India?

It made Sister Belle very glad, and I will tell you why. The givers were little children living in Dundas (not very far from Brantford). Instead of buying candy, they kept their money to send news of Jesus to the heathen children in India. So when they had two dollars some good friend of theirs sent it to Toronto to be sent to the missionaries. These little folks were "fellow-helpers" in this great work. I would like to know their names. Then I would ask them if they did not like candy? (My little sisters do.) Perhaps they would answer yes, and tell me that when they walked down town, and saw all the candy stores full for Christmas, they often felt like buying some. "Why did you keep your money then, little friends?" I would ask. Just see how happy they look as they quickly answer, "Oh, yes, we like candy, but we felt so sorry for the children who never heard of Jesus, that we kept our money to send somebody to teach them." Then I would draw them a little closer to me and ask, "Do you love Jesus? Are you His little ones? Did you send this money for His sake?" And I think their glad answer would be "Yes." God bless these little folks who have denied themselves for others. Just you try it, boys and girls, and see how much happier you will be afterwards.

Now I want to tell you about one of the boys of India. It was noon on a very hot day. He had walked many miles to find some one who could tell him about God. At last, he came to the mission-house. The lady teacher was sitting in its porch. She had been speaking about Jesus all the morning, but the scholars were careless, and did not seem to learn. Her heart was sad, for she felt as if she was doing little good. But God was sending a great work right to her door. She had prayed that she might lead some poor heathen to Jesus that day, and her prayer was going to be answered. Just then she looked up and saw a stranger standing before her. He was only a boy, but his face was full of a longing for something. The lady gently asked him what she could do for him. This is the meaning of his answer:—

"Lady, my home is far away among the Garo hills. We heard stories in my country about a living God, and a wonderful heaven, where He lives. I have walked many miles to hear if these things are true, and if a poor mountain boy like me, who knows very little, can ever go to that heaven. Tell me, lady, are these things true?"

She gave him a seat beside her, and prayed in her heart that God would help her to answer his questions, so as to lead the dear boy to Jesus. Then she asked him how he had found his way to the mission house, and if the journey had not been long and weary. He answered that he knew part of the way, and when the road became strange he asked people he met, and that they told him how to go.

"Were you not afraid at night?" asked the teacher.

"Never," said the boy, his dark eyes full of brightness, "for I had something in my heart that kept me above all fear. Even the howls of the wild beasts all around me did not make me tremble, for I felt that the God I longed to find would keep me safely. My heart burned to know if there was room for me in that beautiful heaven. The idols my people worship cannot help me. I want to learn about the true God, and the way to go to Him."

Tears of gladness came to the lady's eyes, and she fed this poor starving soul with the Bread of Life. He listened so eagerly she told him of Jesus, God's well-beloved Son, and that He had died to take away our sin. Jesus said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

For many days the Garo boy stayed at the mis-

sion house, learning more about the Saviour, and how to read God's Word for himself. Jesus forgave all his sins, and a sweet song of praise went up over the water as the missionary baptized this happy believer in Christ's name.

Afterwards he became a preacher, and went back to the hills to tell his friends about the true God. His heart was so full of love that people listened to him everywhere. Through village after village he went speaking of Jesus, and hundreds of people believed on Christ through his preaching. Was not the Garo boy well paid for his long journey?

The lady who led him to Jesus is in heaven now, but the Garo preacher in that far-off land is still telling the story of Jesus, and how He "loved us and gave Himself for us."

May God help us all to believe in Jesus ourselves, and then to lead others to Him.

SISTER BELLE.

Brantford, Jan. 20th, 1879.

Burmah.

Mrs. C. B. Thomas, of the American B. M. Union, writes from Henthada, Oct. 1st:—

There is great cause for encouragement. It is as if the gospel leaven which has been working these many years has at length affected the whole mass of the people. Never before was there such a general uprising among the Henthada Karens in favour of Christianity. It is not simply that the heathen listen well when talked to, but they manifest an inquiring spirit, and seem weary of their heathenism. Many seem to realize that the religion of Jesus Christ is just what they need, and what, sooner or later, they must have. They say, "We are coming, we are surely coming; we are almost ready." From all directions come calls for preachers, far beyond our ability to supply.

Several good men are now spending their whole time itinerating among the heathen. They are greatly encouraged by what they see and hear, and cheerfully endure the hardships of the work, now that they see their labours are not in vain. For the last two months the reports, verbal and written, from the jungles, have been of the most exciting interest. Last week Toowah wrote me from the east, "The heathen of this Toung-bo-la plain are mightily shaken. They seem all ready to receive the truth." I could not then finish the letter, for my tears. "Can it be that Toung-bo-la is coming too?" I asked. It seemed too wonderful to be true; for that plain, although one of the most populous Karen districts, has been perhaps the hardest, most hopeless portion of this mission field. Thus in many instances the news comes from wholly unexpected quarters, often from villages of which I had never heard before.

Glimpses of Kaffirland, illustrating the condition of Heathen Women.

From Wood's "Uncivilized Races."

BY W. H. PORTER.

In most heathen countries the birth of female children is regarded as a calamity. Despised and abhorred, they are more or less neglected and abused from their very infancy. But this is not the case among the Kaffirs. Naturally fond of children, they welcome the birth of either sex with pleasure. The male children are regarded as a source of strength, as their future warriors. The females, as a source of wealth, as each one is expected to bring as many cows as she was worth in marriage. As the number of cows that a girl will bring depends upon her condition—her appearance of strength and beauty—she is carefully treated by her parents before marriage, as any other creature would be that is being fitted for the market. But how different with her after she is married! She is thenceforth expected to be her ease-taking husband's abject, willing slave. Her husband, whose chief delight and glory is in his cows—and which,

by the way, he milks—meets with his neighbors, eats and drinks, smokes and snuffs, chats and discusses with them; while she, often with a babe, varying in age from a few days old, hung at her back in its skin cradle, toils on from early dawn, till late at night, performing the heaviest labour—breaking the ground with a heavy clumsy sort of mattock, grinding corn between two stones, and doing almost all that is to be done, outdoor and in, for herself, her husband, and the family, only for herself last.

As we have often noticed among the negroes of the West Indies, just emerging from the debasing influences of fetichism and slavery, the women walking many miles over steep and rocky mountain passes, carrying heavy loads upon their heads to market, while the men—dear creatures—would be riding on their horses, mules and donkeys, holding over their precious heads an umbrella. Indeed, such seems to be the genius and spirit of a Christless religion, everywhere, that *might* claims the right, absolutely, and woman as the weaker vessel, is consigned to almost unalleviated hardship and suffering. Until men's hearts are leavened with the divine benevolence of Christianity, the life of women must wearily drag on, in its dull, hard, routine of thankless doing and endurance, scarce dreaming of a better possible condition. But lift among their jungles the cross of Him who, dying on it, said to His bosom disciple, "Behold thy mother," and gradually woman's day will dawn. The cross of Jesus is the grand inculcation of the great social and moral lesson. "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it."

WOMEN'S BAPT. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY EASTERN CONVENTION

Receipts for the Quarter ending Dec. 31st, 1878.

Médomes Martin and Barford, \$2.00; Barnston, \$25.00; Olivet Church Circle, Montreal, \$25.00; St. Catherine St. Church Circle, Montreal, \$24.40; Perth, \$20.00; Brockville, \$20.00; First Baptist Church and Young Reapers, \$16.85; Inverness, \$12.50; United Collection, First and St. Catherine St. Church Sunday Schools, \$13.00.—Total \$158.75.

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