

Sister Belle's Corner.

For the Little Folks who read this Paper.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Some of you have been wishing for hundreds of dollars to send to India. Perhaps you have had thoughts like these: "Oh, if I were only rich, how much good I would do with my money. The missionaries in India would have enough to buy Bibles for all the heathen boys and girls. A school should be opened in every village, where there would be plenty of room for all who wanted to come. Preachers could be sent all over the land, and those who are soul-hungry would be fed with the Bread of Life."

Then you remember that these happy thoughts are only wishes, after all. The bright new penny in your mission box seems so small, you say, "It can do so little good, and I wanted to do so much." Ah, my friends, your hearts are not the only ones that are bigger than the owner's purses! Mamma and papa will tell you that the dollar they are able to give often seems as small to them as your penny does to you. But if our money is given for Christ's sake, and because we love Him, the gift will be precious in His sight.

A good man once wrote some poetry about the "penny" given by children to the missionaries. I will copy part of it for you:—

"Mission box penny! What hast thou done?
A gospel sent to the clime of the sun.
It found a widow by Ganges' side
Seeking for death in its rolling tide;
It spoke to her heart of sin forgiven,
Of an endless life and a blessed heaven;
And she stooped like Sychar's trembling daughter,
To drink from the well of living water.
Mission box penny! no pearls of the sea
Are so rich as the blessings that flow from thee:
To the heart of the troubled one, comfort and calm;
To the wounded spirit, a healing balm;
Seed for the day of eternity's reaping,
Lambs gathered in for the Good Shepherd's keeping;
As the stars of the firmament, bright and many,
Are the blessings that flow from the mission box penny."

I wish all the boys and girls who read this corner could be in Brantford this week. Rev. E. P. Hammond is holding meetings for children every afternoon, and many dear little ones are giving their hearts to the Saviour who died for their sins because He loved them. A little blind boy named Charlie Hale loves Jesus and wants to work for Him. So he has left his home and friends for a short time to sing for Jesus, while Mr. Hammond tells the sweet story of His love. Yesterday little Charlie sang, "The Light of the world is Jesus." Instead of singing the chorus as you do, he sings,

"Come to the Light, it shineth for thee!
Sweetly its beams dawned upon me.
Though I am blind, yet I can see,
The Light of the world is Jesus."

The heathen in India are sitting in darkness, but He who is the "Light of the world" can shine into their dark hearts. Then all their lives will become bright with His love. I wish you could see Charley's happy face as he sings:

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me."

Then your hearts would begin to love the dear Saviour, too. You will think more about the work in India after you open the doors of your heart to let the "Light" shine in. God bless you all.

SISTER BELLE.

Brantford, Feb. 17, 1879.

Training Bible-Women at Swatow, China.

There is known to be a vast work of evangelization in these Oriental lands which can be done best by women. Miss Fielde needed women to work. She needed them at once. She could not wait for school-children to grow up and become grandmothers. She resolved to take such material as God had placed to her hand. She would take the grown-up women, the mature women, the mothers and grandmothers whose children were grown sufficiently not to need constant care, and whose husbands being willing, or they themselves being widows, there would be no obstruction in the way of their rendering service.

This was a bold thing to attempt. The common practice was against it. Most missionaries believed it was impossible to make efficient workers out of such people. The Chinese is a very hard language. Their old and middle-aged women had never been taught to read a line. They had grown up in a community, where it was considered women had not talent enough to learn to read. They laughed with the incredulity of Sarah at the bare suggestion of their ever learning anything. They had heard from their childhood that they were natural born fools, and so were all women, and they had come to accept it with unquestioning faith.

But Miss Fielde and her associates in the mission had faith in the stimulating power of the truth. She believed that though it might be an absurd thing to attempt to indoctrinate a company of heathen old women with adequate views of Western science, it would not be absurd to hope to make them acquainted with the Bible. She believed that in the latter God would help these poor creatures in a way he would not do if they attempted the other. It was believed that God would awaken and stimulate their dull old faculties, that He would give them spiritual insight into things, that He would furnish their rusty memories, and help them to retain things they heard, and catch glimpses of the great and full-orbed truth at which they were now to look.

Accordingly she went out and hunted them up. She made arrangements for a class of twenty. A colloquial translation of Bagster's "Compendium of the Four Gospels" was made specially for their use. It was the easiest and simplest Chinese that could be used; but still it was that hard, crooked, tangled Chinese character, after all, which the Chinese themselves think that children can only hope to learn. They came in and went to work under Miss Fielde's instructions and guidance. One of them was an old woman near seventy; others were over sixty; others over fifty; and none of them were young. These old women once would not have dared to ignore tradition and learn to read. But a new power possessed them. It was not curiosity. There was life in the book. It was sweet in their mouths. Great teachers this nation had had before,—Confucius and Mencius,—but nobody had ever cared for women till Christ came. It quickened the blood in their old veins to read about Him.

Darkness had been theirs all the years of their lives; but now at eventide it was light. They never had had the least mental discipline, but Chinese character has grit in it, and they kept at it. They prayed for help, and they wiped their spectacles, and divine grace came in to the help of human grit, and they succeeded. A few of the very feeblest made only moderate headway. But they got enough to carry them a forty days' journey to the mount of God. These were kindly dismissed to their homes as being a little too old for the work. Some others were found unsuitable material, and were also kindly sent away. But others came in to take their places, and the original number is full to-day. They are really a choice company of women. The end continually sought in the training is to make them good readers of chosen portions of the Word of God, and good and well-equipped talkers on the things that accompany salvation. They are not public speakers like the men. They work in the family circle, from house to house, and from group to group of grown-up women. They labour directly for the conversion of women. Through the mother they expect to reach the children. They do that one thing, and they do nothing but that one thing. They are expected to know nothing but Christ and him crucified. They are taught to go directly to the hearts and consciences of their listeners with their message. If they are heard, they continue at length, or go and come again. If they are not heard about Christ the conversation is to end. They are to leave and seek another household.

There is no doubt about the success of this method. It has given more satisfaction than any other, and in the past there has been ample experience in other methods all around us. It has given more satisfaction than was hoped for when it was first begun. The majority of these women have been tried already. Two and two they have gone out among the villages. They have been blessed. They have come in bringing their sheaves. Last year's increase is due to them as much as to the men. They have co-operated nobly.—W. A. in "The Watchman."

The Year Book.

The Baptist Year Book for Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba has been kindly sent to us. It is a volume no one who is at all interested in the work of our denomination can afford to be without. And this year the report of the Foreign Mission work as performed by the three societies is remarkably exhaustive. The price is twenty cents, and orders may be sent to Dr. Buchanan, 47 Gould Street, Toronto.

EDUCATION.—The American Baptist Missionary Union supports two colleges, one in Burmah and one in India; for the higher culture of Christian young men; and two theological seminaries for training a native ministry; besides a mission-school for each mission, to fit the native helpers for their work.—Miss. Mag.

INDIA.—Rev. Mr. Marshall, of Balasore, India, writes: "The Bible, which in the early history of our mission was considered so unholy a book as to defile the man who would touch it, is to-day sought after as no other book is sought. It has already become the book among the Hindus of our stations."

"TAKE THIS," said a mountain woman who, a few years before, had never heard the name of Jesus, or seen a book of any kind, or a Christian of any race or color, as from her scanty wardrobe she gave her best dress to the missionary: "Take this, and give it to the disciples in America. We love them because they have sent us the light. Ask them to pray for us, and send us teachers."

THE NEEDEY IDOL.—One of the Malagasy priests applied to King Radama for a new cloth to cover his god Ramahavaly, "the god of Revenge." The king replied, "Why, really, if Ramahavaly be a god, he can help himself; if he be not a god, what good can he do either me or my people?"

To the Desolate Missionary!

FAR AWAY IN THE WILDS OF HEATHENDOM.

"The countenance
Of earthly relatives may be withdrawn,
As was the voice of the twin delegates
On Tabor's Mount; but like the "Three," thou hast,
Thy best friend left. Dissolved though human ties,
Jesus along with thee the mount descends,
Vouchsafing fellowship that knows no change,
And love that cannot die—consoling words:
'Lo I am with you to the end of time.'"

CEYLON.—Protestant missionaries went to Ceylon about sixty-five years ago. There are now about thirty European and American missionaries in the Island, ninety native ministers, and about thirty thousand native Christians.

WOMEN'S BAPT. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF THE CONVENTION WEST.

Receipts from Feb. 1st, to Feb. 26th, 1879.

Brantford Circle, \$31; Jarvis St. Toronto, \$21.29; Guelph, \$13; Alexander St. Toronto, \$7.65; College St. Toronto, \$6.50; Westover, \$3.—Total, \$82.44.

Special contributions for building the School-House-Chapel, Coanada.

Guelph Circle, life member's fees for Mrs. G. Raymond, Mrs. S. Gill and Mrs. Coutis, \$75; Alexander St. Circle, Toronto, to make Mrs. Denovan a life member, \$25; Adelaide St. Circle, London, \$5; Timpany's Grove, Mrs. B. J. Timpany, \$5.—Total for building, \$110.

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