

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—A writer in the S. S. Times has given a nice concert exercise for Mission Bands. Our Corner is too small to copy all, but you shall have as much as possible of it. Three boys and four girls represent seven different heathen nations. The first, a girl from Japan, comes forward and says:—

I come to you from a far-off land;
Its pagodas high, and its temples grand
And fair, to be seen on every hand;
There Buddha sits in his stately hall,
There low at his feet I daily fall
While I toss him a prayer in my paper ball
To the graves of my ancestors I pray,
And I dive the ghosts of the dead away,
Yet I long sometimes for a better way,
Does a greater than Buddha live on high?
Will He hear and answer His people's cry?
And their sins forgive, and their wants supply?
Nay, surely if such an one ye knew
Ye would not rest till the whole world through
Every living soul came to know Him too.

An Indian Girl next speaks in these words:—
I'm a little Hindoo maiden, come to ask you to be kind
To the women of my country, who are ignorant and blind.
Christian maiden, Christian mother, what would life be worth
to thee

If thou wert held as soulless as a pigeon on a tree?
Prisoned close within the harem, seeing little, learning less,
Just a toy—a doll to play with and to ornament with dress?
What wonder that we welcome Bible Reader's call,
Sire tells us a Redeemer came to save and lead us all.
Ah, our field is white to harvest, but the labourers are few!
Christian people, are you doing all the Lord would have you do?

Here comes another, a Mexican Girl, not exactly a heathen, but wrapped in dreadful superstition:—

Now suffer, kind friends, a wee maiden
To speak of her loved Mexico—
Where the loftiest mountains are laden
Through winter and summer with snow,
Where the valleys are fragrant with flowers
And the sturdiest evergreens climb
O'er the walls of the crumbling old towers
That are still, tho' in ruins, sublime
But a sad, such a sad superstition
Overshadows our beautiful land!
And how morally dark its condition
I am sure you cannot understand,
So I plead for the Mexican nation!
Oh, ye people of God, send the light!
Send the Gospel—the Lamp of Salvation—
To scatter the gloom of their night!
Send them ministers filled with the power,
With their hearts all aglow like a flame;
Send them men for the place, for the hour,
Who will die by the Blessed One's Name!

The Indian nations of America are next spoken of:—
Far out in wild Dakota, with its forests yet unewn,
The wigwam of my father has stood for many a moon;
There my stalwart brothers idle weary hours away,
While my mother and my sisters toil and suffer all the day.
Coarse and rude are all our customs, and we hold no hope more high
Than to live in savage splendor, and in savage splendor die,
Then be taken to a larger "Happy Hunting Ground" on high.
Has the white man's soul no message for the red man's dying race?
Not a word from the Great Spirit who abides in every place?

And yet another little heathen from our own side of the ocean, a ragged little negro boy, who says:—

I 'spect we's sort of heathen, but I say
We'd like fust rate to learn to sing and pray
And go to Sunday School on Sabbath day.
Who's gwine to larn us what to do and say?
And how to trabel up to Heben?—Eh?
Here is a little Chinese boy, what will he say?—
I am come from a land that is over the sea,
And in this land you call me "the heathen Chinee,"
You laugh at my ways and my long braided hair,
And the food that I eat, and the clothes that I wear.
Are you little Christians—you Mellican boys—
Who pelt me with stones, and scare me with noise?
Such words as you speak and such deeds as you do
Will ne'er make a Christian of heathen Ching Too.
I may turn from my gods to the God that you praise
When you love me, and teach me, and show me His ways.

The last to speak is a fur-clad little Esquimaux:—

I have crept forth from my hut of snow
To bring the plea of the Esquimaux.
We spear the seal, and we hunt the bear,
While our lives are full of want and care,
Can you not send some word of cheer
To lighten the gloom of our winters drear?
Some promise sure of a heavenly home,
Where cold and darkness will never come,
Where "in pastures green" we shall be fed,
And "by still waters" in peace be led?
Oh, warm our hearts by the Gospel story,
And show us the path to peace and glory!
Then all these who have spoken join in singing that grand old hymn:—

From Greenland's icy Mountains;
From India's coral strands;
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands;
From many an ancient river;
From many a palmy plain
We call you to deliver
Our lands from error's chain.

Perhaps some of our Mission Bands can use this exercise, and the chairman talk a little about each country.

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WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

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