

# YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

## GERTY'S GIFT.

I've been to the Mission Band, Mamma,  
And what do you think that I heard?  
A story just awful, dear Mamma,  
A story that's true ev'ry word.

That far away over the ocean  
Are children who always are sad,  
Because their own papas don't love them,  
Nor want them ever to be glad.

And all of the people are sending  
Some money and things over there,  
And teacher came to me, and whisper'd  
"Well, Gerty, will you do your share?"

So, Mamma, I'll send them a dollie,  
And which will it be, do you s'pose?  
Not Kate, with real hair and kid slippers,  
And eyes that will open and close!

Oh! Kate is the dearest dear dollie,  
For Santa Claus brought her one night.  
Supposing I send them old Nellie,  
You'd mend up her forehead all right.

O no! she wont do. Then there's Gracie,  
But four of her fingers are gone;  
There's Lillian dressed all in satin,  
But, Mamma, her head is on wrong.

P'rhaps Bella might do: no, she's broken,  
And Mabel has lost her two eyes.  
O Mamma! I'd feel awful sorry  
If Jesus should look from the skies

And see that I kept all the nice things,  
And gave to the heathen the rest.  
I guess I'll go back and give Katie,  
And so I'll be giving my best.

EVA ROSE YORK.

St. John, N. B.

The Southern Presbyterian Church has missions in Brazil at Campinas, Botucatu, Bagagem, Pernambuco, Cerca, and Maranhao, with 24 male and female missionaries.

The Southern Methodist Church reports in Brazil 10 ordained missionaries and their wives and ten single ladies.

## INDIA LETTER.

AKIDU, Feb. 27th, 1893.

*Dear Boys and Girls.*—For nearly five months last year I lived on Mr. Craig's boat among the villages, and wrote you several times of "my children" here and there.

Now Mr. Craig is at home and is using the boat and I am busy picking up the neglected threads of my work in Akidu.

After all those months with but an occasional visit from me and lessons at rare intervals, I feared the children would have forgotten the way to Sunday School and all they ever learned, but they hadn't, and at six o'clock Sunday morning we have just as many bright faces on the verandah in the Malapilly.

Already I have written two letters about this particular Sunday School and must not add more than a line. Three years have done wonders for it. Instead of the wild, unclothed, untamed lot, who, without any apparent reason would run off in a body in the middle of the lesson, we have girls with their hair combed, faces washed and some attempt at clothing, nor are the boys a whit behind them, and orderly! why, when the bell rings for prayer, every little head is bowed, every little eye is closed and never a sound is heard, save the voice of the prayer. I remember the day when all was confusion and I was afraid to close my eyes lest they should run away while I was praying.

As to lessons, the work of the three years has not been in vain, for our girls and boys can sing many hymns and if questioned on New Testament stories and the Life of Christ, I don't think I would have cause to be at all ashamed of them, and you will remember that they do not read.

On Tuesday morning there is another Sunday School (or children's meeting I call it, because it meets on a week day). All the children belong to the brick-layer caste. Only a month has gone since we really organized, and they seem a little afraid of me even yet, and learn very slowly, but we hope for better things by and by.

Wednesday morning I am in a Malapilly surrounded by twenty-five little tots, who have had a good deal of attention one way and another, but not regularly. However, you would be surprised, could you be present at one of our reviews and hear them recite the catechism and a little evening prayer taught them months ago. Friday morning finds me sitting under a big tree in the weaver caste street, with some thirty boys and girls about me. In this class a few of the boys read and they are a great help; perhaps I enjoy the hour with them best of all, they understand so easily and always seem so eager to listen and learn.

Later that same morning, there is a girl's meeting in the Kapu street, on the verandah of a house where lives blind Shashamma of whom I have written more than once. She is a great help with the singing, has a sweet