

Young People's Department.

A BRAVE MAN.

You boys and girls will be wondering where "Sister Belle" is, as she has not written anything for you since July. It is only because my head, hands and heart have been so full with caring for my son, in Victoria, B.C., who met with such a severe accident that the doctors feared he would never see again. Many friends prayed that the Great Physician would show His power in giving back the precious sight. After many long weeks, he is able to go around the city again, but of course his eyes are still being cared for by the specialist. My visit to British Columbia, though such a sad one, made me understand about the Hindus, Japs and Chinese better than ever before, as many of these people are to be seen every day in Victoria.

One little sentence in the "Link" for November said: "Mohammedanism is apt to seem a long way from us here in Canada." Do you know that in India there are 62,458,077 people who own Mohammed as their leader? No wonder our missionaries long to win these people to Jesus Christ.

I have been reading of such a brave man, named Raymond Lull, who was born 664 years ago. He was rich and of a noble family, very fond of music and society's claims, but after he learned to love Jesus Christ, he gave up worldly pleasures, and at forty years of age began to preach to the Moslems, a people who claim Mohammed as their prophet. In North Africa he spent many years in witnessing for Jesus Christ. The Sultan had him put into a filthy dungeon and bitterly persecuted. After being set free he returned to Europe, trying to arouse others to the great need of this work. Then he went back to Africa, preaching Christ in the market place. Again he was put in prison and even while there tried to tell of the love of Jesus to all who visited him. Banished once more from this dark land, with the threat of being killed if he ever came back there, he could not resist trying to work secretly and for ten months labored with great zeal in a quiet way for these African people so dear to him. At last he preached once more in the market place. The angry people caught him, then an

old man over eighty years of age, dragged him out of the town and stoned him to death, and for five hundred years no one dared to take up the work Mr. Lull had left unfinished. Perhaps he thought his life work did no good, but the Master took care of the precious seed sown in so much love, and others who in after years read of this brave man, wanted to spend their lives in the same way. I think we must talk more about this subject next month.

SISTER BELLE.

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CHILDREN OF THE MISSION.

In the land of ice and snow.

Lives the little Eskimo;

Dress of skin

Fur-side in,

Keeps him warm from head to toe.

Running wild in blazing sun,

Plays the little African;

Not a thread,

From his head,

Wears this little black-skinned one.

Far away, o'er distant seas,

Dwells the little Japanese;

Silken gown

Falls way down

Far below his yellow knees.

On the sweeping prairie wide,

Does the Indian child abide;

Beads in rows,

Buckskin clothes,

Serve his copper skin to hide.

In the crowded city's street,

Poorest child of all we meet—

Feet all bare,

Rags to wear,

Homeless, friendless, naught to eat.

Now to all these children dear

Let us send a word of cheer;

Tell them how

Jesus now

Waits with love to draw them near.

Of our plenty let us send

News of Him, the children's Friend;

That from sin

We may win

Souls to serve Him to the end.

—Selected.