

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—So many Mission Bands are preparing for entertainments this month I will try to copy for you some items for your programmes. The first is a recitation entitled "Mites."

Only a penny! a gift so small
Seems scarcely worth our giving at all;
But pennies multiplied dollars make,
So we'll gather the pennies for His dear sake,
Who suffered and died on the cross, to save
A world of sin from death and the grave.

Only a word of cheer by the way!
It was all the poor, trembling lips could say.
While others may stand on Zion's wall
Proclaiming the gospel of peace to all,
Be it mine to toil in some humble sphere
Though it be but to offer a word of cheer.

It may be a cup of cold water given
To one who has nobly toiled and striven
To bear the glad tidings of Jesus' love,
To whisper of rest in the mansions above;
A cup of cold water, though small the gift,
May help some fainting soul to uplift.

A prayer of faith from a burdened heart
That the workers might bear some humble part
In sending the message of peace to those
Whose lives are encompassed by little words.
Not a "gifted prayer," yet it reached the throne
Of Him who died for sin to atone.

Then bring in the mites; let them gathered be,
Into our Master's treasury;
Remember the widow's mite of old
Outranked richer gifts of silver and gold.
Her *all* she laid at the Master's feet,
And love made the offering complete.

The next is a story about a rain-drop, to be told by some little girl just before the collection is taken.

There was once a poor farmer who owned a small field of corn. He had planted it with great care, for it was all he could depend on to support his large family. The little blades of corn had come up plentifully, but now the ground was parched and dry for want of rain. One day, as the farmer was looking out anxiously for a shower, two little rain-drops up in the sky saw him. One said, "Look at that poor farmer! He seems very sad and discouraged; I do wish I could help him." "What would you do," replied the other, "you are only one little rain drop and could not wet one hill of corn." "That is true, but I might cheer him a little. I believe in trying," and down went the raindrop on the farmer's nose. "Dear me," said the farmer, "I do believe we are going to have a shower after all. I am so glad." No sooner had the first raindrop fallen, than the other said, "Well, if you are going, I will go too." So down it came on the hill of corn near the farmer's feet. By this time another raindrop had come along, saying, "What is all this I hear about helping a poor farmer? I believe I will go too." "And I," "and I," "and I," exclaimed the others. So faster and faster they came until the whole field was watered. The corn grew and ripened, all because one little raindrop did all it could, and thus encouraged many others to do the same. Dear friends, that is just what our Mission Band is trying to do. Each one of us can do a little towards helping our dear missionaries who are toiling over the sea. And we now invite you older people to help us by a good large collection.

And the last we shall have room for this month is a little dialogue for eight members of the Infant Class, called, "The Way We Help."

1st. Of the happy workers,
Youngest ones are we,
That we're very little
Any one can see.
You may think our helping
Must be also small,
But you know it's better
Far, than none at all.
Would you know how many
Things we've learned to do?
Listen, and our secrets
We will tell to you.

2nd. I made lots of stitches
In a patch-work square.
Hardest work I ever
Did, too, I declare.

3rd. I can't sew, but Grandma
Holders made for me;
These I sold, to carry
Light across the sea.

4th. I shelled beans for henthon,
(Papa said I might,)
So my little fingers
Earned a shilling bright.

5th. My mamma to help me
Bottled up some ink.
I've sold seventy cents worth.
Now, what do you think?

6th. Out of Auntie's pansies
I picked every wool.
She is going to give me
All I sell of seed.

7th. I can nurse our baby
When he wants to play;
Many a shining penny
I have made this way.

8th. Sometimes I run errands
Over 'cross the street;
Earn my mission money
Helping older feet.

ALL. So you see, though little,
We find work to do;
When we said we helped some,
Don't you think so too.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

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