

Youth's Department.

BEGGARS.



Think the beggars on our streets, if the mayor allows them to beg in public, are to be pitied, and stray coppers often find their way from our pockets into theirs. If we were in China, the missionaries tell us we would soon get hardened to such appeals. Every night they cry under your window, "Have pity! Do good deeds! Give us cash to buy one bowl of rice." If you look out of the window the sight of a man with only a straw mat tied around his body meets your eye. His hair looks as if it had never been combed since he was born, and is a great tangled mass on his head. The face and hands look as if they had never seen soap or water. One hand holds a basket for scraps of food which he may receive, and in the other he carries a stick to beat off the fierce dogs who act as scavengers in those crowded streets. Begging is a regular profession in the Chinese empire. They congregate together, men, women and children, in little, wretched huts outside the city, and at night share whatever kind people may have given them. If they have received money it has likely been spent for opium for they would rather have a smoke of that deadly poison than a bowl of rice. If they receive charity at one home, word is passed along to the next beggar and that door is besieged by many another wretched being until a stern refusal is given. One lady who saved her small cash for these beggars would be followed on the street by them clamoring for her pity, and if her money was gone they would threaten her and even try to rob her of parts of her clothing unless she had some one near to come to her aid. The end of these beggars is sad indeed for when they are ill or weak they creep off into some corner to die alone, then the death cart carries off the worn out bodies to a pauper's graveyard. China is not alone in having hosts of beggars. Our missionaries in India say we cannot imagine the fearful sights they see. Blind, lame, deformed cripples, make their salaams and beg for a few grains of rice. Lepers, old and young, are in the streets, keeping at a distance from the passerby but eagerly crying out for his help. It is a common custom for a missionary to set one morning a

week when beggars may come to their compounds or home and receive a portion of uncooked rice, while some native Christian tells them the blessed truth of Jesus, the Bread of Life, who is waiting to feed their their hungry souls. Poor as these beggars are, often nearly starving, they would not touch rice that had been cooked by a Christian for fear of breaking their caste. D. A. McGregor, our Mission Band representative in India, sent me a post card recently from Benares. The picture was of the great "Girn Bape," or Well of Knowledge, as the name would be in English. Our friend stood by this well watching the people come and go. Such ignorance, dirt, and vice all together are never seen in our Christian land. He feels India's great need of the Lord Jesus Christ, and longs for more young men to help him in trying to save the precious souls living in such wretched bodies.

People in Canada are being greatly stirred up this winter, and we pray that larger gifts for heathen lands will be the result. Beggars will then be stripped of their dirty rags, fed and clothed decently, but better still, will be taught, by the helping power of Jesus, to live clean, pure, true lives, looking forward with us to a brighter, better home in heaven.

Are you thankful for your birth in a land where Jesus is known and loved? How much are you thankful? Let your next offering to the Mission Band Mite Box answer that question.

SISTER BELLE.

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A MISSIONARY POTATO.

It was not a very large church, and it was not nicely furnished—no carpet on the floor, no frescoing on the walls; just a plain, square, bare frame building away out in southern Illinois. To this church came James and Stephen Holt every Sabbath of their lives.

On this particular Sabbath they stood together over the square box stove, waiting for Sabbath School to commence, and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for the poor church; they were used to having collections taken up for them. However, they were com-