

THE CANADIAN MISSIONARY LINK  
**OUR MISSION BANDS**

**WHAT THE SUN SAW.**

**India.**

What shines into your east window every morning? The great round sun looks as if he had just gotten up, but if you ask him he would say, "I am half way round the world already. India is called the East, and they say the sun rises in the East, so we will call India my starting place, though, as I never stop shining somewhere, I guess I never had but one start, and that was when God made me."

"But what did you see in India," Big Sun, when you woke up the children there?"

"Why I saw lots and lots and lots of brown babies, and little ones of all sizes. They did not have pretty bed-rooms and cribs as you do, nor nice clean clothes laid out for them to wear. The Hindu child's mother does not bother to dress it at all sometimes till it is about seven years old. I saw many whose only clothing was a bracelet or ring, or perhaps a string of beads or shells around its waist. The mud house in which the baby wakes up has no up-stairs, no windows, no paper on the walls, no carpet on the floor. Very often when baby wakes no one is at home; mother has gone to the rice fields to work with the rest of the folks, and unless there is a little sister in the family, baby must lie still and wait till mother comes back.

"But Little Sister, like Miriam, who watched the baby Moses, is a real little mother, and carries baby everywhere—he sits on her hip with one of her arms around the little one. Little Sister may grow very crooked if the baby is heavy, but she is only a girl, and girls are made to work and look after the boys, and if baby is a boy, Little Sister is proud to wait on him.

"Little Brother is busy, too, in some field likely, watching the cattle. I am very hot when I shine on India," the Big Sun says; "and so nearly everyone is up and at work before I rise in the morning.

When it gets near noon it is too hot to work; then the meal must be cooked, and Little Sister is very useful again in helping mother. She must know how to cook when she is grown, and you could often see her with a tiny fireplace, little pots and kettles, preparing food just as mother does. She helps to sweep the earth floor, sprinkles it with lime and then draws lines and curves to make a pretty pattern, which they all think as beautiful as your figured carpet. Little Sister has a rough wooden doll sometimes; she plays 'jacks,' 'tag,' 'hunt the button,' and 'ring,' only not choosing as you do, but marching in and out and around as you do to a drill."

But it is not because Little Sister's home and bed clothes are different from ours that we feel sorry for her; it is because she never heard about the dear Christ-child or her Father in heaven.

—Sel.

**BOBBY'S PRAYER.**

"Dear Father, there's the other boy to-night,

Who's praying to a god that's made of wood;

He asks it to take care of him till light,

And love him—but it won't do any good.

"He is so far I cannot make him hear:

I'd call to him and tell him, if I could,

That you'll take care of him, that you are near,

And love him—for his god is made of wood.

"I know he'd ask you if he only knew,

I know he'd love to know you if he could;

Dear God, take care of him, and love him, too—

The other boy, whose god is made of wood."

—Er.

"To the dreamer who can work, and the worker who can dream, life surrenders all things."

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