

## Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—All of you cannot work in the same way for foreign missions. A boy in the city cannot make a missionary garden and raise vegetables as easily as his cousin in the country. But because we are not able to do the thing that we would wish, it need not prevent our working in some other way for the children who have never heard of our loving Saviour. I once heard of six-year-old Neddie's work. The "Cheerful Gleaners" in his Sunday School were to hold a missionary social, and have their own programme of songs and recitations. They were also to have a table full of pretty things which they had made to sell. Neddie was eagerly looking forward to that evening. But he was not very strong, and any excitement made him ill. So his kind grandma said he could not go out at night. He did not get angry and cry over it, as some boys might have done. The brave wee man said cheerfully, "Well, if I cannot go and speak a piece I can work for the table, anyway." And for the next two weeks Neddie sat still making bright book-marks for sale. Then he put on coat, cap, boots and mittens to try and sell some of them himself. In a short time he came back, "See, grandma," he said, "God has helped me. Here is a dollar and fifteen cents for the heathen children." Other boys and girls went to the social and did their part well, but none were bappier than little Neddie as he lay tucked up in his bed thinking of the way he had earned his missionary money.

A friend of Mission Bands has asked me to print a recitation for boys to learn. Here is one that they will all like :

### THE LIGHTHOUSE AND ITS KEEPER.

On a sunken rock in the open sea  
 Stood a light-house high and strong ;  
 And the lamp was there with its splendid flame,  
 And the keeper all night long.  
 But the keeper had naught of pity or love ;  
 A hard, selfish man was he ;  
 He shaded the lamp and sent out no light  
 O'er the dark and perilous sea.

Safe in comfort himself, the nightly ships  
 Might strike or go safely by.  
 " Let them strike or go down, who care ?" said he,  
 " Men have only once to die."

One dismal night by a strong wind driven,  
 Came a ship with all sails spread ; --  
 No one thought of danger, for no one knew  
 Of the sunken rock ahead.

Fast sweeping along came the sail-clad ship ;  
 The white foam leaped from her prow ;  
 " All's well !" cried the watchman, pacing the deck,  
 " All's well !" puffed from stern to bow.

But scarce died away the watchman's cry,  
 When, crash ! went the ship to her fate ;  
 And there was the beacon that would have saved,  
 But 'twas seen, alas ! too late.

Oh ! fearful the cries of the drowning men  
 From the seething waves that night ;  
 And they cursed, as they sank, the merciless man,  
 Who refused his saving light.

The men of the ship are the heathen world,  
 The Beacon, the Book of God,  
 The keeper the Christian, who shades his lamp,  
 And sends not his light abroad.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

WHEN A MISSION HAS LOST THE CHARM OF NOVELTY and the attraction of freshness, and when its proceedings assume inevitably a routine character, there is danger that the interest and co-operation of its first friends may slacken and diminish. How is this to be avoided? In the nature of things, missions, like men and women, must grow old with advancing years. But they need not, any more than men, become unattractive or uninteresting on that account. Rather the reverse! They ought to command more sympathy instead of less, if they are succeeding, and realizing the desires of the founder. How can the permanent and increasing interest of its friends be secured for any given mission? Let each, if possible, have something to do for it; let each, be invited to give not passive co-operation only, but active. Let the responsibility and labour of conducting the work be more divided, and as large a circle as may be have a share of toil and anxiety and care on behalf of the mission. We love best, what we suffer and labour for most. If we only hear an oft-told tale of other people's doings and sufferings, we may grow weary of it. If we share their deeds and their sorrows, we shall never do so! It needs that all feel and realize that mission work is *their* work, and that some special mission is their special work, that they are in measure responsible for its success, and that its prosperity is their reward. Let secretaries remember this, and committees, and missionaries; let them seek to enlist, not supporters merely, but *helpers, fellow-labourers*, who will not weary of the work.

Whoever will be a follower of God, must separate himself from the world and its wickedness, must leave all consolation and help in the creature, and place his confidence only and alone in the Lord. If we follow the call of God, we are always in the right way.—Cramer.

HUMILITY is, of all graces, the chiefest when it doesn't know itself to be a grace at all.

It is not enough to avoid what the divine law condemns we must practice what it commands.

### WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from May 20th to June 25th 1884.

Uxbridge, M. C., \$11.70, of this \$4 was raised by Missionary teas; Smith, M. C., \$12; Ingersoll, M. C., \$12, of this \$7.50 were proceeds of a social; Whitevale, M. C., \$5; Brantford, M. C., \$11, Brantford, M. B., \$1, East Ward Church; St. George, M. C., \$4.89, of this \$2.20 from Miss. Quill; Cheltenham, M. C., \$2; Ailsa Craig, M. C., \$5; Denfield, M. C., \$40; Total, \$104.59.

In last report Beamsville, M. B., should be credited with \$12.50.

" All post-office orders should be made out to Mrs. W. H. Elliott."

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