

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper).

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—My babies have just been sent off to Slumberland. That has made me think of some good-night songs which are sung to heathen children among the Arabs. People say that every mother thinks her baby the best in the world. The Arab mothers feel this too, for they sing to their babies

One like you was never born,
One like you was never bought;
All the Arabs might grow old
Fighting ne'er so brave and bold;
Yet with all their battles fought,
One like you was never caught.

And again—

Good morning to you, little boy,
Your face like the dew, little boy.
There never was child so merry and wise,
So good morning to you, little boy.

The next seems to be written by a Christian Arab:—

Praise to Him who brings the light,
And keeps the birds in darkest night,
God is merciful to all;
Rise ye, men, and on Him call!
AMah praise, in every lot
He keeps you, and you know it not.

A little boy in Vermont, went to a missionary meeting. His heart was divided between the great need of India and love for his own home. So that night he prayed, "Dear Jesus, if you want me when I'm a man to leave my papa and mamma, and go and teach the heathen children, I will, but oh, I don't want to." It reminded me of my boy Andrew when three years old I had been telling him about the missionaries until his warm, loving heart was full. He left me and was playing horse in his favorite manner with all the dining-room chairs strapped together for his cab. At last he said earnestly, "Mamma, I'm going to be a missionary when I grow up, and tell these little children all I know." But after a few moments the home side of the question gained ground, and he continued, "Or else I'll be a cabman. Yes, I think I'd better be a cabman." We often laugh at the thoughts that come and go so quickly with the little ones, but if we try to tell even the smallest children about Jesus, and the great work He asked all who love Him to do, the good seed will be planted that shall surely bear fruit after many days.

I read a book last month called "From Darkness to Light." It was written by Mr. Clough, the missionary to the Telugus, whose work was so richly blessed by God a few years ago. There is much that would interest you all in the story of Lukshmiah's leaving the darkness of the heathen gods for the glorious light of Christ's gospel. The chapter called "Seed Sown" is very good. A missionary had preached Jesus in a heathen village. Many stayed to talk with him about this new religion. One asked, "If we take your God, won't the idols we have always worshipped kill us?" The preacher answered, "Idols were made by men. Which is greater, the one who makes, or the thing made? Your idols were all made by men who live among you. You do not fear these men, why do you fear what they have made? Men carry idols, but idols cannot move themselves. They are like dead bodies, no life, or strength, or power." An-

other heathen asked if Brahmins saying "muntras" over the idols did not give them life? The missionary answered, "God only can give life. If Brahmins say they can do so, why do they not make their own children alive again when they die?" And after a long talk about these things when asked if what he said was truth, he answered, "Yes, my words are true. If you still worship idols you are like children who in their play boil sand for rice; or like the thirsty traveller who tries to quench his thirst in a mirage lake. The soul of man is from God and can never be at peace until it finds its Maker, and rests in him." When you know that this preacher had been one of the heathen people himself until saved by Jesus, his words will have fresh interest for you. The hearts of many thousands in India are tiring of heathen darkness and longing for the light and truth we enjoy. The faithful missionaries we have sent to India are working so hard to help them come to the Light of the world. And yet, dear boys and girls, some people in our Baptist Churches in Canada are growing tired of sending money to help them, and God's work is being hindered by our neglect. Pray that God may forgive our coldness, and make our hearts warm enough to open these closed purses once more.

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

IT is a solemn fact, that, taking the world at large, of every three persons walking on the vast globe, two have never heard of a Saviour, have never seen a Bible, know nothing of heaven and nothing of hell.—REV. DANIEL WILSON, *Milamoy Conference*.

WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from August 20th to September 27th, 1883.

Cheltenham Circle, \$9; Cheltenham Sabbath School (Infant Class), \$1.31; Cheltenham Sabbath School (No. 1 Intermediate Class), 75c.; Stratford, \$12; Lakefield, \$17; St. George Circle, \$4.85; St. George Circle (mission quilt), \$7.70; Markham, 2nd Church, \$7; Jarvis-street, Toronto, \$5.55; Court-right and Moore, \$16.25; Whitewater, \$16.35; College-street, Toronto, \$5; Denfield, \$15.50; Peterboro, \$16; Strathroy, \$14; Aylmer, \$2.25; Wingham "Willing Workers," a half-yearly contribution to educate a girl and boy in India, year beginning July 10th, 1883, \$25.50; Timpany's Grove, \$7.90; Ingersoll, \$19; London, Talbot-st. Circle, \$18.10; Do., extra contributions, \$3.77, Do., sale of photos, M. B., \$5, Do., quilt, \$5, Do., collections, \$3.13; St. Thomas, \$15.20; Sarnia (towards Miss Mrs. T. S. Johnson a life member) \$10.00; Mrs. J. Wanless, Parkdale, 75c.; Mrs. P. Delonche, Guelph, 75c.; Mrs. B. McConnell, Mrs. B. F. Timpany, and Mrs. Cohoon (to support a girl in Cocanada school), \$25.00. Total, \$291.61.

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