

## Young People's Department.

Dear Mission Banders :-

This is the first time I have said anything to the members of the Bands, but I have begun to feel like the little children, sometimes look in church,—as if they just must talk. And what I want to talk about, is Miss Folsom's illness, and coming home,—what you, in Ontario West have heard about, in the letters to the Bands.

Miss Folsom has been a missionary, in India, for 26 years, far longer than most of us have lived, and she belongs very specially to the Mission Bands because she has been teaching boys and girls, all that time, in the Timpany Memorial School, where they speak English all the time, and where they have classes like we do in Canada, from the kindergarten, through the public schools and high schools right to the university.

Some of you saw Miss Corning last fall. She is the assistant principal of this school, and they thought in India, that she could come home to Canada, and have her holiday, and then, when she went back, Miss Folsom would come home. But Miss Folsom has been working too hard, and has taken sick, and the doctors say she must come home right away. If we only knew Miss Folsom, we would probably all like her so much that we would do everything we could think of for her. It seems to me, we ought to imagine we know her, and that she is like the nicest teacher we ever had, and then work as hard as we can, to get money to bring her home.

It ought not to be so very hard for all the Bands to raise \$350. You each have your regular money, you raise in some particular way, and of course, that must not be touched. But there are so many ways in which you can make extra, or get somebody to help you. In the January "Link," there was a story, of how some people raised some money, and perhaps some of you could do something like they did. Get your father, or somebody else, to give you a bushel of potatoes or apples, or some vegetables, and then sell them to the grocer. Perhaps your mother will give you some canned fruit or jelly or maple syrup, and you can sell these things too. And then,

you know there are many people who are just waiting to give you some money, if you will just remind them, and collect it for them. I don't believe there is a single Band, anywhere, who could not take 20 names, and divide them up among the members, each member taking 2 or 3, or even 1, and asking these people to give 25 cents, to help pay this extra \$350. Why, that would be \$5.00 anyway, from each Band.

Now, won't you all try this, right away, and let everybody see how the Bands can be great helpers in a hard place, and let Miss Folsom know how glad we all are to help her.

And we must all do it quickly, for the money must be in by May 1st. I have five 25 cent pieces now, and am just waiting for some member of our Band to come and ask me for them.

Yours hopefully,

The Editor.

### WHAT JOHNNY GAVE.

Johnny gave a cent to Missions.  
One whole cent—how large it seemed!  
Johnny felt himself a giver  
As upon the plate it gleamed.

One bright cent from Johnny's pocket,  
Where a nickle and a dime  
And three other duller pennies  
Were reposing at the time.

"I should like to go for missions"  
Said the nickle looking glum;  
"But I know too well I'm booked for  
Lemonade or chewing gum!"

"I would love to help the heathen,"  
Cried the dime; "but then you see,  
Johnny wants a nice new novel  
That he's going to buy with me."

"Well, we wish, the three cents murmured,  
Johnny would let us go;  
But for marbles, cakes or taffy  
We'll be quickly spent you know."

So they sighed and wished, but Johnny,  
Wrapped in generous self-content,  
Felt himself a Christian truly  
Since he'd freely given a cent!

—Selected.