

Youths' Department.

TWO BABY BOYS.

A mission band out in Calgary wants me to write some more stories about the children in heathen lands in the Link.

Just after that letter came I read of two baby boys who were as dearly loved as the merry laddie in your own home. Let me show you the pictures in my own way.

It is early morning in India, as a missionary rides slowly into a village. While looking for a good place to talk about Jesus, he sees a crowd of men around the door of a native hut. Salaams were given, and the question put, "Are you all quite well?" One man of the Koli caste answered, "My only son is dying; come in and see him." In a dark corner of the hut, in a swinging cradle, was the poor, sick baby boy. His mother and three sisters were near him, but the man cared more for his boy than for any of them. Who would bear his name after his death if this boy died? Who would carry out the necessary plans for his own funeral if he had no son?

Carefully examining the dear wee boy, the missionary prayed for wisdom from above, then decided to try treatment and medicine. The father ran in haste to the mission house for articles required, and by God's blessing on the means used, in a few days the baby boy was well.

Shortly afterwards the parents brought the boy to the mission house. The missionary was very busy on his sermon for the next Sunday, but waited patiently to see and hear the man's story. He said: "My only son has been cured, brought back from death by the mercy and skill of the sahib, and we have come to thank you." Then he waited a few minutes before saying, "Now we know that our household gods are no good, have no power over sickness, and we have thrown them out. Would the sahib please give us his photograph to put up in their place that we may worship it?"

The missionary tried to tell them about the one true God, the "Great Physician" who had healed the baby boy, and that He only deserved to be worshipped by them. The old, old story of Jesus and His love was new tidings to these parents, and they went home wondering why the missionary did not want their worship for his photo.

Oh, the ignorance of the many millions of fathers and mothers on our own Telugu field! Thank God the long looked-for Revival has reached that dark land, and many precious souls are being brought nearer the Light of the World.

Our other picture is of a city in Egypt. A lady missionary, who is also a doctor, had been hard at work all the hot day. The glaring streets, the sights, and sounds, and smells of the heathen city had made her heart heavy. Now she was at rest in the mission house outside the city walls. A bath to refresh her weary body, and clean clothes inside and out made her feel better. But here comes a woman with a long veil carrying a baby boy on her

shoulder. She was rich, and felt that she was lowering her position in coming to a foreign doctor, but the mother loved her boy, and feared he was becoming blind. This made her eager to beg help for his sake. One of the missionaries advised the doctor to tell her to come in the morning, as she was really too tired for another patient that day. The doctor shook her head and answered, "It was just to such needy ones as these that my Lord loved to give relief. Perhaps she will let me speak to her of my Saviour." The baby boy was taken on her knee, and tenderly, carefully the poor eyes were examined; then she said to the anxious mother, "I think he may be cured if you bring him every morning to my hospital for treatment." This the mother promised to do, but still waited on her mat. Presently she said in surprise, "You have asked me for no pay. Shall I bring you a present instead?" But when the doctor said she wanted neither present nor pay the woman looked puzzled. "Why, then, should you cure my child? What is it to you if my poor little boy does no longer see the happy sunshine?"

The missionary took her Bible and read the beautiful story of the blind men sitting by the wayside whose eyes Jesus opened because he had pity for them. The woman had heard about Jesus and said, "The Prophet Jesus loved men even as our Lord Mahomet loved them?" "Yes," said the missionary; "and far, far more; so much more that He died for all men, even for Mahomet, and for you and me. I love Him for this great love, and for His death on the cross for me. I also love you and your little one because He loves you."

Day after day the mother carried her baby boy to the missionary. At last the light came back to the little eyes, and joy to the mother's heart. She listened day by day to the story of Jesus, and the good seed went down deep in her heart. Now, it is evening once more, and in a dimly-lighted room forty women are sitting on their mats in front of the missionary. Yes, it is a prayer-meeting for the Christian women who have learned to love our Jesus. One after another speaks or prays full of thankfulness for all that this dear Saviour has done for them. A stranger raises her hand to show that she wants to speak. By her side is the little child, still wearing a bandage over her eyes. She tells how she used to hate the missionaries and their new religion, but was forced to seek help from them for her baby boy. Now she says, "The stranger's medicines healed my child, but her teaching has wounded my heart. I want to find rest and peace. Tell me more about Jesus."

Gladly the missionary and native Christians told her the message she wanted to hear, and one more soul enters Christ's kingdom. Thank God for these baby boys whose need brought their parents nearer to Jesus!

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