

Young People's Department.

GLADNESS.

Yes, that is the name of a little girl in India! Miss Carmichael, in her book named "Overweights of Joy," tells how she learned to love Jesus. Do you remember the story I told you a few months ago about "Star"? It was in the same book but I wrote it over in my own way for the boys and girls who read the Link, as this book is too grown up for most of you yet.

A native Christian heard of this little girl, who was shut up in a dark room and beaten day after day because it was known that she wanted to be a Christian. A heathen uncle had the care of little Gladness, and he hated the name of Jesus. But three years before, at an open air meeting, she had heard the missionary pray to One she called "Jesus, loving Saviour." So, in her dark room, all alone, she began to pray to this same Jesus. The missionary told her that wicked men had beaten Him, too, so she felt sure He would know how she felt while her uncle was beating her. At last a way of escape was opened for her to the missionary's home. Now she could learn more about the Saviour; she had proved that He was able to deliver her. The 19th chapter of John was read to her slowly, that she might understand each verse. The tears were streaming down her cheeks as she learned that Jesus died on the cross, so she might live with Him above.

The friend who had brought her to the missionary was afraid of the cruel uncle's anger, but she prayed to Jesus for help and then told Gladness, "He says He will go back with me," and she went back to her home happy in knowing He would take care of her.

One young mother wanted to be a Christian. Her husband said, "You can do as you like. I can easily get another cook, but you cannot live in my house if you are a Christian, and, remember, the children must stay with me." She was sitting on the verandah with her little baby, only one month old, on her knee, and replied: "Do you really mean I cannot have my baby?" That was just what he did mean, so she hugged her baby close in her arms and decided to stay a heathen rather than give up her little child who needed a mother's care. Our own missionaries could tell us many stories just as sad as Miss Carmichael has told us in her two books. When we hear of such sorrow in India let us pray more earnestly for the women and little girls who are born in that dark land. Then let us save our money to send more missionaries and Bibles to them.

SISTER BELLE.

519 McLaren Street, Ottawa.

LITTLE "ONE-TOO-MANY."

When little To-tsi first opened her baby mouth the old Chinese nurse shook her head in dismay, for on one of the little pink gums gleamed a pearly white spot, the tip of a tiny tooth.

"She will bring us much sorrow," wailed the mother. "Take her away! I cannot bear to look at her."

But the baby was not taken away; a nurse was found to care for her, and though she was permitted to live in the family, her name proclaimed to relatives, friends and neighbors that she was not wanted there. "To-tsi" they called her—"One-too-many."

Possibly To-tsi would have had some mothering in spite of the ill-omened