

## Youths' Department.

### TO THE MISSION BANDS.

**T**HE revised lists from Sanulotta Seminary, India, reached us on March 5th, and as rapidly as possible, messages are being sent to the various supporters of the individual students. Three of last year's scholars are dead; two from regular classes died of cholera, and one from the theological class of beri-beri. There are now 79 pupils in the school, in classes as follows: Third Form, 15; Second Form, 10; First Form, 24; Fourth Standard, 18; in the Theological Department, in senior year, 7, and in the junior year, 5. 28 have had the honor of being promoted. Small lists are given yearly to the Band Secretary of the Eastern Society, and to the Secretary of the General Board, so that in all 45 are provided for. It is necessary to give other names to ten of our Bands, but Mr. Stillwell assures us that all students of last year are still in one way and another connected with the mission. So the good work goes on, and seed sown in young lives will yield abundant and blessed harvest. Kindly direct any further inquiries concerning students to the Band Secretary, Mrs. G. W. Barber, 35 Charlotte St., Brantford, Ont.

### TWO LITTLE MARTHAS.

A baby girl was born one day in a great big house on a city avenue. Her three-year-old sister trotted over to the cradle a dozen times a day to be sure nobody had taken away this dolly that was alive. Papa came in to look, and called her the finest baby in town. Mamma cuddled her close to her breast, and said no mother ever had a sweeter baby. All the children of the neighborhood came to see her dear little fingers and toes, while her sister told them her name was Martha. Years rolled on, the two little girls went off to Sunday School together and wee Martha felt shy among so many strange faces. After a few Sundays she learned to love her teacher, and enjoyed singing about Jesus, or listening to stories from the Bible.

Just about this time another baby girl was born away over in Turkey, and they called her "Marta," that is the way Turks would say Martha. She was such a wee bit of a baby, and nobody called her sweet or darling.

Her mother was very poor, and could hardly get food enough for her other children to eat. Girls have such a hard life in Turkey, no soft, warm, dainty garments like our babies have, no cradle, no carriage, only one thing just like that other baby, her name Martha. Soon there came a dreadful day. Cruel Turks came and killed the poor father for being a Christian. Little Marta was given to the Missionaries to warm, clothe and feed her. Soon she grew plump and rosy, and the old, frightened look left her face. She began to run about, laugh, talk and sing, just like Canadian little girls do.

But the people on this side of the ocean thought they were giving too much to foreign missions, and said they must "Make a cut" (dreadful words!) on the expenses of their mission in Turkey, so little Marta, and others like her, were in danger of being sent home. What do you think kept her in the care of the kind missionaries? Why, over in the infant class of the City Sunday School, where our rich little Martha sat so happily, a missionary came to visit, and told the sad story. Our dear little girl looked up with tears in her big blue eyes and said to the teacher, "I have thirteen cents in my purse, and will give it all to keep little Marta in school." The teacher told the superintendent, and a nice box with a hole in the top was put upon the desk. All the children, big and little, who wanted to help keep Marta safe and happy put their money in it. Very soon enough was there to keep the little girl in Turkey with the loving missionaries. Now, our boys and girls are working for India instead of for Turkey, but just such little girls and boys in that dark land are waiting to be helped in the same way. Who has thirteen cents in her purse and a willing heart to give it all as dear little Martha had? It would save our missionaries many a sad hour if the children of Canada remembered the boys and girls of India, and sent their money to them for Jesus' sake.

SISTER BELLE.

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### HOW CHINESE CHILDREN LEARN TO WORSHIP IDOLS.

How do Chinese children learn to worship idols? This is a question I presume children