

Youth's Department.

ONLY A HEATHEN LASSIE.

(A True Incident.)

Only a heathen lassie
With skin and eyes of brown;
Only a heathen lassie
Without hat or shoes or gown.
She had never heard of the Bible,
Or of God and His Son of love,
Of goodness and truth and kindness,
Of the happy home above.

Yet the heart of this heathen lassie
Was the heart of a little child;
She was hungry for love and kindness,
For a word that was tender and mild.

One day a missionary
Came at his Master's call,
To tell the people of Jesus
And His love for one and all.

In the crowd was the little lassie
With hungry, upturned face;
And by her side another,
Younger but full of grace.

The preacher saw them standing,
And his great heart filled with love;
He longed to caress them and tell them
Of Jesus, the Friend above.

So out of the basket he carried,
The preacher drew forth a bun
To attract the timid children,
But 'twas only enough for one.

The eyes of the heathen lassie
Grew eager with longing then;
She started, took one step forward,
But afraid, drew back again.

Yet the bun was still inviting,
The preacher's arm reached wide,
She ran and snatched it and hurried
Back to her sister's side.

She was only a heathen lassie
And 'twas only a little bun;
She could eat it all in a hurry,
For 'twas hardly enough for one.

She never had heard of sharing,
So she gave her sister the whole;
The sister divided it 'twixt them,
These sisters each had a soul.

Oh, children in Christian countries,
Who have so much to spare,
Your pennies, your dimes, your nickels,
Your quarters, will you not share?

You have the Bible stories,
You know of Jesus' care;
But countless heathen children
Of these have not a share.

Your money will buy them Bibles,
Will help build churches too;
Oh, share with the heathen children
What God has given to you.

—Around the World.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.



We have had one in Ottawa this week, for two sisters who love each other so much that they like to go hand-in-hand whenever they can. One of them is thirty-two years old and the other nineteen. They are engaged in the same work under different names. Some of your mothers and older sisters were at this party. We all met in the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, Ottawa, beautiful, comfortable and well fitted for christian work. Here we spent two days this week trying to learn how we could make next year happier and more useful. Have you guessed the names of the two sisters? Foreign and Home Missionary Societies, the first born thirty-two years ago, and the other nineteen. There are older brothers in the family who are always ready to help their sisters in every good work. Some other pen will give you a proper report of our meetings, but I want to tell you the news that pleased me. One of our Bands last year planted potatoes for the Lord, and in spite of the poor crops the farmers tell of, they had a fine harvest. A special meeting is soon to be held to sell these potatoes, and then the secretary of this Band at Rockland is going to write telling you how much money was gained.

Just watch for her letter, boys and girls! Now, I want to tell you of another such meeting held in China some time ago, the first "Woman's Convention" ever held in that great empire as far as the missionary who described it knew. 160 small churches were each asked to send two of their women (the best ones to carry reports home), to meet for ten days in Wei Hsien, and discuss a list of twenty subjects, which was printed like our programmes were. Did the women come? Yes, indeed!