

Youths' Department.

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.

(Continued.)

Leader—

Tell me now of Afric's millions ;
Do they yet the Saviour know ?
Till they do, the Master bids us,
" To them with the Gospel go."

Africa—

Millions in this land of darkness
Know not yet of Christ the King,
But are bound in superstitions,
That like vampires round them cling,
With the horrors of the slave trade,
That has cursed this sunny land,
Gather countless sins and sorrows,
Crushing hope with cruel hand.

Christians, so-called, send them vessels
Bearing to them maddening rum ;
Should not those who love the Saviour
With his Gospel to them come,
Bringing messages of mercy
From the God who loves the lost,
Leading them from sin and sorrow
To Himself at any cost.

Leader—

What of the neglected country,
South America's dark land,
Is it still to lie in darkness,
Without any helping hand ?

South America—

Rome is hiding her in darkness,
With no power her wrongs to right ;
And unable her to lighten,
She herself without the light.
Thus we need and ought to help her ;
In Bolivia we've begun ;
Telling them of God our Father,
And His grace through Christ His Son.

How He would have all to trust Him,
Who alone from sin can save ;
Who in love and pity for them,
E'en his Son a ransom gave.
Are you helping on this mission
With your prayers, or gifts of gold ?
For His sake who died to save us
Let not one his aid withhold.

Leader—

Finally, O watchman, tell us
Of the Islands of the sea ;
Whether in sins cruel bondage,
Or in Jesus Christ made free.

Islands of the Sea—

Many Islands in sin's bondage,
Having heard God's saving word,
Now have thrown away their idols,
And are worshipping the Lord.
But we long to have this Gospel
Spread o'er every isle and main,
Freeing from sin's galling fetters,
And from superstition's chain.

SISTER BELLE.

AMONG THE TELUGUS.

REV. J. McLAURIN, D.D.

OVER thirty years ago a little Telugu girl who had believed in Christ was rescued by the missionary from a degrading marriage with a debased old heathen, who had bought her of her heathen father. She was brought to the station, fed and clothed, and put into the boarding school. But she seemed to have no capacity for study, and it was decided to return her to her village, hoping that in the meantime her old suitor had provided himself with another. But in her own village she looked so like a queen, though in the station so unpromising, that we changed our minds and brought her back again. She was given work in the kitchen, while the missionary's wife taught her to read. She improved rapidly. Shortly after, one of the young teachers asked her in marriage of the astonished missionary. When asked what he saw in Gangama to admire, he said : " She is cleanly, sensible and pious,"—reasons which we could not withstand ; and they were married.

When starting for their field of labor the missionary's wife gave her this advice : " Gangama, you do not know much, but you can be neat and clean and truthful, and it may be you can teach some little girl about Jesus." With beaming face she said, " I will." On her first return she reported that she was teaching a little girl, and that she was " hearing well"; the next month she reported that she " had a mind to believe," and finally on a Saturday evening, in company with many others, she and her husband came. The missionary and wife were waiting to welcome them. The husband marched in front, and next in order and two or three yards behind, as became a dutiful Hindu wife, came this little reaper, and behind her again, was the little begrimed, tattered disciple. Her face was all aglow, and when she came near she cried out, " She's come ! She's come !" Her little disciple was baptized, and on Monday she started to the jungle for more. No book could have wielded the power she did in that community.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine.*