

SISTER BELLE'S CORNER.

For the Little Folks who read this Paper.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—How quickly this month has passed! It seems just like yesterday since our last talk about India. But these weeks have gone, with the record of how each of us has spent them, back to the God who gives our lives. Are we trying to spend each day as He would have us?

Perhaps some of you are saying, "What can I do to teach the heathen about Jesus?" As we have been talking of their sad state, you have thought you would like to be missionaries, and spend your lives in this work.

When I was a little girl my papa gave me a book with such a sad picture in it. There was a wide river with a crocodile near the shore. Its mouth was wide open, and it was looking with hungry eyes at some one on the bank. A dark woman was standing there, and in her arms she held a dear little baby. Her face looked so full of sorrow, she seemed to be clasping the baby right to her heart. My mother told me what this picture meant, and then it was still more sad to me. The people of India pray to a river that flows through that land called the Ganges. They think that it is a God, and have been taught that their prayers to it will not be heard unless they give it something they love very much. You know there is nothing so dear to a mother's heart as her own little child. The more helpless a baby is, and the more trouble it makes, the greater is the mother's love for and tender patience with it. These India mothers loved their babies, but had been taught that if they would please the river god, they must throw these living children into the river where the crocodiles waited to eat them. Many a poor mother used to do this even while her heart ached in doing it. Then she would run away quickly that she might not hear the cries of her child. This is what the picture in my book meant. That dark woman was just going to obey the cruel law and throw the baby into the river. Do you wonder that her face was full of sorrow as she pressed it close in her arms for the last time. I never could forget that picture and often would look at it and cry for the poor mother who had been taught such wicked things. It made me want to go to India and teach these poor women about the God of Love, who never asks such a sacrifice. Yet God gave up His only Son to die for us, so that we through His death might have life.

There are so many sad things taking place all the time in the dark lands where the light of the Bible has never gone. The pennies we give week by week help to buy Bibles and tracts to send to heathen India. It is just as if we helped to make one ray of sweet sunshine fall in their dark hearts. This is one way we can help them to learn about Jesus. Good bye until next month.

SISTER BELLE.

Brantford, Oct. 24th, 1878.

THE DYING RED INDIAN BOY.

"I found him," says the Missionary, "dying of consumption, and in a state of the most awful poverty and destitution, in a small birch-rind covered hut, with nothing but a few fern leaves under him and an old blanket over him. After recovering from my surprise, I said, 'My poor boy, I am very sorry to see you in this state; had you let me know, you should not have been lying here.' He replied, 'It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore'

I then asked him the state of his mind, when he replied that he was very happy; that Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory, had died to save him, and that he had the most perfect confidence in Him. Observing a small Bible under the corner of his blanket, I said, 'Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find something good there.' Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, held it in his attenuated hand, while a smile played on his countenance, and slowly spoke in precisely the following words: 'This, sir, is my dear friend. You gave it me. For a long time I read it much, and often thought of what it told. Last year I went to see my sister at Lake Winnipeg (about two hundred miles off), where I remained about two months. When I was half-way back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned round, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro, before I could reach the house; but I found my friend, and determined I would not part with it again, and ever since it has been near my breast, and I thought I would have it buried with me; but I have thought since I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good.'—*Illus. Miss. News.*

WHAT SOME WOMEN ARE DOING FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE.

In the *Sword and Trowel* for September, Mr. Spurgeon makes this note:—"Friends will notice in our College accounts the sum of £20 from 'Two Sisters, profits of College House.' Now, to this amount there attaches deep interest. Two Christian ladies of private means thought that they could help our work for the Lord if they opened a shop and gave all the profits to the College. Some years ago they commenced business, sacrificing their ease in this most laudable endeavour. * * * Having, as private ladies, very little knowledge of business, the 'Two Sisters' did not make a profit, nor even meet their expenses for years, but they were resolved not to be beaten, and so they have continued the shop till the first profit has been gained and paid in. Having seen their indefatigable zeal, and having known what sacrifices they have made, we now feel that we must put aside every shade of false delicacy, and say that the shop is known as College House, 209, Tottenham Court Road. If our friends purchase goods there the profits will all go to the Pastor's College, and they will not have to pay more than they would elsewhere. The ladies do not even take their own board and lodging from the proceeds."

MARTYRDOM IN CHINA.

The Martyrdom of a native Chinese Christian at one of the inland remote stations of the Scotch Mission, is reported by the Rev. Dr. Ashmore of Swatow. An infuriated crowd rushed into a meeting of the Christian converts, attacked and fearfully beat six or eight who were present, and then pursued two who had escaped. One of these was the principal agent in introducing the new religion, against whom they were specially incensed. They dragged him out of the village, beat him till he was senseless, and then cut his throat. The case has been laid before the English Consul.

IT MAY BE VISIONARY, but we expect to live and die believing that the millions of money spent in the luxuries and dissipation of life ought to go to building up the Redeemer's kingdom in the earth. It is an awful responsibility to be rich, a fearful thing to be selfish.—*The Advocate of Missions.*

TWO MILLIONS, nine hundred and forty-three thousand five hundred and ninety-seven copies of Bibles, Testaments and Portions, were circulated by the British and Foreign Bible Society within its financial year just closed. The expenditure for this enormous issue at home and abroad amounted to 227,865. 18s. 1d., being an increase of 19,475. 5s. 0d., as compared with previous year. This increase is wholly due to the extensive and costly effort made in connection with the recent war in the East of Europe.

IN EVERY ONE OF THE GREAT COUNTRIES of Asia where Christian Missions are being conducted there are clear signs of the day-dawn. The way is fast being prepared for the overthrow of the huge and hoary systems of idolatry. It is time for the Christian church to awake from its apostasy and its unbelief; to cease from its efforts at defending the doctrines of the Bible against the stupid attacks of infidelity, and to address itself to the more worthy and promising work of diffusing the gospel in the vast and melancholy wastes of heathen countries. But I must not indulge myself in this connection, with framing an appeal for the Foreign Mission enterprise. It is hopeful and cheering to find Christians on every hand who are beginning to see and to say that the secondary and subordinate thing, in the line of Christian activity, is church building in evangelized countries, and that the superior, supreme and grand thing is, sending the bread of life into the unevangelized lands, swarming with millions of famishing souls.—*W. S. McKenst, of Boston, in Christian Visitor.*

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