

will this printed letter do for an answer to the one you sent me? So many boys and girls write to "Sister Bell" when they read the Link and Baptist that she cannot answer each one by mail. Each letter is carefully read, however, and the dear little writer prayed for that he or she may grow up to be a useful soldier in the army of Jesus Christ.

SISTER ERLLE.

558 McLaren Street, Ottawa.

HAL'S INVESTMENT.

Hal's pocket was a very queer place
A little of everything in it:
A ball, a knife, some hooks and tacks,
That he might need any minute.

But one day it held a brand-new cent,
Yellow and shining as gold,
Not to be spent for candy or toys,
But to be "vested," he told.

So he 'vested first in shinele nails,
And straight off to his mother ran.
"I'll fix the closet for you now,
As well as the carpenter man."

Ten cents he earned with his penny,
Then bought two balls of stout twine,
And each fruit bush in the garden
He tied up straight and fine.

So the penny grew all summer,
Turned over again and again,
Until at "Treasury meeting"
It counted up twenty times ten.

The queer little jacket pockets
Could scarce all the money hold,
And a prayer went up with each penny
As it into the mite-box rolled.
—Over Land and Sea.

SHADI'S PRAYER

A missionary lady had a little Hindu orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night, when he was six years old, she said to him: "Now pray a little prayer of your own."

And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was this: "Dear Jesus, make me what you were like when you were six years old."—Child's Gem.

TWO LITTLE BABIES.

Two little babies were born one day,
One in our country and one in Cathay;
To each one's mother her babe was dear
And though one was so far and one so near,
The same kind Father in heaven had they—
The babe in our country
and the one in Cathay.

These babes grew quickly, as babies should,
Sweet and pretty and pure and good,
They grew into childhood day by day;
They grew into knowledge at work and at play;
And no one could tell, except in one way,
Which grew in our country
and which in Cathay.

The babies were taught very early to pray
You know how 'tis done; 'tis a mother's sweet
way);
The dear name of Jesus was spoken by one;
The other head bowed to an image of stone.
And that was the difference by which you could
say

Which prayed in our country
and which in Cathay.

Our Saviour has love for the babes in Cathay—
A heart full of pity for their darkened way.
He wants them to know that the God who is
true

Is living and listening to them and to you;
Is heeding the prayers of those who obey,
Whether here in our country
or afar in Cathay.

Now how shall we carry the tidings to-day—
The story of Jesus to far-off Cathay?
There is only one way; can you tell what it
is,

So that all through the world the babes shall
be His?

We must send it ourselves, and this is the
way—

From the babes in our country
to those in Cathay.

Our pennies will go where our love leads the
way,

From the babes in our country to those in
Cathay;

For pennies are needed, your pennies, and mine,
So this is the way, and this is the sign
That Jesus is sent in the very best way

From the babes in our country
to those in Cathay.

—Exchange.