

Young People's Department.

WHAT WE BELIEVE.

Have you ever seen boys and girls with building-blocks, trying to make a village? One little girl named Nora, had a very complete set and enjoyed putting them together. Her father said, one day, "Is your village a Christian or heathen one?" When Nora said it was Christian, because a church was in it, he asked if that were the only thing she would require to take out to change it into a heathen village. She said, that the public schools with their up-to-date helps would have to go, too, and the public library. Her father said, "Take out the hospital, for it is only built by Christian people, then remove your Home for the aged, and the Orphan's Home."

"But, there will be nothing left of any good! Does knowing Jesus really make such a difference? I am so glad we are not living in a heathen land!" And you will all agree with Nora.

Yet, boys and girls, these saloons and bar-rooms in our land, protected and licensed by our laws would not be found in a heathen village. One of India's women, who heard the ten commandments explained, said, there was a great difference in them as read in our Book, and as practised by those who professed to believe in it. Another missionary tells us that a Hindu father thinks his son is becoming too much interested in Christianity, he sends him for a trip to a Christian land to see the lives of so-called Christians, sure that he will come home cured of his desire to learn more of a religion which makes so little difference in the lives of those who profess to believe in Jesus Christ. In another paper, a Turk, who had been reproached for his people killing the Armenians, replied, that in our Koran which he had read and admired, there was one verse about trying to take a mote out of another's eye, while a bean was in our own. While Christian lands were willing to license the traffic in the drinks that make people drunk, though they know the ruin, shame, sin, suffering and sorrow that will be a sure result to many thous-

ands in the land, they need not talk about the Turks for killing quickly a few hundred heretics. It makes us tremble at times, as members of a mission band, to know that our own lives are not faithfully witnessing for Jesus Christ. Does He look at you and at me, boys and girls, and wonder if we really mean what we profess to believe? Is He disappointed in us? Are we helping or hindering those who are being influenced by us? Let us ask Him to make us more faithful in our own lives, and then we can help others come to Him.

Sister Belle,

22 Melgund Ave, Ottawa.

HOW WE HELPED.

- 1 I made lots of stitches
In a patchwork square.
Hardest work I ever
Did, too, I declare.
- 2 I can't sew, but grandma
Holders made for me;
These I sold to carry
Help where need may be.
- 3 I shelled beans for Jesus,
(Papa said I might);
So my little fingers
Made a shilling bright.
- 4 My mamma, to help me,
Bottled up some ink;
I've sold seventy cents' worth!
Now what do you think?
- 5 Out of aunt's pansies,
I've picked every weed,
And she's going to give me
All I'll sell of seed.
- 6 I can 'muse the baby
When he wants to play.
Many a shining penny
I have made this way.
- 7 Sometimes I run errands
Over 'cross the street;
Earn my mission money
Helping older feet.

—Selected.