

Youths' Department.

MISSIONS.

In many Christian churches throughout this prosperous land,
There's a little Group of workers called the Missionary Band,
And they meet in prayerful session, to strive and work and plan,
For means to send the Gospel to ignorant heathen man.

They need your prayers and money, they need you, every one,
Lest the lonely few grow weary in the good work there begun;
And the blessing God intended upon your church to stay,
May, by your lack of effort, pass on some other way.

Don't say, "I am so stinted, the little I can spare.
Won't make the slightest difference if I never place it there."

You may not bring the dollars your generous heart desired,
But where little has been given, little will be required.

Then bring your dimes and nickels, and drop them in with a prayer,
That God may bless His missions, and bless the givers; there

The coins may prove like raindrops pattering on the mountain side,
Which help to fill the streamlets that to the river glide.

The rivers of God's knowledge must roll on, broad and free,
Till they cover all God's footstool, as the waters do the sea.

Perchance that little offering you'll never miss again,
May help to buy a Bible that will cross the trackless main,

And in some foreign country may reach a heathen's door,

To teach the old, old story, where it ne'er was heard before.

Thus by your humble effort, you're fulfilling God's command,

To sow beside all waters, and not withhold your hand.

—Mrs. J. Van Wick in "The Mission Field."

NO BETTER THAN THE HEATHEN.

Quite often of late people have said in my hearing "He is a regular heathen!" or "Such heathenish ways or speech!" It set me thinking, boys and girls, would you like to hear my thoughts? Canadians seem to take it for granted that those living in our Christian Dominion, especially the whites, should be much better than their Indian neighbours, or the "heathen Chinese." I think so, too, for we have had the Bible all our lives.

We have heard about the wonderful love of Jesus since we were little tots at our mother's knee. Wonder if converted boys and girls from heathen nations ever set us an example worth following? Miss Isabel Crawford, one of our own Canadian people who has spent many years teaching the Indians, tells of one Indian boy getting ready for church. He told her he made his body very clean from head to foot and then (instead of laughing and playing around with the other Indian boys,) he said: "I sit down and think Jesus until it is time to go to church." How much more we would enjoy our pastors sermons if we followed this boy's example! A good listener makes a good preacher. We must have our heart garden ready for the good seed if we wish for a fruitful harvest.

Some boys and girls not 100 miles from Ottawa, like the junior meetings, and enjoy going to them. Sometimes they whisper and giggle during the hymns, or prayers, or the earnest words prepared with prayer by the one who speaks. Another Indian boy said he did not think the "Jesus House" was a place in which to laugh or tell jokes. He said: "When we get to that door we must leave our funny, and when we go out we may pick it up again."

My boys and girls would make many a preacher and teacher glad if they left their "funny" out of their "Jesus House."

One of our native Telugu Christians said that his rice never tasted good in the morning until he had prayed to Jesus first. Do my boys and girls ever forget to pray before they are so hungry for breakfast? Mrs Bishop tells us: in China she has seen the missionary's house thronged from morning till night by men and women, boys and girls, who have walked many miles just to hear a little more about the loving Jesus who died to be their Saviour. Are we as hungry for God's Word as these Chinese brothers and sisters of ours?

Let us watch ourselves carefully and see if we "are better than the heathen" who have learned to love our Jesus.

SISTER BELLE.

558 McLaren Street, Ottawa.