

Youths' Department.

JUST LIKE ME

TWO lines have been running through my head this morning so I thought best to pass them on to the boys and girls who read the Link.

"What kind of a world would this world be
If every person were just like me?"

If every member of your mission band or Sunday School class was just like you, would they all be present at each meeting, ready to help the President or teacher in any way she needs?

If every scholar in your day-school were just like you, would all the lessons be perfectly learned? Would every scholar be anxious to keep the record of the school high? Would there be no whispering or breaking the rules?

And how about those mite boxes in which you were going to save odd pennies for the little brothers and sisters over in India, who do not know that Jesus Christ came to save them? If every box were just like yours, how many heathen children could your Band help. And how is it at home with the people that you love best, if every one were just like you would loving words be heard all the time? Would Jesus Christ see little lights shining brightly for Him?

Somebody shakes her head saying "O! I do not want people to be just like me!" and many a "grown up" boy and girl feels the same way. But there is One that we may all copy, for our own happiness and the world's good. If we were trying to be more like Jesus all the time, what good mission band meetings we should have! How easy it would be for people to see that we were really trying to be sunbeams in this world where so many lives are spent in darkness; Jesus would be glad to look down in each heart, and know you were doing this because you love him and wanted every body else to be "just like you."

SISTER BELL.

558 McLaren Street, Ottawa.

QUEER KOREAN CUSTOMS.

All things in Korea are strange to foreigners. Thimbles are of cloth, beautifully embroidered. There are no buttons or pins, and garments are tied with ribbons. Soap is sold in the form of a powder, and the only matches are shavings tip-

ped with sulphur. These have to be put into the fire to light them. The market scenes are interesting. You see pompous men in long gowns and high hats, poor women with green cloaks over their heads, and scores of boys carrying vegetables. The people are early risers, and the best time to market is between five and six in the morning. Two hours later the stands are all cleared away, and you have to rely on the retail stores or shops. Eggs are bought by the stick, and are stacked up like kindling wood. Ten eggs are laid end to end, and they are then wrapped about with straw, so that they stand out straight and stiff, and look more like clubs than eggs. In the stores these sticks of eggs are piled up crosswise, and the price is about three cents a stick.—*The Missionary Helper.*

AN AFRICAN SAMUEL.

In the Swiss Romande Mission at Lourenco Marques, Portugese East Africa, a teacher explained to her black, but bright, pupils the parable of the king who invited people to his feast. When she finished speaking, one of the boys who had long seemed near to the kingdom, came to tell her that he wanted to follow Jesus. Then a smaller boy said the same thing. "Have you felt for some time that God has been calling you?" asked the teacher, "No," said the little boy, "it is only to-day; but I listened right off when He called." Then the little fellow's elder brother felt obliged to explain, "I haven't followed Jesus because He hasn't called me yet!" Both boys spoke with a sincerity that interests one in the unfolding of character among those Africans.—*Bureau of Missions*

MANY LITTLES MAKE MUCH.

Once there was a little snowflake that thought: "Oh, I can do no good. I could not make enough snow for one small boy to draw his sled upon."

But he joined himself to millions more snowflakes, and they all flew down and spread a pure white carpet upon the earth. So many little hands and hearts of many little folks can do a vast amount of good when joined together.