

missionary.

The missionary took her from the old woman and put her in a foundling hospital, where they could watch over her and care for her. They had her baptised, and because her grandmother wished it, they called her Kin-Kyan, or Grace-bringer. "Because," she said, "some day I want her to bring grace to her parents and lead them to the Saviour." In a few weeks rather a strange thing happened; the parents began to want their little girl back again. I should not wonder if a good many of these Chinese parents would like to have their children back again after a while, but they are usually dead or quite beyond their reach.

The missionaries were very glad to send little Grace-bringer back to their parents, but you may be sure they did not forget her. They went to see her quite often and talked to her parents about the true God. They carried her Bible pictures, and when she was old enough they taught her to read. Years went on, and the child grew to be a very good useful little girl, and the family felt they could never get along without Grace-bringer.

When she was about nine years old, Grace-bringer wanted to join the Church, and who do you think came to join with her? Her whole family—her father, mother, two grown up daughters and a sister-in-law.

"What has brought all this family to Christ?" asked the missionary.

"It is Kin Kyan," said her grandmother. "She has made good her name; she has brought grace to all her family."

The missionary went often to the house while they were preparing to join the church, and was much pleased to see that the father always held the little girl in his lap and seemed very fond of her. This seemed very wonderful when he remembered that only a few years before this very father had said she must be killed.

Yes indeed; little Grace-bringer's name is made good. Her parents, her brothers and sister can all rejoice with her in the same Saviour; and they can all look forward to the same beautiful home in heaven.

LETTER FROM REV. J. H. McVICAR

To the Nazareth St. Presbyterian Mission Sabbath School, Montreal.

LIN CH'ING, China July 25th, 1890

Dear Children:—The last time I wrote you was on the eve of the Chinese New Year, when the air was filled with the noise and fumes of exploding fire crackers; but now I write amidst another kind of distraction, that of excessive heat. As you will not read my words, however, till the beginning of autumn, you will hardly be able to imagine yourselves sweltering with us out here in Lin Ch'ing, for as you see, we are still waiting a favorable chance to get into Honan. The last time those members of our band who can speak the language went to Honan, the people did not show themselves very friendly, so we have to be very cautious how we proceed lest by being too eager to live amongst them now we may prevent our selves from gaining a settlement for ten or eleven years to come. I trust you are still bearing us all up in your prayers. Ask God, for the glory of His own name, to open the doors that now seem shut against us.

When you get this, it will be over a year since we said good-bye to you and to Montreal. I wonder what idea you have of the people we have been living amongst? I am just afraid these Chinese seem to you very far away and indistinct,—in fact, like the stars—and I would like very much to lend you my eyes for a little that you might perhaps see more vividly, not so much the grown up people of China, as the boys and girls, and realize more vividly their need of Jesus, the great Saviour.

For, of course, there are boys and girls in China just the same as at home. It would be a dreary lonely land if there were not. In all our walks about Lin Ching we do not see much on the streets or in the fields to brighten us up except the children; although they, poor little things, do not particularly like us just yet,