

might be touched. Soon the condition of the child improved. This was in every way very gratifying, as the different attachés of the mandarin, who were hostile to our religion, had tried to persuade the father not to trust to the Christian doctor. After a comparatively short time the child fully recovered his health, and then we thought we could certainly impress the parent with the truth of our religion.

So one day, while he was visiting us, we asked him what he thought was the reason of his child getting better so soon. Unhesitatingly he answered, "*Because you and the Christians prayed for it to your God, who I know is the only true God.*" Then followed a long conversation, during the course of which he assured me that he had already put away all his idols in his own home, and that he was going to try to persuade his mother in his former home to do the same. He said he wanted to serve God; "but," said he, "how can I do so and remain a mandarin?" I have known this man several years, and feel assured that what he said he meant, but I cannot say that he has really received the grace of God in his heart. His position is a hard one, and it will take a great measure of grace to enable him to forsake all and follow Christ.—*Dr. Otte in The Mission Field.*

## Our Young Folk.

### A CHILD'S QUESTIONING.

A CHILD'S words, "How can all the horrors of war and the slave trade in Africa go on at this holy time?" and the reply, "The poor people in Africa have no Christmas," suggested the lines:

No Christmas to tell them the story  
Of Him who, a babe, came to earth,  
And now in His Father's bright glory,  
Saves men by His own lowly birth.

But Jesus our Lord will not leave them  
Unsaved where such wrongs never cease;  
He'll come again, surely, to give them  
His rich birthday blessing and peace.

He can't have forgotten their sorrow,  
Who never have heard His dear name;  
He'll come on some happy to-morrow,  
And angels His birth will proclaim.

Mamma, dear, it must be that Christmas  
Is now brooding over their palms;  
That sweet angel voices now fill  
Their night with its jubilant psalms.

But the poor sinful souls do not hear  
The songs of this glad Christmas-tide;  
Its peace cannot still their wild fear,  
Or whisper who walks by their side.

If He would but open their eyes,  
Or breathe in their deaf ears one word,  
"Ephphatha," what joyful surprise,  
Would show His sweet voice they had heard.

Perhaps we might go in His place,  
And speak Jesus' name in their ears;  
O, then would He show them His face,  
And hush them to penitent prayers.

How can we be willing to wait,  
If we may spread blessings so wide,—  
Give Christmas, and open heaven's gate,  
To those for whom Jesus has died?

—Selected.

### MARY'S CHRISTMAS TENTH.

MARY ran in for a moment on her way home. It was nearly dark, but she did not mind that, for she had been out shopping for Christmas. One is never tired, you know, at such times—the shops are so beautiful and everybody is so gay.

Mary came in, as I said, to show Frances what she had been buying. They opened the dainty parcels, and talked excitedly about how this would please mother, and that was just what the baby wanted, and so on to the end of the family connection.

"And now," said Mary, "let me tell you what I have done. I have been saving my Christmas money for months, and really I have had more given me to spend than I expected. I determined at the very beginning that I would keep a tenth of it for missions."

"Save Christmas money for missions!" exclaimed Frances, quite taken by surprise; "who ever heard of such a thing?"

"I have," answered Mary, stoutly. "If you buy Christmas gifts for everybody else, why not send one to Him whose feast Christmas is? It looks odd, to say the least, to remember everyone else and pass Him by."

"Yes, yes," said Frances; "but there are the poor—why not give your money to the poor?"

"Are not the heathen the poorest of the poor? The people our missionaries teach have very little in this world, and nothing in the next. Besides, it was to our souls that Christ came, bringing gifts."

"But they are so far away. Surely there are plenty of people at home—people who need the gospel, too."

"And plenty of people to care for them. As far as their bodily wants are concerned, hundreds of people, who care very little for Christ, give to the poor at Christmas time. Every Sunday School, too, has its festival, especially for the poorer children. I think they can spare my little money. As to their souls, there are agencies enough in this country to preach the gospel to every creature in it."

"But they don't," persisted Frances.

"Well, perhaps they don't, but they could. A great many people do not hear the gospel because they will not. It has been preached to them by the pulpit, the Sunday School, even by the daily paper. They cannot get away from it unless they deliberately shut their eyes and ears. But think how it is in Asia and Africa. Millions of people have never even heard of Christ's existence. It seems to me that I *must* do something to help them to a knowledge of the way of salvation. You know that we are told to preach to all nations."

"Beginning at Jerusalem," quoted Frances.

"Yes; but they were to tarry there only until they were endued with power from on high. Is that why so many tarry at home, because they have not sufficient spiritual power to urge them forth beyond the limits of their own city?"

"My dear," said Frances, "there is never any use of arguing with you. Send your money; as for me, I have none left. I wish I had thought of this before. Remind me next year."

"What good will it do for me to remind you? May the Lord remind you! then you cannot forget. But see, it is growing very dark; I must run home."