

MONEY SPENT NOT IN VAIN.



NE beautiful Sabbath afternoon, Wen Hsin, a Chinese girl, lay dying in our Peking school. We knew that she must soon go and so, as it is the custom in China, she was bathed and dressed in her graveclothes. Her glossy black hair was knotted on the top of her head with bright red cord. She wore a dark blue garment with a bit

of bright trimming down the edge; snowy stockings and embroidered slippers were on her feet. Her white hands were folded peacefully, and she lay so calm we knew she was resting in the arms of Jesus, and only waiting for Him to take her spirit from the poor worn body.

It was the hour of the Sunday-school. They knew in the chapel that she was dying, and through the open window we could hear them singing, "There's a land that is fairer than day."

The busy little clock on the square red table kept on ticking, ticking, until the Sunday-school was dismissed, and many of her schoolmates gathered sorrowfully around the brick bed on which the dying girl lay.

Several of her old friends came in from the neighborhood. None of them had ever seen a Christian die before, and they gazed with wonder upon the peaceful girl and went back to their homes with wondrous news that Wen Hsin lay dying and was not afraid!

Somebody in America had given thirty dollars a year to support her in a Christian school.

As she found how precious it was to have the dear Lord Jesus go with her through "the dark valley and the shadow," she was thinking of them, the kind friends so far away, who had done so much for her.

I said to her, "Wen Hsin, do you want anything?"

"I—want—to—write—a—letter."

"Oh, you are too weak! What is it you want to say? Tell me, and I will write it for you."

Gathering up all the strength she had left, she gasped it out in her weakness a word at a time:

"I—want—to—tell—my—American—friends they—did—not—spend—their—money—in—vain—for—me."

Soon she had closed her black eyes, and went away from the brick bed to the mansion prepared for her, but she had sent her precious message to

cheer and encourage the home workers in the mission cause.—*World Wide Missions.*

WHY GENERAL GRANT NEVER SWORE.

WHILE sitting with him at the camp-fire late one night, after every one else had gone to bed, I said to him:

"General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the tumble of army service and frontier life, and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation."

"Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear," he replied. "When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to rouse a man's anger; and when a man flies into a passion, his adversary who keeps cool always gets the better of him. In fact, I never could see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

WANTED.

Wanted! young feet to follow
Where Jesus leads the way,
Into fields where harvest
Is rip'ning day by day;
Now while the breath of morning
Scents all the dewy air,
Now, in the fresh, sweet, dawning,
Oh, follow Jesus there!

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MONTRÉAL.