

WELCOME TO THE CHRIST-CHILD.

If every little child could see
 Our Saviour's shining face,
 I think that each one eagerly
 Would run to His embrace.

Though black the hand, red, brown
 or white,
 All hearts are just the same ;
 Each one is precious in His sight,
 Each one He calls by name.

And those who hear, in every land,
 With loyal hearts and true,
 Will grasp some little brother's hand,
 And lead him onward too.

THE THREE HALF-PENCE.**A TRUE STORY.**

It was an evening missionary meeting in the great city of London. A minister was telling missionary stories, as he used to do once in every month. As he was speaking, he saw a poor man, black with his work in the iron foundry near by, come in and stand with his back to the wall, near the door. He held in his arms a very little girl, pale and thin, with large bright eyes. She looked earnestly at the minister, and listened to his words with deep attention.

At the close of his speech, he said :

"These poor heathen cannot hear of God without a preacher. No preacher can go to them unless he is sent. To send him costs a good deal of money. No one should hear what you have been hearing without doing something to help pay for the expense of missions. A penny saved from self may be a penny given to God." Then he showed them some pretty little boxes, and said he would give one to anybody who would try to save, be it ever so little, and drop it into the box to help the heathen.

As he stopped speaking, he saw that little girl pointing to a box, and coaxing her father with eager whispers to go up and take one for her. The poor man was ashamed to come quite up, but he moved forward, and the kind minister met him and held out the box. The child smiled,

and a flush of joy passed over her pale face. Her father said, "I don't know if the lass will be able to gather much for you." "Let her try," said the minister. "Where there's a will, there's a way. If she saves or earns one penny for God's work, it will do herself good." Soon after this the poor man's wife died, and the child was left to his sole care.

A year went by. There was another missionary meeting, and the boxes that had been given out were to be sent in and opened. Again that poor man stood leaning against the wall, but the little girl who had nestled in his arms was not there now. She had just died also. His hand held her box, and tears were in his eyes.

When the meeting was over, and every one else had gone, he moved up to the minister, and held out the box. "That was hers, sir," he said, and the tears rolled down his face. "She made me give her a half-penny every Saturday night out of my week's wages, when she had been good and pleased me. She never lost her half-penny, sir. Count it ; there were fifty-two weeks, fifty-two half-pence. You will find it all right."

But when the money was counted there were three half-pence too many, and one large penny piece was among them. The father looked distressed. His child never had any money but what he gave her. How could she have obtained it? Could she have kept it back from the money due at the shop, when she had been sent on errands? He could not believe that his dear little Elly could think she was doing God service by a dishonest thing. Still, he went away troubled.

One morning, as he sat thinking this over at his lonely breakfast, a lady came to the door with some message. She spoke kindly of his child, whose gentle patience and goodness she had seen in her sickness. Then the father told her of his anxiety about the three half-pence. The lady thought a minute, and said joyfully :

"I can tell you about them." The day before Elly's death she had called to see her. The child's mouth looked hot and dry, and she had asked her if she would