

The Lament of a Missionary Box.

Forgotten and forlorn I live,
 Upon a dusty shelf,
 And feel so downcast and so sad
 I hardly know myself;
 A missionary box am I
 And better days have seen,
 For copper, silver, yes, and gold,
 Within my walls have been.

Now I am empty, no, not quite,
 For something you may hear—
 A mournful jingle from my depths
 By pennies made, I fear;
 I scorn not pennies, no, indeed,
 Their wealth too well I know,
 But twopence only in a box
 Does make one's spirits low.

The missionaries say indeed
 That pence to pounds soon grow,
 But older people ought to give—
 We want our money so.
 And thus in emptiness I wait
 And dustier grow each day,
 While heedless of my silent plea
 You round me work and play.

My words are weak and poor at best,
 I know not how to plead,
 But look upon the distant fields
 "To harvests white," indeed;
 The heathen lie in thickest gloom,
 Do you need a stronger plea?
 Then listen to His voice who said—
 "Ye did it unto me." —Selected.

THE STORY OF GU-HIA.

NOT long since, the owner of a shrine with its idols gave them to me," writes a Chinese Missionary in *The Mission Field*. He is called Gu-Hia. He is a young man of twenty-seven years of age, with a wife and four little children. He has a flourishing wholesale business, making and binding account books, and manufacturing toilet powder.

Three years ago he first heard the gospel from one of our native Christians, Gam-lo, who keeps a book store, and who engaged Gu-hia to help him bind some books. He made frequent visits to the store and asked many questions concerning the gospel, bringing up objections and difficulties which Gam-lo and other Christians who might happen to be in the store at the time were very glad to

answer and explain. On going home he would repeat what he had heard to his wife. He felt from the first that the gospel was good, but there were two great difficulties in the way, namely, the opposition of his friends, and the keeping of the Sabbath, which, if he would be a Christian, he knew he must keep.

In October last, he, with his little son, went to the church for the first time. "Just to look about and see what it was like," he said. After this his little child would sometimes say to him when he heard the church gong sound for worship on the Sabbath, "Now you must go to church," and he would answer, "I am not ready, the way is not yet clear to me." His great difficulty still was that he could not keep the Sabbath since it would greatly injure his business.

His trouble about it continued until one evening at meeting he heard the preacher explain Matt. vi: 34, "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow."

He met the pastor the next day and said, "It is all clear to me now, I am not going to worry any more. I thought all night over that verse, and now I am going to keep the Sabbath and leave the future with God."

Two different vessels came in to load on the Sabbath, but he refused to deliver his goods on that day, and so they received their cargo from other parties. He heard afterwards that these goods, amounting to five hundred dollars, in some way were lost. He says that whereas he thought he was injuring his business for the sake of the Sabbath, on the contrary, God made it the means of saving him a loss of five hundred dollars.

GU-HIA AND HIS CHARM BOOK.

For years, when a heathen, Gu-Hia had taken great interest, and placed much faith, in divinations and Taoist charms, and had once entertained and provided food for a Taoist diviner of great reputation. He had expended over a thousand dollars in this manner.

One day eight years ago this diviner brought a valuable book of his containing all kinds of charms suited to every occasion, and asked Gu-Hia to rebind it for him as the old bind-