

What a glad surprise that clergyman will have in the glory when he finds J— is for him 'a crown of rejoicing.'—'The Life of Faith.'

### Jephthah's Daughter.

The preacher rose in his pulpit to plead for God's work in the mission field. It was his favorite topic—foreign missionary effort—and his rare gifts of eloquence and pathos were seldom displayed more to advantage than when pleading with an audience to devote time, money, and talents to God's service among the heathen.

There was a rustle of expectation among the crowded audience, as the preacher rose. Two or three ladies drew out their pocket-handkerchiefs, in case their susceptible and easily-moved feelings brought on a display of tears.

Close under the pulpit sat a lovely girl, just budding into womanhood.

'Such a clever girl,' said her friends.

'A graduate, too, I hear?' asked one.

'And no wonder,' would volunteer another. 'She has had every advantage of education and social position, and no money spared on her accomplishments.'

'She will marry well,' prognosticated many.

But her father always shook his head and smiled, saying, 'I hope not; she is the very apple of my eye, and now that school duties are over, I hope to keep her many happy years at home, to be my sweet companion and my greatest joy.'

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The preacher preached his sermon. It was a very remarkable one, famous for its pleading pathos, asking for volunteers for the mission field. He addressed himself to the audience, pleading with overpowering fervor. 'I claim all for Jesus,' he cried; 'he deserves the best that you can give—the fairest flower, the richest gem, the sweetest song, the loveliest gift that man's heart ever conceived. I want your youth, fresh and fragrant, your beauty of face and form, the best powers and talents of your redeemed body and soul.'

And then he turned to the young among his hearers, and pleaded for their personal sacrifice to Christ, drawing a vivid picture of the reward which awaited those who forsook all for Christ's sake, ending with a tender appeal that touched every heart and bowed every head with tears.

The sermon was over, the benediction pronounced, and the congregation dispersed.

The preacher walked slowly home, through the darkening streets, to be greeted as he entered the threshold of his home by his beautiful young daughter. Her face was glowing with the zeal of an inspired purpose.

'My father!' she cried; 'I have heard the Lord's call to-day, and I have answered it; I am ready to go forth. "Here am I; send me."'

The preacher looked at his child like one bereft of sense, then put his hands before his eyes, as though some fearful sight had met him, and said, in a voice he could hardly command, 'What did you say, my daughter?'

'I knew you would be overjoyed, dear father,' cried the girl, mistaking his emotion. 'You who so pleaded for Jesus Christ to-day will be only too glad to give me to his service. I know you love me dearly, and that is just why you will like me to obey his call, for you said that nothing was too good for him. O! father, dear, I love you much, but to-day I have learned to love Jesus better.'

Then the father, with cold, cold hands, and dry lips that would not frame an answer in words, put the fair young face away from him, and in silent agony of soul, like one in a ter-

rible dream, made his way to his library. Locking the door, he threw himself on his knees and buried his face in his hands. 'O God, I cannot!' he wildly cried. 'She is my child, my darling child, the joy and brightness of my lonely life—take anything but her! Thou hast flocks and herds, leave me my one ewe lamb.'

Then he rose and paced the room. He had never thought of this! His cherished daughter laid upon the altar! A small volume of poems lay upon the table. Mechanically, hardly knowing what he was doing, he took it up and read:

'O fond, O fool, and blind!

To God I give with tears;

But when a man like grace would find,

My soul puts by her tears.'

Was it God's voice, God's call to the grudging father? The preacher thought it so, and accepted the heavenly censure as from the lips of a father. Pulling himself together, he unlocked the door and went straight in search of his daughter, whom he found sitting alone, her bright face clouded, for she had been bewildered by his reception of her decision.

'My child,' he said, folding her in his arms, 'Christ deserves the best, and I freely yield you to him.'

From that moment he accepted her sacrifice in the spirit in which it was offered, and which he had himself inspired. His daughter became a missionary, and carried out to the letter, throughout her life, the advice he had given so bravely to others from his pulpit that memorable day, little dreaming it would reach the heart of his own child.

Is not this story of Jephthah's daughter lived out in the twentieth century? How many of us would like to feel that God might at any moment take us at our word? We sing such solemn words, we repeat such wonderful truths, we call upon others for sacrifice; but how about ourselves? Do we realize the solemn words, do we grasp the wonderful promises, do we make the great sacrifices we think so easy for others? I should not wonder if we all needed to stop and think just here, and to be very careful never to ask of others a gift or sacrifice that we should not be ready to give, if called upon ourselves. Yes, Christ deserves the best of everything; some of us can see this clearly enough when applied to others, but ah, it is not quite the same thing when we are concerned, and when he asks us to give him the best of our time, our talents, our money, and our hearts; and yet nothing short of this entire consecration to Christ and his service can keep our hearts attuned to his great heart of love.—'Rest and Reaping.'

### How a Chinese Slave Girl Led a Friend to the Light.

(Mary V. Glenton, M.D., in the 'Spirit of Missions.')

(Concluded.)

Finally she reached Wuchang, and while in a yamen here succumbed to the inroads made on her constitution by her pitiful life. When she grew sick and useless, she was not wanted in the yamen, but where was she to go? Nobody would buy her, and she had no home in the city. An amah (a nurse) in the yamen lived—when at home—in the courtyard with a woman who might find room in her home for a little waif. The amah pleaded for her, and Lei Hsi went to her new home. After being there a couple of months she grew gradually worse, and the woman, whose husband was an 'inquirer,' and who was 'eating foreign

doctrine,' heard that the foreigners had a place to which sick people could go for help. This woman would not listen to 'the doctrine,' from her husband or anyone else. She simply would not be spoken to on the subject. But she had brought little Lei Hsi to us, first for medicine, and afterward entrusted her to us for care. She allowed the child to be instructed, and later to be baptized.

As Lei Hsi grew worse, her foster-mother came and stayed with her for days at a time, and when a faint ray of hope would show itself, as it so often does in lingering diseases, she said that if Lei Hsi recovered she would take her for her own, and would not let the child go back to the yamen. While staying with the child in the Elizabeth Bunn Hospital this woman listened to instruction daily, as do all the patients, and frequently attended the Sunday services in the church. Her stubborn heart was softened, and she was glad to listen to 'the foreign doctrine' that she had heretofore rejected, and now she is to be admitted as a catechumen.

Early Palm Sunday morning little Lei Hsi died quietly in her sleep, died a baptized Christian, died at the age of thirteen, at the end of the four happiest months of her short life. Even though they were filled with suffering they were happy months. She had seen her first Christmas; she had seen and joined the foreigners in their worship in their beautiful church; she had had pictures given to her, and a scrap-book, and when she could lie down (sometimes the only position in which she could breathe comfortably was standing up, leaning her folded arms on a table), it was so nice to lie and look at the pictures all over the spotless wall of the hospital ward—to her a lovely place.

She was so patient and uncomplaining, always ready to greet us with a bright smile when we appeared, very rarely speaking of her suffering.

As we passed through the hospital grounds on this bright Sunday morning, in the company of one of our Hankow workers, we met Lei Hsi's foster-mother. She thanked us profusely, and turned to our visitor to speak of the goodness of the people in this place. Her face brightened and a glad smile came over it, as she said through her tears, 'Yes, and I have been led to the True Light, too, by her coming here.'

Lei Hsi had a hard life, a sorrowful life. The sufferings of a long life, yes, of two or three long lives, had been crowded into her thirteen years. She not only found rest at last herself, but all that suffering and its ultimate end was the means of saving another soul from death. She was, unconsciously, a little missionary, and it was thus that a slave girl in China witnessed for Christ.

### The Postal Crusade.

The following amounts have been received for the postal crusade:

Previously acknowledged . . . . .	\$ 3.70
Jas. Smillie, Inwood, Ont. . . . .	50
M. E. Godfrey, N. Wiltshire, P.E.I. . . . .	65
From Oak Grove, Ont. . . . .	2.50
A Friend, Head Lake, Ont., . . . . .	5.00
A Friend in Denver, Col. . . . .	1.50
Jas. Tretheway, Munro, B.C. . . . .	60
In His Name, Almonte, Ont. . . . .	60
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	\$14.55

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