

"Mercy, Floy," exclaimed her youngest brother, Rex, a fine, manly fellow, loved by all for his kindly manner and frank, open face, "what on earth put such a thought into your head?"

"Well, Rex," answered Floy, smiling back into her brother's amused face, "I have just been reading how sick people are treated in heathen lands, and O, Rex, when I consider how lovingly I am cared for; how every remedy is used to stop my pain, how you all nurse me, my heart is filled with gratitude. And when I think of my sick brothers and sisters away off in Africa and Asia, without doctors, without hospitals, at the mercy of terrible medicine men, it makes my heart ache. Why, Rex, in China there was a sick man, and the medicine man ordered the daughter of the house to have her hand cut off to make broth for the sick father; and all over China there are hundreds of just such maimed daughters."

The tears stood in her eyes, and her brother answered gravely, "I did not know of such things, Floy. I guess we may all be thankful we were not born in those dark lands."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Grant, "the suffering in those countries is terrible, and the worst is, they know nothing of the Great Physician who can cure the soul. We have given gifts to our loved ones to-day; let us give birth-day gifts to Jesus—gifts which will help carry the 'good tidings of great joy' to those who never heard of Christmas."

Floy held the box, and each one put in an offering.

"I put mine in for your sake, Floy," whispered Rex.

"O, Rex, won't you, on this Christmas day, put it in for Christ's sake?"

"I put mine in, Floy, because I see you have much cause for thankfulness, and I a hundred fold more," said Fred. "I will never speak as I did again."

"Well," said Rex, "it is three o'clock, and I must be off to the Children's Hospital. I am going to act as Santa Claus, and dispose of these twenty dolls Floy dressed, and sundry other articles sent in to make the little ones happy."

How many blooming faces there were in the hospital wards as Santa Claus distributed the gifts! How the thin hands grasped the doll or bugle, and bags of candies! After the tree was stripped, the friends went from bed to bed, talking with the little ones.

Rex was a medical student, and a great favourite with the children. "Mr. Rex" was called to many a little cot to see what Santa Claus had brought. At last he came to a cot in which lay a little girl, whose thin, pinched face showed traces of great suffering.

"Well, Annie," said Rex, "how is my little girl to-day?"

"Why, Mr. Rex," she answered, a sweet smile light-

ing up her pale face, "I am so thankful that I don't know how to tell it."

Rex looked at the tiny, suffering form and wondered. He did not yet know the secret of such a spirit.

"Why are you thankful, Annie?" he asked.

"Well, Mr. Rex, I am thankful that Jesus was born, and that He loves me and I love Him, and that He gave me this nice hospital and these kind nurses and doctors, and, Oh, hundreds of things. I am very thankful for you, Mr. Rex," she added shyly.

"For me!" exclaimed Rex in amazement. "why, what have I ever done, Annie?"

"O, so many things. You are so merry and gentle with us little ones when we have pain. I think you act just like Jesus would like us to act."

A choking sensation came in Rex's throat as he listened to the child's artless words. How small and selfish he appeared. Acting as Jesus would have him, when he had not even yielded Him his heart!

"Mr. Rex, will you please put a Christmas present in my box?" she said, and she took a nite-box like Floy's from her table. "A lady brought it to me the other day. She told me about little children who have none to love them, and I do want them to know that Jesus loves them, and I cannot do anything now but pray and ask friends for gifts for my box."

Rex put his hand in his pocket, and as he dropped his offering into the box he prayed, "Lord, I give this to Thee, and I give myself to Thee, for medical work among the heathen."

When Rex went into the drawing room a new light was on his face. He went to the couch where Floy lay, and taking her box, dropped another coin in it and said, to her enquiring look: "Floy, darling; I give this *for Jesus'* sake, and if He wants me, I will go to heathen lands, to help heal the bodies of the sick, and tell them what Christmas means."

Floy's sweet eyes beamed through her tears, as she said in tremulous tones, "I have been praying for this, Rex. Tell me all about it."

And Rex told how his sister Floy and little Annie had led him to see how thankless he had been in refusing to accept the Babe of Bethlehem as his Saviour.

"Let us pray," said Mr. Grant, and there in the twilight that Christian family bowed before God and thanked Him that at last their Rex had come to know what Christmas joy meant.

Canboro.

LOUIE HUNTER MARSHALL.

"Oh, let me know
The power of Thy resurrection!
Oh, let me show
Thy risen life in calm and clear reflection!"