

asking for help. Yet, in his wretchedness, he craved "a little opium to smoke" more than the food offered him. Does it not seem sad to think of China's millions so given up to this bad habit? Still another missionary tells us of the want of rain in his part of China, and how the wealthiest of the people took a journey on foot to several idols begging for rain, promising to have a three days' play in the theatre for the benefit of the temple if the idols would only send rain. How little these blocks of wood and stone heeded their requests! Another sad story was of a little baby laid on the roadside to die because its parents had no food for it. The missionary found it wrapped up in a little bundle, frozen to death. The two tiny brown feet were not covered, and all shrivelled up with the cold. No one heard its cries, no one cared whether it lived or died, but God, who notices even the fall of a sparrow, made room in His heaven for the soul of that little frozen baby.

One Chinese convert brought an old lady, over seventy years old, to the missionary, saying, "Do tell her all about Jesus for she must die soon," and even at that age she became as a little child, and entered heaven through faith in Jesus, who died for her. One man, who had smoked opium for many years, was truly converted and gave up his opium with his idols, saying, "If the Lord Jesus can forgive my sins, He can set me free from this habit, too." His faith was rewarded, and Jesus did set him free. One lady missionary tells of an elderly man coming to the cart in which she was riding, asking for medicine for his old mother who was too old and stiff to walk. The missionary could not stop then, but promised to come again. But the man ran home, took his old mother on his back, and carried her after the missionary. When he got near the cart the driver stopped and he sat the old lady down in the middle of the road until she should be helped by the missionary. As she gave the needed-for-medicine, she tried to point both mother and son to Jesus, the Great Physician, who could cure their sick souls.

A great many Chinese converts suffer cruel persecutions because they will not deny Christ. One man had been beaten sorely and threatened with death if he did not return to his idols. He said, "You may take my life, but my soul is more important than my body; I cannot give up my Saviour." Other Christian homes were entered by bands of robbers, and stripped of their contents, even tearing down cooking-stoves. Then the robbers said, "We will give all your things back, and much more, also, if you will give up this Jesus and His religion." But the converts said: "No, we can spare all we have sooner than lose the Saviour who died to save us." One poor old woman, who had only heard the Gospel four times, was severely beaten, yet rejoiced to bear these stripes for Him who had borne so much for her. After prayer in a missionary's home for one poor woman, who had made great sacrifices for Christ, thanking the Saviour for dying for the world, she said so fervently, "Thank you, thank you, Jesus."

I will try and write soon again about these fruits of mission labor. Let us pray much for God's blessing on China, as well as for our own missions in India.

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SISTER BELLE

The Golden Penny.

COLLOQUY FOR MITE-BOX SOCIABLES.

[Several boys standing around a table on which are a number of pennies. They carelessly toss them up and down. GUY speaks, taking up a new one.]

GUY—I suppose there are a great many smart men engaged in making money, and they have all sorts of machines; but not one of them all can make this copper penny (tossing one up) into a brass one. But Brother—(insert the name of pastor here) says that little thing which lies back of all we do—the motive—can change it into anything we wish, lead, iron, or silver, and even gold.

CHARLIE—Well, I'd like to know how!

FRED—Tell us how, Guy. Change this into lead, please.

GUY—Well, perhaps, if you ask the boy who gave this penny why he gave it, he cannot tell you. Maybe because his mother told him to put it in his mite-box; perhaps because he knew the rest of the boys were going to bring pennies. If we ask him about the heathen, he will stare at us, as much as to say, What does that funny word mean, anyhow? What he hears at the missionary meeting goes in at one ear and out at the other. He cannot even tell you what becomes of the money after he puts it into the mite-box. It would be all the same to him if it went to feed the tiger at Barnum's; so I call this penny lead.

WILLIE—Well, what is this one?

GUY—I guess this is a tin penny. This penny was put in for fun, just for a little passport to the mite-box sociable. You see ten of them would be a ticket to let him in, and every one of them tin. He never thought of the map of the world, with its little dots of sunshine, and its great patches of black! He didn't think this penny might buy a tract, to teach a little African boy to get a white heart, if he couldn't get a white face.

CHARLIE—What do you call this, Guy?

GUY—This! We'll call this an iron penny. The girl who gave this wanted to spend it for candy. If it had not been for the looks of things, her mite-box would have been empty, but we have very few iron pennies in our collection.

FRED—If any one wants an assortment of missionary coins, he ought to have a brass penny. Is this one (twirling one in his hand)?

GUY—I don't believe we have a contributor of brass pennies among the whole of us.

FRED—Well, what do you call a brass penny, anyhow?

GUY—(One that is given from a feeling of pride and a desire to attract attention. And here is a silver penny; see how it shines!)

CHARLIE—What makes it?

GUY—Pity—pity for the poor heathen; just such a feeling as made Cousin Belle give all her money the other day to buy a poor little bird some bad boys were tormenting.

CHARLIE—Any more pennies in your collection?

GUY—Yes, one; the queen of coins, the pattern of all, the golden penny.

CHARLIE—What can turn copper into gold?

GUY—I'll not charge you a penny for the secret, although all the old philosophers hunted for it in vain. It is love for Christ; the wishing to do something, even a little thing for Him. It is the golden pennies that are the seeds which will sprout into churches full of Christians in the jungles of Africa and the cities of India. It is the golden pennies that weigh heavy. Mother says one way

Twenty-six missionary vessels were reported recently in the *Missionary Magazine* as sailing in different seas, bearing the messengers of the Gospel to and from their fields of labor. They represent 13 different Societies.