


THE FACE IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

 Missionary sat, one hot summer afternoon, beneath the verandah of the mission-house reading, when, suddenly looking up, she was startled to find herself being intently regarded by a pair of eager eyes belonging, it seemed to her at first, to some sort of monkey or other animal. But it was no monkey, for the owner of the eager eyes began in an equally eager voice, and in broken English, "Lady, tell poor black girl about the good God you've come over the great sea to teach about;" and the face was upturned to the missionary with a wistful, yearning look.

The lady looked curiously at the strange figure before her. Well might she have taken the girl to be an animal rather than a human being. Imagine, if you can, a little squat figure, with filthy rags of clothing hanging to it, face and hands encrusted with dirt, and the unkempt, matted hair hanging down all around so thickly as to really give one the idea of a wild creature of the woods.

And yet within the dark heart of this heathen child was a deep longing, so real and earnest that she had overcome timidity, and had come to know more of the Lord and Saviour of whom she had heard rumors from those who had been taught by the missionaries.

"Do tell poor heathen about the great God," she said again; for the missionary had sat thinking how and what she should answer.

At length she said, "Come to me to-morrow at this time, and you shall know what you wish." The child looked her thanks, and then, like a veritable thing of the woods, bounded away, and was quickly out of sight. The missionary sat there lost in thought, and soon from her heart came the cry, "O God, give me the soul of this poor heathen; teach me what I shall say to her; help me, that I may reach her understanding."

Next day the missionary awaited within the house the coming of the heathen child. At length she saw the little form timidly approaching, and could see that the child was surprised and disappointed at not seeing her beneath the verandah. She sent the native servant forth to meet the child, who told her that her mistress was within and awaited her there. As she entered, the missionary called the child to join her in an upper room, and she quickly ascended the stairs to the place whence the voice proceeded.

On her way she had to pass through a room in which hung a large mirror. The lady suddenly heard a piercing scream, and the girl rushed breathless into her presence, gasping, "Why didn't you tell me?" as

she pointed to the stairs up which she had just come. Then slowly she explained, when the missionary had soothed away her fear, how she had seen in the room below, as she passed through, a terrible-looking wild beast, which approached her and seemed ready to spring upon her. "But there's no wild beast there," said the lady; "you surely are mistaken." "No, no," pleaded the girl, "don't go," as the missionary descended the stairs to ascertain the cause of the child's terror; but, finding she still went down, the child, for very fear of being left alone, followed her.

"Where?" said the missionary, on reaching the room and looking round. "Where is that which so frightened you?" "There, there," said the girl, pointing to the mirror, wherein were reflected her face and form. "But that's yourself there," said she, "and not a wild animal at all." "Me!" was the surprised answer. "Yes, that's your own face there."

The child wonderingly drew near, and gazed at her form in the glass, and, when the truth dawned upon her, said slowly, "Dirty, horrible, ugly!" and then, turning to the missionary, "I'd like to be clean, lady."

When soon afterward, trim and clean with the long unkempt hair nicely braided up, and in place of the rags of clothing a pretty dress that the mission people had given her, the girl again stood before the mirror, she drew herself up, and with a pleased, beaming face, kept repeating, "Clean now, pretty now, neat now." "Yes," said the lady, who was an amused spectator of it all, "but only outside." Then, drawing the child gently toward her, she told her, with love in her tones, of the spiritual deformity and defilement; to all of which the child listened with earnest attention. When the missionary had ceased speaking, the girl, with tears in her eyes, said the old words, "I'd like to be clean, lady."

A few weeks had passed, and the girl had had many long and happy talks with the missionary, when one afternoon she cautiously, almost with awe in her face, stood in front of the glass which had before been such a source of terror. The missionary, with joy and thankfulness to God in her heart for the wondrous way in which he had brought the little one to himself, watched. Looking at her face and figure, now so bright and clean, she repeated, "Clean, pretty, neat;" and then, while heaven itself seemed to be reflected in the sweet face, "and clean inside too."—*Gospel in all Lands.*

— The prayer of faith always counts on immediate results.

— Whenever love writes ^{***} its name, it does it in its own blood,