

LITTLE FOLKS

Mischievous Margery.

(‘Our Little Dots.’)

Little Margery was such a wee little darling, not yet three years old, so it is no wonder that she sometimes got into mischief.

Oneday hermamma came into the nursery with some lace, with which she wished Nurse to trim baby’s new frock.

mend the gas-pipe, and there he found the soldiers, some pictures, several letters from Margery’s letter-box, and many other small things which baby fingers could push down.

When little Margery grows older, she will learn not to do such things, but find nicer places in which to make beds for her pets.



Now, Nurse was so busy with her sewing that she did not see what baby-girl was doing, but thought how very quiet she was with her toys. So she just turned round to take a peep, when what do you think she saw?

Oh, dreadful to tell! little Margery had taken the lace to play with, and with her tiny fingers was pushing it down a hole in the floor. Nurse was only just in time to take the end, and pull it out all covered with dirt, and spoilt.

When Nurse said, ‘Oh, baby-girl, how naughty!’ Margery said, ‘Baby put it to bye-bye! Soldiers gone bye-bye, too.’

One day, soon after this, a man came to take up a board in the floor of the nursery, so as to be able to

She so often did this kind of thing that her mother called her ‘Mischievous Margery.’

The Youngest of Chinese Martyrs.

(‘Watchman.’)

The following most touching narrative was given by Miss Jessie Gregg at the annual meeting of the China Inland Mission. It moved the whole audience to tears:

‘This afternoon I want, with God’s help, to tell you a little bit about one, perhaps, of the youngest of the martyrs who laid down their lives in North China. I mean little Vera Green.

‘Almost before that darling child could toddle I have seen her dragging the chairs along and putting

them in a row, and then standing before them with her little hymn-book in her hand and singing, and then she has knelt down in her childish way, has buried her little face in her hands and prayed. Perhaps she did not know what she was doing then, but I do know that her greatest joy was to sing and to hear about the love of Jesus.

‘One night, before we left our home, her mother was putting her to bed. The child called her to her side and said: ‘Mother, darling, I have given my heart to Jesus.’ Yes, and I believe that little one was really one of Jesus’s little lambs.

‘It was about midnight on July 5 that our little home was broken up and we fled to the mountains. We were not a very large party, only Mrs. Green and the two children—little Vera, who was just under five years old, and little John, under three years old—and myself. Just before leaving, Mrs. Green took Vera aside and told her what we were going to do, and that we should have to leave home, and tried to comfort her little heart. We thought that, if she knew, to a certain extent it would help her in keeping quiet when we wanted her to be quiet. On that 5th of July, at midnight, she seemed to understand the position. She never murmured at all as she was carried out from that home in the arms of one of our servants, out of the city and up the country road, and away into a high mountain.

‘As you may imagine, it was very difficult, because she was so very fond of singing, to keep her and little John quiet all those weary weeks of hiding. Many an hour have I stood beside that little girl, telling her Bible stories. There was one story above all others that she loved to hear. She would say: ‘Aunty, tell me about Jesus dying on Mount Calvary’; and over and over again we told her of the wonderful love of God.

‘One day, as we sat together, I told her about the soldiers nailing the hands of our blessed Lord, and I turned to her and said: ‘Yes, darling, this was because God loved us.’ She wept as if her little heart would break, and said: ‘Did he really love us as much as all this?’ Oh, the love of God! How I learned to know more of the love of God in that month of hiding! Why,