

"Did you ever see Him?"

"No, I never saw Him; but I know he is there, for they talk to him and sing to Him. I have heard them."

The astonished child made up his mind to go to the Kuruman, and see this babe with his own eyes. It was a long journey—hundreds of miles over a sultry desolate country.

For the greater part of the distance he walked; at last he reached the districts where, scattered among the blacks, a few white farmers cultivate the soil. Glad was he then of an occasional lift in a rude slow-moving waggon, drawn by oxen over hill and valley, through rough forest paths, and over rushing streams.

At length he arrived at Kuruman, one Saturday evening, and was kindly received by a Christian Bechuana woman. He partook of her supper, and slept in her hut.

Next morning he heard the chapel bell. He knew not why it sounded, but he followed his kind hostess to the chapel. He listened with delight to the sweet singing; he looked earnestly at the missionary, when he opened the Bible and prepared to read. And what was the chapter that was read? It was the very chapter about the Babe of Bethlehem—the second of Luke! The little shepherd looked around the chapel, hoping more than ever to see the glorious babe. As he looked, he observed a child such as he had never seen before; a fair child, with light hair and blue eyes. "It is the Babe of Bethlehem," thought the little shepherd-boy; the babe that I longed to see. I have found it at last!"

When the service was over, the delighted boy told his Christian friend that he had seen the Babe of Bethlehem. At first she could not understand what he meant, but soon she found out his mistake. The blue-eyed babe was the Missionary's own child. But then the good woman told him

who the Babe of Bethlehem really was, what He did and where He is. She told him of His love in dying upon the cross, and of His glory at His Father's right hand. The boy believed her words, and soon he loved Jesus, though he could not see Him. He did not wish to leave the Kuruman Station, but stayed there and learned to read his Bible, and he grew up to be a Christian man.—*Juvenile Missionary Herald.*

PICKING BERRIES.

My father was a minister. We lived very plain, but that never troubled us. We always had enough wholesome food to eat, and my mother was one who always contrived to have a neat suit of clothes for each of her children. One day, when I was a little fellow, several little boys and girls came along on their way to pick huckleberries; they invited me to go with them, and when I saw their bright faces and little baskets I wanted to go. So I went into the house and asked my mother. I saw she favored me, but said I must ask my father.

"And where is father?"

"Up in the study, of course."

So up I bounded, hat in hand, and gently knocked at his door. He bade me come in.

"Well, Johnny, what is your wish?"

"I want, sir, to go with the children and pick berries!"

"Where are they going?"

"Only to Johnson's hill, sir."

"How many children are there?"

"Seven besides myself, please let me go."

"Well, you may go. Be a good boy and use no bad words."

Away I scampered, and just got to the bottom of the stairs, when my father called me back.

"Oh, dear, it's all over now. He is going to take it all back," I thought