

women who were there. Lydia and her household believed and were baptized. In Thessalonica some were persuaded and consorted with Paul and Silas; and of the devout Greeks a great multitude, and of the chief women not a few. In Athens, among the few that believed was a woman named Damaris. Women were persecuted as well as men. Saul laid waste the church, entering into every house, and taking men and women committed them to prison. . . . In after years we hear this man say. I commend thee to Phebe, our sister, who is a servant of the church that is at Cenchrae, for she herself also hath been a protectress of many, and of mine own self. . . . Salute Prisca and Aquila my fellow workers in Christ Jesus, who for my life laid down their own necks; unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles. Salute Mary who bestowed much labor on you. Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord. Salute Persis, the beloved, who labored much in the Lord. . . . Yea, I beseech thee also, true yoke-fellow, help those women, for they labored with me in the Gospel. . . . Priscilla and Aquila instructed Apollos more perfectly. Dorcas was full of good works and alms deeds. Her influence has been felt in every part of Christendom. Ulhorn says, 'As mothers who trained for the church its standard bearers; as deaconesses in the service of mercy; as martyrs who vied with men for the immortal crown, serving everywhere, praying, toiling, enduring, women shared in the great conflict; and to them surely in no small degree is the victory due.'"

(Concluded in our next.)

### Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas Lediard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont. to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

### News From China.

Bro. Meigs writes: "I am happy to be able to tell you that Wau Wang Hai has declared his intention to become a Christian, and I expect to baptize him before very long, unless he changes his mind or is positively forbidden by his mother. Don't cease to pray for us all, and especially for Wang Hai." Now I am sure you will all be glad to hear this, and will continue to ask for his blessing. Just think what it means to have *our boy* a sincere Christian, following the Saviour with full purpose of heart, and doing his best to lead others to do the same. If our children's work had accomplished nothing but this it would be well worth the while. Does it not encourage us to go on in

spite of all the difficulties, and it will help us to remember that the need of the work does not fluctuate like our interest and zeal, but grows greater every day. There is no *ebb and flow to God's care over us*; His love and faithfulness are unchangeable. Would that our love to Him and our faithfulness in His service were more like His:

Bro. Meigs had written last April and had enclosed a photograph of his advanced class, and had placed a mark to show which was our boy, but for some reason the letter instead of reaching me in time for the June meeting wandered back to Bro. Meigs, just a few days before he received my last letter. The picture was too badly bruised to be fit to send again, but Bro. Meigs will send us another as soon as he can secure a good one. Our boy will graduate in 1898, if he goes on with his studies. He is finishing algebra and outlines of universal history this term, so I think we have reason to be proud of him as a good student.

Post card reports from all our Bands and Juniors at the close of 1895 will be in order, and will confer a personal favor on your Superintendent.

J. E. L.

### Christmas.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Belle, "I'm tired of Christmas. Every one is alike. I'd far rather have summer."

"You had better look out," warned Alf; "if mother hears you grumbling you'll get castor oil to make you contented."

Belle's head was hot and full of a dull pain. School had closed that afternoon and the room in which the closing exercises were held grew intolerably close before dismissing.

Belle curled up on the floor and put the aching head down on mother's rocking chair and wished she would come. Miss Harvey stayed so long; she had waited a long time by the parlor door and heard them talking. Why couldn't Miss Harvey go?

All at once she got up, put on her hat and jacket and went out. It had been dusk when she sat by the fire, now it was daylight, dull and sullen and cold. Gray "misanthropic" ice, the color of the sky, was everywhere.

Before long Miss Harvey overtook her. She drew a beautiful little vial from her pocket and taking out the stopper she anointed Belle's eyes and ears with the contents. It had an exquisite odor, and Belle sniffed appreciatively.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Something to make you see and hear," responded Miss Harvey.

As she was rubbing on the salve a



### Weak, Tired, Nervous

Women, who seem to be all worn out, will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. The following is from a well known nurse:

"I have suffered for years with female complaints and kidney troubles and I have had a great deal of medical advice during that time, but have received little or no benefit. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I began to use it, together with Hood's Pills. I have realized more benefit from these medicines than from anything else I have ever taken. From my personal experience I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a most complete blood purifier." Mrs. C. CROMPTON, 71 Cumberland St., Toronto, Ontario.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

### Is the Only

### True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

man passed them breathing heavily. He stopped and grasped the pillar of a railing, gasping and struggling for breath. Miss Harvey supported him to the steps near by and seated him, saying tender, gentle words, but he did not seem to hear her. As his breath came back, his livid face looked less death-like,

"Nearer yet, old friend," he said, "nearer yet. This will be my last Christmas here, thank God. Next I'll be drinking new wine in the kingdom of heaven with all my kin." He rose stiffly and walked on with his weak, lumbering step.

Then a woman passed. She had an old red comforter tied about her head and was holding her thin shawl close to her chin; on one arm she had a pail with a brush and cloth in it. She slipped about on the ice and seemed afraid of falling. Seeing this a mischievous boy knocked against her, she threw out her hand to steady herself, and a dollar bill fluttered to the ground. The young rascal caught this up, with a laugh, and made off down a crowded street.

"Oh, my money, my dollar!" wailed the woman. "Police, police! I'm robbed."

One or two stopped to listen to her story, but no one could help her.

"I meant the children should have enough bread for one day in the year, now their father's in jail and can't take it from them. Oh, why—why do we live?"

Again Miss Harvey spoke soothing words. The woman paid no attention, but her face softened.

They all turned a corner and came upon a crowd of children looking in at windows full of toys.

"Oh, see that cunning little doll in the cradle," said a little girl.

"Oh, but look at the little man doll getting married to a lovely lady with a lace veil on her head and a silk dress," said another.

"They're not half so nice as my sweet little baby doll. Oh, you darling, how I would love to have you."

"What'll you have, Swipesy?" asked a boy at another window. "I wan't de gun an' de boy'net."

"Look at de bat an' de ball," said Swipesy.

"I wan' 'em all," said a little fellow, stretching out his arms and letting his papers fall.

"You wants de yearth, don't ye, Johnny?" said Swipesy, with a grin.

"I'd divvy up with all youse fellers," said Johnny, with a generous smile.

Belle and Miss Harvey walked on and entered a great building. In one room a lot of boys were cutting all sorts of capers. Two on wheeled chairs were racing, several on crutches were showing how far they could jump, and one with a wooden leg was showing how he could stand on his stub and hold his other leg out "purty nigh straight." Others lying in bed were looking on admiringly and telling what wonderful things they had done before they got sick. The merry din was full of Christmas excitement.

In another room a little girl was dancing and singing at the top of her voice.

"Tismuss is tumin'—tumin' soon—'n I'm—doin'—to det—a doll-ly, a doll-ly—a doll-ly." She prolonged the last word with infinite relish, then laughed and danced so hard the weak little legs gave way and she fell. Sitting down heavily was not enough, she fell over on her back and bumped her head on the floor. A white capped and aproned nurse passing in a great hurry stopped to pick the midget up and cuddle her. A few kisses judiciously applied to the bumped head and puckered face soon brought back the smiles, and nurse sang,

"Little Maisie's going to get

A dolly, a dolly, a dolly,

Off the Christmas tree.

Isn't it fun

When it's time for Santa to come!"

"Hi, there, Belle, wake up, tea's ready." And Belle looked around to find herself still on the floor by the fire. Was it only a dream? Yes, she remembered some of the things Miss Harvey was telling her mother, the rest she saw and heard coming home from school. Then she put it all together in a dream. Her head was better, and how glad she was! The joy of this sweetest festival had filled her heart.

AGNES.