

unto salvation unto every one that believeth, to the Jew first"—there she stopped; her bursting tears blinded her. She looked again. It is "to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." As she read these words she believed them and was saved, and she knew it. When the Christian brethren came, she was a Christian.—*Hebrew Christian.* Send me.

CHRISTMAS BRANDIED PIES.

(A TRUE STORY.)

A LADY writing to the *Episcopal Recorder* vouches for the truth of the following story:—

One cold winter's night a reformed man, with his wife and daughter, who lived in the country, visited some friends at a distance. After spending a pleasant evening, they arose to leave, when they were urged to take some freshly baked mince pie. After some hesitation they consented. When they were seated in the sleigh, the man turned to his wife and said, "Wife, I am lost; that piece of pie has aroused the demon of drink in me." He stopped his horses at the first tavern, and insisted on getting out for a drink. Of course, the wife and daughter were helpless; the second and third taverns were reached, and again the temptation was yielded to. Remonstrance was in vain. They reached home, and instead of putting away the horses he drove to the nearest tavern, and spent the rest of the night in a drunken debauch. The next morning he was found dead by the roadside. His poor suffering wife died of a broken heart, and his daughter ended her days in an insane asylum. One piece of brandied mince pie and this the result—for these are facts.

Another case was that of a young girl who had contracted the habit of drinking, but had reformed. She was to be married at a certain time if she would keep her pledge. Her mistress insisted upon her putting brandy in the mince meat. She did so. In a short time she disappeared, and some time afterward it was ascertained that she had become drunk, and in utter despair of ever being able to stand had drowned herself.

HOW THE TENTH SAVED A MAN.

MRS. N. M. CLAFLIN, relates in the *Chicago Interior* this telling incident illustrative of the influence of a good habit early formed:—Returning from one of our large missionary gatherings, several years ago, I found myself seated with a woman whose very expressive face I had several times noticed during the sessions of the meeting. We naturally spoke of subjects of special interest presented, and I said it hardly seemed consistent for us now to have no higher standard of giving than that of the Mosaic law—when a Christian and all that he has belongs to Christ for his service—to say a tenth should be the standard seems like levying a tax, instead of giving a free-will offering. "Oh," she replied, "if we know anything of the blessedness of giving, we will not stop at the tenth. Why, when last fall I had forty dollars to help pay the debt of the American Board, I am sure no one got more real pleasure out of forty dollars than I did out of that; but my experience has made me love the old law, and I will tell you why. My father was a New England pastor, and we children were brought up to regard a tenth of the little we had as belonging to the Lord—given to us that we might have the privilege of giving it back to Him, and we would have considered it stealing from the Lord to have used a penny of that tenth for ourselves. When I was old enough to teach, a tenth of my wages belonged to the Lord; I never questioned it. I married and came West with my husband, and in a few years the war came. My husband enlisted, and just five weeks from the time he left us the message came that he was shot in the battle of Antietam—killed instantly, and I could not even

know where he was buried. But I could not sit down with my sorrow. I had two boys, the elder four years and the baby three months old, and I must take care of them. I had our home and that was about all. I must do some work that could be done at home, and I finally decided on taking in washing and ironing. The Lord helped me, and I brought up my children as I was brought up. They each had then little to divide, and we put the Lord's tenth by itself as sacred to this service, and under no circumstances to be used for ourselves. When Charlie was about eighteen years old I began to realize what real trouble was. He seemed to change all at once—was dissatisfied with everything, and wanted to go West and make his fortune. Nothing that anyone could say or do seemed to have any influence with him, and I had to let him go. Sometimes I would not hear from him for weeks, and I knew he was not doing well. I lived through the five years he was gone. Then he came home without the fortune he went for, but he was a Christian man. In telling me of his life while away, he said: "Mother, it was the habit of giving the tenth that saved me. It was so natural to put it aside whenever I received money, that at first I did it almost without thinking; then afterward I was angry with myself for being bound by a habit, though I could not quite make up my mind to break away from it. One night being unusually reckless I said to myself: Now I am going to get rid of that superstitious notion once for all; the money is mine; I'll take this tenth and pay it for a drink of brandy and that will end it. I went into a saloon, called for the liquor, and was in such a hurry to carry out my resolution that before the waiter could get the brandy I threw the money down on the counter. That instant I was seized by such a horror—a something I never could describe—I don't know what it was, but I know I shall never need any other proof that there is such a place or state as hell than I had then. I caught up the money and rushed out, and did not stop till I was away from everybody and everything but the earth and the sky, and then I sat down and did some serious thinking. I felt sure that another step in the direction I had been going was destruction, and that my only choice of escape was to turn back, and I did it." You may be sure Charlie's experience set me to thinking, and I wondered that I had never before realized the value of the habit of tithing." The train stopped, and she was hastily gathering her belongings to leave. I said: "Why did you not relate this when the subject was being discussed; it is more to the point than anything that was said?" "Me tell it!" she exclaimed. "Why, I never spoke in meeting in my life."

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

IT is at all times difficult in China to gain access to the hearts and homes of the officials and those in high life, but during the winter God opened the way for us to overcome some prejudice, and we entered the families of both of the Sio-ke mandarins, where we were asked to treat the women as well the men of the household.

We know that at least in one case a lasting impression for good was made. The youngest child of the military mandarin, to whom he was very much attached, was taken ill during the Chinese New Year season. We were away from Sio-ke at that time, at Leng-soa, a distance of some twenty-eight miles. A courier was despatched for us during the night, and as soon as possible we mounted the horses and returned. We found the child very low, and told the mandarin that it was only the God whom we worshipped that could save the child.

WE DID ALL IN OUR POWER,

while the Christians in Sio-ke united in praying that the remedies might be blessed, and that the heart of the mandarin