

the answer. This was *bad news* for the man, for the sheep was ten miles away across the mountains, so he said, "But not now friend?"—Yes, now,—I'll have my sheep now!" And whatever the man urged, "I'll come for my sheep!" was the reply; till, at length, changing his tone, the visitor said, "Well, then, give me your hymn-book."

Now, the poor man had been all the way to the Missionary station for the hymn-book, and had only returned with his treasure the night before, and it was hard to part with it so soon. But the other had heard of his journey, and that was the reason he followed in such a hurry.

While they were talking, the stranger, touching a skin mantle which hung against the wall, spied under it another book tied round with a string and hanging from a hook, to keep it from the mice. "Oh! give me that!" he said. "No," the man replied, "I cannot give you that;—that book first led me on the way to find the Babe of Bethlehem." Then the visitor begged again for the hymn-book; but the man who loved God, at last said, "I cannot give up my book, but my wife and I will sit up with you all night, and teach you the hymns, and you can carry them away *in your head* instead." At length, the man was persuaded; so there they sat all night, the man, his wife, and the stranger, reading and singing hymns, and with the morning light, the poor man went away; and I hope (do not you?) that the next time any books were to be had, he would be one of the first to get one. Dear children! prize your books, but try to *put them into your heads too*; and oh! pity those who have neither books nor teacher!—*To be Continued.*

The story of the babe of Bethlehem, in our next.

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## Missionary Intelligence.

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### THE NESTORIANS.

If you will look at a large map of Asia, you will see