

WAITING FOR THE GOSPEL.

We few missionaries are working with all our strength every day to overthrow all this superstition. Never have I known a time in all my years in China when the people seem so willing to hear of our Gospel. Yesterday a woman in my Sabbath School class said she wished to unite with the church. I knew for some time she had wished this, but I wanted to test her, and so said, "Oh, but your friends will leave you, your neighbors will make fun of you, you can't work and perhaps your husband will not let you live at home!"

Did she say, "Oh! I had not thought of all this; perhaps I better wait. I can pray to Jesus just as well as though I united with the church." No, but what do you think she did say? "Why, didn't you tell us if we were ashamed of Christ here, He would be ashamed of us hereafter?"

HOME CHILDREN CAN HELP.

Remember all you children do is a great help. And there is use for all your dollars in caring for the children here. There are orphans without bread, blind with no one to care for them, lepers shunned by all. As I went to a country village last week to dispense, I passed the leper hospital. In the field near, were a number of pretty leper children, who knew nothing of the terrible doom awaiting them. As I passed on, I thought of you children at home and was glad there were in our beloved land no horrible modes of torture and punishment, and no lepers roaming all over the country. When you stop to think of a heathen land, where from babyhood children are taught to pray for help to wood and stone, where Jesus is unknown, unloved, unworshipped, be thankful *your* home is in Christian America. And the next time you feel annoyed because you can't have a new pair of ear-rings, or bracelets, or skates, just think of China. After you have thought about it, pray for it, and then *work* for it.

He loved me
And gave Himself for me.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S HEROES.

IN the North of Holland, over an extent of three leagues, the country is not protected from the incursions of the sea by any natural barrier. Some two hundred years ago the Dutch undertook the gigantic task of erecting enormous dykes of granite blocks and clay to resist the force of their terrible invader. Behind this shelter numerous villages arose, which flourish to the present day. Alkmond in particular, which numbers 10,000 inhabitants, is built a little below the dyke, which is kept in constant repair by two hundred workmen, under the direction of an engineer.

One afternoon in November, about a century ago, a furious wind was blowing from the northwest, increasing every moment. The engineer in charge was a young man engaged to be married, whose friends and family lived at Amsterdam. He was to go to Amsterdam that very evening to join in a great festival, long looked forward to and eagerly desired. His preparations were all made and he was in high spirits, just ready to set out. Suddenly the sound of the rising wind struck upon his ear, and he remembered with a pang of anxiety that it was the time of the high tides. He thought of his dyke and of all that depended on it. It would be a dreadful disappointment not to go. But the dyke! His friends would be all expecting him! watching for him. What would they think? But the dyke! There was a fierce conflict between inclination and duty. It is six o'clock. The sea is rising. But at seven he must set out for Amsterdam. Shall he go? His heart says yes; duty says no. Again he looks at the sea, watches the rising storm, and decides to remain at his post. He then turns to the dyke. It is a scene of the utmost confusion. His two hundred men are agast, bewildered. The storm has become a hurricane. The supply of tow and mortar is exhausted. They are at their wits' end to know how to repair the breaches—how to defend the place against the terrible enemy who is every moment gaining upon them. But as soon as the young engineer appears a joyous