

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION WORK.

BY MARY E. DAMFORD.



HERE! it's all done," said Bertie Russell, as he surveyed the neat pile of wood that he had just finished splitting. "Now, this evening, father will give

me twenty-five cents."

"Bertie, Bertie, where are you?" called Aunt Katie from the kitchen window.

"Here," answered Bertie from the woodshed. "Come out and see my wood-pile, won't you, auntie?"

Aunt Kate came to the back door and down the steps into the yard, still beating her eggs.

"Look there," said Bertie, pointing with pride to his work. "Haven't I been smart, auntie? I split and piled all that after school this week."

"That is a good deal of work for a ten-year old," said Aunt Kate looking at the pile.

"Father hired me," explained Bertie as he followed his aunt back to the kitchen. "You see, I wanted to earn some money awful bad, and I just tried every way I could think of to earn some, and father said if I would split and pile the wood he would pay me just the same as he would a hired man."

"But what did you want your money so much for?" asked his aunt.

"Why," said Bertie, "our class have a missionary meeting Thursday afternoon, and teacher always wants us to bring some money to give to missions."

"If you had asked me, I would have given you some money," said his aunt.

"No," said Bertie, "that wouldn't have done at all. Teacher says that we ought to earn the money our own selves, so as to have it our own contributions. Oh, auntie, won't you go with me to-morrow? The two little Chinese girls that we've been helping to send to school, are coming over from San Francisco, and they are going to recite and sing. Won't you go?"

"Maybe I can," said Aunt Kate. "Is that what becomes of this mission money?"

"Yes," said Bertie. "It costs forty dollars to send a Chinese boy or girl to school at the Home for a year, and all the money that we scholars give goes towards that."

"Well, I'll go if I can," said Aunt Kate. Accordingly next day, Thursday, about three o'clock, Bertie showed his aunt the way to the church, and when they arrived there they both went into the large primary class-room. It was almost full of children who had just come from the day-schools. Aunt Kate and Bertie sat down on a bench near the wall and waited for a little while until the primary class teacher came.

"Pretty soon a Chinese girl, about ten years old, appeared at the door.

"That's one of the scholars," whispered Bertie. "She stays at the Chinese Home, but she hasn't been there very long and can't talk English as well as Chin Pav."

"Who is Chin Pav?" asked Aunt Kate.

"She is the youngest scholar in the Home," explained Bertie. "She is eight years old and she can talk English 'most as well as I can."

In a few minutes little Chin Pav came hurrying in with the other Chinese girl. Chin Pav had a bright, pleasant face, and she was dressed very finely. She wore a blouse of pink silk, trimmed around her neck and sleeves with blue. This blouse came down to her knees. Then she had on the large, loose trousers that Chinese women wear. They were made of bright green silk, trimmed with blue like the blouse. Her funny shoes had thick white soles and the tops were blue and pink. So, altogether, Chin Pav looked very queer and gay, like one of the Chinese pictures.

Her companion was not dressed so finely. She wore a green blouse and a skirt of dark cambric with American shoes. The two little girls stood on the platform before all the children.

"Now," said the teacher, "these two little girls will sing for us." And so Chin and her friend sang,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

They had very sweet voices and spoke the words very distinctly, but they did not sing very loudly for they felt rather afraid of so many white children. Next they sang one verse of—

I am so glad that our Father in Heaven,
Tells of his love in the Book he has given."

After that, Chin Pav recited the parable of the prodigal son, word for word, very readily. Then she said the 23rd Psalm and told what the Bible says about the idols that the Chinese worship.

"Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not. They have ears but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not. They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat."

Afterward, while the children were marching around the room, laying their money on the table, Aunt Kate went to the little girls and tried to talk with them. Their teacher was there with them and she answered almost all of the questions, because the little girls were afraid to talk.

The teacher said that Mr. Hunter had found little Chin Pav wandering around with a woman who was unkind to her, and before Mr. Hunter brought the little girl to the Chinese Home, she had been whipped so hard by this woman that her face and shoulders were all covered with blood. But now she had lived at the Home for two or three years, and was very happy, and, best of all, little Chin Pav thought she had become a Christian. She had not joined the church yet, but she expected to very soon. There were four or five Chinese girls at the Home, the teacher said, who belonged to the Mission Church, and three afternoons, in each week, these Chinese girls held a prayer meeting in their teacher's room, where they studied the Bible and prayed that the Chinese who now worship idols might soon learn to know of the only true God.

"Wasn't the meeting nice, auntie?" asked Bertie, as they were walking home.

"Very nice, indeed," said his aunt.

"Don't you think," said Bertie, "teacher says that there is a little Chinese boy that has just come to the Home, and may be his mother will let him come over next missionary meeting. We are going to give some money for him next time."

"Do all the scholars earn the money that they give?" asked auntie. "I saw quite a little pile of five and ten-cent pieces on the table."

"I don't know whether all do or not," said Bertie, "but Arthur Hall earns his money by selling eggs. He has seven hens. Then Mabel Brown hemmed a table-cloth for her mother, and she got ten cents that way. I'm real glad that they are getting so many scholars at the Home, and I'm going to try and earn some more money for next missionary meeting, so that more Chinese girls and boys can learn to read the Bible and stop praying to idols."—*Morning Star*.

BEECHER ON GLADSTONE.

IN the course of a recent sermon Rev. H. W. Beecher paid the following eloquent tribute to Gladstone:—"No nobler statesman has risen in our day than Mr. Gladstone. He stands with Count Cavour, and is greater than he. As compared with Theirs, he is as patriotic and immeasurably his superior both in wisdom and in public and private morality. Perhaps Bismarck is fitted to guide an empire amid the storms of war, but he is not to be compared with Gladstone as a statesman, controlling a nation in peace. He is an unselfish man, seeking the good of his country and his race, and not seeking himself; seeking good to all by ways of peace and not by ways of violence. A Christian and a patriot, clothed with learning uncommon even among the scholars of our day. A man of spotless honour, he stands upon the highest place on earth—higher than the throne which he serves. A man without violence; a diplomatist without guile; a leader without personal ends; a statesman carrying into public life the conscience of a Christian and the instincts of a gentleman. If he should go down we should renew in our day the magnificent spectacle of the ancient days, when the great lawgiver and leader of Israel, having conducted his people through the desert, came to the borders of the promised land and died without entering therein. Gladstone will have brought the English and Irish people to the very bounds of liberty and died without being permitted to go over. Who can avert it but God and the people? It is for us standing in our place to exert a true Christian influence to the full for England and to the full for Ireland, to pour out our prayers that He who guides the destinies of nations, He who has been the Captain of our salvation, will overrule all things to the furtherance of justice and settled order of that empire which we all love. God save the Queen! God save the Parliament! God save England, Scotland, and Ireland! God save Ireland from the hands of oppression and from her own hand, and may the mercy which he gives to this continent go on the wings of the prayers of every emigrant for his own land until all the earth shall dwell together in settled peace with a love light spread from every star."

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.
BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

IN the minister's morning sermon,
He had told of the primal fall,
And how thenceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to the quenchless burning,
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason
A saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson
A tenderer heart belied.

And, after the painful service
On that pleasant Sabbath day,
He walked with his little daughter,
Thro' the apple-bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadows,
Sparrow and blackbird sung;
Above him their tinted petals,
The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory,
The minister looked and smiled;
"How good is the Lord who gives us,
These gifts from his hand, my child!"

"Behold in the bloom of apples
And the violets in the sward,
A hint of the old; lost beauty
Of the Garden of the Lord!"

Then up spake the little maiden,
Treading on snow and pink,
"Oh, father, these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden,
There never had been a fall;
And if never a tree had blossomed,
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,
"By his decree man fell,
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But he doeth all things well.

"And whether by his ordaining,
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear and love Him still."

"Oh, I fear Him!" said the daughter,
"And I try to love Him, too;
But I wish he was good and gentle,
And kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit,
As the tremulous lips of pain
And wide, wet eyes uplifted
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head, he pondered
The words of the little one;
Had he erred in his life-long teaching?
Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol
Had he lent the holiest name?
Did his own heart, loving and human,
The God of his worship shame?

And, lo! from the bloom and greenness,
From the tender skies above,
And the face of his little daughter,
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror
Of Sinai's mount of law,
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies
The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb,
Of old was His presence known,
The dread Ineffable Glory,
Was Infinite Goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the gospel of hatred
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as flint aforetime,
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

—*Atlantic Monthly*.