

A sad picture came to our Mission hospital at Chang te Fu, Honan, not long since. This is what our missionary doctor says about it:

"There is at present in the hospital a bright boy of 14 years, who was attacked three months ago by a wolf and bitten three times. The face from ear to ear and from eyes to mouth was completely torn off, leaving only the bone. One eye is gouged out, the nose, bone and all is gone, and the other eye is at present sightless."

This shows how much of help and comfort our missionary doctors can bring to the poor Chinese. They cannot restore the eye or face to this poor laddie, but they can do as the good Samaritan did, bind up his wounds, and take him to their hospital and take care of him.

And there, too, they can teach him of the Saviour who heals the disease of sin and saves to life eternal.

LET HIM DENY HIMSELF.

Luke ix. 23.

A little girl won a prize by reciting "Little Jim" at a Glasgow Sabbath-school Band of Hope competition, upon which she was awarded a scarf for her own wear.

Instead of taking it, however, she asked timidly if she might receive a woollen cravat.

No sooner was her request granted than she ran to her little brother, who was in the hall, and folded it round his neck. Another girl renounced a garment for herself that she might obtain a shirt for a younger brother. The hearty cheers of the children present showed that they fully appreciated these acts of self-denial.

HOW TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

The father of a little girl was once in great trouble on account of his sins. He lay awake after going to bed one night, in fear and dread. His little daughter was sleeping in her crib beside his bed. Presently she began to move uneasily.

"Papa, papa!" she called.

"What is it, my darling," he asked.

"Oh, papa, it's so dark! Take Nellie's hand."

He reached out and took her by her tiny little hand, clasping it firmly in his own.

A sigh of relief came from her throbbing heart. At once she was quiet and comforted. Almost instantly, the father became conscious

that his little child taught him a lesson, and the Holy Spirit made it full of meaning to him.

"Oh, my Father, my Saviour," he cried, "it is dark, very dark in my soul. Take my hand, take my hand, and he turned to Jesus and found joy and peace in believing. So it will be with every one who sincerely gives up sin and trusts in Jesus.—Exchange.

LOVING SERVICE.

A lady was walking homeward from a shopping excursion, carrying two or three packages in her hand, while by her side walked her little boy. The child was weary; the little feet began to lag, and soon a wailing cry arose:

"I'm too tired! I want somebody to let me wide home!"

The mother looked about her, but there was no street car going in her direction. She took one of her parcels and gave it to the child.

"Mamma is tired, too, and Willie must help her to get home. She is glad she has such a brave little man to take care of her, and help her to carry her bundles."

Instantly the little fellow straightened, his step quickened, and he reached for the offered parcel, saying, stoutly:

"I'll carry 'em all, mamma."

It was only the old, old lesson that our Father is always teaching us: "Is the homeward way weary? Try to lighten another's burden, and the loving service shall smooth thine own path."—Lutheran Observer.

STORED POWER.

My definition of money is this: Money is myself. I am a working man, and on Saturday night I receive twelve dollars, which is one week's worth of my brawn—of myself, my energy—put into greenbacks and pocketed. Or I am a clerk in a store, and at the end of the week I get twenty dollars—the equivalent of a week of myself. Or I am a merchant, and find that a week's worth of myself is one thousand dollars.

Money in the pocket is something human, for it represents power expended. The electric storage battery is a marvel. The button is the governor of the stored power, able to light a house, move machinery, cure a pain or kill a man. Money, too, is stored power, stored only to be loosed. The question is, How shall it be loosed, to build up or to destroy?—Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D.D.