

you this time." I know from your very kind letter that you will help us if you can.

I have just heard that the sick man has had another attack of bleeding, so I must go and see if anything can be done for him.

With many thanks for past help and good wishes, I am, very sincerely yours,
J. G. BURGESS.

THE CHRISTMAS MISSION GIFT.

Hilda and Helen are dear little twin sisters, living in a quiet country town. They look just as much alike as two persons can. Strangers say exactly alike, and even their own father has been known to call Hilda, Helen, and Helen, Hilda; but their mother knows that of the two little turn-up noses, one curves a little more than the other, and she never makes a mistake in their names. These little girls have never seen a missionary, but they know more about missions than many who have, for a dear aunt has lived among the heathen for many years. Almost every month brings letters from her to the mother, which the children always hear with interest; and occasionally one comes to the children themselves, which is a great delight; and then they have almost equal pleasure in answering it.

Like most other children these girls think all the days in the year are made for Christmas. Ever since last Christmas, they have been planning for the one so soon to come, and that they may have plenty of money to remember all their friends, they have each week put a little of their "allowance" into a round, red box which they keep in a drawer, and call their Christmas box. It is very light and thin and pretty, and is especially precious because it came from the auntie over the sea, and reached them on Christmas morning three years ago. I cannot tell exactly how much money has gone into this little box in the course of the year, but they have told me something of their Christmas plans, and I am sure they cannot have spent a great deal upon themselves, or they would not have so much now to give away.

Hilda put her arms around my neck

when I was with her the other day, and said, "Aunt Carrie, do you know what we have done with our Mission Christmas money?"

"No," I said, "but I should like to know all about it. What do you mean by your Mission Christmas money?"

"Why, I mean that which we lay aside for the Lord Jesus. Mother says, since Christmas means the birthday of Jesus, we ought to give something to Him first of all. So Helen and I thought last year that we should give to Him the first dollar that we saved; but after we got it, it took us a good while to decide what to do with it."

"And have you decided now?"

"Oh, yes, mine went ever so long ago, and Helen's will start to-morrow."

"And why make Christmas gifts so long before the time?" I said.

"So they may get there in season. You know mine had to go way over to India. I bought twenty papers of needles and had them packed in flour to keep them from rusting, and sent them to auntie's school. I expect they will get there in season to make Christmas presents to the scholars, who think very much of such things. And I sent some old Christmas cards to go with them.

"And what has Helen bought with her dollar that is to start to-morrow?"

"Oh, that is going to the Pillow Mission, and will buy twenty little printed letters, each in a nice envelope which says on the outside, 'A Christmas Letter for You.' The letter tells about Jesus and his pity for sick people: and it will be put under the pillow of some little boy or girl in some hospital; and when they wake up in the morning they will find it, and, if they are ever so poor and far away from home, they will know that somebody cares for them. Aunt Carrie, don't you think it is nice?"

"Yes, my dear little girl," I said, kissing her; "and I wish all the boys and girls would remember what Christmas means, and make their first Christmas gift to Him who gave them the day and all its joys."—*Little Helpers.*