



**The girls in white dresses and laces,  
Put on the most sorrowful faces,  
In chorus they sadly complained,  
"How sorry we are that it rained!"**

**The roses grew red in their blushes,  
The lilies rejoiced in the rushes,  
In chorus they gladly exclaimed,  
"How happy we are that it rained!"**



STORY BY A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL.

During the sixth moon Wen Shan, one of our neighbor's girls, came back from the Peking school. She looked so queer to us! They had taken the bandages from her feet, and she walked like a boy and her feet were nearly as big as a boy's. I laughed at her, because she had followed the foreign devils and had a girl's head and a boy's feet, but often my feet ached so I wished in my heart that I had boy's feet too.

At first we all made sport of Wen Shan, because she had been off to the mission school; but she was so gentle and kind we got ashamed to make her feel bad. One day I said, "Why don't you get angry and scold like you used to do?"

"Because Jesus said, "Love your enemies."

"Jesus? Who is Jesus? Is he your teacher?"

Then she told me a beautiful story about her Jesus. I did not believe it, but I liked to hear it all the same. We all liked to look at her doll and the pretty things that came from America in a box for the school. No one in our village ever saw such pretty things. Every one went to see her house after she trimmed it up with bright picture cards. She says the verses on the cards are Bible verses, and the Bible, she says, is the book the true God has given us to help us to be good and please him, so we can go to heaven when we die.

When I told grandma she said: "Ask Wen Shan to bring the Bible book over here and read it to me. I want to hear about her Jesus God."

When Wen Shan came I could see that grandma loved to hear her talk about Jesus. Wen Shan seems to love her Jesus, but we are afraid of our gods, and sometimes I think her god must be nicer than ours.

No woman in our village can read. It is a wonderful thing to hear her read as well as the mandarins. One day she read where Jesus said he was going away to prepare many mansions and he promised to come again for his friends.

Grandma said, "That is very nice for the foreigners."

But Wen Shan said, "he is heaven's Lord, our Heavenly Father. We are all his children. He loves Chinese just as well as he does Americans."

"Do you think there is a heaven for me too?" said grandma, and her voice shook so it made me feel very queer in my heart.

"Yes, surely there is."

"But I am nothing but a poor, stupid old woman, and I am afraid he will not want me in his fine mansions," said grandma.

After a while I noticed that grandma did not burn any more incense to the gods, and sometimes it seemed to me she was talking with some one I could not see.

When cold weather came she began to cough and grow weak, and one day I heard them say, "She cannot live long." My mother bathed her and put on her fine clothes, and the priests came from the temple and beat their gongs and drums to scare away the devils that watch for the dying. Poor old grandma opened her eyes and looked so scared I could not look at her.

Mother put the brass pin in her hand so that she could rap on the gate of the other world, and she shut her fingers around it tight.

All at once she said, "Send Ling Ze to that Jesus school." Then she went off to sleep. About midnight she opened her eyes and smiled so glad, but she did not seem to see us.

"O look! look! The door is open! O how beautiful! Yes, it is my mansion! So big! There is room for all of us! I'll go first and wait for you!"

Then she folded her hands and went to sleep, and they put her in the black coffin and fastened down the cover with pegs.

I found the old brass pin on the floor. I was so sorry for grandma until I remembered she said the gate was wide open, so I thought she would not need to rap.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

A BOY WHO HAS NEVER SEEN A SALOON.

Mr. F. P. Baker, of Topeka, Kan., who edited the *Commonwealth* for twenty-five years, was recently interviewed by a representative of one of the great dailies that defend the saloons. Mr. Baker was known to have been an anti-prohibitionist, and it was supposed that, of course, he would reveal the failure and inefficiency of prohibition in Kansas. He would know all about it. And it did seem so, for he said: "I fought prohibition for years. It

was adopted in spite of my best efforts, and I have now seen it work. Let me tell you, Kansas will never go back to the open saloon. If the question were re-submitted to-day prohibition would have a majority of 50,000 votes. The Eastern people talk about prohibition, not prohibiting. It doesn't. If I want a drink in Topeka I can get it. But the saloon is gone. I have a grandson growing up who has never seen a saloon. Isn't that a good thing? The saloon and the crowd of ward workers are no longer a political power. That alone is worth all prohibition has cost. Thousands of men who fought the measure the hardest have been converted as I have been. There isn't the possibility of a repeal of the law."

MATIE.

BY MRS. S. ROSALIE SILL.

Hearing a timid little knock upon the door, it was opened, and we saw standing there a little girl, who said:

"I want to come in, please."  
The face of the child was fair, with large hazel eyes, which reminded one of a young fawn.

"I wanted to come in, 'cause Harry said this was a home where no one ever was drunk. I wanted to know how it would seem, please, 'cause papa always gets drunk, and over at Tina's house her papa does, too."

"Where is your other shoe, and what is your name, little girl?" I said to her.

"My name is Matie. Papa threw one of my shoes in the fire last night. Oh, it was awful last night. Papa put the baby up on a high shelf, and said it must learn to take care of its own self. And the dear little thing reached out its hands and made such a sorry cry for some one to take it down. But papa would not let mamma when she wanted to, and turned to push her away; while his back was turned Harry took down the baby and ran away. Papa started after Harry, but was so drunk he fell down, so Harry got clear away."

"What made your papa put the baby up on the shelf?" was asked.

"'Cause he cried when no was hungry. He don't cry when he has enough to eat, 'cause when Mrs. Barker gave him some milk, he never cried the leastest mite all day. Mamma tells me never to cry, 'cause if I do I'll never grow to be a woman. I s'pect baby will grow to be a man if he does cry. Don't you think womens has a harder time than men?"

Could it be possible this mite of humanity had been long enough in this world to learn so much?

"I don't want to grow to be a woman, though!" and there came a pitiful little sigh, and the small frame quivered.

"Tell me why, dear?"

"'Cause womens has to marry men, and they get drunk!"

On being told a woman did not have to marry if she did not choose to—not unless she loved some one better than all the world beside—and he was good, and did not drink, Matie looked up at me with those large questioning eyes and said:

"Truly?"

"Yes, truly."

It would have done one good to have seen the pale little face grow luminous as she said:

"Then I do want to grow to be a woman!"

Matie was given all she wanted to eat, another shoe was placed upon the small foot, and the child went out from us feeling comforted.

We left for the South soon afterward, not returning until the end of the winter. Our traveling garments had scarcely been laid aside when Matie's brother, Harry, came over saying:

"Matie is dying, and wants to see you."

"How did it happen? Has Matie been ill?"

"Father pushed her over, and she was injured internally, the doctor says."

When we arrived poor little Matie was in great distress, yet she knew me, and tried to speak.

"Does Matie know she is dying?" her mother was asked.

"I guess not. I hated to tell the poor darling," and the mother burst out in an agony of grief.

Leaning down close to Matie, I said: "Do you wish to go to heaven, dear?"

"Who said I was going away? I wanted to grow to be a woman—after you told me—and now—I—never" and the large hazel

eyes were turned upon her father, with a look of such pitiful pleading it would have touched a heart of stone.

"Oh, Matie, child, stay! Stay, and I promise you upon my knees I'll never touch a drop of liquor again!" and the man was upon his knees with the deep fountain of his heart broken up.

It did seem as though Matie understood. For a smile dawned upon her face, although it might have been because of the knowledge of the glory beyond.

"It's always so!" sobbed the man. "The innocent suffer for the guilty. From Calvary down it's always been so."

Beside the body of little Matie, in the marble-like repose of death, the father signed the pledge.

The offering of her pure spirit had breathed a new life and earnestness of purpose within her father's heart.—*Union Signal.*

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

The Rev. E. E. Hale relates the following incident in the *Cosmopolitan*: "A certain woman, a hard-worked library assistant, observed one day that a little Irish boy who came for his books was following along the poorest line of story books which that library would offer. She thought, and thought rightly, that he had had enough of them. She called him behind her desk and showed him a handsomely illustrated book of butterflies. She asked him if he had ever seen any butterflies or moths, and made him remember and tell her about them. She asked him if he would not like to know more about them, and then promised that, if he would bring some one companion, she would let them see some of the elegant illustrated books which bore on that matter. When the little roughs came, she had ready for them some of the tempting books which are now printed, suited to the capacities of children, and she started them on a new career. Before a great while she had the pleasure of seeing that they were themselves watching the insects which they could readily enough find on the Common or in the parks of Boston, were making their own collections, and in short were started as naturalists, with a hobby, with an enthusiasm, with some notion of higher life and study than they had before."

Here is a little story of what one person found it in her power to do in the real business of education. That is, she engaged herself in discovering a latent faculty; she brought that faculty out, she unfolded it, and at this hour there are half a dozen young men happier, stronger, better, and of larger life, because she was willing to turn aside from the routine of book delivery to take one of them into her counsels and to start him heavenward while there was a chance of his going the other way."

WITHOUT WINE SAUCE.

A young man sat at a hotel table with a gentleman and a lady friend, for whom he felt the greatest respect. The waiter said to the gentleman, "Will you have some pudding with wine sauce?" "Yes," was the answer. The young man's craving for strong drink was aroused at the mention of the wine sauce, and he also was about to reply affirmatively to the waiter's question, when his lady friend quickly said, "Pudding without wine sauce, if you please." "Without wine sauce," came the young man's reply. Afterward, in the parlor, he said to her, "I want to thank you for doing me a great favor." She looked astonished. "You do not know what it meant to me when you said at the dinner table, 'Pudding without wine sauce, if you please.'" He then told her of his struggle against strong drink and how near he had come to falling, saved only by her timely example.—*New York Evangel.*

A REMARKABLE CANVASSER.

Probably the most remarkable distributor of Bibles that ever lived was Deacon William Brown, of New Hampshire. In 1849, he began his work, and kept it up until he died, year before last, at the age of seventy-six. During the two years before his death, he canvassed two hundred and thirty-nine towns, visiting more than eighty thousand families. He gave away at least one hundred and twenty thousand copies of the Bible during his life.