

MISSIONARY AND MEDICINE.

Once, when staying at an inn at Kwang-ing-ch'ang, a woman one morning was ushered into my room, and a voice said, "Yes, there she is, go and thank her."

The woman entered, greeted me, and began to thank me for something; I, meanwhile, waiting patiently to know for what.

It transpired at length that this woman had been very ill—dying, in fact; her coffin lay ready, and her relations waited to receive her last breath, when one of the Christians, also a relative, arrived on the scene with some medicine from me, as they supposed, but more probably procured at Pao-ning, from Mr. Parsons.

The effect was miraculous, according to all accounts. Soon after taking the first dose—the dying (?) woman said, "I could take some food"; so she ate a basin of rice.

After the second dose she ate two basins of rice, and after the third she ate three basins of rice, and after the fourth dose, four basins of rice, and after the fifth dose she ate five basins of rice, and then, I think, she was considered convalescent, or at least out of immediate danger.

The story was related to me with much excitement, which became more intense as each basin of rice was mentioned, the woman's face getting redder and her gestures more violent, and her voice crescendo, till at last it was fortissimo; while I listened with becoming gravity and dignity to the recital.

Finally this interesting "case" took up her abode with me for the rest of the morning, and acted as an advertisement for my medicines. Of course, we did not fail to use this opportunity of pressing home on the woman that God had mercifully spared her life that she might have an opportunity of repentance. Miss Kolkenbeck, in *China's Millions*.

HOW THE LARK WAS MADE TO SING.

A man was going through a bird-fancier's place, and was examining with interest a fine collection of larks.

He noticed one very quiet and sad-looking bird at the top of the cage, and asked the keeper what was wrong with it.

"Oh," was the reply, "it is going to die. It has never sung since we have had it."

"Ah, what price do you put upon it?"

"Oh, sir, if you want a bird I would not recommend that one. It has never whistled a note since it has been here."

"But what do you want for it?" he asked.

A price was stated, and immediately the bird was bought.

As its purchaser took it away he said to himself, looking at the bird. "If you can sing I will make you." He tried sugar, different kinds of seed, and shifted the cage from one situation to another, but it was of no use; the bird remained dumb. At last he said, "I have only one more resource." He took the bird out to the green fields and opening the cage door, said to it, "Now, go! You are free."

The bird at first looked curiously at the door, as if it could scarcely realize that it was free, then looking up at its owner seemed to say, "Am I really free?" then it spread its wings and flew away, and as it mounted higher and higher it opened its mouth and sent forth a perfect flood of song.

Oh, poor sinners who are living in the cage of sin, the Lord who bought you with his blood has opened a door of escape. It is wide open and all may pass through it. Will you do so? or will you continue to dwell in your cage? Harken to those hymns of praise! They are the song of joyful thanks from those who have been set free.—*Scl.*

A DOG STORY.

Jack was a dog who lived across the street from the church and belonged to Deacon P. The preacher often visited there and he petted Jack much. Jack grew very fond of his preacher, and would go to church to see and hear his preacher. At church he would walk down the aisle near to the pulpit and look up at the preacher, then lie down.

It happened that the preacher was from home one time and another man filled the pulpit. Jack went to church that morning as usual and walked down the aisle to the front and looked up at the preacher a moment, and turned and dropped head and tail and went home. *His preacher was not there.*

But he was only a dog. Do not follow his example in going to church only when your favorite preacher is there. Go to meet your Heavenly Father and your Saviour whoever the preacher may be.—*Scl.*