



A CHINESE BRIDE.

she told them of the Saviour, and what He had done for her. We had a most interesting time there, telling the Gospel story to these poor people. They were much astonished to hear that though Mrs. A. no longer worshipped her ancestors, yet no calamity had befallen her family. When evening came, a man lent us a house to sleep in. It was a funny place, an empty house with a mud floor, very dark and damp, and the only light came through gratings high up in the walls. I have slept in many queer places in China, but I think this was the queerest of them all. The people took down a door, and laid it across two forms, to serve as a bedstead for me, and Mrs. A. had a heap of straw at my feet. When we had shut ourselves in, and had prayer together, she curled herself up on her straw and went to sleep. I was beginning to prepare for the night, when I saw the faces of men and boys, who were peering in through the grating. They had got up on the tables and forms outside to look in, being curious to see what the foreign "devil" was doing!

The next morning, when I wished to pay the man for lending us the house and giving us food, he would not take a single cash.

I do not know whether any one in that village has turned to Christ. The seed has been sown there. May God water it, and make it bring forth fruit!—*M. V., in Light in the Home.*

TOMMY AND THE ORANGES.

TOMMY walked along the shady street, feeling just about as happy as almost any little boy would feel. It was a bright, sunshiny day, and the birds were singing over his head, and he had to turn his eyes to see the flowers in old Mrs. Camp's garden. He had had a good breakfast, and was wearing a new pair of shoes.

"Tommy," said Mrs. Camp, as he was passing the door, "won't you do a little errand for me?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"I'm going to have company to tea to-night, and I want some oranges from the store. I wish you would get me a dozen."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy again.

He took the quarter she gave him, and went to the store.

"I'm giving thirteen oranges to the dozen

to-day," said Mr. Gray, the storekeeper, "and they're fine ones, too."

Tommy took the basket and walked towards Mrs. Camp's. When he turned into the shady street again, no one was passing. He set down the basket and peeped into it. They were fine ones, sure enough, so large and round, and yellow. Tommy thought they were the juiciest looking ones he had ever seen in his life.

"I'd like one," he said to himself.

He was very fond of oranges. He wondered if he could dare to ask Mrs. Camp for one of them. Then it came into his head that there were thirteen instead of the dozen she was expecting.

"I don't believe 'twould be a bit of harm for me to take that," he said. "No, of course not. She only wanted a dozen; she said so."

Tommy took one of the oranges, put it in his pocket, and went on. But he did not feel quite as happy as he did before. The basket felt heavy, the sun did not seem to shine so brightly, nor the birds to sing so sweetly.

"Of course it's right," said Tommy again. He did not realize that he was arguing against the Good Spirit in his heart, which kept whispering: "Tommy, that orange is not yours."

"And I'm awfully hungry." As we have said, Tommy had just had a good breakfast; but he had never yet found that that made any difference in his wanting an orange, or, indeed, anything else good to eat.

"And I'm so tired lugging this big basket. It's no more'n fair I should have some pay."

But it was no use. Tommy had a good mother at home, and all the talk in the world could not lead him to forget her words about boys keeping their hearts pure of ugly sin stains and their hands clean from picking and stealing. He took the orange out of his pocket. It seemed as though he had never wanted anything in his life as he wanted it. But into the basket it went, and then Tommy, like a wise little boy, set his small legs in motion, and did not let them stop until he reached Mrs. Camp's door.

"There are thirteen to the dozen," he said, as he handed her the basket.

"Perhaps she will give me the extra one," he said to himself, as she counted them.

"Yes, thirteen," she said; "they'll make a good, full dish. I'm much obliged to you, Tommy."

He watched until she put the last one back into the basket and set them away in the pantry. He felt a good deal disappointed, for the sight of them had made him wish for them more and more.

He went out and walked slowly ten minutes; then gave a jump and a whoop.

"Hurrah! If I had taken that orange it would have been all gone by this time, and God would have known it, and mamma would have