



BETHLEHEM.

first thing he says is, "Is it peace?" and the answer is, "It is peace." Now, you can guess what they mean, or, if not, ask some one, and then, my missionary said, they have a little talk about some one who is a Friend of both of them, and each goes on his way the happier for it.

He told us, too, about poor little girls who have to have their toes turned under, and bound around with long strips of cotton when they are about five years old, and kept so for four years. They are in pain all the time, cannot sleep or eat, and no one pities them at all. Is it not sad? I saw a shoe that had been worn by a grown-up woman, and it was not more than four inches long; just imagine your mamma wearing the baby's shoes! How could she walk!

Now, there is no use thinking about sad things unless we can do something to cure them. Do remember that God can do *everything*; and ask Him to send plenty of missionaries out to China to teach the mothers that it is wrong to bind their little girls' feet. A few of them know better now; but if you look up in your geography, you will see what crowds of people there are in China, and there are millions who have never heard about our good, kind God at all, but they worship idols, and they are afraid that the spirits will do something to them if they give up this cruel practice. When a missionary opens a school, it is one of the rules that the bandages must be taken off, so there are lots of little girls begging to be allowed to go to school to stop the pain in their poor little feet. There would be plenty of schools if there was money enough; so don't waste any money by buying things that are of no use, but remember the little girls in China crying and nursing their little feet. Perhaps God will send *you* out there when you are grown up, or else give you plenty of money that you may send a missionary all by yourself.

Your friend, C.E.B.

BETHLEHEM-TOWN.

As I was going to Bethlehem-town,
Upon the earth I cast me down
All underneath a little tree
That whispered in this wise to me:
"Oh, I shall stand on Calvary
And bear what burthen saveth thee."

As up I fared to Bethlehem-town
I met a shepherd coming down.
And thus he quoth: "A wondrous sight
Hath spread before mine eyes this
night—
An angel host most fair to see
That sung full sweetly of a tree
That shall uplift on Calvary,
What burthen saveth you and me."

And as I got to Bethlehem-town,
Lo! wise men came that bore
crown—
"Is there," cried I, "in Bethlehem
A King shall wear this diadem?"
"Good sooth," they quoth, "and it is
He

That shall be lifted on the tree
And freely shed on Calvary
What blood redeemeth us and thee."

Unto a Child in Bethlehem-town,
The wise men came and brought the crown,
And while the infant smiling slept
Upon their knees they fell and wept:
But, with her babe upon her knee,
Naught recked that mother of the tree
That should uplift on Calvary
What burthen saveth all and me.

Again I walk in Bethlehem-town
And think on Him that wears the crown
I may not kiss His feet again
Nor worship Him as did I then:
My King hath died upon the tree,
And hath outpoured on Calvary
What blood redeemeth you and me!

—Eugene Field.

GIVING UP.

It was a very poor home in which the Holy Child Jesus lived, the home of a carpenter who worked hard for his daily bread. And when He was grown to be a man, He himself said: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

The home He left, when He came to earth, was the glorious heaven, the place of all holy beauty and delight. And yet He left it, left all that wonderful beauty, and came to the cold, sad earth, where, though the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air their nests, He had no place of His own to lay His head.

Why? why did He leave His heavenly home and come to earth? You know why. It was that He might save us from our sins, and make us good and pure, that we may find, when we leave our home here on earth, a home with Him forever in heaven.