

## THERE CAME A LITTLE CHILD TO EARTH.

There came a little child to earth  
 Long ago;  
 And the angels of God proclaimed His birth  
 High and low;

Out on the night so calm and still  
 Their song was heard;  
 For they knew that the child on Bethlehem's hill  
 Was Christ the Lord.

Far away in a goodly land,  
 Fair and bright,  
 Children with crowns of glory stand,  
 Robed in white.

They sing how the Lord of that world so fair  
 A child was born;  
 And that they might a crown of glory wear,  
 Wore a crown of thorn

And forevermore, in their robes most fair  
 And undefiled,  
 These ransomed children His praise declare  
 Who was once a child.

—HARRIET B. STANFORD.

## LITTLE HILDA.

By Anna A. Creaton.

"It is almost Christmas," said Ned Snyder, coming into the principal room of the trappers' post, where a dozen or more rough-looking men were gathered.

"What has Christmas to do with a place like this?" said the bartender, gruffly.

"Christmas is for everybody, and little Hilda at least ought to have a share in it."

"The child has no business in a camp like this."

"She is not to blame for being here, however, and we ought to do what we can to make her happy. Let us have a Christmas tree for her."

"What could we put on it?"

"Coloured wax tapers, and a doll, at least."

The men all shouted, and one said:

"You step out two or three hundred miles or so and buy a doll and we will provide a tree."

"You forget the monthly mail at the trading station."

"Well, you are at least a month too late in your bright ideas, and how would you know where to send for a doll?"

"I remember a name, and a month ago I sent money to Lord & Taylor, New York, for new clothes for Hilda, a large porcelain doll, and a box of tapers, and they are here. What I want to know is if we can have our tree in this room?"

"A fellow as bright as you can have anything the house affords," replied the bartender.

So the room was cleaned, the tree was brought in and set up, with a barrel for a standard, the fine, hazy, some doll fastened in the top, the coloured tapers set thickly on the ends of the branches and twigs, and when it was quite dark it was lighted, and the motherless little girl, who could not remember to have seen a woman, child, or doll, was brought in her father's arms.

"O, look at her," whispered the men. "Isn't she de-

lighted! She is as pretty as a picture in her new clothes."

"It is Hilda," cried the little girl, stretching up her arms for the doll. "Hilda in the tree; please take her down."

"Well, now, this pays," said one of the older men, as the little girl carried the large doll for one and another to hold; and her father said:

"I used to be told that the spirit of Christmas was to make others happy, but I was not expecting it to appear away here in the wilderness. I thank you for the child and for myself."

"I know not Christmas," said one of the men, who was an Indian. "Who will tell me?"

At that, one told the story of the Christ-child, and then another and another, and some of their ideas were very crude.

"Why came he here?" asked the Indian. And Ned replied quickly and solemnly in words committed long before in Sunday-school:

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Does that mean us too?"

"Yes, all."

"Then why do we not make all the days happy Christmas days like this?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed the bartender, putting bottles and glasses out of sight, and pulling down the notices of rum, gin and whiskey from the walls. "You have found a doll, Snyder, don't you think you could find a Bible?"

"Yes, by opening my trunk."

That was the beginning that ended in a Sunday-school, a mission church, and true Christians.

When the warm weather came, little Hilda was carried to the home of her grandmother, where she is growing up under Christian influences. She still treasures her first doll, and remembers the Christmas tree at the trappers' post that bore such lovely fruit in leading those rough men to think of Christ.

"When I am a woman I shall be a missionary in the wild sections of our own land," she says, "for I know what kind hearts there are still untaught, and how thankfully they receive the good tidings of great joy."

In the absence of the Treasurer, Miss Wilkes, the Treasurer's report was presented by the Recording Secretary, Mrs. Kerr. The receipts from the Branches amounted to over \$40,000. The total receipts for the year amounted to \$43,303.

The report of the Field Secretary was very interesting and encouraging. From latest reports from Japan the new school building in Tokio, nearing completion, was entirely swept away by a typhoon, much to the disappointment of those who have so completely superintended the work and who have hopefully watched its progress. "Though cast down, they are not destroyed," and are courageously planning for re-building at once. There are now 355 pupils in the schools in Japan—of these 175 are in boarding schools.—[Board Report.