

and tom-toms, till his head ached with the noise, and his poor little feet felt as if he could never stand on them again.

Hop Wang thought he would go home and rest ; and how glad he was to find there was no one in the house to send him on errands, or disturb him in any way ! It was a cold day, and he built a fire under the *kang*, a stone platform that ran all around the room, rolled himself up in a comforter, and lay down to rest.

In various parts of the room there were some bright new idols. There were little wooden images set up on shelves and in niches, and there was a gorgeous red and yellow kitchen god, made of paper, that he thought was particularly beautiful. As he lay and looked at them his thoughts were something like this : "The white teacher says no one should worship such gods ; that they are only pieces of wood, and can neither see nor hear ; that there is a God somewhere, who made everything and loves everybody. But then my mother says we must worship these gods ; they will be angry and do something dreadful if we don't ; and she must know. I wonder if they will really get angry. Wan Lee was very mad this morning when I hit him in the face. I wonder if that kitchen god would be angry if I should hit it ? I believe I will try it."

In a moment Hop Wang was standing on a stool, touching the eyes and nose of the paper god very gently, and trembling all over with excitement. Of course, the god did not move. Then he ventured to poke it quite hard, and as nothing happened, he struck its mouth as hard as he could with his little fist.

"I wonder if he would burn up?" he said to himself, and then pulled it down, ran across the room, and threw it in the fire under the *kang*.

Yes ; it burned like any other piece of paper.

"I believe the wooden ones will burn, too," he thought ; and one after another he took them from the shelves and niches, and threw them into the fire ; and in a few minutes all the gods in the room were a heap of ashes.

Then how frightened he was ! "What will my mother say ? What will my father do ? he said to himself. "He will give me a dreadful whipping ; I am afraid." And then, full of terror, he ran out into some woods near by, and hid among the trees.

When Hop Wang's father and mother came

home, they could not think what had happened. The idols were all gone, and there was no Hop Wang to be seen ; and they were very much frightened, too, as they thought some evil spirits might have taken away the idols, and the little boy with them. Perhaps this was a punishment for listening to the Christian teacher who had spoken to the crowd as they passed !

But they hurried out to see if they could find Hop Wang ; and after a long time they found him hiding behind a tree, crying as hard as he could cry. His father took him in his arms and asked what was the matter, and then Hop Wang told him what he had done.

"Don't be troubled," said his father ; "I will not punish you. Gods who cannot keep themselves from burning up can't do much to us, good or bad."

Little Hop Wang never believed in idols again. Wasn't that a very happy New year for him.—
Mission Dayspring.

ONE MITE-BOX.

It was a tiny mite-box,

That stood on the mantelshelf,
So low that even baby

Could reach on tiptoe herself ;
A dainty bit of pasteboard,

With letters of shining gold,

But that simple little box

A most wondrous story told.

"God loves a cheerful giver,"

"Send My gospel unto all,"

Were blessed texts of Scripture

Adorning the pasteboard wall.

So each one dropped an offering,

With an earnest, thankful prayer,

And out on joyful mission

It went in the Father's care.

God, in His gracious wisdom,

Blest the hearts of those who gave,

And their gifts sent the gospel

Across the stormy wave.

Beyond the world of waters,

In the land of heathen shame,

It told the blessed story

Of the Savior's priceless name.

It told how Christ the Savior,

Gave His life for one and all,

How souls in sin and sorrow

Can answer the Father's call.

Then let us fill each mite-box

With offerings that shall prove

Our wish to tell the story

Of our Jesus and His love.

Selected.