

tin of coffee to the wagon, and the children heard a squeaky voice scolding.

"That's the old woman. She was bound to come with us to Baltimore, but she finds the trip mighty long and cold," explained the man, who was busy with the frying-pan.

"Poor thing! Is she your grandmother?"

"No, she's none of ours," replied the man; "but she has folks in Baltimore."

The children suddenly understood that the gipsies wanted to eat breakfast, and that to stare at them would be rude, so they bade them good by, and hurried home. But when they told their mother of the cold old woman, she declared she would send over the new comforter.

"What, your pink one!" exclaimed the girls, to whom the cotton comforter, covered with pink calico, was a grand affair.

"Yes; I would not give the old ones, they are ragged at the edge. And what's a cotton comforter, when we have a lot of blankets?"

The good woman rolled the comforter up, and with it a pair of stout woollen stockings, and went across the pond herself, and tucked the comforter around the grumbling old woman with her own hands. And the next morning the gipsies were gone, leaving only a pile of ashes, and something pleasant to talk about.

But gipsies do not forget. One spring day they came along the mountain road again, and saw the Rand house across a sparkling pond; but no one appeared at the farm.

"They don't see us, but we'll give them a call," said the gipsies; so they drove into the lane to the barn, and soon knocked at the door.

Mrs. Rand came to answer the knock, crying bitterly, and looking very ill. "Keep away! We have scarlet fever!" she exclaimed, starting back.

"We're not afraid; we have had it," said the gipsy woman. "Just let me and my sister come in and we'll see you through."

Mrs. Rand was glad enough to open the door, as you may imagine, and the gipsies were soon settled in the farmhouse. Both little girls had the fever, and in the midst of it Mr. Rand had broken his leg, and, as all the neighbors were afraid to come near the house, poor Mrs. Rand had been heavily burdened indeed.

At first she did not remember the gipsies, who were now in bright summer dresses, but their strange wagon soon recalled her visitors of the winter, and when the gipsies said, "See how your pink comforter has come back to you!" she felt cheerful enough to laugh.

The gipsy women proved splendid nurses, and the gipsy man was really not afraid to lift Mr. Rand, and cut firewood, and do other work; so the two families were together for three weeks, a long time for gipsies to stay in one place.

When the children were nearly well, they

said good-by, and Mrs. Rand said, with tears in her eyes, "I feel as if I had known you always, and yet only last winter I thought you were just strangers passing by."

"Strangers, yes, till you befriended us, but no one is a stranger after you have helped him. That's the brotherhood of Christ. You see we go to church sometimes, even if we are gipsies! Good-by, and bless you!" was the parting greeting of the rosy-faced gipsy woman.—*E.M., in the Young Christian Soldier.*

## HOW A CHINESE WOMAN LEARNT ABOUT THE SAVIOUR.

**I** WILL tell you the story of a Chinese woman who was brought to Christ a few years ago. We will call her Mrs. A—. This photograph shown is not hers, but you will see by it what a Chinese woman is like.

Mrs. A. was living in a little village in Mid-China, and till a few years ago had never heard the Gospel. One day a bookman came to that village to preach and sell books. Mrs. A. heard him preach, and was so interested that she bought two tracts for one cash, the twentieth part of a penny. She, like most other Chinese women, could not read; for the Chinese say that a woman has no soul, and therefore it is no use to teach her to read. But when the boys went to and from school she used to stop one and another, and ask them to tell her some of the characters, so that she could soon read a little. She afterwards heard more, and, learning that God wishes us to keep the Sunday, she would not do any work on that day. She also told the Gospel to her husband, children, and father-in-law, and by-and-by they were baptized. Soon after that her husband and two eldest sons came down to Hang-Chow, and she came to the Women's House there for further instruction. While there they were confirmed and admitted to the communion. Some time after that she asked me to go with her to a village where she had lived fourteen years before. At the time she lived there she was not a Christian, but now she wanted to go and tell her former neighbors of the Saviour she had learnt to love. I went with her to this little village, an out-of-the-way place, to which no missionary had been before. We walked there, a distance of about twelve miles, a coolie carrying my bedding. When we arrived at the village the people were eating their midday rice. Some of the elder women recognized my friend, and said, "This is Mrs. A.," and with true Chinese politeness asked us to sit down and share their rice. "No," said Mrs. A., "I have something very important to tell you, and I cannot eat my rice till I have told you." And then