

I have walked through the long street in Chefoo. I met hundreds of men but not a woman. They are to be pitied. They never go to school, very few can read.

THEIR IGNORANCE.

Oh! what a dark world theirs must be, and worse than all they have no Saviour in their homes. We give them a Bible but they cannot read. None but lady missionaries are allowed into the women's apartments. Many thousands more of lady missionaries are needed for there are many millions of homes. Will you not pray that Jesus may open all these Chinese homes and send many more to preach the Gospel that all may know His power to save. We can't talk to the people, nor to the little folk who give us many a pleasant look, so we can't tell you what they think and say, but we promise you much when we can talk to them as freely as we did to many of you.

AN AGED CONVERT.

I must tell you about what I heard Dr. Corbett of Chefoo say. Dr. Corbett has a very big parish, it takes him about three months to go around it, and preach in all his mission stations and see all the people who now love Jesus, though when he came here all were heathens. He left about the end of March to visit this big parish. On his return he told of an old woman eighty-four years of age who had joined the church this year. Dr. Corbett many years ago had gone to the village where the old woman lived and told the people about Jesus. Some mocked him others abused him, but a young man, this old woman's son, heard the good news, came to the inn where the missionary stayed, heard more about Jesus and gave up his idols and followed the Saviour. His neighbors were very angry, so were his brothers but his mother was far more angry than any one else. She constantly abused her son, but he kept true to his Saviour and did not cease to tell her about Him though it only vexed her. Years passed on, but no change in the mother, till this year when Dr. Corbett went there she came and asked to be received into the church.

When asked why she came to believe in Jesus, she replied, it was through the good life of her son. Said she my other two sons went away to Manchooria, did well there, made money, but never sent any to keep me, while my son who loved Jesus constantly worked and cared for me. Then my sons in Manchooria begged him to also go up to Manchooria because he could make more money there, but he refused, saying as long as I lived he would care for me. This made me think that Jesus must be very good to make my son so good. I came to Him now and want to own Him as my Saviour before all my heathen friends.

Yours truly,

J. GOFORTH.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

THE BEGINNING.

A school boy ten years old, one lovely June day, with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the laborers in the wheat fields, had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there was seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy had stood under a beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait till he asks me for it! If he never asks that is his lookout. If he does, why I can give it back again." He never gave back the money.

THE ENDING.

Ten years went by: he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in a drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell; but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.—*School Journal.*