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The Story of No Silver.

(Friendly Greetings.)

There was a terrible famine in China; first the crops had failed for want of rain, and then the great Yellow River, truly called 'China's Sorrow,' had overflowed its banks and overspread the country, sweeping away whole villages, wasting the fields, and causing fever and ague all around.

In a house formerly used as an inn, where comfort and plenty had once been enjoyed, but where poverty, hunger and sickness were now the only guests, a little Chinese boy was born fourteen years ago. His parents named him 'Woo-Yin-Erh,' which means 'No Silver.' When he was six years old the Yellow River stretched forth its long cruel arms and tore down his poor home; only

ing, bells ringing, cries sounding, 'The river, the river!'

'Save yourselves!' cried their kind hostess; 'I can only care for my own four children. So away once more they wandered, until, faint, famished, ragged, forlorn, they reached the home of the eldest son's wife. Here a small, dark, windowless hovel in the yard was given to them; but a few small cakes, begged from neighbors by the hunger-stricken family who had sheltered them, was all the food the weary travellers could obtain. 'Nothing is left for us now but to beg,' said the blind mother at last; and, even to those so sunk in misery, this was a bitter degradation. Southward among strangers they took their way. Mrs. Mah was able to perform a Buddhist chant which helped to procure them alms.

man said, 'Venerable aunt, why do you not obtain treatment for your eyes?'

'How can I spend money on my eyes when we are starving to death?'

'Nay, but there are foreigners come to this country, who will cure you as a charity. They have done it for many.'

Once again hope revived in that sorely tried heart.

'My child,' she said to little Woo-Yin-Erh, 'come quickly! We will go to seek the foreign doctor.'

A long weary tramp, a few scanty alms by the way, and they stand at the gate of the Mission Hospital.

'Will you kindly tell me if the great cure-eyes teacher lives here,' the blind woman asked of an old man who was coming out.

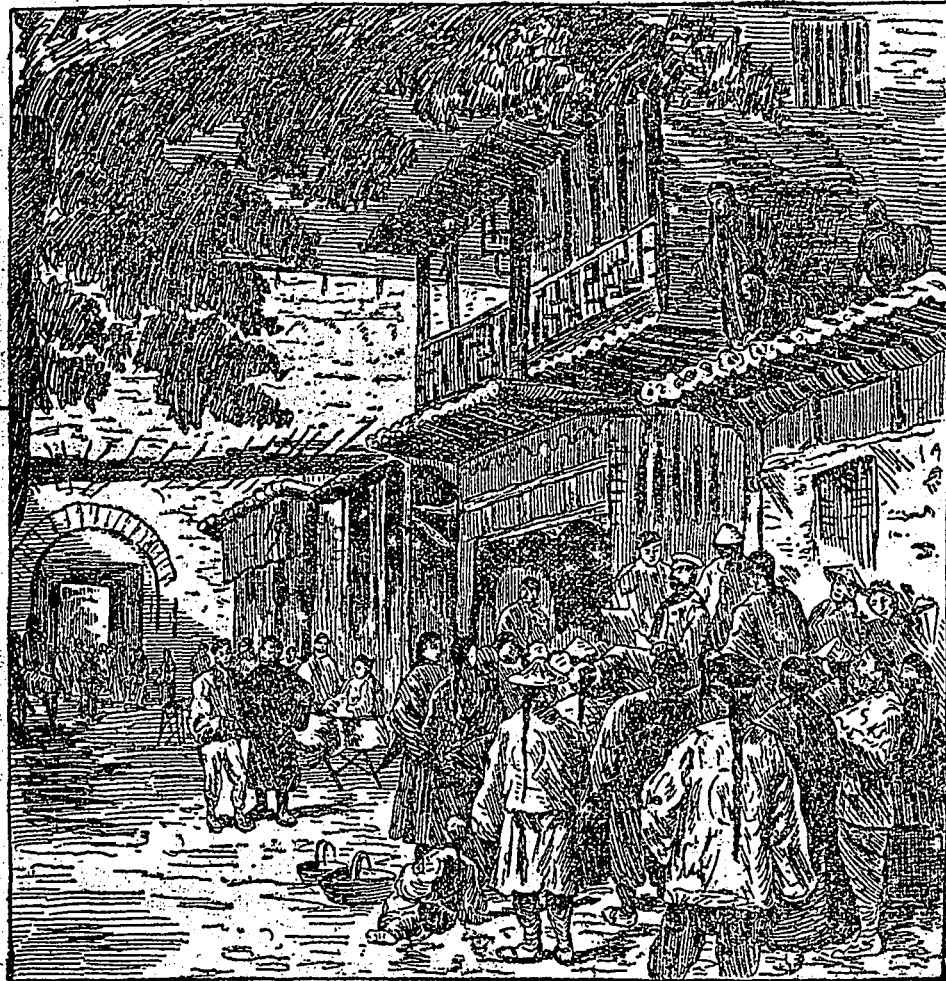
'Certainly; I will lead you to him;' and he did so.

The kind doctor provided them with food and shelter till Mrs. Mah was strong enough for an operation on her eyes, by which the sight of one was in a great measure restored. While recovering, she showed her gratitude by her kind and constant attention to other patients. Meanwhile she learned a simple catechism, and accepted Christian truth in the spirit of a little child. What she knew she taught patiently and earnestly to more ignorant women; and showed also so much aptitude for attending on the sick that in course of time she was appointed hospital matron.

Timid women would sit quietly under surgical treatment while holding her hands, and many, persuaded by her assurances, overcame their fears of the foreigner, and entered the hospital. Nightly she gathered the female patients round her and led them in prayer, and still, to this day, she is carrying on her labors of love.

In the course of each year several thousands of women come under her Christian influence, while No Silver, now a bright, healthy lad, is advancing well with his education. Mother and son have once been home to their native district to carry the gospel message to those they left behind.

Relatives and friends, still in the depths of destitution, felt sorely the contrast between their lot and that of this opulent pair, who had found a home where 'China's Sorrow' could not reach them, and who had a dollar a month secured to them all the year round.



STREET SCENE IN A CHINESE TOWN.

two small sheds were left, where the family took up their abode.

The mother, Mrs. Mah, and her daughter-in-law earned a miserable living by grinding meal and making millet cakes, which the eldest son sold at a fair, close by. But next year back came the river and washed their little sheds away: Poor Mrs. Mah did not see this misfortune, for she had lost her sight through cataract.

Now the eldest son found work away from home, his wife went to her own family, and little No Silver, with his old father and blind mother, wandered forth homeless and destitute. A kind woman lent them an empty room, and they started again their little cake business, though now Mrs. Mah could only turn very slowly the large stones that ground the meal. But, alas, one day there arose a sudden wild alarm, gongs clash-

Next the father was attacked with abscess in the leg, but no tending of the sufferer was possible, no alleviation of any kind. In dreary dens and holes, whose roof-timbers in some cases had been removed and sold for bread, the forlorn family took passing shelter.

Conscious at last of approaching death, Mr. Mah, with his little family, turned their sad steps towards the family burying-ground. On the way he died, and the elder son being summoned, the wasted body, wrapped in an old mat, was carried to its last resting-place.

The son being obliged to return at once to his master, Mrs. Mah and little No Silver started for a tramp of eighty miles, begging their way, to find her brother. But, alas, he himself, had become homeless, taking shelter in a cow-shed, and almost starved. As again the desolate pair wandered forth, a country-

Sister Anne.

In 1845 a young society girl drifted into an Episcopal church. She was the daughter of wealthy parents, and her whole time was given up to dances and to the thoughtless dissipation of time indulged in by many society people. That morning, little dreaming that it was to be the most eventful day of her life, she laughed, dressed herself beyond criticism, went to the church and nonchalantly took her seat in her friend's pew.

The man who occupied the pulpit that day was the founder of St. Luke's Hospital in New York. He was a devotee to charitable works, and his words were the expression of a large Christian experience.

In his sermon that morning he drew a picture of Jephthah, the warrior, who in an agony of prayer for victory, promised to