

No one knew, until, as she was about to give it up, she was shown into the house she sought, and met the teacher on the verandah. She burst into tears as she cried:

"Are you the one that can lead me to Jesus? Oh, take me to Him, for I am going to die; and what shall I do if I die without salvation?"

The good man took her into the house and heard her sorrowful story.

"Now," she cried, "you know all, and where Jesus is; and I cannot wait longer to see Him." And how do you think the teacher led her to the Saviour, who she hoped was waiting for her in that very house?

He knelt down beside her and besought the dear Lord to open her eyes, that she might see and believe in Him who was ready to give the salvation for which she longed. And, as he prayed, the truth was revealed. She saw the Son of God; and the Shepherd, who for so long had sought His child, folded her to His bosom and she was at rest.

It mattered little now whether life or death were her portion. She had found Jesus, forgiveness, and peace; and henceforth all things were hers.

Mrs. M. E. MEAD.

"A-HOI! A-HOI!"

Sitting in my study one day, I noticed the beating of a Chinese gong; and when I went to the window I saw two boys with a gong between them, and at the time the gong was being beaten one of the lads was crying out, "A-hoi! A-hoi!"

I asked my teacher what was the meaning of this; and he said, "The first boy has lost some one, probably his brother, and he has got this other boy to go with him, according to the usual custom, through the streets, sounding the gong in the hope that they may find the little one and bring him back again."

I listened, as the sound retreated, as the boys went down the street, until the sound was lost, and I went back to my work again. But soon after I heard them returning;

and now the little boy who had been calling out "A-hoi!" appeared to be trembling and quivering, and he seemed to think it was doubtful whether he would find his little brother or not. Still the gong was beating, and still he was calling out most pathetically, "A-hoi! A-hoi!"

Now, I think that here we have an exact illustration of what Jesus is doing. He is going in search of the lost. He goes through the streets looking after them and calling out their names, and he wants you and me to labor with him in seeking that which is lost; and still we are going about beating the gong, and calling out the names of the perishing ones, and asking them now, ere it be too late, to come to Jesus. —*Rer. H. Friend, China.*

THE PENNIES.

It was a bright Spring evening when little Polly stole into her father's room, with shoeless feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white nightgown; for it was bedtime, and she had come to say "Good-night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is to ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly stroking the curly head.

And reverently the child knelt down beside him, and repeated her evening prayer adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

What can the child mean? thought her father in surprise; and when the little white-robed figure was gone, he went and asked her mother what their little daughter meant.

"Oh, yes!" said the lady. "Polly has prayed the prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the last missionary meeting."

Dear children have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you have put into the missionary box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.