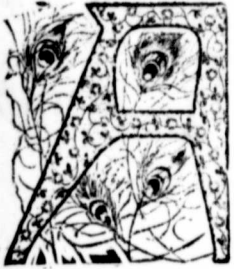


What a Chinese Boy Did.



BOY was admitted into a missionary school in China, his mother being dead. He remained several years and not only learned the truth, but received it into his heart. When only fourteen years of age he went to his friends during what we call Christmas holidays. One afternoon:

he went into a village temple. As he looked at the idols, an old man (sixty-five years of age) came in with tottering steps, and laying a few incense sticks before an idol, knelt down and began to pray. Then he passed to the next idol, and so on the whole round of them.

The little boy thought to himself, "Here's an old man who has not long to live, and he does not know the way to heaven. But I'm only a boy. I can't tell him." The young people in China are taught to treat the aged with very great respect, and it would have been very impertinent for the little boy to attempt to teach the old man.

"What is to be done? he has no one to teach him," thought the boy, as he saw him pass from idol to idol, and, as he thought, the tears ran down his cheeks. Those tears were eloquent as the boy felt forced to go to the aged man and say—"would you mind a boy speaking to you? I am young; you are very old."

"What are you crying for?" said the old man. "Can I help you?"

"Sir, I am crying because I am sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! What about?"

"Because you are aged and cannot live long, and you don't know the way to heaven."

"What! Do you know the way to heaven?"

"I know that Jesus has saved me, and He will save you."

"Who is Jesus?" asked the old man.

The boy told him the story of God's love, and the man's heart melted as he listened.

"Boy," he said, "I am over sixty years of age, and I never heard such words. Have you had dinner?"

"No, sir, not yet,"

"Come home with me, then, and you shall tell the old lady the story you have told me."

The boy went home with the old man and told the story of the love of God, while the aged couple listened with great interest. He was invited again and again, and staid in their house nearly the whole of his holiday; and the result was that, through this youthful servant of Christ, they were both led to the Saviour before they ever saw or heard of a missionary.

What would Jesus do?

"Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps."—1 Peter ii. 21.

If washed in Jesus' blood,
Then bear His likeness too,
And as you onward press,
Ask "WHAT WOULD JESUS DO"?

With willing heart and hand,
Your daily task pursue;
Work! for the day wears on;
Ask "WHAT WOULD JESUS DO"!

Be gentle e'en when wronged;
Revenge and pride subdue;
When to forgive seems hard,
Ask "WHAT WOULD JESUS DO"?

Be brave to do the right,
And scorn to be untrue;
When fear would whisper "Yield"!
Ask "WHAT WOULD JESUS DO"?

A Little Wait.



WHILE passing up the street, one chilly day, a man saw a bare-footed girl trotting along on the cold pavement.

"Where are your shoes, little girl?" said the gentleman.

"Don't dot any," said she.

"Don't dot any?" Why not?" said he.

"My papa dets drunk," said the poor little wait.

That tells the whole story. Bare feet, ragged clothing, hunger, want, poverty, and misery, all come when "papa dets drunk." And tens of thousands are beginning to taste the deadly cup that brings all this misery at the end; and others are dealing out this dreadful deadly poison to poor degraded men. Dear children, shun the wine cup.—*The Little Christian.*

FIFTY years ago there was a boy in Africa who was taken prisoner in one of the fierce wars between the tribes and was carried away from his home to be sold as a slave. After being sold and re-sold, now for sugar and again for rum, he was finally carried away in a slave ship. A British cruiser captured the slaver. The boy is now Bishop Crowther, England's black bishop of Africa.