

He heard the superintendent telling the children about the Christmas dime offering, and he resolved to bring his Christmas gift to the Saviour too, though he was only a poor, homeless little boy. Every penny that he could possibly lay aside he gladly saved towards his dime offering, and he often made his scanty meals even scantier that he might save more. Running across the street among the carriages and omnibuses that rattled along, his foot slipped and he fell under a horse's hoof. His poor, senseless body was taken up and carried to a hospital, where he was cared for by kind hands. His first thought was of his dime, and his greatest grief was that now he would not be able to earn enough to complete the sum by Christmas, but a friend gave him some money for oranges, so he gladly went without the juicy fruit, which would have been so grateful to his parched lips, that he might add the pennies to those he had already saved.

"The doctor gave him a bright silver, dime for the copper pennies, and poor, little Dan's eyes were brighter than my shining face when he clasped me in his little hot hand and said, joyously:

"This is all for my Christmas present to Jesus.

Won't you take it to church for me, doctor, and give it to send out missionaries?

"And so the good doctor brought me, and he did not notice that I slipped from his fingers before I was safely in the contribution-box. Then he went home to tell Dan of the beautiful services and the sweet singing. Hark, the song is beginning again! All the Christmas Dimes from every part of Christian lands are lending their voices to the glad chorus." As the old sexton dropped the bright Dime into the contribution-box the sweet song echoed again, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men."

When it died away again the old sexton took his lantern and went homeward, and as the echo of the sweet song still rang in his ears he wished that all the dear little children who had brought their silver

dimes to Jesus for a Christmas offering could hear the sweet chorus too, the same that heavenly host had sung to the listening shepherds on Judea's starlit plains: "Glory to God in the highest peace on earth, good-will to men."—*Canada Pres.*

YUNG FU.

BY MISS M. A. HOLBROOK, M. D. IN MISSION DAYSPRING.

Poor little Yung Fu! He sat sobbing as though his heart would break, upon the carved tiger's head that formed the stone lintel of the entrance to the missionary's court. His mother and father were dead; and his eldest brother had brought him to the city to throw him away, for he was a cruel, hard-hearted gambler, this older brother of Yung Fu, and was no longer willing to support this helpless little boy of seven birthdays. They had come into the city in the early morning, after a long tramp from their native village by the river. After wandering about the city for half a day, hungry and heated, dusty and tired, the two paused in their walk, attracted by the crowd gathered about a foreigner who was selling books upon the street. As the two stopped with the crowd, the little fellow stretched himself out upon a huge log lying in front of a coffin maker's shop, near which the foreigner was standing as he told the people gathered about of the stories his books contained. Yung Fu was soon fast asleep, while the big brother gazed at the peculiar stranger. He noted the full white beard, and wondered how old he was—had he one hundred birthdays? He wondered at the uncouth clothing and how much it cost. At last he observed that this strange man was talking in his own language.

"From what outside country is this man come?" he asks an aged man with long garment and huge tortoise shell spectacles, whose clothing and manner alike indicated the teacher.

"This man is from America—a proclaimer of the way," the teacher answered.

"What way?"

"The Jesus way."