

to be thankful for, that the great good God has given you Canada to live in instead of China or India or Africa.

I wonder now how you would like to be that little girl in Peking. I have just heard about, whom the missionaries saved last year from the hatred of her father! She was seven years old, but because she was a girl he grudged the money to buy her food. So what do you think he did? He took her while she was asleep and actually tried to bury her. He was hindered, however; and afterwards he tried to sell her to some wicked people so that he could get money to gamble with, and it was only with difficulty that the missionaries managed to get her out of their clutches.

A girl's life in China is indeed dark and dismal; and a woman's is darker. About the only thing she is taught to be proud of is the smallness of her feet, after they have been crushed and squeezed and bound with a great deal of pain, to make them fit shoes not much bigger than a doll's. "Three-inch golden lilies," they proudly call their feet; but they are not much use for walking with. The grown girls and women we meet upon the streets toddle about in a most ridiculous fashion, as if they were always walking on their heels.

But I expect I have already made this letter long enough, and if I write more I shall only weary you. I hope, however, these little things I have mentioned will help to make the boys and girls of China more real to you. Pray for them. Don't merely dream about them. Don't merely think of them as you would of the people in a story book. But try to think how real they are, with real faces and bodies, slightly different from yours, perhaps, but all the same, as God's Word tells us, "of one flesh."

And don't forget they have souls, yes, even the poor despised girls,—souls, starved and shrivelled, because, unlike yours, never fed on the Bread of Life. They themselves do not realize how starved they are, and they therefore make

no effort to save their lives. Won't you help to save them—to save their lives, here and hereafter.

Here; for heaven begins on earth. Hereafter, for, O what a blaze of light there is going to be in the streets of the New Jerusalem and how the golden pavements will glitter there as the great multitude passes along which is being gathered from all nations and kindreds and people and tongues. How different those streets will be from the narrow dirty lanes of Liu Ch'ing, for there, far more grandly than here, "the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets there."

God in His mercy grant that all the boys and girls who hear these lines, read may here meet all the boys and girls whom they have been seeing with their missionaries' eyes playing on the streets of this distant Chinese city.

It is the sincere prayer of your sincere friend,

J. H. MACVICAR.

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.

Many young persons are ever thinking over some new ways of adding to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more "fun", more joy.

Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy."

Without making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man; "build thy home in heaven, by trusting in Jesus, and thou shalt have peace and happiness."