

Kao-liang with which they made cakes for the three for the return journey. A father eighty years of age had been left at home and they only hoped that he had not yet died of starvation. But alas! the wife and mother fell sick and was scarcely able to travel four miles a day. Here we are, said the man as the tears rolled down his cheeks, still sixty-five miles from home and we have only one cake left, so that after all we will have to lay down by the road side and die.

The members in one of the native churches a few miles from Chefoo after giving largely for the relief of the sufferers, resolved that they would refrain from holding their annual New Year's feast and give in addition what would otherwise be spent that way. And the little Chinese girls and boys in the school denied themselves part of their food for several weeks in order to save something to give. This proves that those who are brought under the influence of the gospel are willing to deny themselves. Surely this will stimulate children at home, who have had abundance throughout the year to give to the Lord an extra thank-offering this year and pray as never before for the poor children in China.

Yours sincerely,

J. FRASER SMITH.

CHEFOO, April 15th 1889.

### HOLD FAST TILL I COME.

Who would like to hear a true story of a Hindu child? I will write you one I heard the other day. And who does "I" mean, do you ask? Quite right to settle that before the story. Well, I am the first Zenana worker sent out by the New Zealand churches. You thought missionaries needed to go to New Zealand, didn't you? But now there are so many English there that they have not only missionaries for their own country, but are in their turn sending them out to India.

Now for the story. A Hindu was one

day writing letters with the doors all open, because of the heat, and to let the breeze come in. His little boy, three years old, was playing near him. Presently a servant came to call the Hindu to see a friend on business. The Hindu rose to settle the business, and, calling the little child outside, said to him: "Put your hand over my papers to keep them from blowing away, and hold them fast till I come back."

Many Hindu children are disobedient, but this child came at once and did what he was told.

As he stood with his little hand on his father's papers, he counted first how many spiders he could see in the roof. Then how many squares there were in the mats, and so on; but as the minutes went by he got so tired, though he kept changing the hand, that many a little sigh and big yawn said very plainly; "I wish father would come back." But the father had to stay more than an hour, and though many a time he remembered his child, he supposed some servant would go and put away his papers. When he came back, at last, and saw the dear little thing still there patiently standing, he snatched it up, feeling he could not love it enough for its obedience.

Jesus has given us each something to hold fast till He comes. May each of us prove as faithful to our trust as a Hindu heathen child did to his?—*Sol.*

### TEMPER.

"Keep absolute calm of temper under all changes, receiving everything that is provoking or disagreeable to you as coming directly from Christ's hand; and the more it is likely to provoke you, thank him for it the more, as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And remember it does not in the least matter what happens to you—whether a clumsy school-fellow tears your dress or a shrewd