

AH SHANG.

HERE is in Macao a little boy I have learned to love very much. His name is Ah Shang, and he is now a little over five years of age. His father went into Kwang Sai to help open a station there, and as his mother was dead, he has been living with us.

At first he was very disobedient and self-willed, and I even had to whip him. He would kick and scream so that I often wept over his naughty little heart.

Once, before his father left for the country, he was displeased about something, and to take revenge, he took some paper and folded it just as idol-worship paper is folded, and burnt it, praying the idol to keep his father from returning home (he had gone out on an errand). But before night came he became sleepy, and as it grew dark he wanted his papa, so he got down on his knees and prayed to Jesus, and asked to have his father always with him. He was not four years old then. He is a very bright child and learns fast, and can repeat his "four-character classic" by heart.

But you will be glad to know that Jesus has made a change in the dear child. I have not had to punish him for a long time, for as soon as he is naughty, he only needs to be reminded that he has grieved Jesus, and he immediately goes to his bedside and prays for forgiveness. Then he comes to me with a smiling, happy face, and assures me that he is forgiven. I once asked him how he knew Jesus had forgiven him, and his reply was, "Because there is nothing left there" (pointing to his heart). Could we have given a better answer to the same question?

Like some of us larger folks, he finds it hard to ask pardon of those he has wronged; but his humility in this matter has been a wholesome lesson to me more than once, and an object lesson to our Chinese Christians.

Once the dear little fellow put his arm around me and said, "Mrs. Reeves, I love you all the time, although I am naughty sometimes." Do you wonder grateful tears came to my eyes, as I knew they were artless words, springing from a true heart?

Sometimes when I had found him unwilling to confess wrong I would simply leave him alone, and pray for him; and before long I would hear a little foot-step, and a shy little voice say, "I am ready to repent." I wonder if all of us are as ready to repent?

He prays every night for his relatives who are not Christians, and one day he came to me with tearful eyes and quivering lips, and said he wanted to go to Canton and see a relative with whom he had lived. I

wondered if he was tired of being with us, and was as much surprised as pleased to hear him say, "I like to be here, but she (his relative) does not love Jesus, and I want to go and tell her, so Jesus will love her." I explained that Jesus already loved her, and so he wrote a letter in his own handwriting, and we prayed that her heart might be touched by the love of Jesus. Now, don't imagine he is an angel, for he is just as truly a "boy" as any boy in America, excited over a horse or drum.

If he is sick or hurts himself, he finds his sole relief in prayer.

Going on a journey, his tin box containing his clothes was left on the steamer, and at night he was reminded to put his faith in God in regard to it, so he prayed, "Jesus, you know where my box is, and you won't let any other man get it. Amen."—Mrs. L. F. L. Reeves, in *Christian Alliance*.

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"YE SERVE THE LORD CHRIST," COL. III., 24.

Helen Powers stood by the parlor table dusting the books. She had a scowl on her face, for she had just raised her eyes to the window in time to see her friend Alma Brown pass. They had agreed to meet with two other friends that afternoon to go and call on their little mission scholars down in the lower part of the city, and instead of being dressed in her neat walking suit, and starting out to go with the others, she was here, and her little sister had been sent with a note to the place of meeting to say she could not come. It was always so, she thought, whenever she wanted to do anything for Christ. Mother could not be blamed for getting sick, of course, but the good-for-nothing servant was severely to blame for neglecting to clean the parlor and then going off for her "afternoon out," in spite of sickness in the house and accumulated work. Helen dusted listlessly, and bitter thoughts rose the while. Just as she turned away from the table her duster caught in a book cover and fluttered the leaves back. As she turned to close it some words caught her eye, and she looked closely to read the rest:

"A servant with this clause makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws makes that and
th' action fine."

She closed the book thoughtfully and went on with her work, the duster moving to more purpose as she proceeded. Then her face brightened and she fell to singing a happy little song, for she felt that this was God's work just as much as visiting in the homes of the mission children.—*C. E. Hour*.