

man at Jerusalem who was sick thirty-eight years; and then how he also fed the five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes. They wondered at this, and a man in the crowd said: Hear this, that Jesus came to the sick man, gave him no medicine but said, get up take your bed and go, and the man got right up and went away. No man could do this. Another spoke about the miracle of feeding the multitude. He called the people to notice as he went over it on his fingers. Five loaves, two fishes; five thousand men ate till they were filled, and besides twelve baskets full of fragments were picked up. Could a man do this? I could hear them all round saying a man could not do that, it is what God does. Then when I read and talked about the home that Christ was preparing for His people, an old lady whom I should think had passed seventy winters, was much interested and thought it would be real nice to have a home like that where the poor people would not have to wear summer clothes in winter and winter clothes in summer time, nor would have to live without enough to eat.

When I finished speaking the women asked how the baby was, and why I did not carry her through the streets any more. Then I had to tell them that baby was dead. They had grown so fond of the little white faced baby, that they seemed to feel as bad as friends in Canada would.

In the street where we occasionally walk the people give us a friendly bow, and I believe we have won the boys and girls for they don't call us foreign devils as at first, but with smiling faces run out to greet us. Shall we not, one and all, pray, and give, and work, that these Chinese children may soon come to know and follow our Saviour.

Your missionary friend,  
J. GOROTH.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

### A SHORT RULE FOR FRETTERS.

A young friend has been visiting me who was a fretter. She fretted when it rained, and fretted when it shone. She fretted when others came to see her, and fretted when they did not. It is a dreadful thing to be a fretter. A fretter is troublesome to herself and troublesome to her friends. We, to be sure, have our trials; but fretting does not help us to bear or get rid of them.

I have lately come across a short rule for fretters, which they shall have. Here it is: Never fret about what you can't help? because it won't do any good. Never fret about what you can help; because if you can help it, do so. Say this when you get up in the morning, say it at noon, and say it at night; and not only say, but do; and that will be, do not fret at all—a fine doing.

"But we have our trials!" my young readers say. Yes, you have; and your little trials are as hard to bear as our big ones. But fretting doesn't help them, nor wishing we were somewhere else or somebody else or dwelling upon them till they look a great deal bigger than they really are.

### ALL RIGHT.

Little Mabel's mother was dead. While papa was away she had no companion but her governess and the servants. Her father often told her not to admit to the house any person with whom she was not acquainted.

One wintry day a poor, ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire. "But my papa doesn't know you." The woman was shivering with cold, and the rain and sleet dropped from her thin wraps. A bright idea soon entered the child's head. "Do you know Jesus?" Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she began to tell how kind the Saviour had been to her. "Well, if you know Jesus, you may come in, for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care."