

me to take care of little Jimmie, 'cause you loved Jimmie, she said, an' she told me to tell you she loved you too; but papa,' and here her voice broke in tears, 'Jimmie died, too, last week, an' now I am all alone, papa, an' to-day's Christmas, papa, an'-an' I thought maybe as you loved Jimmie, you would like a little Christmas present from him.'

"Here she unrolled the little bundle she held in her hand, until she came to a little package of tissue paper, from which she took out a little yellow curl and put it in her father's hand, saying as she did so, 'I cut it from Jimmie's head, papa, jess afore they buried him.'

"No. 37 by this time was sobbing like a child, and so was I. Stooping down 37 picked up the little girl and pressed her convulsively to his breast, while his great frame shook with suppressed emotion.

"The scene was too sacred for me to look upon, so I softly opened the door and left father and daughter alone. At the end of an hour I returned. No. 37 sat near the stove, with his little daughter on his knee. He looked at me sheepishly for a moment, and then said, 'Governor, I haven't any money,' then suddenly stripping off his prison jacket, he said, 'For God's sake don't let my little girl go out this bitter day with that thin dress. Let me give her this coat. I'll work early and late, I'll do anything, I'll be a man; please, governor, let me cover her with this coat.' Tears were streaming down the face of the hardened man.

"No, Galson," I said, 'keep your coat. Your little girl shall not suffer. I'll take her to my home and see what wife can do for her.'

"God bless you, sir," sobbed Galson.

"I took the little girl to my home. She remained with us for a number of years, growing into a beautiful Christian character. Tom Galson also became a Christian, and never gave us a moment's trouble."

'A year ago,' concluded Dr. Kain, 'I visited the prison again. The governor said to me:

"Kain, would you like to see Tom Galson, whose story I told you a few years ago?"

"Yes, I would," answered the doctor.

"The governor took me through the city, down a quiet street, and stopping before a modest, neat home, rapped at the door. The knock was answered by a bright, cheerful young woman who greeted the governor with the utmost cordiality. We stepped in and then the governor introduced me to Nellie and her father, who because of his thorough reformation, had received pardon, and was now living an upright Christian life with his daughter, whose little Christmas gift had broken his heart."—Michigan Christian Advocate.

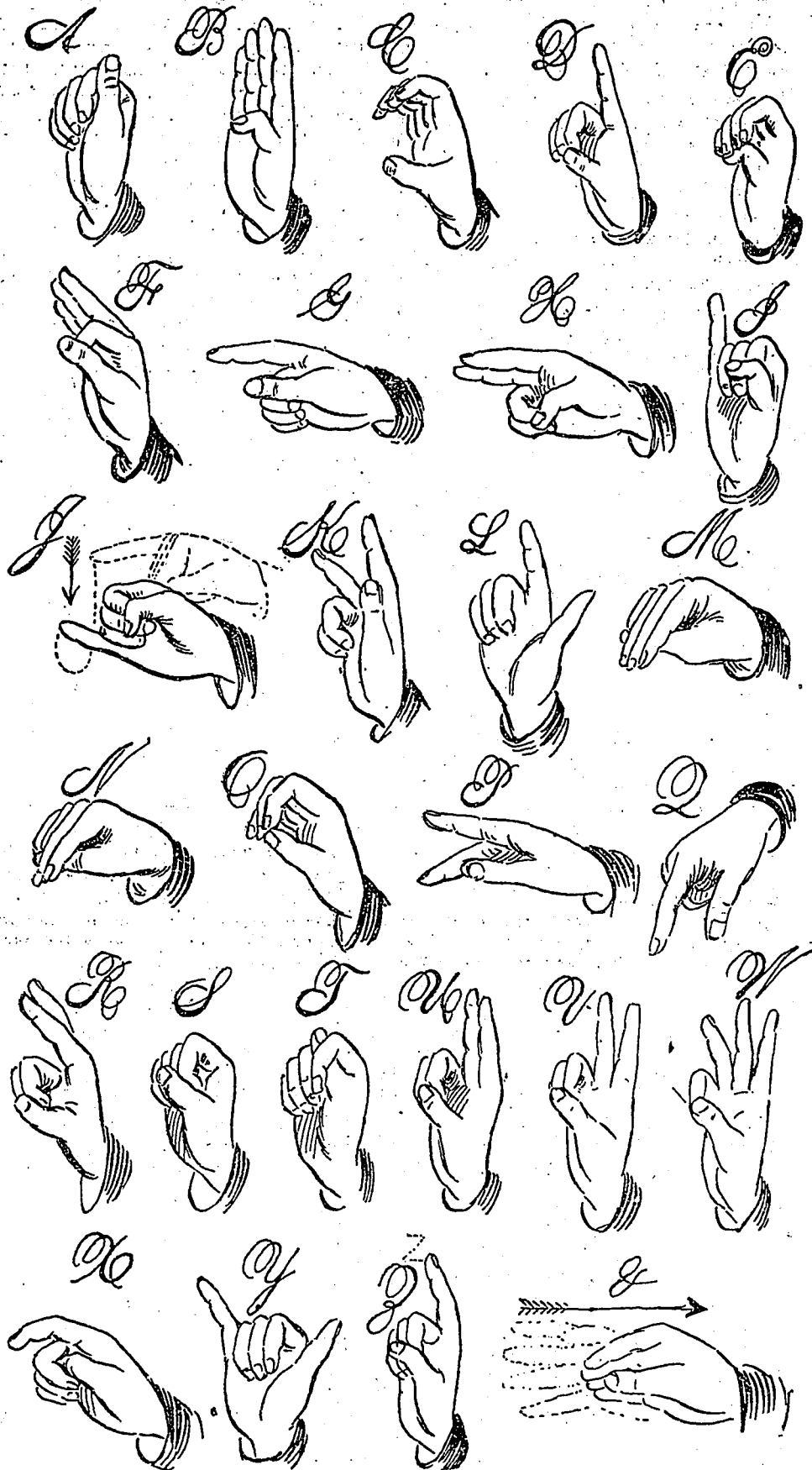
Who Can Measure it?

In the northern part of this State in a neighborhood of Quakers, lived a little cripple girl. Her family were poor and illiterate. She herself, shut into a life of suffering could not even read. But she came to know our Jesus, to know him intimately, and a life can never be poor which knows him.

Somehow the missionary thought crept into that child's mind. She had an unutterable desire that all might know her Christ, and so she declared herself a missionary; a volunteer missionary she was, before the days of this great movement. Think of it!

A crippled, ignorant child, unable to walk declaring that God had called her to missionary service, and declaring that she knew he wanted her, because when she talked with him about it he made her so happy. Perhaps you smile at the absurdity of this child's

The Deaf and Dumb Alphabet.



plan. There were many who did. But succeeding history showed that to our Master this little, pitiful offering of a poor little life was a precious gift, a supremely precious gift.

There came to this neighborhood a family of bright young women, who, visiting this afflicted child, at first as an act of mercy, came under the influence of the missionary inspiration.

They began reading missionary literature that they might amuse their cripple girl, and one day, when the tired eyes of the little sufferer closed to earth's surroundings and plans, and opened in the presence of the King to see him in his beauty, and to know that her offering had been accepted and blest, then it was that these young women, bright, beautiful, and gifted, pledged eternal allegiance to the Master's great commission.

The years have come and gone since that day, and wherever these women have been placed, missionary inspiration has been at flood tide. Young women have given their lives, gifts of money and talents have been offered, in one case a gift of an entire fortune consecrated to the master, whose evangel the cripple had been, and from whose offering this train of priceless blessing had flowed.

Who can measure it? Is there, can there be, such a thing as small service for the Lord? No, no, not if he accepts and blesses it.—Central Christian Advocate.

If you cannot pray over a thing and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart.—My Paper.