

that sends money for T. Atchama to go to school, and prays for her more than for any other little girl, sent her a parcel with her own name written outside, and inside, every so many things.

But there was something else too that we nearly forgot to tell—something very funny. An English lady, before she went away (she went away last week), gave “mother” something for our Christmas tree—all colored paper things rolled up tight, and when we pulled them every one of us screamed, for they were just like fire-crackers; but inside we found hats and caps, bonnets and crowns, of every color; and some had stars on the sides, so we think them much better than fire-crackers, for they never have anything.

Besides the Christmas tree, some of us got prizes for Bible lessons and sewing, but “mother” says we need not say any names for we all did so well she would have liked to have given us each one.

From fifteen little brown school girls.

*Dear Mrs. Newman.*—Because of the kind messages lately sent in regard to our school we feel so encouraged. The thought that so many in the home land remember and pray for us out here and that we are only working with them and not by ourselves has made labor light.

Yours lovingly,

MAGGIE GARSIDE.

### MITE BOXES FOR MISSIONARY MONEY.

W. B. M. U.

It is only a *Mite-Box*, yet handle with care ;

Weave round it a setting of faith and of prayer ;  
Then cast in thy offering, though small it may be ;  
If pure is thy motive, thy Saviour will see.

'Tis only a *Mite-Box*, not much will it hold,—  
Some pennies and nickels, but not often gold ;  
Yet Jesus will add His own blessing, I know,  
As forth on its mission of love it shall go.

Thou' only a *Mite-Box*, a power it shall be ;  
In scattering the leaves of the world-healing tree ;  
And oh ! what a song at the harvest we'll sing ;  
With those who are singing to-day with our King.

Then guard well the *Mite-Box*, and gather, with prayer,

The crumbs that lie scattered about here and there ;  
Like stars they will shine in thy crown by and bye,  
When thou shalt have entered thy home in the sky.

*H. M. Echo.*

### THROUGH THE SCHOOL TO THE HOME.

I HAVE just heard an interesting story of what a little girl did. Her father told me to-day, coming home from church. It was the story of his wife's conversion. His face was radiant with joy as he told it. For many years his wife had been an enemy of the truth, and opposed him in every possible way.

He was a warm hearted Christian, and tried by every means to win her, but in vain. She refused to believe.

All his efforts, his earnest prayers and exhortations went for nothing.

About two years ago, their little daughter, about twelve years old, went to school, where she learned to read the difficult Chinese character. When she came home in vacation she taught her younger sister, Lan-mei, to read and also taught her the catechism. While they were busy with their books their mother was a silent listener and wondered to hear her own little girls reading and understanding those mysterious characters, which, she thought, no woman could ever learn. Finally she became intensely interested herself, and when her oldest daughter went back to school, she learned the catechism from Lan-mei. Her heart was won for Christ.

But all this was done on the sly. Her husband knew nothing of it. His prayers were already answered, but he knew it not. She was, perhaps, ashamed to tell him, because she had formerly opposed him so bitterly when he became a Christian. But she continued to learn from her little daughter Lan-mei, for nearly a year before her husband knew it. Imagine if you can, his joy when he learned that his wife would unite with him in attending service and worshipping the true God.

I arrived here last evening, and Lan-mei heard that I had come. I should have said that *Lan-mei* means “beautiful lily.” She will surely be a beautiful flower in the Garden of the Lord. She has been the means of bringing her mother to Jesus. She was so excited that she could not sleep last night. Several times in the night she asked whether it was not almost morning. She wanted to see me and ask whether she could go to the mission school with her sister. When she came to the house with her mother where the service was to be held, she ran up and greeted me with the usual Chinese salutation, *Shienseng hao, ah!* which means “Teacher are you well?” After service she repeated a number of passages of Scripture which she had learned. But how sorry I was to tell her that the schools are all full and there is no place for her. And, worst of all, we have no funds, to open another school.

The process which I have described is now going on in hundreds of families in this part of China. Chinese mothers are being brought to Christ by their little sons and daughters, who have been in our schools and studied Christian books and go home to tell what they have learned. How true and how beautiful are those precious words of Scripture, “A little child shall lead them.”—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

J. A. LEYENBERGER.

Chang-Ching, Shantung.

A PROUD Manchu woman told a missionary: “It was not the sermons I heard that moved my heart. It was my boy who came home from the mission school, and with tears in his eyes begged me to go to heaven with him. Night after night he wept for me.