

your final answer now; wait until to-morrow morning and then tell me.'

The morning came and with it the same answer, but with increased sincerity, and with a faith equal for any sacrifice she might be called upon to make for her decision. 'Yes, I do love Jesus.'

'Wife,' says Hong-chhe, 'as you know, we are receiving \$5 a month from the society that employs us to labor in this village, the question I wish to ask you is: Do you love Jesus enough to live on \$4.00 a month?'

There could be but one answer from this noble woman (I say that unreservedly, though she belongs to the despised and downtrodden ones of Sinim), who had already consecrated herself and her all in prayer to her Lord. 'Yes, I love Jesus enough to live on \$4.00 a month.'

'Teacher, you may pay us the \$5.00 as before. We will live on \$4.00 and use the other \$1.00 towards the support of a helper in that village.'

Isn't this magnificent! Let it ring—this story of high consecration and devotion—the world round. Do you love Jesus like that? May our answer be yes, and so let me sacrifice and give for China's redemption. —'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Testimony of a Little Child.

(Ada Melville Shaw, in 'Michigan Advocate'.)

'Oh, my people!' cried the preacher, stretching out his hands to the room full of stolid hearers, 'awake! awake, ye that love the Lord. This is not a time for sleeping. What more can this tongue say to you? Awake! awake, oh, foolish sleeping children!'

In the instant pause that followed the earnest call, patter, patter, patter—the sound of little feet, bare feet, up the church aisle. Rev. John Easton saw who was running to him—his four-year-old daughter, escaped somehow from the guard of the home nest that warm summer night, clad only in her trailing, dainty 'nighty.'

Without a word the little one clambered up the steep pulpit steps, grasping her white gown in her two chubby fists. What to her were the amused, watching people, the solemn hour? To papa she had run—papa's safe arms she would reach.

John Easton was a perfectly natural man. Therefore he was not easily disturbed. He stood still now and waited.

The last step overcome, the baby dropped the folds of her gown and held up her chubby hands to be 'taken.'

'Here I is, papa preacher! Did you want Effel? I'se awake!'

The clear little voice had no 'naughty' tone in it and not one quiver of self-consciousness.

'Papa-preacher' lifted the wee lass in his arms. His sermon was certainly closed for the time! Perhaps it was just as well. Despite the warmth of his own spirit it had been like preaching to stones.

'Now, Ethel,' he said, in a voice entirely new to that audience, 'you interrupted papa. Are you ready to help him?'

The bright head nodded gravely.

'Then let me hear you say what you can of the "many mansions" chapter. Speak loudly so our friends can hear.'

The people were awake now.

One hand tucked away in papa's thick curls—for papa and Ethel were closely alike—the other held fast in the big palm where it loved to nestle, the sleep-flushed, dimpled,

serious, lovely face turned to 'our friends.' Ethel began:

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in—in—" the sweet voice faltered and then went bravely on, "'believe also in the Good Shepherd. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you all about it. I go to prepare a place for you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled and do not be afraid." Shall I say my verses, too, papa preacher?'

'Yes, my darling.'

"Jesus takes care of the children,
Keepeth them all through the night,
Angels watch over their slumbers,
Until the glad morning light.
Why do you not trust the Saviour?
Hark! He is calling for you!
He who takes care of the children
Cares for the big people too!"

Then a sweet-faced woman came hurriedly but softly up the pulpit steps and took 'Effel' in her arms.

'Good-night, papa preacher! I'm sorry I inker-rupted. I won't do it any more, truly!'

When the church doors had closed behind mother and child, the preacher looked earnestly over the faces before him. The coldness, the hardness, the indifference had fled. Just as if he had not been 'inker-rupted' he said:

'My people!

"Why do you not trust the Saviour?"

Hark! He is calling for you!

He who takes care of the children

Cares for the big people too!"

'Will you answer that call? Will you believe the testimony of a little child? Will you become as that little child, simple in trust and faith, sincere in love? "Hark! He is calling for you," that Good Shepherd who never yet led lamb or sheep astray. If it were not so he "would have told you all about it." Will you accept him now?'

And that night there were added unto the church invisible a host of rejoicing souls.

Enlarging the Capacity.

Not long ago we made the acquaintance of a young girl who is nearsighted. Until she was nearly ten years of age neither she nor her parents realized her lack. But finding that she had difficulty in studying at school they took her to an oculist who furnished her with suitable glasses. When she put them on and looked about her she exclaimed: 'Why, mamma, I can see the grass, that it has separate blades, and the trees, that they have separate leaves. I could never see so before, for they always appeared like one mass of green.' We know the secret. She could see more and she could see better simply because her capacity for seeing was enlarged. Just so it is with religion in the soul; it enlarges its capacity. Before, the eyes of the understanding were darkened, and there was blindness in the heart. Now, the whole being is brought 'out of darkness into God's marvellous light.' . . . In innumerable ways the Christian has the advantage over one who is not a Christian. His field of vision is wider and more far-reaching, because it takes in things spiritual and therefore eternal. His cup of bliss is not only fuller, but it holds more. While

others may have real earthly joys Christ's follower has these and the joys of the Christian added. Not only can he say, 'My cup runneth over,' but he can add, 'My heart hast thou enlarged.' While the pint cup may be full, the quart cup holds more.—Gerald B. F. Hallock, D.D., in 'Upward Steps.'

A Dream of Christ.

A good Christian lady living in Sweden opened a home for crippled and diseased children,—children whom nobody really cared about but herself,—and received nearly twenty of them into it. Amongst them was a little boy, three years old, who was a more frightful and disagreeable object than you ever saw, or are ever likely perhaps to see, in your life. He resembled a skeleton. His poor skin was so covered with blotches and sores that he could not be dressed. He was always crying and whining, always peevish, and the poor little fellow gave more trouble than all the others put together. The good lady did her best for him; she was as kind as possible,—washed him, fed him, nursed him,—but the child was so repulsive in his ways that she could not bring herself to like him, and her disgust, it is to be feared, occasionally appeared in her face. One day she was sitting on the verandah steps with the child in her arms. The sun was shining warm; the scent of the honeysuckle, the chirping of the birds, the buzzing of the insects, lulled her into a sort of sleep, and in half-waking, half-dreaming state she thought of herself as having changed places with the child, and lying there, only more foul, more disagreeable than he was. Over her she saw the Lord Jesus Christ bending, looking intently and lovingly into her face, and yet with a sort of expression of gentle rebuke in it, as much as if he meant to say, 'If I can love and bear with you, who are so weak and sinful, surely you ought, for my sake, to love that suffering child.' She woke up with a start, and looked in the boy's face. He had waked up, too, and she expected to hear him begin to cry; but he looked at her—poor little mite!—very quietly and earnestly for a long time, and then she—sorry for past disgust, and feeling a new compassion for him, and a new interest in him—bent her face to his and kissed his forehead as tenderly as she had ever kissed any of her own babes. With a startled look in his eyes, and a flush on his cheeks, the boy, instead of crying, gave her back a smile so sweet that she had never seen one like it before, nor will, she thinks till it will light up his angel features some day on their meeting in heaven. From that day forth a perfect change came over the child. Young as he was, he had hitherto read the feelings of dislike and disgust in the faces of all who approached him, and that embittered his little heart; but the touch of human love swept all the peevishness and ill-nature away, and woke him up to a new and happier existence.—'Christian Herald.'

Maj.-General Sir W. Gatacre says that during the time he has been in the army he has had considerable experience of men who drank and men who did not. He had found that in a regiment where the majority of soldiers were temperance men they were always well behaved and healthy. Drink was not what soldiers craved for on their return home; what they wanted was a hearty welcome. If, however, the soldiers were asked to drink, they would probably take it; but they should not be asked.