

ary Box; How much do I owe; Giving Like a Little Child; A Suggestion from Dennis; Proportionate Giving; A Story of the Bees; Not for the Heathen merely, but for Christ.

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### THE WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIPTS FROM OCTOBER 18, TO NOVEMBER 17, 1892 INCLUSIVE.

Campbellford, M. C., 90c; Peterboro's (Murray-st) Y.P.S.C.E., \$4.70; Brooke M.C., \$13.60; Brooke Children's Mite Boxes, 33; Forest M.B., \$2.00; Stayner M.C., \$1.10; Stayner M.B., 27c; St. George M.B., for Kondabattullo Deva Karunamma, \$10.00; Toronto, Tecumseth st. M.B., \$5.00; Sarmia, M.B. for Devarapilli Reuben \$4.50; Wingham M.C., \$3.68; Jubilee M.C., \$9.50; Tilsonburg, M.B., \$2.00; Norfolk Assn., special for Medical Lady, additional, \$1.00; Collection at Annual Meeting at Paris, \$40.95; St. George M.B., for student, \$7.00; London Adelaide-st., M.C., Duplicate of P.O. O., \$19.35; Wingham, M.B. \$3.80; Midland M.C., \$1.50; 1st Houghton M.C., \$5.00; Port Hope M.B., \$9.00; London Talbot-st., jr., M.B., for Bellam Nukayya, \$6.04; Toronto Tecumseth-st., M.C., \$5.00; Toronto Jarvis-st., M.C., \$13.33; Belfountain M.B., \$1.00; Total, \$170.55.

In the last list the following mistakes occur in the items from Boston, M.C., "for Medical lady, \$13.9." is printed, instead of \$13.50, and "Unappropriated Amount," is printed \$12.30, instead of \$12.39. All the rest is correct. VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer, 109 Pembroke-st., Toronto.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

### NO CHRIST, NO CHRISTMAS.

At a Christmas celebration in one of our schools in Japan, the father of one of the pupils sent a note to the missionary, asking, "Who is Jesus? and what is Christmas?" His enquiry is that of thousands of newly awakened minds in heathen lands. Never were so many eyes directed toward Him as now, and never before were the thoughts of so many hearts revealed in that searching question, "Who is He?" The world is feeling after him, if haply it may find the Deliverer. O that the Christmas bells of 1892 might ring into hearts aching and sad the true meaning of their joyful message.

Good will from Him who owns everything; who controls all things by the word of his power; who loves all creatures whom He has made. Our Father means that He is making a way out of earth's deep, dark mystery of sin, into glorious light, through Christ Jesus.

The contrast between our happy life in a Christian and that of heathen women without our Christ has been vividly expressed in a "dream" by a writer in

*Life and Light*, the substance of which we quote. A lady had been present at a meeting where she heard the pitiful condition of heathen women pictured by a missionary. Coming home to her cheerful room she threw herself upon the lounge, with a weary sigh, wishing she could rid herself of the unhappy weight which she unwillingly felt for those unfortunate people, who had seemed so far away before, but uncomfortably near since she had heard the missionary speak.

Presently by her side stood a woman clad in Oriental dress, the bright hues of which contrasted with the sadness of her face, and the pathos of her dark eyes. In her hand she held a wand; looking with intense gaze into the lady's face she said: "Do you know what this is? It's name is *heathenism*. Let me show you what it does." Turning, she touched with her wand a picture of the Madonna, and the beautiful faces of the Mother and the Babe faded. "No Christ No Madonna," she said in a hard, cold tone. Then she touched a picture of the two disciples healing the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple and the figures of the two apostles vanished, and only the helpless diseased cripple was there. She struck her wand upon the picture of the Angelus, and the church and the figures of the praying peasants faded from the canvas, and nothing was left but the bleak and desolate moor. "Come with me to the music room," she said; and with a touch of her hateful wand she destroyed every oratorio, every anthem, every hymn. Running her wand across the library shelves, she left gaping spaces where the books that spoke of Christ, or Christian civilization, or Christian poetry had been, and with a sudden sweep she obliterated every line of the printed Bible which lay open on the table. "Come with me to the street," she cried. The windows were ablaze with Christmas light and beauty. With a touch of her wand every beautiful thing was swept from sight. The churches, trimmed with immortelles, were levelled to the ground. "No Christ, no Christmas," she said. Orphan asylums were thrown down, and the children were hopeless waifs on the street. "Stop," cried the lady; "You shall not ruin my home and my city so! I cannot bear it!" "You cannot bear it?" said the other, her dark eyes piercing to the very soul of her companion; "and yet we bear all this, and more, in my country." The lady turned with a despairing heart to her home, and entered the room where her husband and boys were seated at the table. The familiar and attractive table furnishings were before her, but no seat for herself. Her husband looked coldly at her, and even her sons showed no mark of respect. "It is the work of that hideous wand," she moaned, and fell in a dead faint upon the floor. With a start the sleeper awoke; her eyes fell on the sweet face of the Madonna; the blessed Christ-child was still a reality; the work of the destroyer was only a dream. "How could I have been so selfish?" she murmured. "Help me to remember, Lord, that those who love thee most will serve thee best by caring for those to whom a Christmas never comes."

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago the angels sang to a little company of shepherds. The stars upon this Christmas night will look down upon millions who will answer with the glad refrain, "To us is born a Saviour." The Christ spirit, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," prevails more and more each year. Never before were there so many sweet charities. Little stockings will be filled on Christmas eve that would have hung limp and empty but for the Christ-love. Empty hearts will be filled with comfort, hungry souls