

The Pharisee and the Publican.

THOSE who need mercy and blessing from God must seek it earnestly, humbly—by prayer in the Saviour's name. Jesus had been speaking of a poor widow, who obtained justice from a judge because she continued to ask, and He taught the people that they ought not to get weary of prayer; for God is more ready to hear and more able to help than a mere man can be.

Jesus then spoke of a poor sinner who needed pardon, and how he gained it.

A Pharisee and a Publican, or tax-gatherer, went up to the Temple to pray. The publican, standing afar off—as if fearing to approach—bent his head down in sorrow and humility, in grief for his sin. He felt so very sorry for his sins, that he smote his breast, and said, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

God looked down, and saw the poor man so earnest, so humble, so penitent; and he listened to his very short prayer; for it came from the heart. Perhaps it was only whispered; but God heard it all, and answered it. How happy the publican must have felt! His sorrow was gone, his sins were pardoned; God had become his Friend.

How different the Pharisee! He thanked God that he was not as other men, nor even as this publican. He did not know his own heart.

How to Go to Jesus.

ONE evening, after a children's service, a teacher was talking to a young girl who was weeping for her sins.

"Suppose," said he, "that Jesus were in this room; what would you do?"

"I would go to Him at once," she replied.

"And what would you tell him?"

"That I was a lost sinner."

"And what would you ask Him?"

"Oh, I would ask Him if He would forgive me."

"And what would Jesus answer?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then she looked up, smiling through her tears, for at once she saw it all:

"Why," she said, "He would answer, 'Yes.'"

And, simply trusting in the Saviour's word, she went to Him there and then, and Jesus said, "Yes."

Children in China.

SOME days ago as I went to my work, a walk almost across the city, the thermometer between 90° and 100°, I thought of you, and wrote you a thought letter. I often write thought letters to shut out the outside world. Going along the bank of the canal, a little girl of some four or five years came from her play to meet me, with a pleasant smile—but, children, she was so dirty! I don't think you ever saw such a dirty, half-dressed little girl. I did not know her at first, through all the dirt, and she could only have known me as a foreigner. She put her little hand up to take mine, and led me along to her home.

I wonder what you would have thought of that for a home? Just one room in theirs—her father, mother, and little baby sister live there together; the fuel room and pig pen in the front yard; not one blade of grass, no flowers, no pretty playthings; and as I sat on the brick bed, talking with and teaching her mother, some of her companions came and sat down close by me—they were all just as dirty as she was.

I think I pity the children in this land more than the grown-up people; none of the nice times and pleasant woods you have in a Christian land; mothers here so

often have no pleasant words for their little girls, only scoldings and often blows; little girls are not loved as boys are.

In the same room where I taught, I saw some years ago a sight which filled my heart with joy; a girl of some twelve or thirteen lay dying. She had learned to read and pray, and loved Jesus; she spoke to her mother just before she died, and told her she was going to be with Jesus, and was glad to go. Her father was and still is a heathen, but we hope her mother and brother love her Jesus.

Won't you pray for the little girls in China that they may know and love your Jesus?—Miss M. J. Evans, in "*The Little Missionary*."

AN aged Christian on his death-bed was asked the cause of the perfect peace he had in a state of such extreme weakness that he was often entirely unconscious of all around him. He replied, "When I am able to think, I think of Jesus; and when I am unable to think of Him, I know He is thinking of me."

