

Lying and badness of all sorts no longer prevailed as of yore, and all this change was due, so Reuben declared to "Little John Baptist," which was the new name given to "Feeble Felix" since that eventful midsummer day.—*Boys and Girls Companion*.

S.P.G. HOUSE, 19 DELAHAY ST.,

WESTMINSTER, S.W., LONDON, 1900.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I expect you will be surprised at getting a letter from some one whom you don't know, so I must begin by explaining who I am. I am very old indeed—just two hundred years old in the June of next year—but although I am so old I am still growing every year. Just as you are made up of all kinds of things, such as hands, and feet, and hair, and teeth, and eyes, so I am made up of all kinds of people—Bishops, Priests, Deacons, laymen, women, children—that is what I meant when I said I was growing every year. More and more people come and join me. I don't live anywhere in particular, as I am all over the world at once. If you are in London you can see me there, or in India or Africa, or really anywhere at all. I am too large for you to see me all at once—you can only see a part at a time. I have got a very long name, which I have signed at the end of this letter, but I very often sign myself for short only by my initials, S.P.G.

My mother is very old indeed, nearly 1900 years old, and I do all I can to help her, as a good daughter ought to do. Her name is "The Church," and so now you see that she is your mother, too. Now I will tell you what my work is.

You know that there are millions of people in the world who have never heard of God our Father, or Jesus Christ our Saviour, and our dear mother, the Church, has so much to do at home that she must have somebody to send out to these poor people—just as your mother sometimes sends you out on messages down the street—so my business is to go all over the world and tell people about the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; so you see I have plenty of hard work to do. Then there are a great many other people all over the world who are not heathens, but who have been brought up, just as you have, as good children of the Church, but they have gone so far away that it is very difficult for their mother, the Church, to look after them, so I have got to go and look after them, too, and to give them the Sacraments; and teach them not to forget what they used to learn at home about God and His grace, and how to escape from sin and live good lives. Oh! I have plenty of work to do.

Now, perhaps, you will wonder why I am writing to you: I am writing to you because I

want you to do something. Let me explain what it is. My birthday is in June, and, as I told you, I shall be in my 200th year. All my friends want me to keep my birthday as well as I can, just as the Queen a little time ago kept her jubilee. So I am going to keep my birthday in all kinds of ways: by meetings and services in Church.

Now, when you have a birthday, people very often do two things to make your birthday as happy as they can. They wish you "Many happy returns of the day," and they give you birthday presents if they can afford them, and I want you to do these two things for me if you can. First I want you to wish me many happy returns of the day, and the best way of doing that is *by praying God to bless me*, and make me strong to do His work in looking after His children who are abroad; and the next thing is to *give me a birthday present*, if you can afford one. I don't mind how small it is: even if it is only a penny I shall like it very much, because I shall know that you give it because you wish me well, and because you really want me to be able to go and help everyone abroad who is not so happy as you are in knowing about God and heaven. These are the two chief things you can do for me on my birthday, which is the 16th of June; and there are one or two other things I should like to say as well. Come if you can to one of my meetings; ask your Vicar if there is one any where near you, and then do your best to come. You will be able to hear much more about me there than I can possibly tell you in a letter; and, lastly, tell your friends about me, and show them this letter.

Perhaps, some day you will be abroad yourself, and I only hope that I shall be there to look after you, but even if you never go yourself, remember that there are lots of children who are abroad, and I can't possibly look after them properly unless you will help me by your prayers and by giving me as much as you can. Travelling costs a lot of money, and, as I told you, I have to travel all over the world, besides building churches, and getting Prayer-books and Bibles, and all kinds of other things.

And now I must be stopping this very long letter, as I am writing to so many other people besides you about my birthday. With very many happy returns of *your* birthday, whenever it is,

Ever your affectionate friend and sister,
SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

P.S.—If there is anything in this letter you don't understand go and ask your Vicar or some grown-up person to explain it.—S.P.G.

A man is worth what he is, not what he has.