

small tent all night on my little camp cot with the mosquito curtains all securely tucked in.

One night when my camp was in a nice mango grove, just before I got to sleep, I heard such a loud scream and upon shouting to a servant who was sleeping outside, what was making that noise, he said it was a bird. And so it was, just a big bird sitting in the tree above my tent screaming at the top of its voice. There is another bird that is more alarming than this one in the night when all is still, it just grunts like a man does sometimes. The frogs and the insects are what make the night musical.

While I am writing now, for it is half past ten in the morning, there is scarcely a sound outside except the rustling of the leaves and the swaying of the branches of the trees with some birds chirping, but wait until it is dark and then ten thousand frogs and millions of insects will sing and whistle and chirp.

There is one thing I must tell you in confidence, children, and that is, the insects of India are the greatest of pests; a great deal worse than tigers, for you know we can easily fight tigers but these others, O dear, I do believe that unless one is careful they would spoil one's temper. Now, there is the mosquito, he is everywhere, sometimes day and night too looking for you to bite you, and there is no winter here to kill them like in Canada.

Then, there is the white ant, which eats our furniture and such a variety of moths and crickets and little beetles that eat clothes, and other nasty little beasties that bite and sting.

But really life is very pleasant in India, if one is in good health, and so you must not think we are in trouble all the time for we are not, but very happy and comfortable most of the time. Now listen to that sound! It is the bell calling me to breakfast; so good-bye.

R. GARSIDE.

### THE CHRISTMAS BOX IN A CHINESE HOME.

This pathetic story told by a little Chinese girl, will touch many hearts at this Christmas time.

During the sixth moon, Wen Shan, one of our neighbor's girls, came back from the Peking school. She looked so queer to us! They had taken the bandages from her feet, and she walked like a boy; and her feet were nearly as big as a boy's. I laughed at her because she had followed the foreign devils, and had a girl's head and a boy's feet; but often my poor feet ached so I wished in my heart that I had boy's feet.

At first we all made sport of Wen Shan, because she had been off to the mission school; but she was so gentle and kind we got ashamed to make her feel bad. One day I said, "Why don't you get angry and revile, like you used to do?"

"Because Jesus said, 'Love your enemies.'"

"Jesus? Who is Jesus? Is he your teacher?"

Then she told me a beautiful story about her Jesus.

I did not believe it, but I liked to hear it all the same. We all liked to look at her doll and the pretty things that came from America in a box, for the school. No one in our village ever saw such pretty things. Everybody went to see her home after she trimmed it up with the bright picture cards. She called them "Christmas cards." She says Christmas is Jesus' birthday, and the nicest day in all the year. We girls wish we could have Christmas in our village! She says the verses on the cards are Bible verses; and the Bible, she says, is the book the true God has given us, to help us to be good and please Him so we can go to heaven when we die.

When I told grandma she said, "Ask Wen Shan to bring her Bible book over here and read to me; and I want to hear about her Jesus God, too."

When Wen Shan came I could see that grandma loved to hear her talk about Jesus. Wen Shan seems to love her Jesus, but we are afraid of our gods, and sometimes I think her God must be nicer than ours.

No woman in our village can read. It is a wonderful thing to hear her read as well as the mandarins! One day she read where Jesus said he was going away to prepare a great many mansions, and he promised to come again for his friends.

Grandma said, "That's very nice for the foreigners." But Wen Shan said: "He is heaven's Lord, our heavenly Father; we are all his children. He loves Chinese just as well as he does Americans."

"Do you think there is a heaven for me, too?" said grandma, and her voice shook so it made me feel very queer in my heart.

"Yes, surely there is."

"But I am nothing but a poor, stupid old woman, and I am afraid He won't want me in his fine mansions," said grandma.

After this I noticed that grandma did not burn any more incense to the gods, and sometimes it seemed to me she was talking with some one I could not see.

When the cold weather came she began to cough and grow weak, and one day I heard them say, "She cannot live long." My mother bathed her and put on her fine clothes, and the priests came from the temple and beat their drums and gongs to scare away the devils that watch for the dying. Poor old grandma opened her eyes and looked so scared I could not look at her.

Mother put the brass pin in her hand, and she shut her fingers around it tight.

All at once she said, "Send Ling Te to that Jesus school." Then she went off to sleep. About midnight she opened her eyes and smiled so glad! But she did not seem to see us.

"Oh, look! look! The door is open! Oh, how beautiful! Yes, it is my mansion so big! There is room for all of us. I'll go first and wait for you."

Then she folded her hands and went to sleep, and they put her in a black coffin and fastened down the cover with pegs.

I walked the old brass pin on the floor. I was so sorry for grandma, until I remembered she said the gate was wide open, so I thought she would not need to rap.—*Extracts from a letter in Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

If like Herod, you have some particular sin for which you cannot bear reproof, you are deceiving yourself by supposing your joys are a proof of your conversion.