

that little child led me into a secret that I shall never forget all my life! She taught me as no one ever did of the love of God.

Early in August our hiding-place was suddenly surrounded by a band of armed Boxers, and the cries of those children were piteous to hear; they pierced us through and through. When we told them that very soon, perhaps, they would be with Jesus, it seemed to quiet all their fears, and they were quite restful and happy to know that they would go and be with Jesus, whom they loved.

For some unknown reason the men did not kill us, but took us prisoners to the capital, Pao-ting Fu. On the way darling little Vera touched the hearts of those men; she played with them and she talked with them, and they sometimes bought her a piece of watermelon, or a few nuts, or a cake. The Chinese Mandarin at Pao-ting Fu decided to send us down to Tientsin, but we were really handed over to a band of Boxers. However, God had his purpose for us, and he used this darling little child to save our lives. She had won the hearts of those people. They made us leave the boat and get on the bank, and as we stopped on the bank this dear child turned round, and in the Chinese way put her little hands together and gave them a Chinese bow and thanked them.

What did we see? Why, we saw tears roll down the cheeks of the head Boxer of all, and the boats glided by and we were left standing on the bank of that river. Very soon after being set free by this band of Boxers we were captured by another and fiercer band, who beat us, and tied us up and carried us on poles to their meeting-house. The children were tied up, too, and they were taken to the meeting-house. When we got there we looked for the children, and we heard their cries. They had been taken to a room, and the Boxers could not quiet them at all, and so they untied their hands and their feet, and we saw those little children going across the wet, muddy court-yard to their mother.

Little Vera soon forgot her own trouble. She trotted across the court-yard, and she saw her mother lying on the ground there in the wet mud, and she went to her, and with her little hands stroked her mother's face and tried to comfort her. At this place we were kept in that temple for three weeks. Sometimes we knew what it was to be very, very hungry, and were so grateful to God when he sent us anything extra for the children. But whatever came in must always be divided amongst us. If it was only one apple we always had our bite of it. Mrs. Green was ill the whole three weeks.

One day an apple was thrown to



The Way It Struck Her.

A little ragged orphan girl, who
ne'er
Had had a home nor known a par-
ent's care,
And who, with shoeless feet and
hatless head,
Newspapers sold to earn her scanty
bread
Was taken from the city far away
With others of her kind one summer
day
To look upon the ocean. At the
sight

Her thin, sharp face was filled with
grave delight;
And some one said: 'I wonder what
can be
Her thoughts, poor child, about this
mighty sea.'
She heard the words and quickly
turned her head,
And in low tones, 'T's thinkin',
ma'am,' she said,
'T's glad I comed, because I never
sor
Enough of anything at wunst be-
fore!

—'Harper's 'Young People.'

little Vera, and she took it up and gave it to her mother; but, of course, her mother, who was so ill, did not take a very large bite of it, and Vera seemed concerned, and said, "Oh, mother, you must take a bigger bite than that."

Those little gleams of sunshine in those dreary days seemed to bear us up and let us see, more than ever, that God is love. And at the end of three weeks about one hundred Boxers determined to come and kill us, and those whose prisoners we were hid us in a very dark, damp, filthy room. Perhaps those were the darkest forty-eight hours that we ever spent in China. We almost seemed to lose our faith. And what, think you, cheered us up? That little child's words.

As we were pent up in that dirty, filthy little room, she said to her mother, putting her little hands into her mother's lap, "Why, mother, we are like Paul and Silas, are we not?" A message from the living God to us, was it not? She often thought of her home, and wondered when we were going back to it and to the toys she had left behind—the swing and her dolls particularly. We told her we did not think she would have those things again, and her mother tried to make her understand that she was suffering for Jesus' sake. A few days after that we were cast down, and she turned around to us and said, "Oh, mother, I am so glad that I

am suffering for Jesus' sake!" Here was our little one teaching us.

One day, while in Pao-ting Fu, we were sitting in the little bit of garden connected with the house, and talking of our long imprisonment, and wondering when release would come. Vera, who was on the ground playing with the dirt with a little bit of stick, heard us, and looking up, said, "Why, aunty the Lord looseth the prisoners." Only a few days before we had been reading together, Psalm 146, and we had taken as a promise from the Lord, and had taught the children that little text, "The Lord looseth the prisoners," and here, you see, the little learner had turned round on us: we accepted it as a rebuke from the Lord.

It pleased the Lord to gather that tired little lamb to his bosom. Just after she was five years old she died of dysentery while we were at Pao-ting Fu.

There are other things I should like to say about her, but I fear I cannot say them; but there is one thing that has impressed me—it is this: the way of the cross means sacrifice.—'Watchman.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.