

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

## CHOY.

**W**HEN about to step on board the "Coptic," at San Francisco, a young man asked me if I would have some care over a little girl on the ship. As we talked together for a moment on the wharf, he told me the following, but not as though it were at all worthy of mention; he was from Philadelphia; had found little Choy a slave girl in that city's China-town; had sent her owner to jail; had taken her into his own family and sent her to school for two years, and now had himself brought her across the continent and placed her in charge of one of the ship's officers, to be met by a missionary lady in one of China's ports.

When out on the ocean, I said to myself: Only one to whom Christ had imparted His own spirit would do that. There are men on board, men of position, who would treat the whole matter as foolishly sentimental, and would say that a shipload of creatures, as unattractive as she, would not be worth one-half the trouble, especially when the coming years may show that, so far as the poor girl was concerned, all the sacrifice and love had been thrown away. Christ alone, of the world's teachers, has placed such value upon the lowliest. "How much then is a *man* of more value than a sheep?" Hence, one of the differences between the Far East and the West. Such compassion is not only Christ-like, it is *Christ*, and faintly reveals to us what His great heart has done and would yet do for us all.

"Would I suffer for him that I love!  
So would'st Thou—so wilt Thou!  
\* \* \* A hand like this hand  
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!  
See the Christ stand."

Aoyama, Tokyo, Nov. 3, 1898.

B. C.

14 Toin Zaka,  
AZABU, TOKIO, JAPAN.

Everytning is going on in the work as usual, but there is a little undercurrent of excitement over the prospect of a new lot for our school. Girls and teachers—foreigners and Japanese, are delighted, and deeply thankful. Our King's Daughters, at their meeting last evening, passed the following resolution: "That we work harder than ever this year and give all our earnings, after deducting our tenth for China and paying the expenses of our Poor School, towards the new buildings to be erected." As they are usually on the watch for an opportunity to earn or save money for their King's Daughters' fund, we are wondering how much additional they will be able to do. It is certain they will do something, for very many of them are very much in earnest.

Sincerely yours,

I. S. BLACKMORE.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

On the 24th of November was Thanksgiving Day. The day that we bless God for all the kindness he procure to us, during the year that came to finish.

Thursday morning the bell rang to tell us, to keep ready, for we went to Douglas Church. We had a very fine speak on the goodness of God and the things that we owe him, for his grace that he gives us.

After we came back to school we have had one of the most delicious meal as we can have. For my part I was very pleased, because we have had very much fun at our table. Afternoon the Vielard has given the permission to go to see our parents in the city. I went at my brothers' home, where I saw my old directree of Point aux Trembles school, she who took the largest part to my conversion. We came in at half past four and we are going to the chapel to the concert which made us glad. I will mention only two pieces, the elephant which could dance, and a song which made laugh every one in the chapel. At five o'clock we were going take supper, and grace to the ladies of Douglas church, we have had good cakes to eat. I think it is just to thank them for the privilege they procured to us and also for their troubles. As it is my first English composition, I would not made you tired, and I think I will be better stop.

[First English composition written by one of the boys at French Institute] We think it does him great credit.

## "GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD."

"She lived to serve,"  
These simple words  
Gleamed from the marble stone,  
Above the quiet, peaceful grave  
Of one I'd known.

I paused to ask  
Wherein her life  
Secluded, and so full of pain  
Deserved this tribute sweet and rare,  
Nor asked in vain.

Of childlike faith,  
Of simple trust,  
In Him who doeth all things well,  
Of willing service for the Lord  
Her life could tell.

A patient life  
Of quiet joy;  
All self by suffering subdued.  
And vision cleared by constant pain  
To see Infinite Good.

And being dead  
She speaketh yet;  
Oh! if the praise of man is sweet  
What joy to hear the Lord's well done  
When we shall meet!

But shall we wait,  
While years go by,  
For sorrow's stamp upon the heart  
E'er we to Him our service yield  
And do our part?

Nay, count it joy  
That we today  
May something do for this our King,  
Who loveth us and will not scorn  
What thus we bring.

ST. STEPHEN.

E. VEAZEY.