

author of "Youth," or his delight in his Sunday-school. Oh!—one cannot withhold the exclamation—what a world of work, and what work for the world, are carried on in these humble, unobtrusive Protestant Sunday-schools of Paris!

The little fête took place in the hall on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, used for public worship, on the twenty-seventh, at five o'clock. "By four o'clock, and even earlier, the little guests gathered in front of the door, which was kept inflexibly closed. At last the hour five sounded; then the Sunday-school scholars, led by their teachers, were taken through the back way by the door on the Rue des Arquebusiers, while the invited strangers gained their places through the front door on the Boulevard. Two-thirds of the children, seventy or eighty of them, were dressed in their new clothes, presented to them a few days before, according to the custom of the last few years. All had the festival expression of little people expecting an agreeable surprise. But, surely, nobody expected the most agreeable surprise of the day, a surprise for big and little alike.

"And, in truth, after the prayer and a hymn, there appeared before the Christmas-tree a personage whose appearance alone sufficed to provoke the hilarity of the little public. And this figure commenced a monologue, the most comical monologue imaginable, a monologue in which one could hear crying and laughter in every imaginable tone. The title of the monologue was Pindare, and the author, M. Truffier, of the Comédie Française. And the Monsieur who recited the monologue in so accomplished a manner, and so delectably, according to the taste of his youthful audience, was no other than M. Truffier himself. One month before he had sent word to Pastor Wagner that it would give him great pleasure to recite something at our Christmas-tree, and, while accepting the gracious offer with keen alacrity, the pastor had kept the secret, so as to insure a complete surprise. M. Truffier had come accompanied by his wife, Madame Molé Truffier, of the Opéra Comique. She sang two Christmas hymns, one of them composed by M. Charles Hess, for two years past the benevolent organist of the little church; a man admired not only for his musical talent, but for his personal qualities. Then the pastor made an address." Although the article does not say so, M. Truffier's monologue, we are sure, did not exhaust all the plaudits in the little Sunday-school children's hands. M. Truffier then recited again two fables of Lafontaine in the most delicious manner; after which came the distribution of presents, and hymns by the children. Each child received a package and a bag filled with apples, oranges, and gingerbread.

The author closed with thanks to the kind friends who had prepared the festival, and the great number of other friends whose liberality had permitted the school to clothe nicely so many poor children, and, above all, to the generous artists, whose desire to contribute something to the pleasure of the little children touched all hearts.



Winnie

A Story for Girls

By Mrs. L. Robbins

Within a hundred miles of my town there lives a girl. Her age is somewhere between thirteen and nineteen years. She isn't exactly pretty, though she comes very near being so when she smiles; neither is she exactly homely when she isn't smiling, though none of her features are classical, and she is slightly freckled. She doesn't dress in the height of fashion, nor, on the other hand, does she ever look shabby or old-fashioned, though she does sometimes wear made-over dresses and trimmed-over hats. She can't really be called accomplished, though she can sing indifferently well, play a very little on the piano, and write an interesting letter. In company she quite often cannot think of anything to say, though when with the girls she is sometimes accused of talking too much. She isn't a brilliant scholar, and she isn't by any means a dull one. In short, she is just a common, every-day kind of a girl, like dozens you see every time you go where there are many girls to be seen.

Perhaps I should not give the impression that she is exactly

like other girls, for she does have one peculiar gift; and yet, after all, the only peculiar thing about it is that she chooses to use it right along, while a good many other girls—and boys and grown people, for that matter—though they have the same gift, keep it locked up most of the time, and use it only on very particular occasions.

The only thing I can compare this gift to, at the moment, is a bit of the sun, and it might be called a pocket sunshine-generator, though a pocket is the worst possible place for it.

To show how useful this little gift may be made in cloudy weather is my reason for introducing you to Winnie, for that is the name of this every-day kind of a girl—Winnie Smith.

Winnie's life has not been marked by any startling events, and a certain winter day, not long ago, will serve my purpose as well as another.

She arose, then, a little later than usual that morning. It was cold in her room, and she laughed to hear her teeth chatter together as she made a quick toilet and then ran downstairs to breakfast.

Breakfast wasn't quite ready. The baby was crying, his fists doubled up, and very red in the face; Mrs. Smith, with an anxious brow, was trying to pacify him, while Mr. Smith was re-reading the last night's newspaper with a moody expression of countenance.

The instant Winnie appeared on the scene there was a change, though all she said was "Good-morning." The baby stopped crying and held out his arms to Winnie, who took him and began talking to him; Mrs. Smith's brow became smooth and tranquil as she rose to finish setting the food on the table; and Mr. Smith smiled over the top of his newspaper. In less than five minutes the baby was sitting in his high chair pounding the tray with his two little fists and crowing, while the rest of the family were laughing at his energy and good spirits as they ate their breakfast and cheerfully discussed their plans for the day.

At about eight o'clock Winnie started to school, for there was an errand to be done on the way, at a store. The girl at the counter had sat up nearly all night nursing a sick brother, and looked and felt as cross as two sticks. Before Winnie had fairly told her errand, the girl looked pleasanter; before the parcel was done up she smiled, and as Winnie disappeared through the door the girl really looked as though she thought the world a very nice place.

And all that Winnie had done was to make a few pleasant remarks about the weather, and prevent the girl from taking down a lot of unnecessary boxes from the shelves, because she saw the girl was tired, and to smile and nod a good-by when she turned to go.

As Winnie came out of the store she caught sight of a little ragged boy sitting on the curbstone. A large tear was rolling down his grimy cheek, and he looked the picture of woe. Winnie stopped and spoke to him, and questioned him, and found out that he was cold—yes, and hungry.

"Dear me, this will never do!" said Winnie. "Come with me, my little man," and she led him across the street into a grocery-store. As her school was at a considerable distance from her home, Winnie usually rode in the cars one way, and so she had just five cents with her. With the five cents she bought a puffy mince turnover and a shiny bun, and when she had asked the storekeeper to let the boy sit beside the radiator while he ate these delicacies, she went on her way rejoicing.

The little boy gazed after her, his cheeks distended with pastry, and a grin of perfect content on his dirty little face.

The storekeeper, too, who had been scolding his chore-boy in a frightful manner when Winnie opened the door, now looked as mild as any lamb, quite benevolent, in fact, and the chore-boy was whistling softly to himself as he wiped the dust from a shelf.

Winnie walked briskly along, for it was getting near school time. A good many of the people she met glanced at her as they passed, and the glance seemed somehow to have a cheering effect on them, for their eyes brightened, and they stepped more quickly and held their heads a little higher.

When quite near the school-house, Winnie overtook one of her classmates. There was a cloud on his face, but the instant she spoke to him it disappeared, and he actually smiled as he turned toward her, though the tone of his voice was still somewhat lugubrious.

"Have you done those two problems in algebra?" he asked.

"No," laughed Winnie; "have you?"

"I sat up half the night trying, and I don't believe they can be done," said the boy, bitterly.

"Oh, yes," answered Winnie, "Will Bailly told me, last night, that he had done one of them, and I mean to go at them in good earnest as soon as I get the history lesson off my mind. I think we can do them."

"Perhaps we can," said the boy, more hopefully; and by the time they reached the school-house steps he was not only

convinced that he could but resolved that he would do them, and was quite cheerful in consequence.

As I said before, it was a cold morning, and the school-room felt the effect of it. The heat didn't come as it should, and the teacher and all the scholars had blue noses, and their shoulders were drawn up.

Winnie and the boy were two seconds late, and Miss Miller frowned as she heard their footsteps in the hall, but when she saw Winnie her frown faded out. Moreover, as Winnie walked to her seat nearly every pair of shoulders in the room went down a trifle, as though her coming had, in some mysterious way, tempered the prevailing frigidity.

Nothing of particular moment happened during the forenoon, unless it was the falling out of Nellie Patterson and Julia Davis at recess. Their eyes were flashing, and they were making the most ill-natured remarks to each other, when Winnie chanced their way. I don't know whether she said anything, or only looked in their eyes till they couldn't help laughing, but I do know that two minutes later Nellie and Julia were pacing the hall, arm in arm, and on the best of terms.

There were seven scholars who lived so far away that they always brought their dinners, excepting when they forgot it, as did Annie and Frank Carroll on this particular day. Winnie spied them standing apart from the others, staring disconsolately out of a window, and immediately divined the trouble. Almost before you could say "Jack Robinson" she had gone to them, and before you could count fifty the three were seated, with Winnie's lunch-basket in their midst, making merry over the shortness of their commons. Then the other four joined the group and divided their lunch also; and as the mothers of some of them had been particularly bountiful in the matter of food that day, the whole seven fared very well, and I dare say ate all that was good for them.

On the way home from school at night Winnie saw two boys, on the sidewalk ahead of her, slyly upset a fruit-stand, behind which sat an old Irish woman. A policeman who had come up unperceived seized one of the boys, the other took to his heels, and the old woman gesticulated and stormed with rage and righteous indignation.

Winnie hastened her steps, and, laying her hand on the policeman's sleeve, asked him, very earnestly, if he wouldn't please let the boy go just long enough to help pick up the fruit, which was rolling about the sidewalk and out into the street.

In an incredibly short time, if you had been there, you would have seen the policeman walking serenely down the street, a strange gentleman righting the fruit-stand, Winnie and the two boys picking up apples, oranges, bananas, and peanuts, as if for a wager, while the old woman was laughing to see so many working for her while she sat still, and saying, leniently, that "b'ys" would be "b'ys," she supposed, as long as the "wurrld" held together.

The boy the policeman had let go came running after Winnie when she had started on her way again, and thrust a tremendously big apple, which he had just bought of the woman, into her hand, and then sped away, with an ear-splitting whoop, to join the other boy.

When Winnie came within three doors of her own door, she saw the telegraph messenger leave a message with Mrs. Alden. Mrs. Alden stood in the doorway, after reading it, with a perplexed and troubled expression, and glanced at Winnie as if she had half a mind to say something to her.

"Is it bad news, Mrs. Alden?" ventured Winnie, sympathetically.

Then Mrs. Alden spoke quickly enough. "Yes," she said, "my sister is ill, and I ought to go to her on the very next car, but I let my girl go away for the afternoon and evening, and father isn't feeling well, and I don't dare leave him alone—"

"Why, I will come in and stay with him," said Winnie, heartily. "I'd just as lief as not—I'd like to."

"Would you?" said Mrs. Alden, the troubled look vanishing. "I should be so much obliged."

"I'll run home and tell mother, and be back in a minute," said Winnie, hurrying along.

When she returned, Mrs. Alden was coming out of the gate, with bonnet and cloak on. "You won't have to stay more than an hour," she said, as she put on her gloves, "for Mr. Alden will come home at six;" and, giving Winnie a few directions, she hastened away.

Old Mr. Alden was in one of his melancholy moods, and insisted, in spite of Winnie's protestations, that he had outlived his usefulness; that he took no comfort in life, and was only a burden and an expense; that everybody would be better off and happier if he was out of the way; that he ought to have died years before, and the Lord had surely forgotten him.

Winnie knew the old gentleman was fond of telling stories of his younger days, and so, when there came a little pause in his lamentations, she artfully led up to the subject of these same

younger days, and it was hardly any time at all before the old man was telling, with great gusto, the story of a favorite horse he had once owned, and Winnie was listening as interestedly as though she had not heard already the same story at least three times.

It was long in the telling, and when the end was reached, and old Mr. Alden was laughing in great glee over the climax, it was time to get his tea. Winnie toasted his bread and made the tea by the sitting-room fire. Then, when young Mr. Alden did not come, old Mr. Alden said Winnie must eat something, so she toasted more bread, and ate it while he started a new story, which she had heard only once before.

This was a longer one, and it branched off into so many other stories that it was almost eight o'clock before it was finished.

Just then young Mr. Alden came. He had been delayed, and was exceedingly tired and dispirited, having been sorely tried by a foolish witness, and lost a case—for he was a lawyer. He had dreaded coming in to his own house, to see his father's mournful visage and hear his querulous complainings.

When, therefore, he found his father fairly radiant with cheerfulness, with a smiling-faced girl sitting beside him, he sank into a chair and drew a deep breath of relief.

When Winnie explained why she was there, and rose to go, he rose also to go with her, though she told him she wasn't the least bit afraid. Indeed, she would have preferred to go alone, for young Mr. Alden was so polite and dignified, and knew so very much, that she stood a good deal in awe of him.

As they walked along, she wished she could think of something to say to him. The stars were shining, and it suddenly occurred to her that she had forgotten the names of three very bright stars that were always close together in a line, and so she asked him timidly about them.

Now, it happened that astronomy had always been a favorite study with young Mr. Alden, and he not only answered Winnie's question gladly, but stood for several minutes after they had reached her gate, telling her about the different constellations.

Then he thanked her courteously for staying with his father, bade her good-night, and went back, looking up at the stars, and feeling rested and refreshed.

Winnie tripped up the walk and into the house, also thinking of the stars.

After she had had a little talk with her mother, and gone to look adoringly at the baby sleeping in his crib, Winnie lit a lamp and went upstairs to her room to bed.

So ended the day for Winnie Smith, and she fell asleep, never suspecting that she had a gift, or dreaming that she was otherwise than a most ordinary, commonplace kind of a girl.



Football at Home

By George H. Westley

A friend of mine who recently returned from England brought back with him a very interesting little game which he calls "Football at Home." It is very simple, though highly exciting, and has this advantage over many other games, that the necessities for it are within the reach of all, the poor as well as the rich. The only apparatus required consists of an ordinary covered table, four tumblers, and an empty egg-shell. The table is the field, and the shell the ball.

Any number of players can take part, though the best number is five on a side. The two captains kneel, one at the head of the table, by the right-hand corner, and the other at the foot by the left-hand corner. The players line up on their knees by the sides of the table.

At each end of the field, and a foot or so from the edge, are placed a couple of tumblers or anything else that would serve for goal-posts, and across the top is stretched a strip of paper or a ribbon.

Everything being ready, the egg-shell is placed in the center of the table, and put into play by both captains blowing at it. When it is fairly going, the other players tackle it with their whistling apparatus, and each side endeavors to blow the ball through the other's goal.

The rapid succession of tangents which the shell takes under this treatment causes great fun, and the game soon waxes very exciting. If the ball is blown through a goal it scores a touchdown, which counts four points for the victorious side. The captain of this side then takes the ball back to the opposite goal and blows it across the table, his object being to pass it through the same goal again. If he succeeds in this, it counts two points more for his side.

Thirty minutes is the time-limit of the game, and at the expiration of the first fifteen minutes the two teams exchange positions. The writer has tried this game and found it extremely amusing.

The Religious World

General Booth and the Salvation Army

General Booth has arrived in London on his return from his tour in India, and has issued a manifesto to the soldiers in this country, which has been published in the daily papers. The manifesto is, on the whole, calm, although it does not add anything new to the facts which have already been made public. The General speaks of his sorrow at the course of his son, Commander Ballington Booth, and his regret that the associations of his early life have been swept away. He refers to appeals made to Ballington Booth not to take the course on which he has embarked. At this point there is somewhere a serious misunderstanding. He mentions three telegraphic messages sent from India to Ballington Booth asking him to meet the General in London on his return, and says that none of them ever received a reply. But his son says that they were all received and all duly answered, and that he holds the evidence of that fact. Probably by some mistake they were not delivered. General Booth declares that he has never permitted the relationships of family love to influence him in his direction of the Army, and that he never will. He appeals to the fact that he could have retained the loyalty of his son by sacrificing the principles of the Army, but that he would not do so. That shows General Booth's loyalty to his convictions, while the fact that, when Commander Booth could have retained possession of the property or taken another command instead of doing as he did, he chose to leave the old organization, is also a tribute to his loyalty to conviction. General Booth insists that "the Salvation Army is as much American as it is English; it is the kindred of the poor, and belongs to every land." He expresses his gratitude at the way the American soldiers have stood by the Army, and closes with an urgent appeal to them to be true to the work to which they are called. The letter of General Booth adds nothing to our knowledge of the subject. Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker have been formally appointed to the command of the Salvation Army in the United States. The name of Commander Ballington Booth's new organization has been decided upon. It is "God's American Volunteers." Enthusiastic meetings were held last Sunday at Cooper Union, New York, and in Newark and Orange.

American Missionary Association

We need hardly remind our readers of the quantity and quality of missionary work accomplished by the American Missionary Association. It has given fifty years of service to advance the religious and moral welfare of this country, and the obligations of the Nation to it have been constantly increasing. Like other philanthropic associations, it has felt the pressure of the past few years, and its needs are urgent. The facts are clearly stated in the following circular, to which we call the attention of our readers:

JUBILEE YEAR FUND OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

It is now fifty years since the A. M. A. was organized. Its work and history are before the churches. We have reason to rejoice in the accomplishment of the past. We are grateful to God for this ministry of grace to his needy ones. We have come now to the semi-centennial year of the Association. We propose to celebrate the Fiftieth Year, and to acknowledge the goodness of God to us in the past.

But we find ourselves in this present time in distress. Our work has been severely affected by the adverse times. Our mission schools and churches are suffering. For the last three years our average current receipts have been \$93,000 less per year than during the previous three years. The work has been cut \$184,000 during these three years. If it had been fully maintained, the debt would have been three times as great as it is. We are now confronted with the question of further and more disastrous reductions, for our obligations must be met. The \$100,000 borrowed for mission work must be paid. We do not believe that the churches wish this to be done by closing more schools and church doors against the poorest of our countrymen throughout the Southern lowlands and mountains, amid the Dakotas and Montana, from California to Florida.

The Association has come to the last half of its fiscal year. Up to this time it has made no special plea for help. It has waited fraternally until kindred organizations have received the aid they so greatly needed. This vast Christian service in the most necessitous fields of the continent is as distinctively the trust of the churches as any of their enterprises are. Shall it not now have the same equitable relief as has been given to others? Has not the time now come for helping this suffering work? Will not those who have charged the Association with this burden of service now consecrate anew their benevolence to its relief and make this a Year of Jubilee, to wipe out the last vestige of debt?

It is proposed to raise during the next six months a special Jubilee Year Fund of \$100,000 in shares of \$50 each, with the hope and expectation that these shares will be taken by the friends of missions without lessening those regular contributions which must be depended upon to sustain the current work. The plea is urgent because the need is urgent. Will not all friends of this great work, pastor and people, now heartily unite in one special Christian endeavor to raise this American Missionary Association Jubilee Year Fund?

CHARLES L. MEAD,	JOSEPH H. TWICHELL,
SAMUEL HOLMES,	CHARLES P. PEIRCE,
SAMUEL S. MARPLES,	CHARLES A. HULL,
WILLIAM H. STRONG,	ADDISON P. FOSTER,
ELIJAH HERR,	ALBERT J. LYMAN,
WILLIAM HAYES WARD,	NEHEMIAH BOYNTON,
JAMES W. COOPER,	A. J. F. BEHRENDIS,
LUCIEN C. WARNER,	

Executive Committee of the American Missionary Association.

Missions and Theological Seminaries

At the recent conference of representative missionary societies important action was taken which concerned the establishment of missionary professorships in theological seminaries, and it was suggested that in such institutions special facilities should be offered for the study of comparative religions and the philosophies which are influential in the countries where the missionaries must labor. This is a step in the right direction. Much of the missionary's time in the past has been lost owing to the fact that he has approached his work not only ignorant of the language which he must use but of the conditions among which he must labor. If he went to his field with a thorough knowledge of the religions and philosophies current among the people, his usefulness from the first would be greatly augmented. Intelligent Buddhists make great sport of many missionaries because they know so little of the doctrines which they antagonize. It is not uncommon to hear those who have gone to the foreign field say, "We do not need this knowledge; all we are here for is to preach the Gospel; that is the limit of our responsibility." They forget the wisdom of the Apostle about being "all things to all men." It is impossible to preach the Gospel as it should be preached if prejudices are not disarmed so that the people are willing to listen. There are many indications that missionary work is about to enter upon a stage of renewed and increased prosperity. Among them all we regard none as more hopeful than this suggestion concerning professorships of missions.

California Chinese Mission

This mission, which is a part of the American Missionary Association, has issued an earnest appeal for aid in the erection of a building suitable to the demands of its large and growing work. Hitherto it has occupied a rented building in San Francisco, at a large expense. The time seems to have come for something which shall be a suitable headquarters for all the Chinese work in the State, a place of rendezvous for Congregational Christian Chinese, from whatever part of the country they may come. It is estimated that an outlay of about \$20,000 will be required. The appeal is made to Sunday-school scholars and young people in Endeavor Societies to give small sums, at least to lay one brick, which may be done for five cents. The work has been approved by the American Missionary Association, and any who desire to assist may send their gifts to Mr. H. W. Hubbard, Bible House, New York. We have not referred to this for the purpose of increasing the subscriptions, because other means are in use for that, but rather that we might record our appreciation of the great fidelity and wisdom of those engaged in this service on the Pacific coast. It is folly, while sending missionaries to China, to neglect the Chinese in our own country. That this is not being done in California this mission and the work it has already accomplished clearly indicate.

Missionaries in Korea

Bishop E. R. Hendrix has recently returned from Korea, and writes interestingly concerning the religious outlook in that country. He says that the Americans are trusted because the Koreans at last have come to realize that we have no desire to encroach upon their territory. Another reason for American influence in the Hermit Kingdom is that most of the missionaries in that country are from the United States; one is from Australia, a few are from England, and the remainder are Americans. American medical missionaries have attended the King, and the Queen has for her physicians two American ladies. The government hospital is under the direction of American physicians and trained nurses, and a large government school is also under the auspices of American missionaries. Two of the Cabinet Ministers were educated in this country and became Christians. "The King of Korea, in an audience which he granted to Bishop Ninde, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a year ago, gratefully recognized the work being done by our country when he said: 'Thank the American people for the teachers whom they have sent, and ask them to send more, many.'" The teachers are missionaries. One difficulty under which missionaries in that country labor is the fact that they have been so kindly received by the Government that they have excited the suspicion of those who are desirous of change. It is hard for them so to conduct themselves as not to be misunderstood by the revolutionary classes. The influence of Americans thus far has been due to the fact that they have been seen to have no ulterior designs. What the position of Korea will be in the future is largely problematical. If it is seized by Russia and the Russian policy prevails, American missionaries will no doubt be excluded; if its autonomy is allowed to continue, they will play a large part in the development of its future.

Andover Theological Seminary

We have examined with a good deal of interest the catalogue of Andover Theological Seminary for the year 1895-1896. It shows, among other things, that there has been progress in theological study as well as in other departments of education. Andover, by the way, is very nearly if