

"But he told father that he had reformed, and wanted him to furnish some work. Mother gave him a lot of old clothing and things to eat, and yet there he lay, drunk as could be."

"Wall, yo' see, he was jes' like yo' was yesserday. Yo' was sartain' shore dat 'possum was dead, an' all de time he was a larfin' in his slebe an' t'inkin' how he'd make his legs fly when he'd see a good chance, an' shore 'nuff he did. He-he."

"You needn't laugh, uncle; 'twasn't any fun to lose such a big fat fellow."

"No moah it wasn't, but ef yo' larned de lesson wat de good Lord meant to teach yo', den yo' hasn't loss nuffin'. Jes' yo' mind 'bout dat ar."—*Ruth Argyle in Well Spring.*

DIXIE'S SIX CENTS.

A SHORT time ago a pale-faced little girl walked hurriedly into a bookstore in Annasburg, and said to the man serving at the counter: "Please, sir, I want a book that's got 'Suffer little children to come unto me' in it; and how much is it, sir? and I am in a great hurry."

The shopman bent down and dusted his spectacles. "And suppose I havn't the book you want; what then, my dear?"

"O sir, I shall be so sorry; I want it so!" And the little voice trembled at there being a chance of disappointment.

The kind shopman took the thin hand of his small customer in his own. "Will you be so very sad without the book? And why are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, sir, you see, I went to school one Sunday when Mrs. West, who takes care of me, was away; and the teacher read about a Good Shepherd who said those words; and about a beautiful place where he takes care of his children, and I want to go there. I'm so tired of being where there's nobody to care for a little girl like me only Mrs. West, who says I'd be better dead than alive."

"But why are you in such a hurry?"

"My cough's getting so bad now, sir, and I want to know all about Him before I die. It 'ud be so strange to see Him and not know Him. Besides, if Mrs. West knew I was here she'd take away the six cents I've saved, running messages, to buy the book with, so I'm in a hurry to get served."

The book-seller wiped his glasses very vigorously this time, and lifting a book from off a shelf, he said: "I'll find the words you want, my little girl; come and listen." Then he read the words of the loving Saviour (Luke xviii., 16)—get your Bibles and find the place, children—and told her how this Good Shepherd had got a home all light and rest and love prepared for those who love Him and serve Him.

"O how lovely!" was the half breathless exclamation of the eager little buyer. "And He says, 'Come.' I'll go to Him. How long do you think it may be, sir, before I see Him?"

"Not long, perhaps," said the shop-keeper, turning away his head. "You shall keep the six cents, and come here every day, while I read you some more out of this book."

Thanking him, the small child hurried away. To-

morrow came, and another morrow, and many days passed; but the little girl never came to hear about Jesus again. One day a loud-voiced, untidy woman ran into the shop, saying, "Dixie's dead! She died rambling about some Good Shepherd, and she said you was to have these six cents for the mission-box at school. As I don't like to keep dead men's money, here it is." And she ran out of the shop. The cents went into the box, and when the story of Dixie was told so many followed her example with their cents that at the end of the year "Dixie's cents," as they were called, were found to be sufficient to send out a missionary to China to bring stranger sheep to the Good Shepherd.—*Episcopal Record.*

JAPANESE BOYS AND AMERICAN BOYS.

THE American boy has the advantage of the Japanese youth in his splendid physique and in his joyous, rollicksome disposition. As a rule, I think the boys at home are of two classes: they are either the joyous, mirthful, fun-loving real-boy, or else the dull, stupid, care-little, think-little sort of fellow. Sometimes the very quiet and typical good boy is a good student; but, as a rule, the most valuable students are also the most stirring, active ones.

Japanese students do not have the vivacity, the irrepressibleness of "Young America;" but they are much more industrious. They do not play so many "naughty tricks" as the Americans; they do not seek fun so much, but they are bright, intelligent, quick to comprehend an idea and to use their opportunities. All Japanese students that I have known have shown a remarkable thirst for knowledge. They seem willing to endure any hardships or privations for the sake of becoming scholars, or, I had better say, for the sake of knowing what scholars are supposed to know. In no other country is the "Gakusha," or learned man, looked upon with more reverence than here.

The Japanese student is remarkable in his faculty for committing to memory. The American school boy usually hates the task of committing, and tries to remember the idea rather than the letter of his lesson. Not so the Japanese. Almost from his infancy he has been training his memory to retain Chinese characters. These are innumerable ideographs (idea pictures), which are retained only by the sheer strength of the memory. Students thus trained from the habit of photographing, as it were, upon their memories the words and letters in the order in which they appear on the page, and often coming short of the ideas contained in the words. Especially is this true if their studies are in English. This is one of the chief difficulties in teaching Japanese students—their literalness in committing to memory.

It will be a great boon to Japanese students when the rage for athletic sports reaches this country from the West. It is impossible to get them to take a sufficient amount of exercise. They have no games or manly sports worth mentioning. The idea seems to prevail that a weak and neglected body is the sign of a well-developed mind. The typical "Gakusha" is neglectful of everything but his studies. He must neglect to trim his finger-nails as an evidence that he