



CHINESE GIRL AND BOY.

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CHILDREN in China are just as fond of fun as they are anywhere. While the majority of the people are very poor, yet parents are very fond of their children and do a great deal to make them happy. The boys and girls are very fond of flying kites, of which they have a great variety, and of setting off fire-crackers. Both men and boys are very fond of this amusement, and on certain holidays, notably on the New Year's day, everybody seems engaged in this sport. It is very sad to think of these millions of boys and girls growing up without any knowledge of God or Jesus Christ.

TIM'S DOVE.

ONE day when little Tim was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home, and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was as well as ever, and the dove could fly again; but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no toys or pets.

When he went to pick berries the dove would go too, perched on his shoulder. Tim named it Fairy and taught it to come at his call and to eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost at the head of Tim's bed.

Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim; and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, Tim went for a doctor.

"She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have chicken or meat broth."

Tim had no money to buy meat, but all at once he thought of the dove. He knew it would make good broth, but he could not bear to kill it.

He saw a neighbour going by the house, and he went out and put the dove in her hands. "Please kill my dove and make my mother some broth," he said, "she is so sick."

Then he ran in the house, and tried not to think of his poor little dove. He did not want his mother to see him cry, for she would have said the dove should not be killed.

In about an hour the neighbour brought some good hot broth; and when Tim's mother ate it she said she felt almost well again.

"You will have some more to-morrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you every day until you are well."

Tim followed the woman to the door as she went out and said, so that his mother could not hear, that he had no more doves and did not know how to get meat for more broth.

Before the neighbour could speak, there was a rustle of wings, and Fairy flew in and perched on Tim's shoulder.

"Coo! coo!" she said, pecking at his cheek.

"You see I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You were a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother."

How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not know until she was quite well how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy.

YOUNG HEEDLESS.

YOUNG Heedless is a boy
Who lives in every town.
His name? 'Tis sometimes John
Smith,
And sometimes Tommy Brown.

Young Heedless goes to school
When he can find his hat;
At home he loves to play at ball
When he can find his bat.

Of mittens, one is gone,
Of rubbers, two or more;
And on the very coldest day
He never shuts the door.

The hammer's always lost.
The saw left on the ground;
And when he wants his button-hook
It never can be found.

To buy a piece of beef
You send him to the shop;
He loses all the change he had,
And brings you mutton-chop.

For all these careless things,
And more than I could name,
Young Heedless always feels quite sure
He never is to blame.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

NOT to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room; put it in the pleasantest place and forgive to offer it to the mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.
To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that these are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a man without bad habits.

To observe all these rules and they are sure to be gentlemen.