



A CHINESE BOY.

THE CHILDREN OF CHINA.

Almost every Chinese child of high station carries a fan. Fans are the rattles of Chinese babyhood. A Chinese nurse diverts her young charge with views of her swiftly-moved, gaily-painted fan. With that same fan she cools for him the torrid air of the Chinese summer, and when he grows strong enough to walk, and totters about, upon his well-developed yellow legs, his apple-faced mother, if forced to criticise his momentary mode of life, is very apt to score his yellow shoulders with her pink perfumed fan, though, to be honest, a Chinese child is almost never struck.

Many Chinese children who have scarcely a garment, and rarely have a good dinner, have fans, and are experts in their use, for in China the manner in which the fan is carried, opened, used, and moved, is almost as significant as it is in Corea. The nakedest Chinese boy will almost be sure to own a kite. Chinese children are as skilful as Japanese children in kite flying, and are almost as fond of it as are the children of Siam. They also delight in rolling the hoop and in playing battledore and shuttlecock.

It is more than religion with the Chinese to obey as their ancestors have obeyed, and in all things to follow in the footsteps of those ancestors. This held China together for centuries, but now the reluctance of the Chinese to make use of

methods and implements of war that were unknown to their ancestors, threatens to make China, if not a nation of the past, at least a nation torn and dismembered. The late war with Japan should teach China the necessity of the arts of Western civilization.

A large portion of the Chinese are born, live, and die on boats. Strangely enough, none, or nearly none, of them can swim. But almost every Chinese child is an expert fisher, and exceedingly fond of the sport. Fish and rice form very largely the diet of every Chinese child. Except among the very poor, the children and the women eat apart from the men.

The children of wealthier people eat considerable poultry and unlimited fruit. Among the poorer Chinese the girls are taught to cook, to do all sorts of household work, and to sew roughly. I have eaten some delicious dinners cooked by a Chinese girl of twelve. Indeed, cooking is the great national talent of the Chinese.

The boys of the poorer classes are taught one or more of a thousand ways of earning a living. I remember one merry little fellow who lived alone with his grandfather, who was blind and lame, and the small fellow (I think he could not have been more than eight, perhaps not so old) was the real breadwinner of the family. They had a hatching establishment, a small hut with a very low roof, on which the sun in summer beat down fiercely. Near the hut was a good-sized pond, divided by boards an stakes into small sections. On

the floor of the hut they hatched ducks' eggs, and when the ducklings were sufficiently hatched they were put afloat upon the pond. People came for miles, bringing from a dozen to some hundreds of eggs. Those eggs were wrapped in coarse napkins, put on the floor of the hut, and left there until the sun had done the natural work of the mother duck. The process, if I remember, took the better part of a month. I have seen the floor of the hut completely covered with eggs. But it was said that the small boy never made a mistake. At all events, his customers seemed satisfied to a man that they invariably received the result of their own eggs. I never heard of a complaint. —*Pall Mall Budget.*

THE SUEZ CANAL.

There are very few who have not heard of the Suez Canal, the great waterway that leads across the isthmus of Suez, and gives a passage from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, thus saving hundreds of miles of travel.

The canal was opened November 17, 1869. In the first seven months more than three hundred ships passed through. It takes from twelve to fifteen hours to make the passage.

The southern terminus of the canal is Suez, a city of several thousand people; the northern is Port Said on the Mediterranean.

It took four years to construct the canal, and it cost upwards of \$60,000,000.

A little girl who believed that Jesus loved her, and who was trying to love him, felt so happy that she said to her mother, "It seems as if there is a sun shining in my heart." So there was—the Sun of Righteousness.



CHINESE FAMILY.