

upon the floor, or, if he does not care to do this, lifts his hand to his forehead and then retires.

You see in the picture one of these buildings which the Hindus hold sacred. The Christian missionaries teach them a better way, and show them how Christ should be worshipped instead of an idol which is only made of wood or stone. By the wayside there is a Christian grave and a cross at its head. Some Christian put it there. This means very much more than the Indian pagoda can mean. It means eternal life through Christ who died upon the cross.

A STORY FROM CHINA.

I MUST tell you to-day of the coolies who gave me their breakfast. It happened in this way. I was taking a rough overland journey with another missionary and a teacher—that is, a Chinese gentleman who was instructing us in the spoken and written language. We had some coolies to carry our beds and boxes, but no sedan chairs, as we were making the journey on foot, walking ourselves all the way to save expense.

We left a little village almost before light, and too early to get any breakfast cooked, having a long stage to do that day. We walked on and on over the hills, until about ten o'clock; a Chinese gentleman in a sedan chair was going the same route, and we stopped, all hot and, tired at the first little wayside tea-house.

It was a feast day, and so, instead of the usual rice congee, or gruel, the innkeeper had prepared some "*Lo mi*" balls, which are considered a great treat by the common people. They are made of a gelatinous kind of rice, with sugar in the middle, and cost as much for one as a large basin of rice or three of rice gruel. They are wrapped in a large brown leaf when boiled, and do not look nice. I had not then got over my early dislike to rice, and this kind of rice, sweetened, was too much for me, although most of the party were pleased at the welcome sight, and were eager to buy these tempting balls. The two coolies who belonged to the gentleman's chair and I stood back alone; and the teacher, seeing that I ate nothing, asked me the reason, and pressed these balls upon me as being quite a treat.

I said, "I can't eat them, but I see two common bread cakes stuffed with cabbage, which are warming on the stove; please buy those for me." He replied, "They are not for sale; they belong to those two coolies. They bought them last night, and are now warming them to make them eatable."

"Won't they sell them?" I asked.

"No; because if they do they cannot buy any breakfast with the money."

"Please, then, buy them as many of the rice

balls as they can eat, and offer to exchange," I said.

Just then one of the two coolies came nearer, and saw that I was refusing the rice balls, and asked the reason why, with eyes as hungry as a schoolboy's for jam tarts. The teacher told him what I had said, but to his surprise he refused the tempting offer, and he and his mate went and brought me the bread cakes. They would take no money, they would take no rice balls; "the bread cakes were not worth the balls," they said. "He is a foreigner, and can't eat our food, but if he can eat these cakes he shall have them."

I pressed them to take one back. "No." I must eat both. I broke off half one of them to show that one was enough; but it would not do, and I was forced to take both cakes unless I wished to offend them. We still pressed them to allow us to give them some rice balls or money: all was in vain; they took up the chair, and, with a good-natured laugh, wished us good-day. Our roads now led in two different ways, and we lost sight of them at once.

I have never forgotten this kindness, and I have tried to repay it to others. Often, when the coolies have been run down as a worthless, hopeless set of men, or when it is declared that all the Chinese are only self-seekers, and have no real good in any of them, I have told this story; and I am sure of one thing, these two poor men will not lose our Saviour's promised reward.

The act seems a little one, but it meant no breakfast—in fact, no food till late in the afternoon, if not till sundown, for two men who had to carry a man in a chair over a rough road and up and down hills all day. It meant a refusal of a treat on the ground that their service did not deserve it. For myself I think it deserved far more, and I would willingly have given far more if I could have persuaded them to accept of any return. Shall Christian children be put to shame on the judgment day of Christ by these poor, rough, ignorant Chinese coolies, when we have Christ's great example of self-denial before us? Remember that He marks and loves little deeds of kindness, little words of love.—*H. Sowerby, in Young Christian Soldier.*

THE noblest ambition, the highest joy and most glorious reward will be realized by him who adopts such rules of life and conduct as were adopted by a well-known Quakeress. They were as follows: (1) Never lose any time. Time spent in recreation is not lost. (2) Never err the least from the truth. (3) Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing. Not only speak charitably, but feel so. (4) Never be irritable or unkind to any one. (5) Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary. (6) Do all things with consideration.