



THE OLD-FASHIONED FIRE-PLACE.

## CHILD LIFE IN SIAM.

It is always interesting to learn how boys and girls in distant lands amuse themselves. In this account—taken from "Siam and Laos"—the most noticeable thing is that no mention is made of schools.

When the Siamese young folks get up in the morning, they do not go to the wash-stand to wash their faces, for the simple reason that Siamese houses can boast no such article of furniture. So our little Siamese friend just runs down to the foot of the ladder—for the house is built on posts—to a large jar of water with a cocoanut-shell dipper. There she washes her face by throwing the water over her hands and rubbing them over her face. She needs no towel, for the water is left to dry. She does not brush her teeth, for they are stained black by chewing the betel-nut. Her hair does not require combing either, for it is all shaved except a little tuft on the top of the head, and that is tied in a little knot, and not often combed.

After breakfast is over the children go off and find some pleasant place in which to play. The girls play at keeping house, and make dishes of clay dried in the sun. Little images of clay washed with lime are their only dolls.

The boys in Siam are very fond of pitching coins, and spend much of their time in this game. They play leap-frog, and very often jump the rope. Now that so many foreigners come to this country they have learned to play marbles too.

In the month of March, though usually dry and hot, winds are blowing. At this time the Siamese, young and old, are much engaged in playing games with kites,

which are filled with whistles, and the air resounds with the noise produced by the toys and the shouts of the multitudes of the people engaged in the sport.

As the streets in Siam are almost all rivers and canals, the boys and girls early learn to row, and paddle their little boats almost as soon as they learn to swim, which they do when only four or five years old.

## "IT IS NOT WORTH WHILE."

It is not worth while to open the piano for ten minutes' practice, and that is all the time I can spare this morning," I hear a little maiden say quite often.

Now, my dear, that ten minutes wasted six times makes an hour wasted; and ten minutes every morning at the piano would do you more good than a whole hour once a week, while you are a little girl and get so tired at school.

"It is not worth while to change my coat to perform this little work," says the careless boy; that is why he never looks as neat as his brother, who does not think it too much trouble to take care of his clothes.

"It is not worth while to carry the tools back to their place now; next time I go that way will do as well," but they are forgotten, mislaid, and much time and patience expended in looking for them when needed.

"It is not worth while to mend that little tear, or sew on that button; no one will notice;" but some one did notice, and you gained a reputation for carelessness.

Is there anything wise or good, however small, that is not worth while?—*Christian at Work.*

## WHEN MAPLES SET THEIR LEAVES AFIRE.

BY CONSTANCE EVELYN DECKENS.

THE cricket sings in monotonous,  
The air is full of golden dreams;  
How perfect dying nature seems  
When maples set their leaves afire.

Bright summer is not yet asleep—  
I found her by the beeches wide,  
And where belated violets hide  
Their purple hoods beneath the hills.

And where, by fences old and gray,  
That hoard the wealth and light of moon,  
Pale, sapless grasses bow in June,  
Lift silver fingers to the sun.

White autumn mists about her feet,  
And yellow-coated leaves are seen,  
Her bridal gown of riches green  
Is bordered with a scarlet hem.

The cricket sings in monotonous,  
The air is full of golden dreams:  
How perfect dying nature seems  
When maples set their leaves afire.

## A DEAD LOSS.

"COME, Mamie, darling," said Mrs. Peterson, "before you go into the land of dreams you will kneel at my knee and thank your heavenly Father for what has given you to-day."

Mamie came slowly toward her mother and said, "I've been naughty, and I can't pray, mamma."

"If you have been naughty, dear, that is the reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think God wants little girls to come to him when they are naughty."

"You are not naughty now, dear, are you?"

"No, I am not naughty now."

"Well, then, come at once."

"What shall I say to God about my mamma?"

"You can tell God how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are sorry, and when he has forgiven us, we are as happy as if we had not done wrong, but we cannot undo the mischief."

"Then, mamma, I can never be quite rich as if I had not had a naughty holiday to-day."

"Never, my dear, but the thought of your loss may help you to be more careful in the future, and we will ask to keep you from sinning against him again."