

What God Does For Boys.

God *wants* the boys, all kinds of boys,
To love him, serve him, do his will;
He wants those boys that make a noise,
And those who keep so very still.

God *calls* the boys, yes, every one,
Those that are in and out of school;
Though jumping, shouting, full of fun,
He leaves none out: that is his rule.

God *loves* the boys of every kind,
The rich and poor, the short and tall;
Even for wicked ones, you'll find
His Grace is given to one and all.

God *gives* the boys a tender heart,
And says, just so they all can hear,
"Will you not choose the better part?
Just now, while Jesus is so near?"

Christ *died* for boys: he knows their need
Of all his precious blood can do;
The "Bread of Life" their souls will feed,
And gives them "living water," too.

Mrs. A. P. Graves, in the Standard.

Praying to a Tortoise

BY REV. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A., PEKIN.

It rained a day and a night, and everyone said: "What a good rain—just at the right time, too!" It rained another day and night, and people said: "It is too much." It rained a third day and night, and walls and houses began to fall down, and people said: "Why does heaven send us so much rain?" It rained four days and four nights, and it was dismal in the night to hear the clatter and rumble of falling walls. There was hardly a house that did not leak. Many houses fell down bodily; and, worse than all, the river rose and roared down, overflowing both banks of a bed a mile and a-half broad. But this was not all. It began to eat away the fenced fields of kitchen gardens so rapidly that it was at their doors almost before people could move their things. It was alarming. I went to see it: and there was the yellow flood raging along, carrying with it great trees, grain, and the timbers and furniture of houses. Just as I got to the bank I saw swept past two chickens, trying to balance themselves on a straw raft that had been part of a roof, and was now dancing on the waves. A few yards behind was another chicken simply sitting in the water. On shore, people were trying to remove their things, but everything was so deep in mud that it was difficult to move anything. The water kept rising, too, and had swept away so much land that, not only had some forty cottages been carried away, but the river had eaten its way all but up to the boundary wall of the yard of the pawnshop. Things looked desperate; and in their distress the Chinese had recourse to a god, who they supposed could manage the river. So they got a pig and cut its throat, and took it up to a little temple, and threw it into the river there as an offering to this god. And who was this god? Neither more or less than a tortoise! Next morning, when they went out to see how the river was, they found that the flood had carried away the temple before which they offered the pig. After offering the pig, the next thing they did was to make a vow to the tortoise, and the vow was a promise that if the water did not rise higher they would put up a stage, hire a

company of players, and have a six days' theatrical exhibition in honour of the tortoise. The river did not rise higher, so the exhibition is to come off. Is it not pitiful to think that a whole townful of men, some of them educated, too, should pray to a tortoise?

In another larger town, sixty miles further down the same river, when the flood came, they offered several pigs and vowed no less than five sets of theatrical exhibition of six days each, all in honour of the same god. *In their distress they cried to a tortoise!—Selected.*

About China.

The boys and girls who have been reading these papers about China may like to notice a few things in which the Chinese are different from us. We think them a very odd people, but they would have the same opinion of our ways and costumes. Of course you all know, that being just on the opposite side of the earth from us, they are asleep when we are awake, their midnight is our noon, and their sunset our sunrise. We shake hands with each other when we meet, but a Chinaman shakes hands with himself. He stands a short distance from you, and clasping both hands together shakes them up and down at you. Our words at meeting would be, "Good Morning" or "How do you do?" They say, "How old are you?" or "Have you eaten your rice?" Gentlemen with us take off their hats when meeting one to whom they wish to show respect. In China a man would take off his shoes for the same object. Gentlemen in Canada often shave their faces, there they would shave their head and eyebrows. Here, whiskers are worn in front, there a pig-tail behind is cultivated vigorously. While we consider it neat and clean to keep our finger-nails short, there it is considered a mark of wealth and fashion to let them grow there to four inches long. Silver cases or shields are then worn to protect them. If broken off, druggists buy them eagerly to mix with their medicine. A missionary once told his Chinese teacher that in America we thought only wild animals should have long nails. He still treasured his long finger-nails as precious beyond price. One day one happened to be broken off: he brought it nicely wrapped up in a bit of paper as a present for the missionary and was astonished when he was told it was of no use. We blacken our boots and shoes, but in China people whiten theirs. Some girls with us suffer in pressing their waists to make them grow small. In China the girls treat their feet in the same cruel manner. Here women use fans, there the men do so. At dinner we have soup first and dessert last. There soup comes last and sweet things first. We use knife, fork or spoon to aid us in eating, they use two chopsticks both held in the right hand. These look like two small ivory lead pencils and strange to say the Chinese seldom drop a morsel of food from them, as you and I would be pretty sure to do, if we tried eating in their strange way. Sometimes these chop-sticks are as fine as our knitting-needles. They dislike beef, milk, butter and cheese, but are fond of dogs, cats, rats, mice and snails. People who have not learned to do without wine in our country drink it cold. There they drink all wines scalding hot. Just here let me tell you of a wise act of a Christian Chinese boy who lived fifty miles from Shanghai. Before he loved Jesus he was very fond of wine and in danger of growing up to be a drunkard. He now saw it was sinful and asked God to help him break off this bad habit. At last he thought of a plan to cure himself. A small wooden box was made closed all around except a little hole in the top. Every day at the