

Youths' Department.

ONE BRAVE LITTLE MEMBER.

Ten little members, sitting in a line,
One dropped out, and then there were nine.

Nine little members coming in late,
One got excused, and then were eight.

Eight little members, by command of heaven,
One forgot his duty, and then there seven.

Seven little members found themselves in a fix,
'Cause one didn't pay, then there were six.

Six little members, all of them alive,
One moved away, and then there were five.

Five little members felt right heartsore,
One got discouraged, and then there were four.

Four little members, all officers, you see,
But the president resigned, and then there were three.

Three little members wondered what they should do,
One said she didn't know, and then there were two.

Two little members felt all undone,
One went away crying, and then there was one.

One little member stood all alone,
But she didn't feel discouraged, and she didn't moan;
She just went to work with a will and a way,
And she worked right along, from day unto day,

Until she had won every lost member back,
And the fund in the treasury did not lack;
For of boys and girls there were always a plenty,
And instead of ten, they now numbered twenty.

And you, little member, and you and you,
Can do what this one little member did do,
If you work and pray from day unto day,
And never get discouraged and stay away.

—The Children's Missionary.

WHEN THE IDOL REPENTED.

Here is another one of the pathetic stories of Chinese faith—pathetic because that faith is so earnest and yet so far from the truth. The story, quoted from an exchange, has its funny side, too:

A poor man in China went to pray to an idol that had been placed outside the temple. It is not known what he asked for, but he promised that if his idol would answer him he would

give him his cow. The man's prayer was answered, but he repented of his bargain, and as he did not wish to part with his cow, he went to the idol again to be released from his promise. He said, "I know I promised to give you my cow, but I am very poor. I have only one cow; if I give it to you, how shall I get my fields plowed?" and so on, asking to be allowed to keep his cow. The idol would not let him off, but said the vow must be kept.

At last the man could do nothing else but tether the cow to the idol's chair and go sorrowfully home, wondering how he was to get on without her. He sat down in his room to think over his troubles, and lo! he had not sat long before he heard a great shouting. He went to the door to see, and there was his cow coming along the road as fast as it could, dragging the idol after it. How the people laughed, and how glad the poor man was! It never occurred to him that the cow had brought the idol. No, indeed! He thought it was the idol that had repented of his hardness of heart and had brought his cow back to him.—The F. M. Journal.

SOME INTERESTING CUSTOMS.

We wear black when we go in mourning. The Chinese wear white and send out mourning cards on white paper, although the usual visiting card is the brightest red. After a time they send out other cards, on which is printed, "Grief is not so bitter now." They put on light blue for half mourning and at the end of the mourning period give a feast to their friends.

Chinese officers wear buttons on their caps, instead of epaulets on their shoulders to indicate their rank.

The Chinese begin their books at the back, instead of the front. Chinese theatres are carried on during the day, instead of the night. Instead of peanuts between acts, they have watermelon and pumpkin seed. They never drink cold water and their wine is served boiling hot. When two Americans meet they clasp hands. When two Chinese friends meet they shake their own fists at each other and if they are going in the same direction they walk off in single file, like geese.—F. M. Journal.