

came. The government agent heard of him. He was himself a Christian, and a member of the church at Anadarko. He went for Psait-cop-ta and gave him a place in the blacksmith shop. He is there now, beating out irons during the week, and on Sunday helping the missionary, in the role of interpreter, to weld and rivet the chains of God's blessing and love about perishing souls. —Christian Endeavor World.

CHARLIE'S PHOTOGRAPH.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Richardson, "I don't know how in the world to do with Charlie to break him off his careless and slovenly habits."

"Why what has he been doing now?" asked Mr. Richardson.

"Oh, he it so untidy about making his toilet. He puts the hairbrush in the water and leaves it there until it is soaking wet. When he comes in from his play for dinner he puts a little soap and water on his face and then wipes it off on the towel. What shall I do? Here he has left almost a picture of his features on this clean towel."

Mr. Richardson made no reply, but, going to the attic, he soon returned with a long narrow picture-frame, which once upon a time had been used to enclose a panel picture. Measuring, he found that the towel would almost exactly fit it, and, taking a few tacks, he cleverly fastened it to the back of the frame, and then, going to his desk, he wrote this placard:—

"Charlie's Photograph."

This he fastened to the bottom of the frame, and then hung the whole up on the wall right beside the washstand. Then Mr. and Mrs. Richardson watched the next time Charlie went to wash his face. He rushed breathlessly into the room as usual. They heard him splash the water for an instant, and then there was a moment's pause, as though he were searching for the towel. Next they heard a low exclamation of surprise, and presently he came out of the room looking very much ashamed. He hung his head sheepishly during the entire meal, but after it was over said, in a low tone: "Mamma, if you will please take my photograph down from the wall, I'll promise you not to wash any more in that way."—Unknown.

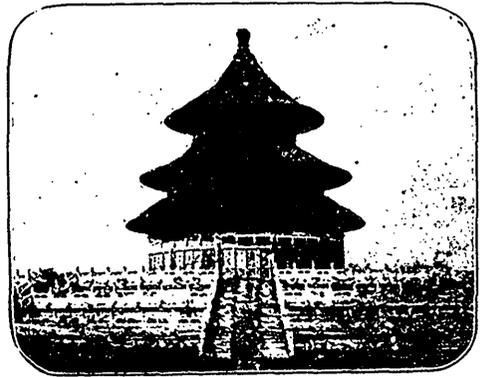


THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

As one looks across the plains in the great Empire of China, one thing often seen is the tall tapering tower, usually seven to nine stories high; each with a projecting roof and often a balcony below it. These are usually built on some rising ground overlooking the town to which they belong.

The first one was built two hundred and fifty years before Christ. They are supposed to give prosperity to the neighborhood.

There are many different styles of these. Some consist of a simple spire, while others are beautiful and costly structures. The precious royal porcelain tower of Nanking, was very beautiful. It was finished in 1480, after nineteen years of labor, and cost \$4,000,000. It was built of polished marble, brass, and porcelain, and was 260 feet high, with inner winding stairway of near 800 steps. It had 152 bells. 81 of them are hung from projecting corners of the tower, and made beautiful music when the wind was blowing.



The temple of heaven, which you see in the picture, was the grandest building in the city of Peking, and covered with blue porcelain tiling. It was burned Sept. 18th, 1889, after being struck by lightning, or as the people said by "thunder."

At this temple none but the Emperor was worthy to worship. The people dared not do so.