

the little book; we live in a better house now, and father don't drink, and mother says 'twill be all right again."

Dear little Johnny, he had to talk so fast; but his eyes were bright and sparkling and his brown face all aglow.

"I'm not selling many papers now, and father says maybe I can go to school this winter."

Never did I so crave a moment of time. But now the train was in motion. Johnny lingered as long as prudence would allow.

"It's all the little book," sounded in my ear; the little book that told of Jesus and his love for poor, perishing men. What a change! A comfortable home; the man no more a slave to strong drink. Hope was in the hearts of the parents; health mantled the cheeks of the children. No wonder Johnny's words came brokenly! From the gloom of despair to a world of light; from being poor and friendless the little book told them of One mighty to save, the very Friend they need, the precious Elder Brother, with a heart all love and tenderness.

Would that all Johnnys who sell papers, and fathers that drink, and mothers that weep over the ruins of once happy homes, took to their wretched dwellings the little book that tells of Jesus and his love! And not only these, but all the Johnnys that have no papers, living in cellars, and sleeping in filth and wretchedness—would that they could learn from this little book what a friend they have in Jesus.—*Appeal*.

### FUNERALS IN CHINA.

When a man's friends are sure he is about to die, they immediately begin preparations. If he has none on hand, suitable clothes are purchased, consisting of wadded garments and a ceremonial hat as handsome as the circumstances of the family will allow. His head and face are neatly shaven, his queue braided, and his new clothes put on. While still living, he is then removed from his brick bed to a stretcher, where he breathes his last. In the dress in which he dies, he is supposed to appear before the authorities of the other world—that other world, with all its paraphernalia, being a counterpart of this. It would be culpable neglect to allow a person to die on the bed, or without a suitable dress.

If a coffin is not already in waiting for the dying man, the gift of an affectionate son, carpenters are called and set to work in the court outside the sick man's win-

dow. There the boards are sawn, fitted and nailed, all the particulars being discussed in the presence of the sick man and generally participated in by him. He sees that his body is to have a comfortable resting place after death.

As the breath leaves the body, the family wail in concert, led by the eldest son, who is chief mourner. Relatives come in bringing offerings of paper money, to be burned for the dead. The principal mourners, dressed in sack cloth, with large, loose hempen ropes around the head and waist, dragging the ground behind, take a bowl of millet gruel to the nearest *T'oo Di* temple, pour it out, and beg the god's permission to open the door of hades that the departed spirit may enter. The funeral notice, in blue letters on a white tablet, is placed outside the street door. A pavilion of matting is erected in front of the door, in the street, for the musicians. A pair of gigantic tigers guard the entrance to this pavilion while tall poles bearing ornamental flags and streamers surround it. Deafening strains of music are poured forth until noon of the third day, when the burial generally takes place. These days are occupied in wailing and entertaining guests, who are constantly coming and going. Among the wealthy, large numbers of Buddhist and Taoist priests are employed to chant for the benefit of the departed spirit. Candles are kept burning at the head and foot of the coffin, and offerings of food set upon a table. On the third day, when the procession is formed, tables heaped with offerings of food are placed at intervals along the street, and heaps of paper money burned. Mourners follow the coffin according to age and relationship, wailing as they go.

On the seventh day, another feast is held in honor of the dead, and a cart and mule, with driver and servants, all of paper, are burned for his use. A feast is held again on the twenty-first, and each seventh day to the seventh or forty-ninth. After this, one is held annually for three years.

The wealthy spend enormous sums on funerals. Large numbers of priests are employed, the ceremonies are all on a magnificent scale, and each one's ingenuity is taxed to devise new and imposing ways of spending money.—*M. F. C. in Religious Herald*.

### "SET DOWN THAT GLASS."

If men could see the *last* glass, how many are there that would take the first?