

painted a brilliant magenta, the rest of the face is powdered. In the middle of the forehead you see a black bruise. These poor women are heathen, and they have been taught that it is an act of merit to knock their heads 500 times against a stone while repeating the idol's name! They stare at us. We ask them have they eaten rice (the Chinese way of saying 'how are you.') They say, 'we have;' and perhaps ask, 'What is your age?' or 'Where are you going?'

We pass on out to the country. The farmers are preparing the ground for the millet, which is both food and fuel for the people. You will see men ploughing. The plough is shaped like a harp, the corner that rests on the ground has a shovel-shaped piece of iron attached. One man is dragging the plough, another is pushing it. A little way off is a man with a long, narrow spade, digging towards himself, not as we do at home.

Here are some people building a house. You see the beams and rafters that support the roof. Over them is laid matting, then over that straw. A coat of mud is now shovelled on and the builders run to and fro on it with their bare feet till it is hard and level, over this lime is spread, and the roof is finished.

The next house we come to has a neat fence of millet stalks around it, and we hear the sounds of children singing. The tune is familiar—'Children of Jerusalem,—and we catch sound of 'Ting, ting, ting,' instead of 'Hark, hark, hark.' We know at once that this is a Christian house, for the Chinese have no songs, and never sing in their homes until the missionaries teach them. The father comes forward, and putting his two hands together he bows and wishes us peace (the Christian greeting). He invites us to come in and have tea. The mother and children come out to meet us. The children are not afraid of us, so they follow us to the house, and again we are invited to come in.

Then our host asks us to sit down on the kang, a brick sofa, which serves as dining, sitting, and bed rooms for the family. It is warm, for the fire that cooks the food heats it. We sit cross-legged, and presently a pot of charcoal is brought in. The kettle is boiled, and we get cups of hot water, with a few tea leaves in it. While we drink it we ask the children what they learn at school, and they show us their books—such queer, crooked characters, and they begin at what we would consider the end of the book, and read each column straight down, instead of across. Then they fetch their Testaments, and tell us how many chapters they know. Some of them can say all the Gospels, and some nearly the whole New Testament. They remember what they are told, if it is interesting, but sometimes you must be patient and say the lesson over and over again before they understand. We rise to go, but our hostess asks us to stay a little longer. This is polite, but we say we must hasten home, else the gates will be shut and we will be left outside all night. So we depart.

We pass the church, built in memory of the martyrs who died rather than deny Christ. And then call at the girls' school for evening worship, and as one after another joins in prayer we are thankful to know that in this heathen land those children are being taught to know and love the Saviour.—'Daybreak.'

### How a Poor Boy Succeeded.

Boys sometimes think they cannot afford to be manly and faithful to the little things. A story is told of a boy of the right stamp and what came of his faithfulness.

A few years ago a large drug firm in the city advertised for a boy. Next day the place was thronged with applicants, and among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this waif, the advertiser said: 'Can't take him; places all full; besides he is too small.'

'I know he is small,' said the woman, 'but he is willing and faithful.'

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the merchant look again. A partner of the firm volunteered the remark that he 'did

not see what they wanted such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider.' But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the shop for someone to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the shop, and presently discovered his youthful protegee busy scissoring labels.

'What are you doing?' said he, 'I did not tell you to work nights.'

'I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something.' In the morning the cashier got orders to 'double that boy's wages, for he is willing.'

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the shop rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a struggle, was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other shops were recovered. When asked why he stayed behind to watch when all others quitted their work, he replied:

'You told me never to leave the shop when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay.'

Orders were immediately given once more: 'Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful.'

To-day that boy is a member of the firm.—'Our Boys and Girls.'

### Throwing for Life.

A small, round clearing in the depths of a Norwegian pine forest; a circle of gigantic stones fixed upright in the earth, and overgrown with moss; a group of mighty figures in battered armor and dented helmets, from beneath which their shaggy red hair tossed loosely over their shoulders, as they circled around a broad, flat stone in the centre of the ring, flourishing their spears and battle-axes—such was the scene upon which the rising sun looked down on a bright summer morning in western Norway, many hundreds of years ago.

Higher by a head than the tallest of that stalwart band towered their grim leader, 'Red Rolf,' whose fierce eyes were turned toward a spot on the other side of the clearing, where, bound hand and foot with thongs of bear-skin to the stem of a mighty pine, stood a boy of twelve upon whose long golden hair and fresh, bright, blue-eyed face the first glow of sunrise hovered like a crown of glory.

Young as he was, the scars upon his bare arms showed that he had already faced death in battle; and, in truth, he was no ordinary prisoner. His father was the chief of the Romsdal tribe with which Red Rolf and his Sneefjeldes were at war. In the last battle between them, the Romsdalers' chief had been sorely wounded, and young Bjorn (Bear), his only son, taken prisoner; and as it was the custom of the heathen warriors at the North to slaughter all their prisoners as a sacrifice to the cruel gods whom they worshipped, this boy had been brought to the Circle of Odin (as these curious rings of stone were called) to be put to death by Rolf himself.

The hour of sunrise had been fixed for the sacrifice, and now, as its first rays streamed through the forest, Red Rolf bade two of his men unbind the lad and lay him upon the broad, flat stone which served as an altar of this grim church, while he sharpened the point of his terrible spear in readiness for the death-stroke.

But Bjorn was a true Northern boy, and, face to face though he was with a cruel death, he never flinched one whit. As he saw the savage messengers coming toward him, he drew himself up proudly, and looked at them so fearlessly with his large bright eyes, that these fierce men eyed him with stern approval, and one of them whispered to the other:

'Tis pity that such a brave lad does not

belong to our tribe instead of those sneaking Romsdalers.'

But before either of them could lay a hand upon the thongs that bound the boy, a voice behind them was heard, shouting, 'Stop, stop!' and a tall figure came rushing headlong into the very midst of the murderous gang, who stared at him in amazement.

And well they might. Not only had this stranger come among them quite alone, but he wore no armor and seemed to carry no weapons.

'Who art thou who com'st here so boldly?' growled Red Rolf.

'Ask me rather who I was,' replied the stranger. 'Once I was your enemy and ye called me "Ivo the spear-hurler."'

'Thou!' cried Rolf, who knew to his cost the name of the bravest champion among his enemies; 'thou to call thyself Jary (chief) Ivo of Romsdal! Ivo would never come among us in the garb of peace, without spear or axe; and besides, we have heard that he is dead.'

'Wounded, but not dead,' said Ivo—for it was indeed he. 'He lives, and has become a Christian.'

'A Christian!' echoed Rolf, with a savage stress upon the hated name. 'There is an end of his spear-hurling, then!'

'Why so?' asked Ivo, simply. 'Think'st thou that a man's arm is weakened because he trusts in God? Behold!'

He seized Rolf's spear and flung it with such force that it flew whizzing across the whole breadth of the clearing, and crashed into a young pine on the farther side with such a shock that the stem was split as if a wedge had been driven into it.

'Well done!' cried Rolf. 'Thou art indeed Ivo, for no other could have made such a cast. But what want'st thou here?'

'The life of this boy,' answered Ivo, pointing to Bjorn, 'for whom our tribe will pay a rich ransom.'

'No, no!' shouted the Sneefjeldes with one voice; 'no ransom for him! He is a Christian son, and will be a worthy sacrifice to our gods!'

'Well, then,' cried Ivo, 'if ye must have a sacrifice, take me instead. I have slain many of you; ye have good cause to hate me; but what has this boy done? Take my life, then, and let him go free.'

'Wilt thou indeed give thy life for the lad?' asked the giant leader, staring blankly at him.

'Aye, that I will,' said Ivo. 'He whom we worship gave His life for men, and why should not His followers do the same? Strike—I am ready.'

But instead of striking, Rolf folded his arms upon his broad chest, and seemed deep in thought for a few moments. Then he looked up and spoke.

'Jarl Ivo, thou art a brave man. I will give thee a chance for thy life. Fling thy spear, and cut with it, if thou canst, the thongs that bind yon boy to the tree. If thou succeed, ye shall both go free; if thou fail, ye shall die together. Art thou willing?'

'I am willing, God helping me,' said Ivo; 'and He will help me in my need. Bjorn, wilt thou stand firm?'

'Throw boldly,' answered the gallant boy; 'thou shalt not see me tremble.'

Ivo planted himself at the spot fixed for him, and lifted his arm. Whizz went the spear, and the tough thong that confined the boy's arms snapped within a few inches of his bare shoulder. Bjorn laughed gleefully, and even the savage spectators applauded the boy's wonderful courage and the man's matchless skill.

Again the weapon whizzed forth, cutting the band that pinioned Bjorn's limbs; but now came the hardest trial of all. The third band was drawn so closely round his body that it seemed impossible for the spear to cut it without piercing him; and as Ivo levelled the weapon again, his hand was seen to tremble. Then his lips moved silently for a moment, and instantly the trembling hand grew steady as a rock.

'The God of the Christians is strengthening him!' whispered the wild men to each other; and they held their breath as the spear flew