

A DAY WITH A CHINESE CHILD.

After the sun has been peeping at the world for some time, and has been calling boys and girls to wake up, our little Chinese friend rubs his sleepy eyes, gives himself a shake, rolls out of the one family bed, and is ready for breakfast. He dresses just about the same at night as in the day—with big, wadded clothes for winter, and not much clothing of any kind for summer.

And now our boy is hungry for his breakfast, and if his mamma does not get it for him quickly, he throws himself on the ground, and yells and kicks until he gets what he wants. Very likely, if he yells too loudly and wakes the baby, the mother will scold him, and, perhaps, beat him, and roughly brush the dust on his clothes. Then she may pull him over to the table and wash his face; but a good many of the poor do not trouble to wash their children's faces very often.

For his breakfast the mother gives him a bowl of cold rice, over which she pours some hot water to warm it. Our little boy takes the bowl to the front door, where he stands and watches the passers-by, while he eats his rice with his chopsticks.

As soon as breakfast is eaten, most little boys go to school; but their sisters stay at home, tend the baby, wash the clothes and the rice and vegetables in the canal, learn to sew and embroider, and run all the errands. When school time comes, the boys wrap their school books neatly in a large handkerchief, and start off; but they generally stop at the corner to play a little gambling game, of which all the Chinese children are very fond, but which teaches them to like gambling when they grow older.

The younger scholars have little squares of red paper with a big character written plainly on each. The teacher tells the child what to call one or two characters, and the little fellow shouts them at the top of his voice until his teacher thinks he knows them.

On holidays, the fathers take their sons to the city temple, where there are so many toys and candies for sale. In the spring is the great time for flying kites—kites of every shape, like men and birds, butterflies and dragons; round kites, square kites, big kites, and little kites.

Sometimes, at night, the Chinese tie ten or twelve lighted lanterns to the kite-string, and send them up in the air, like a line of

stars which have lost their way in the sky, and have wandered off near to the earth.

The Chinese have, also, small Bolian harps, which they often fasten to the kite to make cheery music in the air. Rich boys and girls do not play much, for they are taught to be proud and dignified and keep their beautiful silk robes clean.—*Children's Missionary.*

BEING OBLIGING.

Whenever Jim was asked to run an errand or do any little thing, he would say, "I don't want to."

One night he brought a book to his mamma, who was busy knitting, saying, "Mamma, read me a little story."

His mamma wanted to teach him a lesson, and said, "I don't want to."

Next day Jim went to his papa with a broken whip. "Papa, please mend my whip."

"I don't want to," said his papa.

At this the little fellow began to cry. Then his mamma put her arms around him and told him that they were trying to teach him how naughty it was for him to say, "I don't want to," when he was asked to oblige others.

Jim saw how naughty he had been, and the next day, when mamma asked him to hand her a drink of water, he ran immediately and brought it to her. He saw that he must oblige others if he would have others oblige and love him.—*Sci.*

DROP YOUR BROOMS.

Patrick Donnolly, an Irishman, was sweeping the streets of London, and as he was crossing from one side of the street to the other, and using his broom, a lawyer came up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said,—

"Is your name Patrick Donnolly?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

After getting other facts from him, the lawyer said,—

"A client of mine has recently died, and left you twenty thousand pounds."

Patrick dropped his broom instantly, and followed the lawyer, and entered as speedily as possible into the realization of his fortune.

Jesus Christ has left us a fortune to save us from spiritual poverty. Why not receive this fortune now?—*Joseph Cooke.*