

Childhood.

Some Things to Find in This Record.

Find out from Rev. J. Fraser Smith's letter how it is that money given to feed the famine orphans in India, will help the Mission a few years hence.

Find out from the story "The Colporteur," how many French Mission Schools our Church has; and how many scholars have passed through Point aux Trembles Schools.

Try how many "Youth" questions you can answer.

Our King, if he Lives.

A little boy, now 5 years old, is the third heir in succession to the English throne, and Queen Victoria is the first English sovereign who in his or her lifetime had three male heirs in direct succession living. They are her son, the Prince of Wales; her grandson, the Duke of York, and this great grandson, Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David. He is known as Prince David, probably out of compliment to Wales, of which his grandfather is titular prince.

A Story from Honan.

One of our medical missionaries in Honan, in a little typewritten paper, which he publishes monthly, tells the following story for the children, of what he saw in his work. "It is," he says, "another of the many, many sad tales of the ravages of opium!"

"Imagine a happy household of five, composed of a child, 7 years of age, his father and mother, his grandmother and his uncle.

"Happiness was not absent from the family until it was realized that the father, like Naaman of Bible times, had one great defect—he had the craving for opium, and to satisfy which they were all soon reduced to penury.

"What was to be done? In desperation the child's mother was sold like a slave, for a small amount of cash.

"In the meantime the little lad had been suffering from a low fever, and enlargement of the spleen. The grandmother and uncle brought him to the hospital for treatment. Besides taking medicine, he was advised among other things to have, if possible, an absolute change of diet.

"This the uncle could not seem to understand. The idea of there being any other food besides millet and dough-strings had never occurred to him.

"However, the next day a bright idea seemed to strike him, for he said: 'Yes, I think a change from Chinese food to foreign food would be just the thing. When do you want to take him into your home and start him on the foreign food?'"

"All three made headquarters at the hospital for about three weeks, while the two elders had to beg daily for food enough to keep the three alive. At last they were kindly taken in by a food-stall man, with whom they stayed about a month and a half, at the end of which time the lad was pronounced well of his fever and spleen trouble.

"But how was the board bill to be paid? They had no money. There was nothing for it but to leave the child in payment of the six weeks' board. The restaurant man was glad to get a fine boy so cheaply; indeed he had long been looking for just such a chance, for while he had five girls of his own, he had no son and heir.

"But, alas! he had no sooner stripped the lad than he began to rue his bargain, for he found that the child's body in the meantime had broken out in loathsome sores. "I have been duped," he said; so he gave back the child, at the same time surrendering his last chance of remuneration. Many such acts of unrequited kindness during these centuries, seem to have driven out of the Chinese character almost every trace of unalloyed gratitude.

"But let us follow still farther the fate of this unfortunate little chap. Unsuccessful in his first attempt to barter the child, the uncle finally sold him to a man named Li, who also brought the boy to the dispensary for treatment.

"He told us how he, too, had been deceived, for he had paid 75 cents for him, and he said that he had been telling his wife just before leaving home that the foreign doctor had cured the first disease, but if he could not cure this one, it was just 75 cents thrown away.

"About ten days ago, the boy, with his owner (for don't you think it would be wrong to call him his adopted father) were seen in front of a native drug store, getting more medicine, because the disease has become much worse."

The Chinese Baby's Soul.

When a Chinese baby takes a nap, people think its soul is having a rest—going out for a long walk, perhaps. If the nap is a very long one, the mother is frightened. She is afraid her baby's soul has wandered too far away, and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course the baby will never awaken. Sometimes men are sent out on the street to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home. If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another, the danger of losing the soul is very great. So whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not go away. They think of the soul as a bird hopping along after them.