

the rising generation of prospective stump-speakers.

What does all this noise mean? These boys are trying to hammer into their memories from 2,000 to 3,000 Chinese characters. When they get tired of repeating and shouting them, they sit down and write them. This makes up the day's work at school. In our mission school we have added geography and Bible instruction.

Chinese boys and girls have few games. They have no picnics, no sleigh rides, no concerts. Their entertainments consist of vulgar theatrical performances and silly Punch-and-Judy shows. There are no parks to visit. There are no beautiful buildings to see. There are no attractive books or pictures in their homes. Their homes are dark and dirty. They worship filthy, grimy, dust-covered idols. They hear vile language from father and mother. Girls are constantly maltreated. Boys, too, often are left to run wild, only to grow up gamblers and opium smokers, a sorrow to their parents and a disgrace to themselves.

They know of no Bible and its attractive stories. They know of no Christ, the Friend of children and the Guide of youth. Boys and girls in the home-land, do you not sympathize with them? and will you not pray and work and give for them?—*J. G. F. in Christian Intelligence.*

HELP YOURSELF.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of anyone, and you will succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence and patronage. No one will help you as you help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will be such a long one perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another, and stand firm while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but boys who have started fair with

a well-earned dollar or two. Men who acquire fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for or given in friendly spirit; they have, with their own hands, touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who induced his grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, and heart, and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have to say "I have dragged you up."—*Our Young People.*

TANGLES.

Mamma was combing out Dolly's curls. Dolly was learning a new word. She had never been to school, but mamma thought it time for her to be regular about one thing every day, so the spelling and the curls went together every morning.

"T-h-i-s—t-h-i-s," said Dolly, ever so many times. Then she slowly spelled the words, "S-double-e, -s-e-e-t-h-i-s-b-o-y, boy." The next thing was to read the sentence without spelling. "See the boy."

"No," said mamma, "not the boy."

"Well, well, well," cried Dolly, "now you've mixed me all up," and proceeded to give mamma a pretty serious scolding, when something happened. The comb lost patience with the cross little girl, and got all mixed up in the curls, the way combs will, you know.

Dolly was really hurt and sobbed, "Why mamma, I didn't think you'd do such a thing;" and mamma softly said, "It was a tangle, Dolly. You got into a little mite of a snarl in your word, and never picked it out a bit, but flew right into a passion; so, of course, when the comb hit a tangled curl, I didn't stop to pick it out, hair, by hair—would you?"

Dolly made no answer, but a few minutes afterwards a clear little voice read out, "See this boy," in a triumphant tone.

Does anyone else, little or big, get into tangles; and which is the victor, you or the tangles?—*Zion's Herald.*