

Besides money, the dead are thought to require clothing. This also is imitated in paper varying in kind and make-up, some being ready-made, while small packages of pasteboard represent the whole cloth from which the spirits may cut and make their garments to suit themselves. I have five-dollar and fifty-dollar suits to accord with the wealth of the buyer; also summer and winter paper underclothing.

So firm is their belief in this that women will pawn their own clothes that their husbands may be warmly clad in heaven in these paper garments. They will pull down part of their houses and sell the wood in order that they may buy these clothes.

One widow took a little child to live with her that she might leave the child in her house to guard against thieves, while she herself went begging for this same purpose; then the child would go and beg while she acted as guard.

Everything the living used the dead may want, sedan chairs, houses, etc. The Chinese have a fine system of banking, despite their inconvenient currency, and a bit of paper with red and black characters promises so much money on a celestial bank to some fortunate spirit.

If a person in real life has had servants to wait on him, in the other world he will need the same; therefore figures are manufactured of all sizes to be burned into servants to wait on the dead. By burning a handsomer suit of clothing than the dead person would have worn in life the gods accord him the rank indicated by the suit.

Over forty million dollars are annually spent in buying these paper offerings.

But his mind is empty, his soul desolate, his spirit a shrine where the heavenly lamp has gone out.

POTATO PARINGS FOR MISSIONS.

By Pansy.

There lived in a little village an old man and woman who were poor. They earned their living by weaving. By working hard they could earn about four shillings a week. By being very careful they managed to live on that sum. They had no debts, but not a penny to spare.

One day they returned home from a missionary meeting feeling very sad. They had nothing to give.

"Wife," said the husband, "doesn't it make you feel bad to think that we haven't

a penny to give for the heathen? We both know how blessed it is to have a Saviour, yet we cannot help to spread the news."

"I've been thinking about it," she said, "if we only knew a way to earn a little money. There is what we put aside to bury us, but it wouldn't be right to take it; for then somebody else would have to pay for funeral expenses; and as for eating less than we do now, that is impossible; for we would get sick and other people would have to take care of us. I don't see any way."

"We must tell the Lord about it," the old man said. And as it was time for family worship they knelt down to pray.

Two months afterward, one cold winter morning, there came a knock at the minister's door. When he opened it there stood the old woman, her face bright with joy.

"I've brought our money for the missionaries," she said. "My husband and I are so glad to show somebody the way to the Saviour." Then she unwrapped a large piece of paper, and carefully counted five pennies.

The minister was surprised, for he knew that these two people were very poor. How could they spare even five pennies? But she had a joyful story to tell.

"Why, we wanted to give something, and we didn't see how; so we asked the Lord about it, and He put it into our hearts to save the potato parings. We have to use a dozen small potatoes in a day, for it is all we have to eat. Well, I dried the parings and kept them in a bag until I got a nice lot, and this morning I took them to a neighbor who keeps pigs, and she gave me five pennies. We are so glad to give it!"

Then the old woman, nearly eighty years, limped away leaning on her cane her face aglow. Her pastor could not keep back the tears as he looked at the five pennies.

"Oh, thou faithful God!" said he; "how will these children of Thine have understood Thee. And by and by Thou wilt give them good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over."—The Way of Life.

The boy who succeeds is the one who knows the difference between play and work. He never plays in work time. Business is business, and he represses his buoyant spirits and restive disposition during the hours that belong to serious things.