

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Nov. 5, 1 Cor. 15, 12-26.....	Exodus 17, 1-7.....
" 12, 2 Cor. 8, 1-12.....	" 17, 3-15.....
" 19, Eph. 4, 20-32.....	" 19, 1-13; 16-21
" 27, Col. 3, 12-25.....	Review.....

LITTLE THINGS.

SUPPOSE the little flowers should think
That they are much too small
To be of any use to us,
And so not bloom at all ;
How much that's pleasant we should lose !
For as we pass them by
Every little flower that blooms
Is pleasing to the eye.
Suppose the little raindrops thought
That they were much too small
To be of any use on earth,
And so not rain at all ;
Then the fruits would never grow,
Nor roses in the bowers ;
For all the little raindrops help
To make refreshing showers.
And so shall little children think
That they are much too small
To be of use to others here,
And do no good at all ?
Ah ! dearest children, think not so,
For little acts of love
Are pleasing in the sight of God,
And counted up above.

—Selected.

LITTLE "CHI" AND HIS SISTER.

THERE was a very audible titter among the children when little Lee Fu came into the schoolroom, with his big, loose pants, baggy coat, and long "queue" hanging behind, with the end tucked down in his coat pocket. He was a little Chinese boy, sent here by the government of his own country to be educated, and he had just entered a school in a small New England town.

The merriment over his appearance was suppressed until recess ; then the children crowded around him, and some, I am sorry to say, were rude enough to call out : "Where did you get your pigtail?" "Who made your coat, sonny?"

Happily, the little fellow was only bewildered, he did not understand a word they said, and in a moment, two older Chinese boys, in another department, came and took him away with them, with such kindness in look and tone that American boys would do well to imitate in dealing with the little ones.

Soon the children got used to "Little Chi," as they at once nicknamed him, though they could not always refrain from

making fun of him. Little Alice Danforth's sympathetic heart went out to the boy, so far away from home and friends. Many a kindness did she shyly offer him, and many a lecture did she give those bad boys.

"You, Freddie Lyman, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to laugh at 'Little Chi's' queue ; he keeps it braided just as nice as can be. You don't comb your hair half so nice."

And "Little Chi" returned Alice's friendship most warmly. One day when they happened to be alone in the school-room, he took out a photograph of a little Chinese girl, and shyly showed it to Alice. He kept it securely hidden in the breast of his coat, and would not for anything have shown it to the boys ; for Chinese men never speak of the women of their families, and of course are so trained when boys.

Alice took the picture and looked at it with much interest. "Little Chi" had said when he handed it to her : "Me sister."

"What makes her look so solemn?" said Alice.

"Me not know," he replied ; then doubtfully, "but feet hurt."

"Feet hurt?" said Alice, "What makes her feet hurt?"

"Feet tied allee tight, make muchee hurt."

"Why, what are they tied tight for, I don't see?"

"Oh, tie allee tight, make feet 'litlee."

And so the questioning went on, until Alice found out all about the cruel Chinese custom of binding the feet of little girls to make them small, and how Chi's little sister sobbed and cried through many sleepless nights with her bound feet.

So impressed was Alice with what she had heard, that she went at once to her mother with the story when she reached home. Her mother sighed, and said they must have the Bible to teach them better.

Alice thought and thought of that remark, and at last her resolution was taken. With her little mouth screwed up, she worked until the following letter was produced :

dear mistress fu,
i send you this Book. it is God's book. it will tell you not to Tie up little Chi's sister's feet and make them hurt so. and you have to do what God says.

your Friend,

alice danforth.

Then she took the letter and her own Bible, and carried them to Chi, telling him he must send them to his mother.

The little fellow did as she told him, and away over in China the heathen mother

received the package. Curiosity prompted her to send for a missionary not far away to come and read the note, also some from the book. She was pleased with the note, though she shook her head at the idea of not binding the little girl's feet, for she intended to make a "lady" of her. But she became greatly interested in the book, and day after day sent for the missionary to read to her. At last God's truth entered her heart, and it did indeed make her unbind the bruised feet of "Little Chi's" sister.

Oh, children, shall we not send Bibles and missionaries to that far-away land, that the bound feet may be freed, and the millions of lost souls be saved?—*Mrs. E. Y. Mullins, in Kind Words.*

GETTING HIS RIGHTS.

IN no way can the youth of this country be taught to respect the rights of others better than by teaching them that they also have inviolable rights. In one of the police courts uptown in New York, one morning, a very small boy, in knickerbockers, appeared. He had a dilapidated cap in one hand and a green cotton bag in the other. Behind him came a big policeman, with a grin on his face. When the boy found himself in the court-room he hesitated and looked up as if he would like to retreat ; but as he half turned and saw the grin on his escort's face, he shut his lips tighter and walked up to the desk.

"Please, sir, are you the judge?" he asked, in a voice that had a queer little quiver in it.

"I am, my boy ; what can I do for you?" asked the judge, as he looked wonderingly down at the mite before him.

"If you please, sir, I'm Johnny Moore. I am seven years old, and live in 123d street, near the avenue, and the only good place to play marbles on is in front of a lot near our house, where the ground is smooth ; but a butcher on the corner"—and here his voice grew steady and his face flashed—"that hasn't any more right than we have, keeps his wagon standing there, and this morning we were playing marbles there and he drove us away and took six of mine and threw them away off over the fence into the lot, and I went to the police station and they laughed at me, and told me to come here and tell you about it."

The big policeman and the spectators began to laugh boisterously, and the boy trembled so violently with mingled indignation and fright that the marbles in his little green bag rattled together.