



SCHOOL IN CHENTU, 1896, UNDER THE W. M. S.

## THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—  
The happiest ever born;  
His face is like a beam of joy,  
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,  
And waited for a groan;  
But how he laughed! Do you suppose  
He struck his funny-bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,  
His laugh is something grand;  
His ripples overrun his cheeks  
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,  
And till the day is done;  
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—  
His lessons are but fun.

He's worth a dozen boys I know—  
You cannot make him cry—  
No matter how the day may go,  
Who pout and mope and sigh.

## AT NANNIE'S HOUSE.

They had a good time at Nannie's house. There were five children; two sisters and a brother, and two cousins, whose father had gone to heaven. Nannie was the youngest, and they all loved her very much.

They lived in the country and had to take a long ride to get to church. Nannie's father could not stay to the church Sabbath-school, so every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock they all went to Aunt Helen's room, father and mother, grandma and the children, and had a Sunday-school of their own.

One Sunday Aunt Helen said: "Now, while we older ones are talking over the lesson, you children may each make a

picture about it for me. Don't tell one another what you are going to make, but let each one think it out for himself, Then we'll talk about them." So the children, who had been studying the lesson during the week, set to work on their drawing-books. By and by Aunt Helen came to see what they had done.

"What is that?" she asked, bending over Louis' book.

"Why, those," said Louis, "are angels. Don't you see their wings? There were lots and lots of them around the night Jesus was born."

"Oh!" said Aunt Helen, "so there were."

Cora had drawn the road leading from Nazareth to Bethlehem; John had made a picture of a manger with a sleeping baby in it, and Marion was at work on the sheep that the shepherds were watching the night that Jesus was born in Bethlehem. Little Nannie had printed the word "JESUS" in very large letters.

"Oh!" said Louise, "that isn't a picture."

"Yes," said Aunt Helen, "that is a word-picture. It makes me think of One who can save men. Let us all say this verse: 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.' They named him Jesus because the word Jesus means Saviour. Nannie's picture is very good."

## JANIE'S RUN.

How I happened to know Janie came about in this way. When I was a child our home was on the shore of the Penobscot River, far up in Maine. The Indians lived on the islands in the river, but sometimes in winter, when there was hunting, they came to the mainland and

built little huts of hemlock bark to live in. Janie saw the name of a pretty little girl, half Indian and half French, who lived on one of the islands opposite our house. She came every once in a while through the weeds and asked my mother for molasses or sugar. One Sabbath morning in the winter time I saw her running as fast as she could across the cleared field below our house. "Janie," I cried, "where are you going?"

She made me no answer. Straight to the river ice she went, and ran across to the island where her home was. That was the way we all crossed the river in winter time. In summer the Indians rowed back and forth in birch-bark canoes. The little thing had moccasins on her feet and she did not slip on the ice. Moccasins are made of soft leather, without any hard soles, and are like stocking feet, only warmer.

The next day the mission teacher from the island told me the story of Janie's run.

"Janie was late for Sabbath-school and I missed her," she said. "She is one of my best pupils and I wanted her very much. I had five other little girls in my class and they were watching for Janie, too."

"But why did she go home?" I asked.

"You see she keeps the collection. The collection was not pennies, but porcupine quills. Each little pupil brings two quills every Sabbath, and when there are one hundred they can be sold to the women embroiderers for ten cents. The quills have to be of one size and very nice ones or they will not sell at any price. The Indians use a great many of these to trim their clothes. They also make baskets and other things out of them.

"Well, we watched, as I said, and after a while we saw Janie running across the ice. When she came near to the school-house we could see her two little fists doubled up tight and we knew she had the collection all safe."

## THE TONE OF THE VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,  
As the manner in which you say it;  
It is not so much the language you use,  
As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,  
And the tones may pierce like a dart;  
The words may be soft as the summer air,  
And the tones may break the heart.

Whether you know it or not,  
Whether you mean or care,  
Gentleness, kindness, love, and hate,  
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,  
And in peace and love rejoice,  
Keep anger not only out of your words,  
But keep it out of your voice.