

home, now she will have to put her hand to and work in earnest. When she gets up in the morning, she sweeps the earthen floor, and washes the pot, and proceeds to cook the breakfast. Would you like to hear what the family is to have for breakfast. It's a sort of porridge, with biggish grains, red colored, boiled in a big pot, which is built into the bricks at the end of the k'ang. They don't have any buttermilk with their porridge but if the men have been earning good wages, they will have some cabbage, or turnips, or onions, or potatoes, or some other vegetable as an extra, just as you have butter or jam on your bread.

They won't have any bacon or meat, not even to their dinner, except now and again, if they are well-to-do, or only on some special occasions—say like Christmas, or the 12th of July at home.

Would you like porridge and vegetables two or three times a day, year in, year out? Your chubby, happy, pigtailed brothers and sisters are very glad of these if they only get enough.

There are some of you girls who are learning to bake bread, are you not? This difficult accomplishment is not taught in Chinese homes. No mothers need to tell their daughters not to forget to put in the soda. For flour-bread is a luxury, something like tarts with you, and it is only made in shops, in the form of cakes or biscuits of different sorts.

Our young wife, then, when she has made the breakfast, serves it out to the family in small bowls, and all set to and make short work of the 'millet' (that's what the porridge is made of) stuffing in large mouthfuls with their two chopsticks, and taking drinks of the millet-water in between.

Perhaps the young wife must wait till the others are done before she sits down to her food, by this time not as hot as one would wish it. Of course she has her long pipe to console her if she feels very miserable, and may go out to the lane and compare notes, between the tobacco-whiffs, with Mrs. So-and-So next door. But even this is sometimes not enough to make her satisfied with her hard lot; and in despair she may take a dose of opium to put a end to her life. If she has no children, her death may not matter much to the household. But if

she has a baby boy, for instance, then there is a hubbub, 'Run fast to the Free Hospital and get the foreign doctor to give medicine; quick! quick!' It would never do to risk the death of the precious boy infant. Thus a Chinese mother's life is bound up in her children, especially the boys.

Small wonder if boy youngsters are fearfully spoiled in their upbringing.

Bessie's Playmate.

(R. R. Fitch, in 'Child's Hour'.)

Upon returning from one of his voyages Captain Horton brought home a tame monkey as a pet for Bessie, his little six-year-old daughter.

Bessie had neither brother nor sister, and Judy, as the monkey is called, makes a very good playmate.

Both Bessie and Judy enjoy warm weather most, and have grand times playing outdoors in the summer. Judy helps make mud pies, patting the mud into little cakes with her hands. She loves to swing in the hammock and climb up into the trees in the yard.

Children think it a treat to be asked by Mrs. Horton to spend the day at her house and play with Bessie and Judy. To them the monkey is the most wonderful pet in the world.

Judy has a great affection for Bessie's doll; in fact, I think she cares even more for it than does her mistress.

'Come, Judy, and go to ride with Dolly,' Bessie will say, and Judy will jump into the little go-cart and hold out her arms for the doll, and Bessie will wheel her about the yard with Dolly tightly clasped in her arms.

Bessie has a doll's chair that is painted bright red. It is just the right size for Judy, and she considers it her property, and carries it about the house to sit in.

There is nothing that pleases Judy more than to have a party. She helps set the table, then sits in her chair and eats what is put upon her plate, and drinks out of the tiny china cup, passing it again and again to be filled.

'Why, Judy, you mustn't pass your cup so often. I don't get a chance to eat a thing,' Bessie will say; but Judy chatters away as though telling what a good time she is having, and her little wrin-

led face looks so pleased that Bessie stops scolding, and keeps on filling the cup in the little brown hand.

Judy loves candy, nuts and fruit as much as her mistress does, and always has a share of the good things.

She is very curious and wants to examine every new thing that is brought into the house, and is anxious to have every parcel undone and every box opened to see if it contains something that she likes.

If there is any one thing in this world that Judy detests it is a cat, and she will not allow one on the premises. Let a cat jump upon the fence, or poke his nose inside the yard, and Judy is after him in a minute, and at sight of the enraged monkey the way the cat hustles for home is a caution.

Judy does not like cold weather, and although Mrs. Horton has made some warm woollen dresses for her to wear, she sits by the fire shivering most of the time in winter, and looks so miserable that one would not suppose she was the merry little monkey of the summer.

She sleeps in a box behind the stove, and no child ever hated to go to bed more than Judy does. When Bessie says, 'Come, Judy, it is bedtime,' the monkey cries and pleads in every way she knows how to stay up longer, but Bessie is a firm little mistress, and always sees that Judy is abed before she herself goes.

Every time Captain Horton comes home he asks Bessie if he had not better take the monkey back with him and bring her some other pet. He only does it to tease her, for he knows what her answer will be; and when he sees Judy's affection for his little daughter he thinks that she would object as strongly as does Bessie at the idea of their parting.

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