



CHINESE GIRL AND BOY.

CHILDREN IN CHINA.

HERE is no gladness in a Chinese family at the birth of a little girl, though friends and neighbours come together to rejoice when a boy is born. Parents think it a disgrace to have only daughters in their family, and they fear the gods must be very angry to send them such a misfortune. And though it is almost too sad to believe, little girl-babies are sometimes put to death by their own parents, who do not want the trouble of bringing them up. A Chinese girl is seldom taught to do anything but to use her hands—to cook, to sew, to do embroidery, etc. She is taken away when quite a child from her own father and mother to be married, and then, if she belongs to the poorer classes, she is seldom seen outside the house of her father-in-law. Indeed, you will not wonder if you remember their strange custom of cramping the feet of women to make them small. The mother begins to bind the foot when the little daughter is only a few years old, and the bandages are worn for years, though some children die of the pain. At last the poor foot loses all feeling, but it is crippled and almost useless. The small-footed girl cannot walk a distance without the help of a stick, and her hobble must indeed be painful to her. Yet the Chinese admire the walk of the small-footed ladies, and say it is like "the rustling of willow-boughs in a breeze." Are you not thankful, dear girls, for your freedom to learn and play, to walk and run? Chinese girls are just as willing as we are to learn when the opportunity is given them. There are now some schools in China where girls are gathered together to learn, from their patient teachers, lessons more pre-

ferent than heathen masters can teach their pupils. These are the Christian mission-schools for girls. We give a picture of a girl and boy of the mission-schools.

REBUKING A KING.

THE timidity which hesitates to rebuke profanity was once shamed by a king. Riding along the highway in disguise, and seeing a soldier at an inn, he stopped and asked him to drink ale with him. On an oath which the king uttered while they were drinking, the soldier remarked:—

"I'll pay part of the ale, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing that, if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you, indeed?" asked the king. "I should," was the emphatic reply of his subject.

Not long after, the king gave him an opportunity to be "as good as his word." Having invited some lords to dine with him, he sent for the soldier, and bade him stand near him in order to serve him if he was needed. Presently the king, not now in disguise, uttered an oath. And deferentially the soldier immediately said: "Should not my lord and king fear an oath?"

Looking at the heroic soldier and then at his company of obsequious noblemen, the king severely remarked: "There, my lords, is an honest man. He can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit here and let me stain my soul by swearing, and not so much as tell me of it!"—*Exchange.*

A CHILD'S ANSWER.

A LITTLE boy, seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," was the answer. "No," replied the child "that cannot be. They are brothers."

LITTLE GIRLS.

I was a little girl
You 'O, no!
Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
Does just so—
She brings a dozen wrinkles out
And takes the dimples in,
She puckers up her pretty lips,
And then she does begin—
"O dear me! I don't see why
All the others sit up late,
And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know
With curly pate,
Who says, "When I'm a great big girl
I'll sit up late
But mamma says 'twill make me grow
To be an early bird"
So she and dollie trot away
Without another word
O, the sunny smile and the eyes so blue!
And— and, why, yes, now I think of it,
She looks like you!

A BAD REPUTATION.

SOME years ago, in a farming neighbourhood, a middle aged man was looking about in search of employment. He called at the house of a respectable farmer and told his errand.

"What is your name?" asked the farmer. "John Wilson," was the reply. "John Wilson—the same that lived near here when a boy?" "The same, sir."

"Then I do not want you." Poor John, surprised at such a reply, passed on to the house of the next farmer, and there a similar reply was given, and he found no one in the neighbourhood who was willing to employ him.

Passing on, he soon came in sight of the old school-house. "Ah," said he, "I understand it now. I was a school-boy there years ago, but what kind of a school-boy? Lazy, disobedient, often in mischief, and once caught in deliberate lying, and, though since I have been trying to reform, they all think me the same kind of a man that I was as a boy."—*Sabbath-school Visitor.*

"NOTHING BUT HEAVEN."

A good man, who had long loved Jesus and worked for him, came to his last hour. Some one said to him, "Do you want anything more?" His eye grew bright, and he smiled a happy smile as he said:—

"Nothing but heaven!" Dear children, to be sure of a home in heaven makes death look like a friend! Such a home we shall surely have if we love Jesus.