

and more common names than Adoniram are thinking about trying to live up to them? There is a boy, for instance, whose name is Paul. Does it remind him, every time he hears his name called, how very earnestly, indeed, he must strive, if he would show the spirit of heroism and loftiness which shone forth in the character of the early owner of that name! . . .

Then there is Peter. Ah, Peter! look out for your namesake's temper! Look out for his rashness, bluntness, and self-conceit! Try to imitate him rather after his perfection in spirit and manner, through the assisting grace of Jesus Christ.

John may be a very homely name, but John, the Apostle of Jesus, was a very sweet character. I don't like goody goody boys, but I do like sweet, manly boys; boys who are tender to their mother and their sisters, and who are too brave and chivalrous to cause unnecessary pain.

Perhaps some one has given some of our boys the name of Joshua. Well, remember, boys, that "Joshua," stands for "Jesus," and Joshua should be, indeed, the best of boys.

Then there is Christopher. You know that comes from the legend of a man who carried Christ upon his back. The Latin word "Ferro" means I carry. Christ has said, whatever we do unto one of His little ones, we do unto Him. When we carry others' burdens we carry Him. We are all Christophers.—*Morning Guide.*

"Say well is good, but do well is better;
Do well seems spirit, say well the letter.
Say well is goodly and helpeth to please,
But do well lives godly, and gives the world ease.
Say well to silence some time is bound,
But do well is free on every ground.
Say well has friends, some here, some there,
But do well is welcome everywhere.
By say well to many God's word cleaves,
But for lack of do well it often leaves.
If say well and do well were bound in one frame,
Then all were done, all were won, and gotten were gain."

NEW YEAR IN CHINA.

PAI NIENG!" the first man says, and "Pai nieng!" the second man replies. This is the New Year greeting in China, and is about the same as our "Happy New Year!" Sometimes the Chinese wish each other a prosperous year; but if they are Christians they wish each other peace, that is, "Ping ang!"

The Chinese New Year does not come, as ours does, on the first day of January, but about a month later. They count by the moon, and sometimes the first moon comes in February.

Just before New Year is the busiest time in

the whole year. The streets are so full of people coming and going that it is almost impossible for a sedan chair to pass, and the noise is something dreadful. Every man seems to try to shout louder than any other man, as all push forward with their loads on their shoulders. The beggars are worse than at any other time, and the shops are full of bright, pretty things to tempt the people who come there to do their New Year's shopping.

In the idol shops all of the idols look as bright as fresh paint and gilding can make them. At this time the old Kitchen God is taken down, and early in the New Year a new one is put up. It is only a large sheet of paper with an old man, an old woman, and a cow, a pig, and some other animals printed on it in bright colors, and is pasted on the wall over the cooking furnace in every house where the people are not Christians, but it is considered as necessary as a stovepipe is in an American kitchen. The people offer incense to it, and it superintends the kitchen affairs.

THE POINT OF VIEW.



SAID the Gray Horse to the Brown Horse:

"Eh, but life's a pull!

Half at least every day

My cart is full.

Half of every year—

Talk about the fair—

I must leave my warm bed

While it is dark.

"Half the food I live on,

Every day,

Is—I give my word for it—

Only hay.

Half my time time, yes, fully,

Cold days and hot,

I must still keep going,

Whether I can or not."

Said the Brown Horse to the Gray Horse

"My work is half play,

For my cart is empty

Half of every day;

Half of every year, too,

I go to bed at night

Knowing I can stay there

Till it is light.

"Master likes his horses

With glossy coats,

So half my food is always

The best of oats.

What with nights and standing

While they unload,

Half my time I'm resting,

Not on the road."

Two little sparrows perched upon a beam

Broke into laughter with a perfect scream.

Mr. Sparrow chuckled, "Who'd believe it, dear?

Their food and work are both alike all the live-long year."

—Selected.