



CHINESE RAT MERCHANT.

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The great Empire of China contains a population of 400,000,000 persons, about one-third of the human race. To feed such a multitude requires the most strenuous efforts and the utmost economy of food. Nothing must be wasted, and much that would be rejected in more favoured lands as unfit for food for human beings, is eagerly consumed. The flesh of dogs, cats, rats, and other animals which we regard as unclean is exposed in the markets and purchased by the poor. In the picture we see a pedlar of rats vending his unsavoury wares from place to place. It is this habit of living on what white men would reject that creates the antipathy to Chinese labour on the Pacific coast. But as they earn better wages they will eat better food, and we do not think there is much danger of their seriously affecting the wages of white men. Instead of abusing and insulting them, we should rather seek to give them the blessings of the Gospel, and of a Christian civilization.

THE PORCUPINE.

The best known species is the Canada porcupine, about two and a half feet long, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds. It is an excellent, though a slow, climber; it is not able to escape its enemies by flight, but cannot be attacked even by the largest carnivora with impunity. Dogs, wolves, the lynx, and the cougar have been known to die from the inflammation produced by its quills; these are loosely attached to the skin and barbed at the point, so that they easily penetrate, retain their hold, and tend continually to become more deeply inserted; when irritated it erects its quills, and by a quick lateral movement of the tail strikes its enemy, leaving the nose, mouth, and tongue beset with its darts; it has no power of shooting the quills.

The food consists of vegetable sub-

stances, especially the inner bark and tender twigs of the elm, basswood, and hemlock; it seldom quits a tree while the bark is un eaten, except in cold weather, when it descends to sleep in a hollow stump or cave; as it kills the trees which it ascends, its depredations are often serious. It is often erroneously called hedgehog in New England. The nest is made in a hollow tree, and the young, generally two, are born in April or May. It is almost as large as a beaver, and is eagerly hunted by the Indians, who eat the flesh, and use the quills for ornament, often dyeing them with bright colours; it is very tenacious of life; it does not hibernate, as the European porcupine is said to do. This animal shows admirably that the quills are only modified hairs, as it presents quills on the back, spiny hairs on the sides, and coarse, bristly hairs on the under surface, passing into each other in regular gradation.

The crested or common porcupine is found in Southern Europe, where it has come from Northern and West Africa; it is about twenty-eight inches long, and tail about eight inches more; the muzzle is large and obtuse, sparingly clothed with small dusky hairs, with scattered

longer and coarser ones on the upper lip; anterior and under parts and limbs with spines not more than two inches long, with which are mixed some coarse hairs; crest of numerous very long bristles, extending from the crown to the back, sixteen inches long, and curving backward; hind parts of the body and tail covered with quills, some slender and flexible, twelve to sixteen inches long, others shorter, stouter, and very sharp; a few on the tip of the tail are hollow, generally open and truncated at the end, and supported on a very slender stalk about half an inch long. The prevailing colour is brownish black, with a white band on the fore part of the neck. This is the *porcupine* of the French, the spiny pig, so called from its heavy pig-like look and its grunting voice. It lives in rocky crevices or in burrows, becoming torpid in winter; the food consists of various vegetable substances, and its flesh is well flavoured; it can erect its quills at pleasure, but cannot discharge them; besides its grunts, it makes a rattling noise by shaking the tuft of hollow quills on the tail.

A LITTLE LESSON.

"O, Miss May, I think Florence is a horrid little girl!"

"But do you love her?"

"Love her? But how can I when she is horrid?"

"Jesus loves her."

"But Jesus loves everybody."

"And we try to do as Jesus does, and as he wants us to do, don't we?"

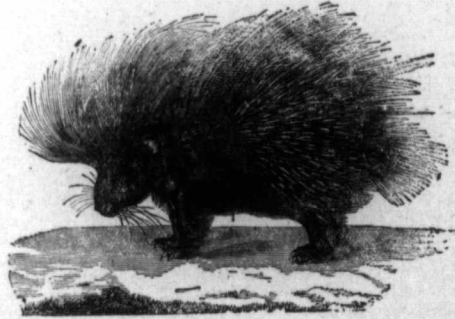
The little girl looked away at a house across the street.

"Let me tell you something," said Miss May, earnestly: "If you begin with loving people, you will never know whether they are horrid or not."

"But how can I ever do it?"

"Jesus does. Will you try to think of that when the 'can't bear' feeling comes?"

"I'll try."—*The Mayflower.*



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