

fifty yards before another beggar stands before us. The cold is intense, but this poor fellow is barefooted, and almost naked. Placing himself in the centre of the narrow road, he beats his chest with a brick. It is already bleeding, but as we approach the blows fall faster and faster with a sickening thud, thud, thud! We give him a little copper cash, and go on our way with a sad heart.

And so it goes on all day, and day after day. While I was yet young in knowledge of the Chinese and their peculiar ways, I tried to raise the beggar from his sad state. I found a poor boy lying at my front gate almost dead from cold and hunger. He was speechless, and on the point of sinking into his last sleep. By degrees, I brought him back to life. Disease had eaten away the roof of his mouth so that we could only understand him with the greatest difficulty; but when his head was clean shaven and his poor body decently and warmly clothed, little Shon Fyu looked quite hopeful. At first, however, no barber would approach him, and we had to hire another beggar to shave his head and to wash his body in clean water. He had to sleep, too, on some straw in an outhouse, for his stench made it impossible to occupy the same room as any one else. Time and kindness improved matters considerably, and after Shon Fyu had lived with me for two or three months he was a different boy. I sent him to learn to be a carpenter, but begging was more in his line, and he ran away so soon as the warm weather returned, and was soon as bad as ever.

In China begging is a regular calling or business, and storekeepers have regular well-known dates each month when they give fixed sums to all beggars who come. On these days they sit in front of the store, and in a sort of sing-song tone cry aloud, "Oh, may you grow very wealthy! Merchant, oh, merchant, may you soon be rich." They will often wait hours for their cash, and after long waiting and much shouting receive it as cheerfully and as thankfully as if it had been given when first asked for.

The blind beggars of China are the most pitied. These are always treated with the utmost respect, addressed with the honorable title of "elder-born," and are never kept waiting for their money. The lepers are the most pitiable sights amongst the beggars, but they, strange to say, get little pity.—*Selected.*

IT IS MY BOY.

HROUGH Rochester, New York, runs the Genesee River, between steep and crooked banks. On one occasion a gentleman, who lived in the city, had just arrived by train from a journey. He was anx-

ious to go home and meet his wife and children. He was hurrying along the streets, with a bright vision of home in his mind, when he saw on the bank of the river a lot of excited men. "What is the matter?" he shouted. They replied, "A boy's in the water!" "Why don't you save him?" he asked. In a moment, throwing down his carpet-bag, and pulling off his coat, he jumped into the stream, grasped the boy in his arms, struggled with him to the shore, and, as he wiped the water from his dripping face and brushed back the hair, he exclaimed, "Heaven, it is my boy!" He plunged in for the boy of somebody else and saved his own. He had received "good measure, pressed down," for a courageous and humane action.

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.



THE girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good girls from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand;

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom flatterers can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,
They are very few, understand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving, home girls,
There's a constant and steady demand.

—*Selected.*

AND it is this life's lessons that will prepare us for eternity. Love sets them, too, and they make or mar our happiness forever, according to the way in which we learn them.

Is it not worth our while to learn each lesson perfectly, when so much, in this life, as well as the next, depends upon the learning?—*Little Folks.*

DEEP waters are still. Wise men generally talk little because they think much.