

Little Folks.

Fiddle and I.

You wouldn't think that the playing of a violin could make a man a teetotaler for the rest of his life, would you? Yet it was so.

I had been laid aside by grievous sickness, and was just getting convalescent and able to get a breath of air at the cottage door, watching the folks go by, when there came along a little boy play-

'I am not playing for a living, old man,' he replied; 'but I'm a Temperance boy, and we've come down to the sea-side for a spring holiday, and mother gave me leave to see what Fiddle and I could earn for our Band of Hope in Manchester.'

Well, you may be sure I thought him a brave little lad to give his services like that in the cause of

minister often said to us: "Sow a habit—reap a character; sow a character—reap a destiny." Yes, an' I shall never forget it, little boy,' I continued. 'We sow tares an' we reap tares; we sow wild oats an' we reap wild oats. I have sown both, an' it has brought me a "maddened brain" and a "tarnished name." It takes longer to reap than it does to sow.'

I wept in silence.

'Why don't you sign the pledge, old man?' asked the little boy presently; 'I've some cards in my fiddle-case.'

'Ah! little boy,' I answered, 'I fear it is too late.'

'Never too late to mend, old man,' he replied, in his quaint, old-fashioned way.

I looked at him again and said:

'Who cares whether I mend or no?'

'Fiddle and I,' he answered, smiling.

I don't know how it was, but the boy's answer pleased me, and I thought that at any rate someone cared about me.

'I'll sign the pledge, little boy,' I said, 'for the sake of Fiddle and I.'

You may be sure my little friend was very pleased, especially when, in addition to signing, I gave him sixpence towards his Manchester Band of Hope.

And when my wife came home I said:

'Jenny, I've signed the pledge.'

'Fiddlesticks!' she replied.

'It isn't fiddlesticks,' I said, 'but it was done because of Fiddle and I!'—'Adviser.'

Little Ping-An.

A story from China.

Ping-an was a little girl in one of our mission schools in North China. Her name means 'Peace,' but she was a very merry, lively little woman. She used to wear her black hair braided into a long, heavy plait that hung down her back, and was bound at the end with a scarlet cord. Just behind her ear, she used to often fasten a bright-colored flower.

The dress she wore was a sort of blue cotton tunic, fastened at the side, and it was trimmed with braid of many colors, red, and green, and yellow.

Then she had blue cotton trousers, tied round her waist with a

ing the violin. Seeing me sitting in the doorway he stopped, tuned up, and played to entertain me. I, always being fond of music, and extra pleased for a bit of amusement to-day, received him gladly. He was a nice-looking little boy, well-dressed an' comely, an' when he had finished playing his tune, 'The Last Rose of Summer,' I said:

'Little boy, you don't look as if you were playing for a living; your clothes are good and you are well shod. Why do you wander about the streets like this?'

The little boy smiled.

Temperance. I didn't dare to own to him that I was overfond of the drink myself, but I asked him politely if he would play me another tune. He readily consented, and what do you think he played? Why, nothing else but that well-known hymn of my childhood:

'Sowing the seeds of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seeds of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seeds of a tarnished name—
Oh! what shall the harvest be?'

The hot tears rolled down my cheeks.

'Why, we used to sing that at my old home!' I cried; 'and the

