

On our way to the hospital daily, we pass between two houses with their front doors opposite to each other. A baby having been born in No. 1 house, they called it "Cat Cow." Shortly afterwards, a baby was born in No. 2 house opposite, and for fear of the spirit of the cat baby, they called this one "Dog Cow."

Bye and bye another baby arrived at No. 1 house, and so that it would not be afraid of the dog, they called it "Tiger Cow," but in the course of human events, a second child came to No. 2 house, and they named it "Rifle Cow," so that it could kill the tiger. The last arrival is at No. 1 house, and reasoning on the same principles, they have, for obvious reasons called it "Sledgehammer Cow."

Only this afternoon were we called, in greatest haste (?) to resuscitate a boy that had been drowned in the river while bathing. We were hurrying along the street, when lo! a messenger met us saying that we need not go any farther, because the boy was buried. You think this strange? Remember we are in China. This lad, unlike Yao Niu, had six toes on one foot, and was called "Lu Niu" (Six-toes Cow.) I should think his mother will be very sorry now that she did not bite off the extra toe when he was a baby.

A parallel to the old nursery tale of the loadstone mountain in the sea, which was the cause of so many shipwrecks, by drawing the nails out of any ship that was unfortunate enough to sail close by its side, is found here in a commonly believed myth, to the effect that in this little river that runs past our door, and just above the town of Wu Lung, the river has a loadstone bed, and boatmen who cast anchor in that spot, must cut their cables, for they can never hope to raise their anchors again.

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### COURAGE OF GENERAL GORDON.

"During the Crimean war there was a sortie, and the Russians actually reached the English trench. Gordon stood on the parapet, in great danger of his life, with nothing save his stick in his hand, encouraging the soldiers to drive out the Russians.

"Gordon," they cried, 'come down! You'll be killed!

But he took no notice, and a soldier who was near said:

"It's all right, 'e don't mind being killed. E's one of those blessed Christians!"

### BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Whose maid, when chided, from her mistress ran?

Who from a dungeon damp rescued a man?

Who in twelve pieces a new garment rent?

To take what city was it David went?

Who bore sad tidings to a much-loved king?

Who from its hiding-place a book did bring?

Whose doubting spirit his kind Master grieved?

Who in a college once a priest received?

Who, ere he prophesied, a minstrel sought?

Whose curses on himself destruction brought?

Who bore a mark for evil he had done?

Who was the son of Moses' younger son?

Who filled a pit with men that he had slain?

Who by a miracle did freedom gain?

Whose son to David with a present went?

Who built an altar from a pattern sent?

Where was a king deprived of sons and sight?

Whose hand clave to his sword where he did fight?

Who with a single goad six hundred slew?

For God can save by many or by few.

The initials of these names form a little text.  
What is it?—Selected.

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### A STRANGE WAY TO TRAVEL.

Two miles from the city of Lucknow is the ancient village of Aligunj, once home of many, the scene of a great annual Hindu festival. In the centre of the village, surrounded by tumble-down buildings fast falling into ruins, stands a wretched, filthy, little shrine dedicated to Hanuman, the monkey-god.

To this shrine, at the time of the festival held some time in May, thousands travel greater or less distances, some as much as fifty or even one hundred miles, measuring their length upon the ground all the way. Taking a small stone in his hand the pilgrim stands in the attitude of prayer, with hands folded on his breast, and mutters words of prayer and praise.

Then, lying full length on the ground, he places the stone as far forward as he can. Standing up by the stone, the pilgrim goes through the same action, length by length, making slow progress to this village shrine. His mother, wife or daughter, walks by the roadside, carrying water for the thirsty devotee to drink, and at night, when he stops for rest, cooks his evening meal.—The Gleaner.