

LITTLE FOLKS

Chin Wan Loo.

Poor little Chin Wan Loo! Daily his cheeks that had been so round and plump grew thinner and paler, and his merry almond-shaped eyes grew dull and sad. Day by day his portion of rice and soup had grown less and less, and little Chin Wan Loo was slowly starving.

There had been no rain for a long while. The streams had dried up, the crops had failed, and nobody had enough to eat.

'We must go to the temple,' said Chin Wan Loo's father, 'and pray for rain.'

So to the temple they went — Chin Wan's father, his uncle and his oldest brother, with two or three of their neighbors; and Chin Wan went with them, for he wanted rain and rice as much as anybody.

They carried incense, and joss-sticks, to burn before the idol; and bowing, kneeling, and wringing their hands, they entreated their joss to send the needed showers.

But what could a block of wood or stone like that do? It is God only that can give rain upon the earth, and make the grass and trees, the corn and rice, grow for our use.

Chin Wan did not know that; he had never heard of such a God as ours. So he prayed very earnestly to the idol in the temple, and then went home again with his friends, all hoping their prayers might be answered.

But the supply of food grew smaller every day.

Chin Wan's father sold their clothes, their mats, their dishes, and finally the roof of their house and the walls as well, to buy more. And precious little could he buy, even then; for food was so scarce everywhere about them that the price of it was very, very high.

Mrs. Loo gathered up the parched leaves and grass, and tried to make bread or porridge of them; and it would make your heart ache to know how much worse things than that the family ate.

Chin Wan's baby sister died, and his little brother, and his uncle's wife, and his cousin that he used to play with.

One day Mr. Loo heard a few of his neighbors tell of some who had gone away to a distant province, where there was more to eat.

'We shall all die if we stay here,' said Mr. Loo. 'It is a very long way, but we, too, must go.'

Oh! you little boys and girls who sometimes come in from your play exclaiming, 'I'm about starved,' or 'I'm tired almost to death,' little do you know what those words really mean.

Chin Wan knew, when, with nothing that you would call food, to give him strength, he staggered along those many weary miles.

Mrs. Loo and Chin Wan's oldest brother dropped and died by the



PRAYING TO THE IDOL.

way; and of all their little family it was only Mr. Loo and Chin Wan that at last reached a town where they could have food given them — not in plenty, but just barely enough to meet their needs.

Chin Wan had a great many trials, but a very blessed thing happened to him at the place where he went. He heard about the God who only controls the wind and the clouds, who only answers prayer, and gives us better than bread for the body, even the precious bread of life. Will you not pray for all Chin Wan's Chinese brothers and sisters, that they may all have the bread of life.—*Mission Dayspring.*

The Two Pledges.

Little Dennie was the only son of a clergyman who, some years since, lived on the shore of Lake George. This was before the commencement of the temperance reformation, when every family kept intoxicating liquors constantly on hand, and used them as an occasional, if not

daily, beverage. Taught by the example of the father and his guests, the little boy contracted a love for strong drinks that gave his parents most painful apprehensions on his account, and was the subject of their frequent but unavailing remonstrance. At length, at a barn-raising, he had been permitted to attend, and where he had free access to a keg of liquor, he became dead drunk, and was laid upon a board under a tree. The rest of the story we copy in the language of the author:

'About 4 o'clock his father called to accompany him home; not seeing him, he eagerly inquired for his child; they pointed him to the place where he lay. With heart full of sorrow, he carried him home to his mother and his sisters. Together his parents watched beside his bed during the tedious night that followed, not knowing but the dreadful stupor would result in his death; but fully resolved, if he lived, not to leave untried any effort that might promise to save him.

'It was not until the evening of the second day that he was restored to perfect consciousness. His parents thought it best not to speak to him of the cause of his illness for some days, hoping his own reflections would do him much more good; but in this they were disappointed—he did not exhibit the first symptoms of remorse or consciousness that he had done wrong.

'About a week after the event just related, his father invited him one pleasant morning to take a walk. Their road lay along the shore of the lake, and was lined with stately trees on either side. For a time they walked along in silence.

'"Dennie," said he, do you know what made you sick the other day?"

'"Why, I suppose I drank too much rum," he artlessly replied.

'"Well, my son, do you know that I think you are in danger of becoming a drunkard?"

'"Why, father, I know you tell me so, but I am not afraid of it. You drink rum every day, and you are not a drunkard; and when I get old enough to know how much it will do for me to drink, then I can keep from being drunk, too."

'They both seated themselves on a rock near the shore, and most faithfully did his father speak of the evils of intemperance; then tak-