



A STREET SHOWMAN.

A great deal of the business and pleasure of the Chinese has for its scene the public streets. Their houses are small, the shops and bazaars are diminutive and crowded, so itinerant restaurants, barber-shops and other crafts are to be seen in the streets. In our cut is shown a characteristic scene, where for a very small coin the itinerant showman will exhibit his pictures which slide up and down in a light framework which he can carry on his back.

BECOMING A SOLDIER.

LA HERMAN HAIGOOD.

Ned's big brother was a soldier, and Ned never tired of hearing stories about army life. He thought it would be fine to be wakened every morning by a bugle, to drill and eat when the bugle said so, and then to go to sleep at the command of "Taps." In the morning before the rest of the family were up, Ned would go about crying at each door, in imitation of the bugle's reveille, "Can't get-em-up, can't get-em-up, can't get-em-up in the morning!"

Ned begged his soldier brother to get him a bugle, so that he could be a soldier, too. But Tom said that Ned could not blow a bugle. Then the boy asked for a gun. He wanted to be a sentry and cry "Halt!" every time anybody tried to cross his line. Still his big brother only shook his head. "Well, please get me a

drum, so that I can be a drummer boy and go to war," urged Ned.

Tom looked serious as he took his little brother on his knee. "You're trying to be a soldier wrong end foremost, my boy," he said. "Before even a soldier gets a gun or is promoted to be a bugler or a musician, he must learn always to obey without delay or questioning. Are you that kind of a soldier yet?"

Ned looked sober and made no answer.

"Then the soldier has to respect the officers and the flag. I wonder if Ned is always respectful to mother? And the soldier, before he gets a gun, must be taught habits of neatness and carefulness. You see, my laddie, there is more in soldiering than guns and bugles."

"I guess there is," added Ned, as he slid to the floor. "Anyway, I'm going to try to be a soldier."

HELEN'S DOVES AND RAVENS.

"I don't know what to think about when I go to bed, mamma," said little Helen; "I see things in the dark."

"If you should see a flock of black ravens and a flock of pure white doves coming toward you, which would you hold out your hands to?" asked mamma.

"The doves, of course," answered Helen.

"I think you would. You might not be able to keep the ravens from flying past you, but you would not try to keep them near. You would coax the doves to stay. Try this, with the thoughts that are like flying birds at night, my dear. Don't give room for a minute, in your mind, to the troublesome thoughts you call scaresome. Let the white doves of thought come in and stay till you go to sleep. First, send up a little prayer to Jesus to give you thoughts about him. Then say over some Bible verse or some little hymn that you know. If you think of happy things when you go to sleep, you will wake with sweet thoughts."

AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

Dr. Payson, the famous and beloved preacher, of Portland, Me., used to tell the following pointed story. It has a moral for all Christian workers:

One very stormy Sunday he went to church, more from habit than because he expected to find anybody there. Just after he had stepped inside the door, an old negro came in and asked if Dr. Payson was to preach there that day, explaining that he was a stranger in town and had been advised to go to his church.

"Upon that," said Dr. Payson, "I made

up my mind to preach my sermon, if nobody else came."

Nobody else did come, so the Doctor preached to the choir and the old negro.

Some months afterwards he happened to meet the negro, and, stopping him, asked how he enjoyed the sermon that stormy Sunday.

"Enjoy dat sermon?" replied the old man. "I 'clar', Doctor, I nebber heard a better one. Yo' see, I had a seat pretty well up front, an' whenebber you'd say something pretty hard like 'g'in de sins ob men, I'd jes' look all roun' ter see who you's a-hittin', an' I wouldn't see nobody on'y jes' me, an' I says to m'self: 'He must mean you, Pomp, you's sech a dretful sinner.' Well, Doctor, dat ar sermon set me a-thinkin' what a big sinner I war, an' I went an' jined the church down home. I's a deacon now."

A NEW PET.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

What do you think I'm holding here?
A real, new, cunning sort of pet,
He isn't very big just yet,
And p'rhaps it is a little queer
To make a pet of him, I know,
But he's as clean and white as snow.
A kitten—no, indeed, he's not,
Why, everybody has a cat!
A rabbit—no, he isn't that,
Though he's pure white, without a spot.
A puppy dog? No!—guess again.
I'll give you till I've counted ten.
A rat? Oh! do you s'pose I hold
A rat up in my arms so tight?
A guinea-pig? No—o, not quite—
You'll never guess until you're told,
He'll not be pretty when he's big,
But now he's just the cutest sight,
A dear, white, cunning little pig!

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" the gentleman asked.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause. "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood-pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."