



STREET SCENE IN CHINA.

This picture represents a scene in China in one of the most crowded parts of a large town. The street is very narrow, and the houses are rather high. The lower parts of the houses are used as shops, and the upper stories are dwellings. They seem to be as badly off for yard room as some people in this country, and are obliged to hang their washing out across the street to dry. In the background is shown one of the many bridges of the country.

THE COMING MAN.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

We hear a great deal about "the coming man," and what he will do. Do you know who the coming man is? Well, I will tell you. He is a boy now. He thinks manhood is a long way off, and some older people seem to think that boyhood will last forever; but it will only be a few days before that little boy will be taller than his mother, stronger than his father, and perhaps will think he knows more than both of them.

What kind of a man will the coming man be? That depends on what kind of a boy he is now. If he is dirty and crooked and mean and tricky and greedy and quarrelsome and dishonest and disobedient, he will make a poor kind of

man: but if he is sober and temperate and honest and trusty and studious and obedient and truthful and frank and kind and clean and diligent and faithful, then the coming man will be worth seeing and waiting for.

Fathers and mothers are looking after the coming man. He is "a little man" now, but he may soon be a great man; and they are hoping and working to give him all the chance they can, that he may be a good man.

What are the boys and girls doing to help on the coming man to be what he may be and what he should be and what they want him to be?

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HOW TEDDY WON THE BATTLE.

Teddy had had a severe cold for a week, and had been looking forward to the next week, when he could go out and coast on the hill with the other boys.

He read his Sunday-school lesson on Sunday with his mother, and sat a long time looking quite solemnly out of the window.

Monday morning dawned clear and bright, but Teddy awoke with a cough which sounded like croup.

"No coasting to-day," his father said; and his father was a doctor, and knew what was best for little boys.

Teddy stood in the hall, his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets. "No coasting!" he exclaimed; and tears of disappointment shone in his black eyes.

"Not to-day," his father replied as he went out.

Not a sound came from the hall after that, and the mother turned at length wondering if her son were crying his sorrows out alone, for he always came to her for comfort.

"You just keep still, you old Satan! You needn't think you're going to beat Jesus. I guess not! You tempted Jesus once, and he wouldn't yield; and I'm trying to be like Him, and I'm not to yield, either. I will not sneak out and take a ride. Mamma would look so sorry, and she'd always 'member how I disobeyed father. No, sir! I'm not going to listen; so hush up!"

This is what his mother heard as she reached the hall door, and she slipped quietly away.

The next day Teddy had his longed-for

coast, and his black eyes shone with delight as he thought that, besides having honest fun, he had won a battle the day before and conquered Satan.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
The tears well forth as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
While mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are growing feeble now.
For time and pain have left their work
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! how near the time
Of pain and loss to me,
When, 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
Those hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond the shadow-land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams through endless
years
Flow over golden sands.
Where there is neither pain nor tears,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

TWO GENTLEMEN.

I saw two gentlemen on a street-car lately. One of them was grown up and was handsomely dressed. The other was about twelve years old. His jacket had several patches, and needed more; and his shirt was of brown cotton.

The boy went through the car to give some message to the driver. As he returned, his bare foot touched the grown gentleman's knee and left a little mud on it. Turning round on the platform, he raised his straw hat and said, very politely, in a clear tone: "Please excuse me." Then the other gentleman bowed in his turn, just as he would have done to one of his own age, and said, with a smile: "Certainly."

"You must desire first to become good. That is the first and great end of life. That is what God sent you into the world for.

"Grandpa, how old are you?" "I am eighty-seven years old, my little dear." "Then you were born eighty years before I was." "Yes, my little girl." "What a long time you had alone waiting for me."