

change the color of their leaves and when the beautiful sun still sparkled brightly on the waters. As the "Half Moon" sailed on, the natives, or "Indians," as the sailors called them, because they thought that they were already close to India, came out in their canoes and paddled about, behind and in front of the great ship which was, of course, a very wonderful thing for them to see. After sailing up the splendid river for one hundred and fifty miles Hudson saw that he must be wrong and that the direction he was going could never lead him to China, so he returned, simply reporting the river he had discovered. The noble stream has ever since borne his name and is called the Hudson river. Along its banks now are beautiful cities, towns and fields, and on its waters, instead of the lonely "Half Moon" and the Indian canoes, splendid steam boats, pleasure yachts, schooners, brigs and ships of all kinds move on their busy way. The dream of finding a water passage across America to India and China was never realized, but we now have a great iron road, the Canadian Pacific Railway which stretches across the whole continent of America and takes passengers on their way from England to China and the east.

CHARLIE'S LIFE.



MOTHER," said little Charlie, "Will Harnin says his mother writes books."
"Does she?" said the mother. Then she went on sewing, and forgot Charlie who was trying to stand on his head.

"Mother," said Charlie presently, "is it very hard to write a book?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said mother.

"I'm going to write a book," said this small man in petticoats.

Just then the door-bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back, her little boy was sitting on her foot-stool, busily writing; but as he wrote with a slate-pencil, it didn't do any harm.

"Now mother," said Charlie, "I'm done with my book."

"No," said his mother, thinking a little while, "you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What is the name of my book?" he asked, coming closer to her.

"Its name is 'Charlie's Life.' You can write only one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry that smears your page; and when you help mother, and keep a bright face, and don't

quarrel with Reddy, that makes a nice fair page, with pretty pictures on it."

"And when will I be done writing that book?" asked Charlie.

"When God sees that your book is long enough," answered mother, "He will send an angel to shut its covers, and put a clasp on it until the great day when all our life books are opened and read."

Charlie sat very still for a while, and then said softly, "Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket, and laid the white roses over her."

"Yes," said his mother, "her life-book was just a little hymn of praise to God. Its pages were clean and white, with no stains on them."

Charlie looked up and saw two tear-drops fall on mother's work; but they were bright tears, and a bright smile came with them.—*Selected.*

Houses in Korea are built with mud or tile, laid in mortar, and have straw thatches or tile roofs. The rooms are usually about eight feet square, with stone floors, all nicely papered over with oiled paper; under the floor are flues for the fire, which is lit every day of the year, and as the Koreans sleep on the floor, we may say they sleep with a fire under the bed. Whenever they see our bedsteads, their first remark usually is, "But isn't it very cold to sleep with no fire underneath you?" Korean houses are always neat inside, though they look badly from the outside; but a Korean never wears his shoes inside the house, he keeps his hat on instead.

AT HIS POST OF DUTY.

IT was in the Doge street school, in Omaha, and there were five hundred children in the building, when on the 23rd of January, 1896, a teacher dashed into the principal's room with the cry that the schoolhouse was on fire. Everybody was frightened and all was confusion. The hall was full of smoke, the children were crying, the teachers were shouting and trying to calm them, the fire engines were at work outside, hundreds of children were crowding towards the top of the stairs, ready to rush down, treading on the little ones who had fallen, and ready to struggle for life, in such confusion that many must be trampled and crushed.

Hark! the drum! "Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub; rub-a-dub-dub, dub-dub, dub-dub." It was little Offie Downs, the drummer boy, who, while teachers and scholars were helpless with fright, rushed down two flights of stairs into the principal's room, caught the drum from its hook, slung it over his shoulder, and rushed back to his post at the bottom of the stairs.