

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy can make the world more bright
By kindly word and deed ;
As apples call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure
By lips kept ever clean ;
Silence can influence shed as sure
As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true
By an exalted aim ;
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme ;
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be—
What grander, more sublime ?

 BROWNIE IN UNDERLAND.

Chapter Two.

[This pleasant story is by one of our missionaries. It pictures in this amusing way what a Canadian boy would see if he were to drop through the earth and come out on the other side in our mission field in Honan.—Ed.]

The yard into which Brownie walked was not like anything he had seen in Upperland, it was so narrow and dirty, with lit le low houses all round it.

If he looked only one way he would think that it was for the cattle, for on one side was a shed for the loving herd and braying herd too, to which our mouse-colored friend outside belonged.

But there were also people living there within nose-shot of the sheds, but custom makes you used to anything except the loss of your meals, and so they did not mind the microbes, bacilli, bacteria, and infusoria, which, tired of failure to sicken the people, fell to eating up one another, at which they made a respectable living.

The great-grandmother of the family was busy beating, Peter Dick, Peter Dick, with a little stick like a potato masher or a baseball bat. For the clothes were back from the pond where they were washed and pounded a bit, by some of the young women, and now they were being ironed with a stick, or rather a couple of them.

A great grandchild was busy making mud cakes, they were not pies, for he did not know how to make pies, he had never even heard of such a thing; he never had the doldrums either, because of eating too much pie. All the same, Brownie resolved he would teach him how to make pies the first time he had a chance.

There were a number of young women about, too. They had not combed their hair for a week, and lately some of them had been naughtily pulling each other's hair, so it was dishevelled, as papa would say. You could see with half an eye that that was not a happy household, and it was a lucky thing that Brownie did not understand all they said, he was so new to Underland, or all the water in the Atlantic would not have been enough to wash his ears clean.

Thi-rumm ! thi-rumm ! thi-rumm ! What's that noise coming from the house ? We must go and see. There, amid heaps of snowy cotton, sits a woman, pulling away at a big bow-string, which whips the cotton into shape. She uses no arrows, but at every twang of her bow-string the cotton tosses, and tumbles, and churns about, as if it were being punished. But that takes the tangles out, as combing takes the tangles out of Dorothy's hair, though it hurts when the curls get hugging each other too closely.

There are many hands needed to work these bunches of cotton before they can be ready to make into clothes to clothe the naked. At one end is a woman coming home from the fields with a load of cotton on her back, then comes another taking the seeds out, then another whipping it, then another spinning it, then another weaving it, and last of all, another dyeing it. They don't mind the long time it takes, their only grief is that there is not more cotton, for they are too poor to buy more.

But here comes old Wang the hired man, between two pails of water. He don't carry them in his hands or the water might splash out on to his trousers ; he has the plan handed down from the time of the flood, when the water was so plentiful. If you go into the corner grocery you can see the same plan for weighing things, with a balance. The sugar is on one side and the weights are on the other ; that was the way old Wang carried the water. Brownie thought it was like teetering, only the pails were even and did not bob up and down.

The kettle is on the stove already, so they fill it up, and put in the millet for dinner. It looks