



A CHINESE.

You have here a picture of a Chinese, busily engaged with his chop-sticks. You would find it no easy task to eat, as he does, rice with two sticks; but practice makes many things easy. Britain, you know, is now at war with this strange people. It will be a happy thing when people shall learn the art of war no more, and that good time will come. Under whose banner are you fighting, reader? Is it under the Captain of our salvation?

WHAT A SUNBEAM DID.

Written for little folks like herself, by a girl eleven years old.

"Of what use am I?" thought a little sunbeam; "it is as well that I should withdraw my light; why should God have made such a poor feeble sunbeam as I am?" But after a while better thoughts came into his mind, and he said, "God must have made the weakest and feeblest for some use, and if I try and do what I can it will please him." So it shone with all its might through the glossy leaves of a banyan tree, under which a little copper-coloured child was crying