

monument, and 'being dead, she yet speaketh.'—Sophie Bronson Titterington, in 'Silver Link.'

Ah Foong.

(N. Y. Observer.)

Such a dear, roly-poly boy, with soft brown eyes tilted at the corners! Born in that part of cosmopolitan New York known as Chinatown, of Chinese parents, he was arrayed in full native costume of brightly colored silks, a tiny queue wound about his head, his feet pattering round in the prettiest silk shoes, gaily embroidered. He was a prime favorite among his countrymen, who delight in petting children, particularly boys. His father was a cigar-maker, intelligent and of pleasing manners. For many years he had been a regular attendant at Sunday-school, and though not a professing Christian, he was Americanized and Christianized to a considerable extent. Sunday being his only day of rest, he left school after his marriage and spent the entire day with his little family. After a while he became rather careless, and the lessons written on his mind gradually faded away, and the old heathen ideas came back.

So his little son's birth was celebrated with all the regular Chinese rites, and he was duly named Hong Ah Foong. The first years of his life were uneventfully spent, and one day his father's conscience smote him as he thought of his son growing up in heathenism as truly as if living in far-off Canton. So he took Ah Foong around to a mission near their home, and there our wee friend first learned the wonderful bible stories and the meaning of the pretty pictures which beautified the cheerful room. He was an apt scholar, rapidly learning English, and his father felt very proud when the neighbors called him 'the smartest boy in Chinatown.'

When Ah Foong entered the school, he was four years old, or according to our reckoning, only three, as the Chinese always count the day of one's birth the first birthday, and that makes an extra year, you see.

He had a sweet, soft voice and dearly loved to sing the hymns which he learned at the mission. When he would be at play among his quaint Chinese toys, he would sing in an undertone, sometimes in his own tongue, sometimes in English.

Have you wondered why his mother has been left unnoticed? She was dark and looked like an Indian, and could speak no English. But under her dark skin beat a loving heart, and Ah Foong took great pleasure in teaching his dear mother some of his lessons. She had never heard the story of the blessed Saviour until her baby boy prattled it to her. She was often very lonely in her life of strict seclusion, and his stories and hymns gave her a great deal to think about. Then she began with Ah Foong's help, to study laboriously the red covered reader with its English and Chinese lessons. One day her husband surprised her at her study, and after that his conscience was more troublesome than usual.

But there came a day when the boy was taken very ill, and the home was strangely quiet without the sound of his pattering feet, and his parents and friends waited on the little sufferer with a very sad look on their faces.

A Chinese physician was called in, but he could do nothing, then an American doctor connected with the mission came and did all in his power, but for many long days Ah Foong's life hung in the balance. During all that anxious time, as he restlessly tossed

upon his little bed, the busy tongue was ever singing snatches of his favorite hymns or repeating the verses he had learned each week. As the father sat at the bedside with bowed head and heavy heart, the old verses and hymns so long forgotten, touched his heart with peculiar power. And there by the side of their precious boy, he clasped the hand of his heathen wife and prayed God to lead them both into his ways and spare their child's life that all might travel together in God's holy paths.

That heartfelt prayer was graciously answered, and Ah Foong arose from his sick bed, though a mere shadow of his former self. His father profited by the lesson and moved from Chinatown to a neat little flat in Brooklyn. It is quaintly furnished with a strange mixture of Chinese and American furniture, but it is not a heathen home for a family bible is conspicuous on a table over which a richly embroidered cover is laid and a framed engraving of 'The Good Shepherd' hangs between two painted panels.

They are all trying to follow the teaching of the blessed book, and tread in the footprints of the heavenly Shepherd who must sometimes bring back his wandering sheep by a touch of the crook in his hand or by carrying one of the lambs in his arms, for then the sheep will haste and follow, too.—C. Louise Bell.

Mary's Fright.

(Cottager and Artisan.)

'Breakfast at twenty minutes to eight punctually to-morrow, Mary; your master is going by the early train.'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'You were so late when he went by that train a fortnight ago that he had scarcely any breakfast. The mornings are light, there ought to be no difficulty about rising early.'

'No, ma'am; I'll be sure and be punctual. I was very sorry last time,' and Mary's happy looking face clouded over at the recollection.

'You were late in this evening, how was that?' inquired Mrs. West.

'Please, ma'am, grandmother's clock stopped, and the time went so fast I couldn't believe it when the clock struck nine. I came back as fast as I could then, ma'am.'

Mary's conscience smote her as she went upstairs. Her mistress had looked vexed, as well she might, for Mary was constantly late, and always had some excuse ready. She knew very well that the reason she was generally behind time was because of her laziness in the morning. She got up so late that she always had a scramble to get breakfast ready by half-past eight; and many things that ought to have been done before had to be left until after, with the result that she was running after her work all day.

'My master and mistress are so kind that I could do anything for them,' Mary would sometimes say; but she was like many others who fancy they would like to do much that is not required of them, but who consider their plain duty irksome and disagreeable, and so neglect it.

But Mary was feeling far too happy to allow her thoughts to dwell long on an unpleasant subject. She had met for the first time that evening one whom she had often heard spoken of in the highest terms, and had long wished to see—Arthur Bailey, the son of her grandmother's foster child.

Mary had not been without her share of notice from young men in the village, which had, however, made little or no impression upon her; but to-night every pleasant word and kindly attention from Arthur was vivid-

ly remembered, while the admiration which he felt for her, and which she had been quick to detect, was so respectful that it aroused her self-esteem, and she felt that she was no longer a light-hearted girl merely, but a woman, who wished to be worthy of a good man's love, and wise enough to retain his esteem.

But these thoughts were not conducive to sleep, and when Mary awoke a little before six, after a few hours of fitful slumber, she was so tired that she determined to have just five minutes more. Minutes spent thus are deceptive, and when, after what seemed to be 'no time at all,' she was aroused with a start by some sound outside, she found to her dismay that it was twenty minutes past seven. To attempt to get breakfast ready in time was hopeless. Presently Mrs. West heard a tap at her door. There stood Mary.

'Please, ma'am, I've overslept myself, what shall I do about master's breakfast?'

Mrs. West was too much vexed to reply.

Her husband was not strong, and to go out in the keen easterly wind without his breakfast would be sure to give him a cold. With great difficulty she persuaded him to wait for his usual train.

'Have you heard of the smash-up?' inquired the butcher boy of Mary, some time after her master had started.

'Smash up! No,' replied Mary. 'What do you mean?'

'There's been an accident to the 9.15 train. An awful one. No end of people killed,' he added, piling up the agony, as he saw Mary's horrified look.

'Gracious! And master went by that train all through me,' gasped Mary.

'Did he though! I believe I heard 'em say some such name as his was one of—'

But Mary heard no more, for she fainted right away; and the boy, seeing what he had done, rang the bell violently and went off, leaving his victim lying on the garden path, where her mistress almost immediately found her.

Before Mary was restored to consciousness a telegram arrived from Mr. West, saying that he was quite safe, and the messenger assured Mrs. West that the accident was a slight one, nobody being seriously injured.

Mary's fright was not without its effect. From that time punctuality was her strong point, which caused an extra amount of comfort in the house that was quite surprising.

'I had no idea that getting up early was of such consequence,' Mary said one day to her grandmother. 'I always have time for everything now, without any bustle or worry. You can't think how nice it is.'

'You may be sure it's of consequence, my dear, for it's one of the duties mentioned in the Bible. There's an account of a good woman and the things she does, and early rising's one of them. You should read about her, Mary, there's much you'd do well to copy. It's in the last chapter of Proverbs.'

So Mary read about the virtuous woman, until she got the passage by heart, and, better still, until she got it in her heart. And when, three years afterwards, she married Arthur Bailey, making him, as he declared, 'the happiest man in the world,' her good husband had cause to rejoice, for he was blessed with a wife whose price was far above rubies; while Mrs. West declared that in losing Mary she lost a treasure.

FANNY WALLER.

The newspapers significantly report at the end of a month of special revival in Boston that the liquor-dealers of the city are complaining seriously because business is bad. May it grow worse, until every saloon door has been shut by the gospel.—'Golden Rule.'