



## CHINESE LADIES.

**P**EOPLE of all nations do not have the same manners and customs, and they do not all dress in the same way. The dresses of Chinese ladies seem very strange to people who live in this country; and when ladies from this country go to China their dresses seem to the people there quite as odd as the dresses of the Chinese ladies appear to us. We should not laugh at people merely because their dresses are not like those which we are in the habit of seeing; our own fashions sometimes change very much in a short time.

A LITTLE boy who had been lost in one of the dense forests of the West, and was out all night, gave the following account of his conduct at the approach of darkness: "It grew dark, and I kneeled down and asked God to take care of little Johnny, and then went to sleep."

## FALSE SHAME AND TRUE.

**W**ILLIE JOHNSON attended the board school in S— Street. He went to school one day with his trousers mended. One of the boys pointed at them, and called him "Old Patch." "I would not stand that," said Tom Parks; "I'd fight him."

"Why?" said Willie.

"Because it's a nasty, mean thing to remind a fellow of a thing he's ashamed of," said Tom.

"But I am not ashamed of it," said Willie; "I am proud of it."

"Proud of it! Well, you must be a curious kind of fellow to be proud of that."

"I'm poor, I know," said Willie, "but I can't help that, and mother can't help it. I'm proud I've got a mother that sits up at night when I'm in bed and mends my clothes, and won't let me come to school in rags like Dick Purkiss;" and Willie rubbed something away from his

eye with his jacked sleeve.

Willie was a little philosopher, and understood the difference between true and false shame, which many boys do not. To be in good circumstances may be no credit, but to make the best of poor circumstances always is. Poverty that cannot be helped is no disgrace whatever, but rags and dirt always are, for they can be helped. The neatness and cleanliness of some very poor people reflects far more credit on them than the fine clothes of certain other well-to-do people do to their wearers.

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it into every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower. And thank Him for it the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly; 'tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.