



STREET BEGGAR, CHINA.

CHINESE POVERTY.

This half-naked street beggar is an illustration of the extreme poverty common in China.

A Chinese proverb says, "Even a child may not eat ten idle years of food." The mother must work to keep the wolf from the door, but why may we not have the little, useless children to train? "Because," the mother replies sadly, "I can not afford to have the children study. The boy, though small, can rake fuel for the fire and manure for the field. My wee girl can already spin, mind the baby, and wait upon me." If little hands drop their small work, older ones must take it up; and so sharp and cruel is the haste with which in this poor family consumption treads upon the heels of production, that little jaws must cease to grind, and stomachs to crave, if little hands cease to labor. "Well, we will feed your children while they study." "That is very kind of you," she says, "but they have no decent clothes. Every one will make fun of them if they go in such tatters to school."

Some of the poorest of our Christian widows hire themselves out to work for rich families by the season. They dare not miss one day from the harvest, or from the cotton-field, for their coveted meeting and lesson, lest their places be filled by others, and they lose the chance of gleaning at the end of the season. We know of doors where the only weapon to keep the wolf at bay is the little

shining needle of the mother. She must have her stint done to-night. You speak to her; she answers you without looking up; for, as the saying runs, "You raise your head, you lose one stitch; you lower your head you lose another." How fast her needle flies, though night has come; the children are fast asleep, and it is so piercingly cold her hands are numb. It seems a marvel each time she sees to thread her needle. Her lamp! let us rather say her corner of Egyptian darkness! Her eyes are fast giving way under the continual night work and the daily smoke. Some melancholy day will see her quite blind. Then poverty will hold the family in a still sterner vise. Pray, where is her education to come in?

THE BEST PLAN.

"Oh, mother," said Cliff, "what am I going to do with Joe Blair?"

"What's the matter?" asked his mother, looking up from the work in her lap. The salt air blew freshly in her face from the sea, on which were

the shimmer of sunlit waves and the gleam of white sails. Cliff was standing before her with his bucket in one hand, and his new balloon in the other, looking very much puzzled.

"We've been building a fort, mother, and Joe wants to build it so near the water that in a few minutes it will all be washed out to sea, and spoil it all for us."

"Why don't you get him to build it higher up, then?"

"I can't make him do it," cried Cliff, stamping the pebbly shore with vexation; "I've tried and tried, and I can't make him do it."

"How did you try?" asked the mother.

"Why," said Cliff, hesitating a little, "I first said he mustn't."

"And then?"

"Why, then I told him he was a big goose."

"And then?"

There was a little pause before this answer came. "I jerked his paddle away."

"And then?"

This time mother thought she would not get any answer at all; but at last Cliff said, hanging his head,

"Then I knocked him over and made him cry."

"Did he take the best plan? No, indeed, we are very sure he did not."

MEN ENGAGED TO WALK IN CHINESE FUNERALS.

We have spoken elsewhere of the pomp and parade with which the Chinese celebrate their worship, their public festivals, their marriages and funerals. Our cut shows some of the paraphernalia of a funeral procession—the banners, halberds, state umbrellas, and the like. These stolid-looking fellows in the picture will beat their gongs and clash their cymbals and make a horrible din,

SAY YES TO JESUS.

A little girl was once asked what it was to believe in Jesus. She said, "Why, it is just saying 'Yes' to him when he asks us to come to him to find rest."

Was not that a beautiful answer? Can any older person explain faith better? And since it is so easy to believe in him, why cannot we all trust him as our Saviour? He says, "Come to me, and I will give you rest. Come, and I will fill you with bread." Let us all say, "Yes, Lord; I come to receive these good things."



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