

strength. They who go to Canton go out with that impression,—they who return bring it back. The term usually exasperates the man to whom it is addressed. More than once it has provoked active hostility. Lord Napier was extremely wroth with the mandarin who applied it to him; and the writer of a celebrated letter to Lord Palmerston on the Chinese question named that as our first and greatest grievance against the government of the Celestial Empire.—Mr. P. P. Thomas, however, contends that the whole thing is a mistake,—that the Chinese describe us by no such word. He declares that the word *man*, which Gutzlaff and Morrison translate “barbarian,” means simply, southern merchant. He seems to think that the Chinese rather mean to compliment us by the epithet—as he says they did a friend of his when they called him Hung Maow Kwei, literally “red haired devil.” The friend was choleric until Mr. Thomas applied the healing balm of his own ingenuity.—“*Red*,” he observed to his angry countryman, “is beautiful to the Chinese; they extol the peach-flower, because of its form and delicate red colour; all the fronts of their houses are red; they use the vermilion pencil. If red be thus beautiful, how can their designating Europeans red haired people imply insult? With regard to the word *Kwei*,” he continued, “there is no occasion for us to take it in its most offensive signification, than of devil, it being a general term for spirits, whether good or evil, and equivalent to our word spirit.”—Thus red “haired devil” becomes beautiful spirit!—*Athæneum*.”

He that hath a trade hath an estate;
and he that hath a calling hath a place
of profit and honour.

YOUR PARENTS KNOW BEST.

Some children are slow to learn, or slow to think that their parents know best what is good for them to have, or to do.

When told to do a piece of work, they soon become tired of it, and wish to do something else.

I will tell you how Jame Allis learned that his parents knew best; and I hope those children who read this story will remember it, and profit by his sad lesson.

One day in the spring, when he was ten years old, his father set him to picking up stones, and throwing them into heaps. This was in a field which was kept for a meadow.

His father, and an elder brother named John, were plowing in the field, near where James was picking up stones. The father held the plow, and John rode the horse.

Soon James became tired of his work, and wanted to ride the horse.

His father told him he was not large enough, yet.

“Yes I am, father,” said James, “I can ride as well as John.”

He continued to tease his father till he was put on the horse, but probably it was done more for the purpose of teaching him a good lesson, than to gratify his wishes.

At first James had some fear of falling, and held the horse’s mane with one hand, while he guided him with the other.

Soon, he grew fearless, and began to drum the old horse with his heels to urge him along.

Just then the plow hit a stone, and away went James, over the horse’s head, striking with his face in the dirt.

His mouth and eyes were filled with dust and gravel; and the blood ran from his nose.

He was so much frightened at