



## Learnt From Lipu



IN the wide veranda of a big house in the foreign quarter of one of the Chinese towns, a child lay in a hammock overlooking the kitchen garden, in which a Chinaman was working.

The boy was English, and judging from his small, frail body, did not appear to be more than seven or eight years old ; but the prematurely aged face might have claimed more than

twice that age, though he really numbered less than ten years. Books and newspapers lay on the table before him, but he did not heed them ; he lay quite still, watching the gardener at work amongst the vegetables. After a time the man approached the hammock, and in passing by smiled and saluted its little inmate.

"Come here Lipu," said the boy, "Please pull me up and turn me so that I can see you working on the other side of the garden."

The man put down his tools and very gently complied with the child's request. Little Hubert Hurst was a cripple ; as the man bent over him, he put his arms round his neck to help himself into the desired position.

"I like you, Lipu," he said, as he did so. "I wish you had to carry me about instead of A tching. He is kind, too, but there is a horrid feel about him. Why is it you are different?"

Lipu gazed down pityingly at the boy before answering, and when he spoke it was in curious "pigeon English."