

I Meant To:

"I did not rise at the breakfast bell,
But was so sleepy—I can't tell—
I meant to.

"The wood's not carried in, I know;
But there's the school-bell, I must go.
I meant to.

"My lesson I forgot to write,
But nuts and apples were so nice;
I meant to.

"I forgot to walk on tiptoe;
O how the baby cries, O! O!
I meant to.

"There, I forgot to shut the gate,
And put away my book and slate.
I meant to.

"The cattle trampled down the corn,
My slate is broken, book is torn.
I meant to."

Thus draws poor idle Jimmy Hite,
From morn till noon, from noon till night:
"I meant to."

And when he grows to be a man,
He'll heedlessly mar every plan
With that poor plea, "I meant to."

ONE NIGHT IN CHINA.

BY BELLE SHAW LUCKETT.

"How would you like to spend a night in the same room with a coffin in which was the skeleton of a man?" asked a missionary one day of some friends.

Every one shuddered at the very idea.

"One dark night," she continued, "just after eleven o'clock, I heard a great pounding at the wall gate. I called one of my Chinese coolies, 'John' (for all coolies are called 'John'), and told him to find out what was wanted. He returned to say that a man was there who had a very sick baby at home, and wanted to know would the 'Mellcan doctor-woman' come right off. I ordered my sedan-chair, and gathering some medicines and a scrap of lunch I climbed into my chair and laid my head back for a nap, while my two coolies shouldered the chair and began their short, smooth trot. It was a long journey, for the parents of the child were poor, and lived in one of the boat-houses that floated on the river.

"When I entered the low, close room I felt but little hope for the life of the frail little creature that lay moaning on a mat in one corner of the room. Several women and one or two dirty-looking men lounged about the room, some asleep, others half awake.

"A woman, the baby's mother, bent over it with an anxious face, just like any other mother.

"In one corner, leaning against the wall, was a coffin in which, I was told, were the dried remains of the grandfather. It had stood there for years. It is not a very pleasant thing to sit all night over a dying child, and know that an unburied dead body is within arm's length of you.

"The baby died that night. Instead of tears and sorrow, its little body was

hurriedly wrapped in a cloth and given to a coolie to carry off.

"The mother, as soon as she had placed her baby in the coolie's arms, and he had passed out of the door, took a knife and struck the doorstep, thus cutting off every tie that bound the little one to its home. Its name was never again spoken in the house.

"Where the coolie placed the baby's body, whether he left it by the roadside, or flung it into the Baby Tower, or buried it on some hill, the friends never knew, nor did they care to know. Gongs were beaten, fire-crackers shot off, and all sorts of noises made, in order to frighten the baby's spirit away forever from its home.

"As my coolies carried me back to my home the next morning, I thought of the great need these people, who sit in darkness, have of the light of the true religion."

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

MARION LEONARD was a gentle and docile little girl; but she had a good deal of foolish pride and vanity, which her mother had tried in many ways to moderate and restrain. But in spite of her scruples and anxiety to do what was best for her daughter, Mrs. Leonard, being naturally lenient and indulgent, too often yielded to her whims and fancies, thereby increasing rather than subduing her one great fault. When dressed in her handsomest suits the child was apt to feel herself a little above those of her companions who wore less expensive garments.

One day she was tripping along the sidewalk with her head very high in the air when a little flower-girl approached her, and pressing somewhat closely, begged that she would buy a bouquet. But she drew her clothes disdainfully away, as if the child's touch were contaminating, and passed on with her head higher than ever.

The flower-girl, who was a zealous Sunday-school scholar, said to herself, as she thought, "Pride goeth before a fall." It seemed as if the words were prophetic, for at that moment Marion placed her foot, which was encased in a very tight, high-heeled boot, upon a slippery spot, and down she fell, turning her ankle so that she could not rise without assistance. Some rough boys laughed and jeered, but the little vender of flowers sprang forward, offering her aid at once.

Marion thanked her in a very meek voice, saying, "If you will help me home mother will buy all your flowers."

The girl did so, and Mrs. Leonard fulfilled the promise given, adding also, "I will buy a bouquet from you every morning if you will bring it to me."

When the elated child had gone, Marion said, "O mother, I heard her repeat to herself, 'Pride goeth before a fall,' and then I slipped and fell down. Wasn't it strange?"

"My dear child," her mother answered earnestly, "I hope it will be a

lesson to you. Fine clothes are poor things to be proud of. What are they in comparison with a kind heart? Remember that the really worthy are always modest and humble in their estimation of themselves."—C. H. Thayer.

LOST TIME.

"O, Miss JENNIE," cried a little girl to her Sunday-school teacher, "I am so sorry, but I have lost a whole morning."

"Lost a whole morning?" repeated Miss Jennie, with a grave look upon her sweet face. "How was that, Clara?"

"Why, mother was so busy, and she left Harry in my room, and really, Miss Jennie, the little fellow was so full of fun that I have done nothing but play with him."

Just then Harry put up his dimpled arms to "love" Clara, as he called it in his baby talk. He pressed his lips upon her cheek, saying, "Me love oo' Clara."

"You have not lost your morning, Clara," said her teacher. "You have helped your mother, and you have bound your little brother closer to you by your kindness. Such a morning may have been well spent, my dear."

A few days after this Mrs. Palmer was seized with a severe illness. She could not bear the least noise or confusion, and Harry's noisy play distressed her very much. So Clara took the little fellow to her own room, rocked him to sleep at night, and cared for him almost as well as his mother could, until Mrs. Palmer recovered.

"My dear child," said the physician, as he placed his hand upon the little girl's head, "if your mother had not had so kind and thoughtful a daughter, I fear that she would not have recovered so soon, if at all."

Thus little Clara had her reward. Never call that hour lost which is spent making others happy.

THE FIRST BRIDGE.

THE first bridge was constructed when? and what was it made of? I am not able to answer the first question very definitely, but I think I know what the first bridge was made of. It was not of wood, nor of stone, nor of brick, nor of iron nor of rope. It was made entirely of monkeys—live monkeys. A troop of these animals in a South American forest came one day to a stream which was too wide for them to leap across. They climbed a tree, where the first monkey selected a suitable branch, wound his long powerful tail about it, and let himself hang head downward. The second monkey, running down the body of the first, wound his tail about its neck and shoulders and let himself hang head downward. A third and a fourth added themselves in succession, and others after them, till the chain reached the ground. Then the lowest monkey, by

striking his hands on the earth, set the living pendulum in motion, and increased this motion by striking again at each oscillation, till it swung so far across the stream that he was able to seize a branch of a tree on the other side. The line of monkeys now constituted a bridge, by which the remainder of the troop quickly crossed over. Then the monkey which (not who, as most people write it) had been the first volunteer in this engineer corps, unwound his tail from the branch and let go. What had before been the top of the pendulum was now the bottom; it swung across the stream, and dissolved into its original elements, and the whole troop went chattering on their way. This took place before the appearance of man upon the earth, and the long-tailed monkeys have been building such bridges ever since.

Between that primitive bridge of monkeys and the last and greatest of all bridges ever undertaken—the suspension bridge over East river, connecting New York and Brooklyn—there is apparently a wide discrepancy; yet the two are constructed on the same principle.

The first bridge recorded in history was built over the Euphrates at Babylon, in the reign of Queen Nitocris. The course of the river was turned, and its bed laid dry, till the foundations were built. The arches were of immense hewn stones, clamped together with iron, and the whole bridge was roofed over. It was thirty feet wide, and over six hundred feet long. No remnant of this great bridge has been discovered in modern times.—*Wide Awake.*

A BETTER WAY THAN QUARRELLING.

Do you ever hear children speak in this way to each other:

"You did!" "I didn't!" "Yes, you did!" "No, I didn't!" "I'll tell mamma!"?

Now it is very disagreeable to have children speak so. You should be kind and affectionate, speaking pleasantly, not contradicting each other nor disputing.

"A kind answer turneth away wrath," the Bible says. Now try this way the very next time that you feel like contradicting one of your little sisters or brothers. When you go so far as this, "I did!" "You didn't!" then stop short. Do not say one word more about the trouble, but just put your arms around brother's or sister's neck and say very pleasantly, "Don't let us quarrel about it."

Is not that the better way? I think it is.

A LITTLE boy was relating a story he had heard one day. His ideas becoming confused in some way, he could find no words to explain his meaning. At last he said: "Well, I know enough big words, but I don't know where to put them in."