

their earliest crackers, he was led to the top of the city wall. There a rope was tied round his waist, and he was let down into the darkness. When he was on the ground, the wall, forty feet high, separated him from all the friends he had in the world. Before him was a walk of eighty weary miles, and he carried a message which would cost him his life if it was discovered.

As it had been planned that he should go as a beggar, he had been dressed in rags and tatters, and provided with a large coarse bowl, such as the native beggars carry. The precious message, written very small, was wrapped in oil paper, placed in the bottom of the bowl, and covered with porridge. Even the most wary Boxer would hardly think to look there, and the boy had felt no concern about it until he reached the bottom of the wall. Then his bowl struck against some projecting bricks, and broke in pieces.

He could not call back to his friends, for fear of rousing some sleeping enemy. So he carefully fished out the tiny parcel from the porridge, removed the oil paper, and tearing a little piece from his ragged garment, wrapped it, with the tiny note inside, around his finger, as if it were some. Later he ripped the hem of his garment, and slipped the note into it.

Before long the Boxers hailed and searched him, but finding nothing, they said, "Let the little beggar go."

His progress was slow, but always in the direction of Tientsin. Kind-hearted native women gave him food, and he slept under the stars. All went well until, when about half-way on his journey, he stopped at a farm house to ask for food. Now here dwelt a man whose farm-hands had all left him and joined the Boxers, therefore he forced the boy to stay and work for eight days. By refusing to stay or by running away, the boy feared that he would excite suspicion, but while he was working he was thinking how he could escape without appearing too anxious to go.

On the eighth day he would not eat his breakfast, but he groaning and shamming illness. No doubt the rice smelled very savory to him before night, but he would not eat. Finally the farmer said, "You'll have to clear out of here. I can't afford to have you die on my hands." That man would have been surprised if he could have seen how briskly his invalid walked when some distance from the house.

The boy reached Tientsin, to find it a scene of recent battle, with soldiers of the united nationalities standing guard everywhere. He wandered about for two or three days before he could get through the lines. He could not step up to the soldiers and say, "I have a message for your general," for they would not understand his language; but he finally succeeded in getting through, and he delivered the message to the British consul on July 22nd.

Very soon after a reply was given him, and he started on his return trip. This was the message which he brought on a tiny slip of paper, addressed to Sir Claude Macdonald at the British legation:

"Your letter of July 4th received. There are now 24,000 troops handed, and 19,000 here. General Gaselee expected Taku tomorrow. Russian troops at Peitang, Tientsin city under foreign government. Boxer power exploded. There are plenty of troops on the way, if you can keep in food. Almost all ladies have left Tientsin."

Our little hero's return trip was less eventful than the one going down, but he saw Boxers in every village; and on reaching Pekin on July 28th, having been only six days on the return trip, he found it difficult to get through without attracting attention. However, just before daylight, he managed to crawl through a sluiceway under the wall, and a little later entered the British legation.

Perhaps no beggar ever received so hearty a welcome, but it did not puff him up with vanity. He modestly made himself useful

in many ways, until the legation was relieved by the arrival of the armies from Tientsin, on August 14th.

He is now with the missionaries in Pekin, and it is to be hoped will receive a useful education. Then, with his brave heart and willing spirit, as well as his perseverance in the face of obstacles, what may he not accomplish for China?

The Man in the Moon.

Teddy and Tot looked up toward the moon with large wondering eyes—and very soon Said Tot to Teddy, "O say, do you know There's a man in the moon? mamma tells me so."

"If that's so," said Ted, "then I'd like to go To visit the man, for I'd like to know If he has a wife, this man in the moon, To cook him his dinner, when it is noon."

"And who makes his bed? who brushes his clothes? I wonder if any one really knows! How did he ever climb up so high? He must have gone miles way up through the sky."

"Do you think he has boys, this man in the moon, Who come home from school to see him at noon? Do you think he buys them such good things to eat. As my papa does—such lots of things sweet?"

"Well, that I can't tell you, said dear little Tot, Who cooks his dinner, and whether or not He has wife or children; but one thing I know,

There's a man in the moon, for mamma tells me so."

—Mrs. David Weston Gates, in *N. Y. Christian Advocate*.

The Word We Did Not Say.

Each one of us can remember a time when we left unsaid some word we should have spoken. Perhaps it was because we had not sense to say it, but oftener it was because we were afraid to say it. We are so chary of a word of praise or of cheer. We say in self-extenuation that we are fearful of spoiling our friends by over-praise, but it is seldom that deserved praise hurts any one. Indeed, our dear ones have a right to our expressed appreciation. Perhaps it is not kept back because we do not feel grateful and appreciative, but from some foolish fear of expressing our tenderness. Too many people pride themselves upon their reticence. It is a fault common to people of Puritan and Scotch descent. Children do not dream of the fire under the snow in these reticent natures. Often both parents and children live to regret this fear of showing their feelings. "There may be times when silence is gold and speech silver; but there are times when silence is death and speech is life—the very life of Pentecost."

It is safe to say that more people suffer from the lack of a sympathetic word from those from whom they have a right to expect it, than from the great calamities of life. It is a poor excuse to say that our word is of so little account that it will not be missed. It is our business to speak the word in season. A kindly, cheery word will accomplish far more than we think.

We never hear Theodore Parker's name without thinking of the days when young Louisa Alcott was struggling alone in Boston. Often she would meet Mr. Parker, who

would say: "How goes it, Louisa? Keep your heart up! God bless you!" She said she always went back to her lonely room comforted by his cheery words.

A sympathetic word helps in all trouble of life, from a pin prick to a great bereavement. We can learn a lesson from the little fellow who went to show his father a cut finger.

"I can't help it, Tommy," said the father, who was writing a sermon.

"Yes, you could," said the child; "you might have said 'Oh!'"—Selected.

Training to Work Prevents Crime.

"What per cent. of the prisoners under your care have received any manual training beyond some acquaintance with farming," a Northern man asked the warden of a Southern penitentiary.

"Not ONE per cent.," replied the warden.

"Have you no mechanics in prison?"

"Only one mechanic; that is, one man who claims to be a house-painter."

"Have you any shoemakers?" asked the visitor.

"Never had a shoemaker."

"Have you any tailors?"

"Never had a tailor."

"Any printers?"

"Never had a printer."

"Any carpenters?"

"Never had a man in this prison that could draw a straight line."

"These facts," says the writer in the *North American Review*, who tells the incident, "seems to show that manual training is almost as good a preventative of crime as vaccination of smallpox."

No Place for Boys.

There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere;

And if our homes are too daintily fair, For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,

They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street,

'Mid the gildings of sin, and the glitter of vice;

And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price

For the getting of gain that our lifetime enjoys,

If we fail in providing a place for the boys, A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray,

As cares settle down round our short earthly way,

Don't let us forget, by our kind loving deeds, To show we remember their pleasures and needs;

Though our souls may be vexed with problems of life,

And worn with besetments and toiling and strife,

Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine,

If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;

And to life's latest hour it will be one of our joys,

That we kept a small corner—a place for the boys.

Unwise Repression.

The magnificent cathedrals, with their spires, frescoes, gargoyles, traceries and sculpturings, are often spoken of as "frozen music." There is a good deal of love that is frozen. It lacks affectionateness. It is strong and stately, but cold, and rarely trusts itself to indulge in any warmth of expression. There are homes wherein the inmates would die for one another, yet each is pining for a morsel of love's daily bread.—*Examiner*.