

one or two grow till they are an inch or two in length, and I heard of one man who let the nail grow on one of his fingers until it was nearly as long as his finger, and he had a silver sheath to wear over it to keep it from being broken off. You can imagine such long finger nails look very disgusting to us, but they admire them.

The feather brush he is holding in his hand is a dust brush, I suppose, for dusting off the tables and benches, and if you could see his table, I presume you would find there a long rattan which he keeps for bad boys.

If you could visit his school, you would see that his scholars are all boys, for in China they never send boys and girls to the same school. And you would be surprised to find what a noisy school he has, for all his scholars study their lessons aloud, and the louder they study, the better he is pleased. Instead of saying, as our teachers often do, "Not so much noise," a Chinese teacher, if he thinks his scholars are not studying enough, will wrap on the table with his whip, and say, "A little more noise there."

We can always tell when we are near a school-house, as we can hear the boys studying. I remember going into a school-room where there were seventy-five boys, all studying as loud as they could, and I shall never forget the noise they made. I know you would all like to visit a Chinese school, but I do not think you would like to stay long, and I am sure you would be glad to get back to your own school, and think more than ever of your kind teacher and pleasant room.—*Children's Work for Children.*

### THE LITTLE SOWER.

One pleasant Sunday afternoon little Bessie Nelson sat down to examine a book she had just received as a present. She opened it eagerly to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting

by the side of a stream throwing seed into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about?" said she. "Why does the boy throw seeds in the water?"

"O, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water lilies."

"But how small the seeds look!" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are sowing just such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong, plants after awhile," said her father.

"O, no, father: I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter plant a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said:

"Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds to day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope that my little girl has been planting the great tree, 'Love of God,' and that she will tend and watch it until its branches reach the skies and meet before his throne."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden, my dear."