



### CHINESE BOYS.

You have here a picture taken from a photograph of a Chinese boy.

You will notice that the style of dress is different from ours. Chinese clothes do not fit tightly at the wrist. Both boys and men, who can afford it, wear a long robe or gown, made of cotton, satin, or silk; and winter gowns are padded with cotton, or lined with fur or skins of sheep, etc. You will think the soles of the shoes peculiar. They are made of white felt. This boy's shoes have ornamental tops. They are made of cloth and satin. I think if you were to see some of the little Chinese boys on a festival day you would laugh at their large hats, sometimes like a dunce's cap in shape, but perhaps made of red cloth with several little brass figures of men round it.

I have said that Chinese parents love their children, they, too, are expected, whether they are boys or grown up men, to love their parents above every one else. In fact, they are taught to care for them while living, and to worship them after they are dead. Several times in the year they go to their graves, burn candles, incense, and paper which is stamped and supposed to become money for their ancestors' spirits to use. They also kneel down several times and bow their heads in front

of the grave. Before they leave they often fire off a number of crackers.

Besides their parents, the younger are required to treat their elder brothers and sisters with respect, and to give them the preference in all things. After the father's death the elder brother, if of age, takes his place in governing the family. Their books compare the elder brother to the head and the younger to the foot of a man's body. However, here, as elsewhere, brothers do not always agree.

### THE LITTLE TRAMP.

BY RENA REYNOLDS.

"WHAT shall I do with Dick?" asked mamma. "He will run away in spite of all I can do."

Papa waited a minute before he answered. "I think he'd like to be a tramp," he said at last.

"Yes; I would," and little Dick smiled at the thought. "I'd like to be a tramp. Please get my clothes, won't you, mamma? and a lunch too, for I'll get hungry."

"Oh! tramps wear old clothes, and they are not in the habit of having a lunch put up for them," papa said. "Get his old suit, mamma; this one is too good."

What! must he take off the pretty blue sailor suit that he liked so well? Dick began to look a trifle less pleased at the prospect of being a tramp. He changed his clothes, then he looked at baby in the cradle. By this time the smile had all faded from his face, but he would not allow himself to cry. He went to the door and looked out. It was very dark.

"Where'll I sleep?" he asked. His voice trembled a little.

"Tramps sleep most anywhere," papa said. "In a barn, or shed, or maybe in a strawstack. 'Taint very cold yet," he added drily.

Dick looked out again, shivered a little and crossed the threshold, closing the door after him. He couldn't say good-bye, for there was a lump in his throat. He concluded to go without "making any fuss." The little boy reached the edge of the porch, when his white kitten ran out from the lilacs near the path. Dick heard the leaves rustle, and didn't stop to see

what it was. He changed his mind a sudden about turning tramp. He thought too much of his home to run away, turned and hurried back into the kitchen that he had left only a moment before.

"I fink I don't want to be a tramp no more," he said. "I'd raver stay and take care of Bessie."

Papa only said "All right," but mamma took her little boy in her arms and held him close.

### A STUDENT'S TROUBLES.

I THOUGHT when I'd learned my lesson  
That all my troubles were done;  
But I find myself much mistaken—  
They only have just begun.  
Learning to read was awful,  
But nothing like learning to write;  
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,  
But my copy book is a sight.

There'd be some comfort in learning  
If one can get through; instead  
Of that there are books awaiting,  
Quite enough to craze my head.  
There's the multiplication table  
And grammar, and—O, dear me!  
There's no good place for stopping  
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little  
To the mountain top we climb,  
It isn't all done in a minute,  
But only a step at a time;  
She says that all the scholars,  
All the wise and learned men,  
Had each to begin as I do;  
If that's so, where's my pen?

### TOO LATE.

THERE is a time for everything, and the secret of success in life lies in doing things at just the right minute.

A veterinary surgeon had occasion to instruct a coloured stableman how to administer medicine to an ailing horse. He had to get a common tin tube—a bean-blower—put a dose of the medicine into it, and blow one end of the tube into the horse's mouth and blow vigorously into the other, and so force the medicine down the horse's throat.

Half an hour afterward the coloured man appeared at the surgeon's office, looking very much out of sorts.

"What is the matter?" inquired the doctor, with some concern?

"Why, boss, dat hoss, he—he fust!"