



CHINESE SAMPAN.

ALMOST A MAN.

I don't wear dresses any more—
See my coat and breeches,
Cuffs and collars, pockets too,
Made with many stitches!
I must have a watch and chain,
A silk umbrella and a cane.
No more kilts and skirts for me—
I'm a big boy, don't you see?

You can give away my dresses
And my other baby clothes,
Give away my horse with rockers—
I want one that really goes.
But two nice goats, I guess, will do,
And I want a carriage too,
No more chairs hitched up for me—
I'm too big for that, you see!

I think I'll give my picture books
To little sister Mary,
I'll go to school and learn to read
In the big dictionary,
Or maybe in a g'ography
Or 'rithmetic or history.
They're just about the size for me;
For I'm a big boy, don't you see?

—Selected.

DAVY'S BATTLES.

Davy was studying history, and as he read of the great generals and the battles that they fought he longed to be a man and do some great thing himself. "O dear!" he said, "a boy has to wait so long and learn a lot before he can begin."

"You are mistaken, Davy," said his sister Ella; "there is a battle for boys and girls, as well as for men and women."

"How?" asked Davy.

"You must fight with yourself when you don't want to obey mother, and when you feel angry. Make yourself obey."

"I believe that I will try, sis," said Davy.

"Here is a verse that will help," said Ella: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

A KIND BROTHER.

Charley was having a pleasant ride with Mr. Brown, who was very sociable and told good stories. Charley had just listened to one, and he was almost sure that Mr. Brown was going to tell another, when they drew near the street-car track, and saw a little girl trying to pull her cart across. But the cart was too heavy, or she was too small, and she could not move it. "Why, that's my little sister!" said Charley; "I must go and help my little sister." So out he jumped, and when Mr. Brown was about to drive on, he said:

"Will you please let my little sister ride in my place? I'll draw the cart; it is too heavy for her." Then, looking a little wishful as she climbed into the carriage, he added: "And would you just as soon tell her the story I thought you were going to tell me? She likes stories, too."—*Youth's Companion.*

A SCHOOL UNDER A TREE.

"I wish I might introduce you to the pretty little school I visited last summer in the little mud village called Navinapitty," writes a missionary from India.

"It was not a school-house; there was not even a roof, there were no walls, there was only a bright sand floor, and the roof overhead was the blue sky.

"But there was the shade of a little tree; a singular looking tree whose fruit seemed to be made of iron hooks and chains, and old sickles or nails, for it was called the 'Devil Tree,' and these things had been hung on its branches to keep away the demons.

"Under this tree, gathered in a half-circle, were twenty or thirty little brown boys and girls. How pretty they were!

And yet it was not their clothing that made them bright, for they had very little clothing on, but their bright eyes, their shining faces, and their oily hair.

"They had no books, they had no slates, nor did they even have pencils, but with their little brown hands they smoothed the sand before them, and then each child with his little dirty finger marked the strange letters of the Tamil tongue, or the equally singular figures, on the sand."—*The Children's Missionary.*

"I AM MY SISTER."

The day was bitterly cold, when the bell of the Deaconess Home rang out, and a little girl was admitted, and asked for Miss F.

"I've come after the jacket you promised me last night, Miss F. Can I have it now?"

"But you have on such a nice, warm jacket. It was your sister I asked to call. You don't need one."

Frightened at the possibility of losing the coveted garment, and eager to make her loved teacher understand, the childish voice rang out clear and sweet: "But I am my sister. We're twins, and this jacket is just borrowed of her to keep me warm while I came after mine."—*Deaconess.*

TWO IN ONE.

A little girl who had disobeyed mamma asked her for forgiveness, and then, receiving it, started back to her play. "Stop," said mamma; "isn't there some one else whose forgiveness you should ask?" She thought a moment, and then asked: "Papa?" "No, not papa; but who is it who has said, 'Children, obey your parents?'" When you disobey me, you disobey Him too." "O," said the little one, "I didn't know there were two disobeyers in one." That is just it, though; there are always two in one.—*Selected.*



BOAT SCENE IN CHINA.