

A True Story.

"WHERE is the baby, grandmamma?"
The sweet young mother calls
From her work in the cosy ki ohen,
With its dainty white washed walls.
And grandma leaves her knitting,
And looks for her all round;
But not a trace of baby dear
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,
No gleam of its sunny hair,
No patter of tiny footsteps,
No sign of it anywhere.
All through house and garden,
Far out into the field,
They search each nook and corner,
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid;
Grandmamma's eyes grew dim;
The father's gone to the village;
No use to look for him.
And the baby's lost! "Where's Rover?"
The mother chanced to think
Of the old well in the orchard
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her!
Rover!" In vain they call.
Then hurry away to the orchard;
And there by the moss-grown wall,
Close to the well lies Rover,
Holding a baby's dress,
Who was leaning over the well's edge
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her little arms down,
But Rover held her fast,
And never seemed to mind the kicks
The tiny bare feet cast
So spitefully upon him,
But wagged his tail instead,
To grope the frightened searchers,
While naughty baby said:

"Dere's a 'tittle dirl in the wator;
She's dust as big as me;
Mamma, I want to help her out,
And take her home to tea.
But Rover, he won't let me,
And I don't love him. Go
Away, you naughty Rover!
Oh! why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying:
"My darling, understand,
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—
And see, he licks your hand!
Kiss Rover!" Baby struck him.
But grandma understood;
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend
Who thwarts us for our good."

Edith in China.

BY LUCIE D. PHILLIPS.

EDITH GRANT is taking her first walk in the streets of Canton. Her mother's only sister is a missionary here; and to come some day to China—that far-away, wonderful country, of which she had heard and read so much—has been the dream of Edith's life. It would be hard to say how many questions she has already asked, and now that they are out on the streets, where strange and novel sights greet her on either side, she begins afresh.

It is a feast-day; and the houses, shops, and people wear a holiday air. There is plenty of noise; for street musicians, lantern sellers, snake-charmers, and peddlers of all kinds of wares, are out in force.

"Is Canton always like this?" asks the child, her eyes taking in all that eyes can of the gay and busy scenes.

"This is one of their festival-days," says Aunt Lena. "The Feast of the Lanterns, it is called; and to night you will see every colour and variety illuminating the doors and windows."

"How beautiful it will be! I believe I should like to live here."

"The Chinese say, to be happy on earth we must be born in Tschord, live in Canton, and die in Lianchau."

"I should not think heathen people could bear the thought of death," says Edith; "they know that their gods can do nothing for them."

"They do not seem to care for the future at all, and that is one thing that makes our work so difficult. They hold the past in sacred reverence; the present they fill with work, amusements, and ceremonies, of which there are said to be three thousand; but they meet death with apparent unconcern, and, after a handsome coffin has been provided, seem entirely satisfied."

"How strange and sad! Is that one of their temples where those men are kneeling on the steps?"

"Yes. That is one of the Buddhist 'Joss houses,' and there are at least one hundred and twenty-five others in the city. The most famous is in the western suburbs, where we are to drive to-morrow. It is called the 'Temple of the Five Hundred Gods.' On your right is one of the oldest buildings in Canton, and is a Mohammedan mosque."

"What a grand, solemn house, just before us, Aunt Lena! It looks like the biggest tombstones in the world put together."

"That is one of the temples dedicated to Confucius, and it is a pity that his followers do not in the least resemble him. He tried to make the lives of men better; but the Chinese of to-day, who worship his image, are more wicked than any other idolaters we have found here."

"This small white church is like a bit of America. It must be one of our chapels. Am I right, Aunt Lena?"

"Yes, that belongs to our mission, and you will go there next Sunday, and hear a native conduct the service."

"Oh, how these poor heathen should love you, and thank you for telling them about the Saviour!" says the child.

"We must not think too much of what they feel"—and Aunt Lena looks pale and tired as she answers: "We must only do our best to give them the Gospel. Its purity is a constant reproach to them, and rarely fails to arouse their prejudice against those who teach it. But others have toiled and waited in the midst of persecutions, and we are content to toil and wait too. Now is the seed-time—and the harvest is sure."

A Little Talk with Boys.

WHEN I meet you everywhere, boys—on the street, in the cars, on the boat; at your homes, or at school—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, and you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours.

But very often I find one thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions which help to make a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you.

Sometimes when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, "Take this seat, mother;" or, "Sit here, Annie;" but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or your sister, in the doorway from one room to another, instead of stopping aside politely for them to pass first. Perhaps you say "the governor," in speaking of your father;

and when he comes in at night you forget to say, "Good evening, sir!" Sometimes, when your mother has been shopping, and passes you on the corner, carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, "Let me carry that for you, mother," but you keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, "Come, hurry up!" just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of your mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, nor wait a moment till she passes in.

Such "little" things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts—these gentle acts—which make gentlemen. I think the word "gentleman" is a beautiful word. First, "man"—and that means everything strong and brave and noble; and then "gentle." And that means full of these little, kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking.

A gentleman! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy I feel so glad and proud. I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since.—*Anon.*

Bits of Fun.

—People who want to know whether it is pronounced "neether" or "nyther" will find, if they investigate, that it is either.

—The Force of Imagination.—A Boston family went off on a vacation, and the neighbours saw a cat in the window and heard it mew pitifully. The Humane Society broke into the house and rescued the feline from starvation. It was a plaster-of-paris cat.

—A guilty conscience.—A doctor who had been attending a dairyman's hired girl called at the house the other day. "How's your milkmaid?" he asked of the farmer when he came to the door.

"It's none of your business how our milk is made," was the indignant response, and the door slammed most emphatically.

—"Patsy, o'ive been insulted. Mickey Doolan called me a liar," said an excited Irishman,

"An' phwat are yez goin' to do about it?"

"I don't know. Phwat would you do av ye wor me?"

"Well, Dinny, I think o'ld tell the trooth oftener."

—Miss Hood—"Three in the gold, captain! I've outshot you this time."

Captain Angus—"Yes, but what's become of my other arrow? I shot three."

Voice of tramp in bushes—"When you folks git through countin' up I wish you'd jest come in an' upin my ear from this hickory-tree; 'taint gold, but it's got feelin' in it."

—Excited fisherman to summer hotel man—"There isn't a bit of fishing around here. Every brook has a sign warning people off. What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing?"

Hotel man—"I didn't say anything about fine fishing. If you read my advertisement carefully you will see that what I said was 'Fishing unapproachable.'"

—Her Modest Choice: "Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honey-moon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life, Are you the president or vice-president of this society?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What is that?"
"Treasurer."