

CHINESE CHILDREN.

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Do you ever wonder what a Chinese day-school is like? Supposing we skip over to the west end of this village, and take a peep at the boys' school. The village lends us its schoolhouse, and we missionaries furnish a good Christian teacher, and they study Christian books for part of the time.

As we go up the front steps, what is all this fearful racket? Do you feel a little delicate about going in lest you should intrude on a quarrel of some sort? O, but you needn't! The little boys in our school are not tearing each other's hair, nor scratching each other's eyes out, nor knocking each other down; not a bit of it! They are just doing what every good little scholar in China is expected to do; that is, every mother's son of them is studying his lesson over out loud. By out loud I mean in a perfect roar.

As they do this nearly all day long, a good many of them quite ruin their voices. When you hear them trying to sing together it reminds you of that other little frog-class which sing every evening out on the village moat, the last thing before popping in for the night. You think little scholars who have to work like that must be sorry when they hear the nine-o'clock bell and laugh when it creeps around to four in the afternoon? But there you've made another big mistake. O, lively American chicks, who wriggle and squirm in Sunday-school and day-school, and hate being caged up anywhere as badly as the wild birds do, what would you say if you had to go to school with the first streak of daylight, and if school kept till dark! If the Chinese scholars ease up life somewhat by not studying hard all the time, who can blame them?

But if you think our little long-queued friends don't know much, we will set them to reciting and I suspect, you'll be amazed to hear even the wee ones reel off chapter after chapter and book after book. One Peking scholar recited the whole of the New Testament at a single examination! The Chinese have fine memories, and are always cultivating them and proud of them. But the scholars are often brought up not to care a fig what it all means, so their little brains are only well-stored lumber-rooms.

It is very hard work to get "Why?" and "How?" into a Chinese school. The boys don't know why a thing is so, or how it is so, and they don't care and, what is worse, the native teacher don't want them to care. Why should he? His life is hard enough, at best, and the "How?" and "Why?" laddies are a deal

more trouble to live with, and take care of, as every American mamma will bear cheerful and ready testimony. It has occurred to the writer that to secure the ideal boy it would only be necessary to take a little Interrogation Point (of course, you know I mean an American boy), and then a little Chinese boy just as big and just as old, and roll them all up in a ball, when presto! out would come the loveliest little fellow that ever wore a cap, asking just questions enough and never one too many!

At the other end of the village where we live are the little girl scholars—bless their dear little pinched-up aching toes and their long shining braids and bright eyes! You could love them without half trying. A little maiden, not a thousand miles from here, had them all at her birthday

"Little Dog," "Little Basket," "Little Fatty," "Little Black One," "Little Idiot," "Little Slave Girl"! You know about the old lady who exhausted herself to think of a name for a little boy she had on her hands, and who finally gave it up and "just called him Jim Polk and let him run." The father and mother of one little boy here just called him "Doughnut," and let him run. He wanted very much to come to school, but it wouldn't be Chinese for him to tease his papa and mamma (just hear what a sigh your mamma gave when she read that sentence!), so he sent grown-up friend to plead his cause with his parents, and he was allowed to come. Dear little fellow! Though the bright eyes of the other boys can't see it, a dark, threatening cloud hangs over his head, and we look at him

"UNTIL SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN."

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"I should have to be changed through and through before I could believe in her again." Thus Mabel, with emphasis.

"I may forgive her in time, but I never can respect her as I used to. She has forfeited my esteem, and we are much better apart for the future." So Louise, her dark eyes lit with a gleam of resentment.

One who remembered that the Master said, "Blessed are the peacemakers," had been striving to quiet the quarrel, which, beginning with a misunderstanding between these two, had been fanned by one breeze and another until it had become a steady flame; not likely to die in either heart. Two lovely girls, favorites with all their friends, had gradually drifted apart, and it seemed as though they would never be reconciled. And the end of the last effort at placating the disturbed elements was reached in the sentences quoted above.

Dear Mabel, I wonder if you knew what a profound truth you stated when you impulsively declared that you would have to be changed through and through before you could fully forgive one who had offended you. I wonder whether the numbers of people who go about nursing grievances, cherishing animosities, and refusing to pardon a wound which has touched their vanity, realize how unlike Christ is precisely this hardness of heart.

He enjoins upon us the duty of forgiving the sinner, until we cease to count the number of times that forgiveness may be necessary. He forgives us over and over again, there being no limit to our ill-desert, as there is no limit to his loving-kindness.

If fully, freely, readily, and once for all, we can forgive one who has injured us; if we can so humble our pride as to meet the person half-way, or perhaps, to seek the restoration or amity in the first place, we are showing the fruits of discipleship.

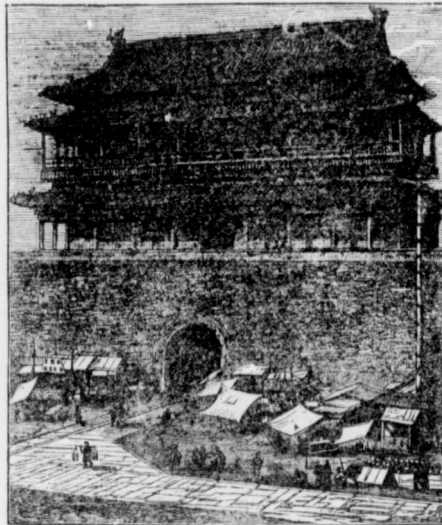
It may easily be that, among my readers, there are those who are kept away from the Saviour, and linger outside the kingdom, just because they have not learned to forgive; because they refuse to learn the full lesson in Christ's way. "Changed through and through!" Yes, the change is needful and vital.

Beware, too, of the beginning of strife.

"It is the little rift within the lute That by and by will make music the mute."

—S. S. Times.

MEN are naturally tempted by the devil, but an idle man positively tempts the devil.—Spanish Proverb.



THE AN-TING GATE, PEKING.

party a while ago. They played "Drop the handkerchief," just as you do, only they use their belts and call it "Drop the girdle." They also played "Blind man's bluff," after your fashion, finding it rather hard to catch their little American hostess, with her free dancing feet. Then we all sat down on the floor and played a game of jack-stones. Think of their knowing that too. Isn't it droll? Their game is a little different from yours. They call it "Bah Bah." Fancy the clever little witches putting "Sally over the log," "Sally over the fence," "beans in the pot," "horses in the stable," "riding the elephant," "setting the table," and coming out triumphant on "double fives," having beaten us soundly.

And the children's names! Fancy them calling children

with a wistful yearning, for our missionary doctor says he has a fatal disease and will have only a short time for earthly teaching. Dear children with sweet Christian mamas, will you pray for poor little Doughnut? Though his grandmother is a Christian, his mamma doesn't love Jesus at all, and how can she comfort his little heart, going down into the deep valley! Pray that the dear Shepherd may lead him along so gently that, before he shall have found out that the road is hard and steep, he will find himself inside the heavenly fold in the Shepherd's own blessed arms. One thing more. Ask God to take all these bonny boys and girls of ours and make them, by and by, into teachers, preachers, and Bible-women, who shall do noble work for him.—Missionary Herald.

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