

Home From mountain and country, and **Again** sea and river shore, come the many town and city boys and girls, who, during the holidays, have had a taste of the good things, the fields, the woods, the fresh air, and wide free life which our country boys and girls always enjoy. Home again, with stronger bodies and clearer minds. Home to take up work again. Let it be with a firm resolve to do that work better than ever before.

The country boys and girls, many of them, have had no change of that kind. They could not get anything better if they did change. Certainly it would not be better to go to the city, with its heat and dust and dirt and smoke. But they have had their change from school to work. Schools have been closed for holidays, and the scholars have helped on the farm. The change has done them good, teaching them to work, and they have been able to repay in some little measure their parents' love and care.

Now, when school begins and you get back again, remember that your school time is one year less than after last vacation, and seek to use faithfully the time that remains, that you may be better and more useful men and women.

Aim to make the world better for your having been in it. If you don't, there was not much use bringing you into it.

Twenty Miles. What a long walk to church! Mrs. McKenzie, one of our missionaries in Honan, tells of a man who lives twenty miles distant from them, but who quite often walks in on Sunday morning to be in time for their service at nine o'clock.

He is a coffin-maker by trade, and was doing a good business, but when the people found out that he was interested in the "foreign doctrine" they would not buy his coffins. They said that he bewitched the coffins, and that whoever bought one would die before the year was out. The poor man had hard work getting along, but he did not give up his interest in Christianity. These people have to suffer if they become Christians.

Going to the city. The following will be of interest to boys, and to some girls. They can think over it at their leisure. It is copied from a paper called *The Presbyterian Banner*. "Young man, be sure you can better yourself in the city before you leave your comfortable home or place in the country. The chances are, if you come to the city, you will wish yourself back again in the country before the year is over. It is hard for the country boy to do well in the city now, as our cities are overcrowded. The greatest slave on earth is the average city clerk. With proper care and effort country life can be made as enjoyable and profitable as city life."

Costly Fishing. You fish with hook and line. Mr. McKenzie, our missionary in Efate, New Hebrides, tells of a heathen native who got some dynamite and was going to explode it in the water, where it would kill some fish, and he could then pick them up.

He took his canoe and rowed along near the shore for some distance to get a good place, and when he was preparing to light the fuse to set it off, the cartridge exploded, tearing off his hand.

What was he to do? He could not paddle his canoe with one hand, so he got it ashore, left it on the beach and started to walk home. Soon he came to a piece of ground that was *tabu*, sacred; no one was allowed to go upon it. He knew it by certain marks which he saw.

He could not cross it, so he took to the water and swam with one hand, holding the bleeding stump of the other up out of the water. He swam around the sacred place, came ashore and walked the rest of the way home.

Whether this was the means of leading him to do it, he soon afterward joined the Christian party, and now he wonders at his former superstition.

At his village, when all were heathen, they used to keep every fifth day sacred. No one would dare to work his garden or plantation that day. Now they do not pay any attention to that old sacred day, but most of them keep the Lord's Day.