

MY NEIGHBOR'S BOY.

HE seems to be several boys in one,
 So much is he constantly everywhere!
 And the mischievous things that boy has done
 No mind can remember nor mouth declare.
 He fills the whole of his share of space
 With his strong straight form and his merry face.

He is very cowardly, very brave,
 He is kind and cruel, good and bad,
 A brute and a hero! Who will save
 The best from the worst of my neighbor's lad?
 The mean and the noble strive to-day—
 Which of the powers will have its way?

The world is needing his strength and skill
 He will make hearts happy or make them ache.
 What power is in him for good or ill!
 Which of life's paths will his swift feet take?
 Will he rise and draw others up with him,
 Or the light that is in him burn low and dim?

But what is my neighbor's boy to me
 More than a nuisance? My neighbor's boy,
 Though I have some fear for what he may be,
 Is a source of solicitude, hope, and joy,
 And a constant pleasure. Because I pray
 That the best that is in him will rule some day.

He passes me by with a smile and a nod,
 He knows I have hope of him—guesses, too,
 That I whisper his name when I ask of God
 That men may be righteous, His will to do.
 And I think that many would have more joy
 If they loved and prayed for a neighbor's boy.
 —*London Christian World.*

CHILDREN IN CHINA.

BY BLANCHE L. MACDONALD, IN *The Young Churchman*.

IT is not very easy to picture to ourselves those whose lives, habits, and modes of thought are entirely different from our own; but I want, now, to tell you about little brown children in distant lands, who are being taught to love Christ, and who, we hope, will belong to His flock, just as much as you and I.

For love of the Master who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," missionaries are continually going forth, carrying to those in darkness the precious light of Gospel truth. Those who are easiest to teach are the little ones, and it is about the missionaries' efforts I shall talk to you.

The lot of Chinese children is very different from that of those who are born in Christian countries. There is no love to welcome them into the world, but rather they are greeted as a burden and misfortune. Girls are thrown away by their parents as not worth bringing up.

In one country town alone, Ku Cheng, between seven and eight hundred little girl babies, under one month old, are left yearly at the asylum opened by the government for the prevention of infanticide. Babies left there are sold out to poor families, who in this manner provide their sons with wives almost for nothing,

and, in order to support the strange child, give up their own children to the same fate. Existence to these baby wives is most miserable.

At a year old and more, some of them are scarcely the size of a newborn infant; they hardly ever taste milk, but are fed, or rather starved, entirely on rice. If they survive, they become little household drudges, and rarely do they know what a loving word or look means.

The heart of one of God's servants was touched by the sad stories she heard of these neglected little ones; she determined to try to save some of them. She began with two or three who were brought to her as soon as her intention became known; at present, she has collected ten of these little waifs. A home is now being built at Ku Cheng, which will have room for many more.

For \$15.50, a baby girl can be supported for a whole year. One of the ladies who has devoted herself to the service of these straying lambs writes: "I do love our wee foundlings; we have nine in all, mostly rescued from infanticide. We had them all to tea on Miss Nisbitt's birthday, and made them romp like English children. It was so funny to see their usually solemn little faces brimming over with fun."

Some of them are already old enough to be taught something of the love of Jesus. It is said to be a pretty sight to see them kneel at Miss Nisbitt's knee to pray to the Saviour. It is to be hoped that as they grow up these little girls will become workers for Christ, and prove a blessing to the women of dark China.

A DAY.

HE day is a pyramid, God-built. He uses sixty tiny, distinct blocks, called seconds, and builds them into another block, called a minute. He takes sixty of these minute blocks, each containing sixty second blocks, and builds them into an hour block; and then He takes twenty-four of these hour blocks, each containing sixty minute blocks, and with them completes the pyramid of a day. When we count up all the hour, minute, and second blocks, we find that the Divine Architect has used 24 of the first order, 1,440 of the second order, and 86,400 of the third order, and that His pyramid of a day has 87,864 blocks. We ought to make use of this beautiful pyramid,

THE heavenly Master has still His eyes upon His weary followers, toiling in rowing, and each wave of circumstance bears Him on its crest. We are not required to live above circumstances; they are assigned to us that we may obtain therein a deeper experience of the love and wisdom of Him to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth.