

do not realize that the effect of rice powder on a transparent brown skin is rather disastrous. The principal street from the city gate, where great trees and dusty thickets occupy the space once filled by the moat, and where there is a crowd of small traders, snake-charmers, fakirs, and showmen with tents and booths throughout its entire length to the opposite end, where it merges into the European quarter, gives one the impression of a sort of Oriental Bowery. Beyond this there is more space and greenward, enclosed by low rails, and the principal post-office, with empty mail-vans standing outside. Every morning, before the early mail is distributed to the public, a trooper in scarlet uniform gallops from the post-office to Government House with the mail-bag for the inmates. In this vicinity are situated most of the principal municipal and government buildings, the Mayo School of Arts in connection with the new Art Museum—and few similar institutions in any country can boast of a finer installation, or one more in keeping with its main object, the encouragement of Indian industrial art. Here are the churches—one of which was once the tomb of Anarkali, a favorite of the Emperor Akbar; and the cathedral, which is Gothic, like many similar edifices in India, is quite as much at home in its environment as are the Greek temples in London. The tomb intended to perpetuate the memory of Anarkali is not the only instance in Lahore of that thrifty disposition of the modern Romans to utilize these monuments of a more poetic age. Upon one occasion when in quest of information I was directed to the office of the railway superintendent and found him installed in the tomb of some worthy of Persian ancestry, to judge from the noble arch incrustated with tiles which rose above the recess in which his employees were at work; and there are several other examples of equally successful adaptation.—From "Lahore and the Punjab," by Edwin Lord Weeks, in *Harper's Magazine*.

#### THE CHILD'S MIND.

Child instruction should in the first instance proceed upon the principle that the young mind is an incalculable possibility, and that schooling should be of a character to carry that possibility just as far as may be toward its realization, writes the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. The child's mind is as thickly studded with interrogation points as the sky is with stars. The primary genius of a child is the genius for asking questions. There is a natural affinity between the mind and the truth. Inquisitiveness is as natural to intelligence as hunger is to the stomach. One of the most common effects of current schooling is to destroy that affinity. Intellectual stuffing in the nursery or in the school-room is worse and more wicked than gluttony in the dining-room. Children who commence going to school when they are six and continue at it till they are sixteen hate knowledge a good deal worse than they do sin, and if they had the courage of their impulses would assassinate their instructors and practice nihilism on their schoolrooms and text-books. The distinct symptoms of nihilism are discernible in every schoolroom that has been used for educational purposes more than six months. This intellectual demoralization of the schoolroom will pursue its present course till teachers are selected who have enough of the genius of Froebel to understand that the mental constitution of the child is itself prescriptive of the course to be followed in its development, and that the proper office of school commissioners and school committees is to help the teacher to carry out the intentions of nature rather than to compel him to embarrass and controvert those intentions.

## Our Young Folks.

### A BOY'S RESOLUTION.

This school year I mean to be better !  
To bind myself down with a fetter,  
As strong as I can,  
I'll write out a plan  
Because I am such a forgetter.  
Resolved :—but I'm sleepy this minute.  
There's so much, when once you begin it !  
Resolved :—With my might  
I'll try to do right !  
That's enough ! the whole thing is in it.  
—*Youth's Companion*

### AN EASTERN LEGEND.

There's a tender Eastern legend,  
In a volume old and rare,  
Of the Christ-child in His garden,  
Walking with the children there.

And it tells—this strange, sweet story—  
(True or false, ah, who shall say?)  
How a bird with broken pinion  
Dead within the garden lay.

And the children, childish cruel,  
Lifted it by shattered wing,  
Shouting, "Make us merry music ;  
Sing, you lazy fellow, sing."

But the Christ-child bent above it,  
Took it in His gentle hand,  
Full of pity for the suffering  
He alone could understand.

Whispered to it—oh, so softly !  
Laid His lips upon its throat,  
And the song-life, swift returning,  
Sounded out in one glad note.

Then away, on wings unwearied,  
Joyously it sang and soared ;  
And the little children kneeling,  
Called the Christ-child "Master—Lord."  
—*Selected.*

### ELEPHANT WORKERS IN RANGOON.

We had seen many elephants during our Indian journey, and in a variety of occupations, from the temple elephants engaged in their solemn and sleepy processions to the huge and well-groomed animals belonging to the artillery batteries at Quetta and Peshawur on the Afghan frontier, and we had listened to not a few tales of what they could do, sometimes with just a shade of incredulity.

There are about a dozen elephants employed in the work of the yard, and all of these but one are males. This may, and probably does, arise from the fact that the males are usually larger and stronger than the female elephants, but, judging from the specimen we saw, it cannot be from any superiority of intelligence on the part of the male animal. The solitary female worker, indeed, is a veritable maid-of-all-work about the yard, and no kind of work appears to come amiss to her. At one time she may be seen holding a log up to the saw when at work, either endwise or across, as occasion may require; at another she is dragging the slabs away with the end of her trunk, and piling them in heaps with all the regularity and skill of the most neat-handed workman; at a third she is making a stack of the sawn boards, or sweeping the sawdust from the mill-house floor with a gigantic broom. The meaning of the whistle to knock off work is not better known to any workman on the place than to her, and it is no easy matter to induce her to do a single trunk's turn when the signal has once sounded.

The log, once piloted to shore, will, at the word of command, if not of a greater weight than about a ton and a half, be prized up by the animal's task, and then grasped with the trunk carefully and exactly in the middle, and carried to the spot where it is wanted. Arrived at the heap

of logs in the yard, he will place one end one the ground and the other on the heap and then proceed with the most systematic care to push it up and adjust it with the point of his tusks.

You cannot overload an elephant, however, for the animal will at once refuse any load which he considers beyond his strength, and there is practically no appeal from the elephant's opinion on such a question. In case of a log being brought ashore which seems to be too large and heavy for a single elephant, a second is called to his assistance, and the two animals proceed quietly to pick it up by the extreme ends and carry it to the required heap, where they deposit it with the utmost care, even examining it critically to see that it is perfectly in line with the rest of the stack. For this and all other nice processes of adjustment the point of the trunk is the instrument used.

It has been said that an elephant can do everything but speak, and, indeed, we were often disposed to doubt whether there was even this exception. Whatever emotion one of these animals feels he seems ready to express in sound, and so various are the modulations of his voice, and so ready their sympathy and apparent comprehension of one another, that we could hardly doubt that the impression that elephants cannot speak was due rather to our ignorance than to their want of the power of making themselves understood. The elephant is very liable to sunstroke, especially when working in the water, and even on shore he is generally furnished with a cover for his head during the hours of the greatest heat. A good elephant is of such value that his health is not to be risked lightly, and, indeed, after we had seen what they could do, we were inclined to go further, and say that a well-trained elephant is absolutely invaluable for heavy labor in a climate such as that in which he finds his natural home.—*Harper's Weekly*

### THE WOOING OF AH LEEN.

Ah Leen is a good little girl who lives in the Presbyterian Mission, away from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Every Sunday, however, she goes religiously to church along with the other girls who have been rescued by the kind-hearted ladies of the Occidental Board. The passing of this procession is an opportunity eagerly seized by the eligible bachelors of Chinatown, who turn out en masse and line the sidewalks along the route, each good one cherishing the intention of asking Miss Culbertson for the hand of the girl who strikes his fancy most. Now, one gay and sprightly bachelor was particularly struck a couple of months ago by the beauty of Ah Leen. He watched the procession pass with eyes only for her, and when she had entered the sacred edifice, instead of resigning himself to go home, he made a mighty effort to overcome the prejudices of early education and followed her into the church. From that date a change has come over the bachelor. He no longer burns punk at the shrines of his countrymen, nor does he dissipate money in having his fortune told; in fact, he has become in every way worthy of Ah Leen, to whom he is soon to be united. During the present strained condition of things in Chinatown, however, he shrinks from the notoriety of having his changed condition commented on by his friends and foes.

Courtship, as it is understood in

Chinese circles, is a somewhat tame and practical affair. There is a regular routine at the mission, in which a compromise is made between American and Chinese customs. The bridegroom-elect may see his future bride, he may even converse with her from opposite sides of the room, but the proprieties would be completely outraged if the betrothed couple were to shake hands. Two or three times a week the fiance makes a call of from five to ten minutes' duration, and if he is desperately enamored he never goes empty handed. Sausages are a gift that is highly appreciated, and Chinese vegetables are also much esteemed. Fruit is frequently brought to the engaged ladies, both in the Presbyterian and the Methodist missions, but it would outrage Mongolian etiquette to bestow candy. The lovemaking is generally monosyllabic on the part of the young lady, and even the man finds his gift of conversation languish. At the Presbyterian mission a charming young Chinese girl named Ah Cheng, a professional interpreter, satisfies etiquette by being present during all the interviews. Many Chinese merchants have offered to lay their hands and heart at Ah Cheng's feet, but she has seen so much of lovemaking as an onlooker that she refuses to go through the ordeal of entertaining a fiance on her own account. Even the touching romance of Ah Leen has not inclined the little interpreter to follow her example.—*The San Francisco Call*.

### ANECDOTES OF THE ABSENT-MINDED.

Another "absent-minded man" item has been received. This one refers to Ampere, the famous mathematician, who was noted for his absent-mindedness. On one occasion, it is stated that while walking along the street he mistook the back of a cab for a blackboard, and as a blackboard was just the thing he needed at the time, to solve a problem which had been vexing his mind for some moments during his walk, he made use of it. Taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket he proceeded to trace out a number of algebraical formulæ on the cab's back, and followed the moving "board" for the space of a quarter of an hour without noticing the progress of the conveyance. As to whether the cabman charged him by the course or by the hour, or even at all, the item does not inform us.

From the same source we have the following item: They have a good joke just at present on a well-known lawyer who is noted for his absent-mindedness. He went up his own stairs the other day, and seeing a notice on his own door, "Back at two," sat down to wait for himself.—*Harper's Round Table*.

### WISE WORDS.

Honors come by diligence; riches spring from economy.

When the forenoons of life are wasted, there is not much hope of a peaceful and fruitful evening.

How noiselessly the snow comes down! You may see it, feel it, but never hear it. Such is true charity.

'Tis an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse not to make use of lawful measures to avoid it.

To conciliate is so infinitely agreeable than to offend that it is worth some sacrifice of individual will.

It is often said that second thoughts are best. So they are in matters of judgment, but not in matters of conscience.