

company; and it is also polite when you are reading not to keep on with your book when company comes into the room. It is polite to see that your guests are well-helped at table. It is polite at the table not to help yourself to the best apple or the best orange or the best piece of cake on the plate. It is polite to give up your playthings to your playmates. It is polite to share with your playmates any little luxury that you may have—such as a pear, or a peach.

It is polite always in asking anything to say, 'Please, sir, will you do this?' or, 'Will you be so kind, sir, as to do this?' etc.

It is polite to always answer when you are spoken to. To be sulky and refuse to speak when anybody addresses you is the height of impoliteness.

It is the best kind of politeness to cultivate kindly feelings. A girl that is a little reserved, that is never rude, that says pleasant and does kindly things, that is not always thinking first of herself—what is more charming than this? For my part, I am always glad to see such little girls, and I tell you frankly that everybody becomes very fond of them.

Girls ought to be modest in their demeanor, and more gentle than boys. It is entirely right for them to run and jump and be as lively as they like, provided they are not rude and over-boisterous in their play.

It is very delightful to see a merry, laughing girl scampering over the grass with her kitten or her dog, or engaged in any other active play; but it seems to me that she can do these things in a perfectly free manner without becoming a tomgirl. Don't you think so? If you will try and not imitate the rough ways of boys, not to shout at the top of your voice, and not to be violent, you will enjoy your play just as much, and people will like you the better for it.

There are, I fear, a good many other rules for the guidance of girls. Perhaps you think you have heard enough about good manners for once; but here are some other rules that I must tell you, and then you can run off to your play.

Don't be a slattern. Neatness and cleanliness are among the first requisites of decent society. Don't sit with your legs crossed, or with one leg over your knee. These things are not considered well-bred. Don't bite your finger-nails, or play with your curls, or restlessly twirl a chair, or finger any object when you are in company. You must try and get a quiet and composed manner. Don't, when you are in church, look around and stare at everybody who enters. Don't disturb everybody by your restlessness. Don't fail to thank any one who does you any service or a kindness. Don't point at people you see in the streets, and don't fail to respond to every bow of recognition. Don't be impatient because things go wrong; don't be angry because you can't have your own way.

Don't say unkind things about your playmates, and don't be envious and out of temper because another girl has a prettier gown or bonnet than you have. Don't use slang terms. No one likes to hear from the lips of a girl or woman the coarse and fast terms that happen to be the vulgar fashion of the time.

Don't be in the habit of giggling. Laugh openly and freely at whatever is laughable, but unless there is something to laugh at, don't laugh. Don't cover your face with your hands when you have occasion to laugh. Don't be affected. Try to have a simple and natural manner. Anything that is affected is exceedingly disagreeable. Don't talk in a loud and shrill voice. A low voice is a great charm in all women, young or old.

Don't fail to be obedient to your parents and teachers, respectful to all people older than

yourself, kind to your playmates and servants, considerate of other people's wishes and feelings, gentle and modest in your demeanor, neat in your attire, and observant in all the little rules that make what are called good manners.—'Youth's Companion.'

Ah Hoi.

A TRUE STORY.

He was just twelve years old; a ragged little fellow, curled behind a big coil of rope on the deck of a ship.

The great, beautiful vessel, laden with silks and teas and spices, had just set sail from the harbor of Shanghai.

The boy was leaving home and friends, yet there was not a tear in his eye. He was glad to go. In fact, Ah Hoi had put himself on board that ship without leave from anybody, not even the captain, and now he kept still as a mouse, fearing lest somebody should come and put him ashore.

Nothing good, as a general thing, can come of a boy's running away from home; but Ah Hoi's home was such a dreary, filthy hut, and his father and mother were such wretched people, who cared not so much for him as your father and mother care for Ponto and Bose.

He was cursed and kicked around from morning till night, and it was no wonder that when he found himself sailing away over the blue sea his heart gave a great bound of joy.

He soon made friends with the captain, and the sailors were kind to him; they amused themselves in teaching him to speak English, and trying to pronounce the funny sounding words he taught them of his own language.

In the cabin on the table was a Bible, and Ah Hoi picked out the letters and learned all of them. It was not long before he could read words of three or four letters. One of the old sailors took a great deal of pains with him, and was constantly giving him words to spell; so that he learned very fast, and began to read by slowly spelling out the words. He read in the Gospel of John, because the sailor said it was 'good easy reading.' In the third chapter he found a wonderful verse, and it was this: 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

For a long time back something had stirred within the heart of this boy over the sea, and made him long for something better and different. It had begun to seem foolish to him to pray to paper gods, and his father had to whip him to get him to do it.

The words of that verse took hold of him, and he read more about the Son of God, and then he began to pray that God would teach him.

The dear Lord heard him, for he always hears and answers such a prayer. He sent the Holy Spirit to his heart, and he understood what he read; and then he believed that the Lord would save him just because that verse said that he would save whosoever would believe on him. 'Whosoever,' said Ah Hoi, 'means me. I do believe that means me, too; then I am saved now, because he said so.'

And now all the day long his heart sang for joy; he read eagerly every word about Jesus, and he was the only one on board the great ship who prayed.

By and by they arrived in Boston, and the captain went to report the ship to its owner.

When the business was finished the captain said: 'I have brought back with me a little Chinese boy that you will be interested in; he is smart as steel, and a good little fellow as well.'

'Send him up to me,' said the gentleman.

It would make too long a story to tell all he said to Ah Hoi, but it was soon arranged that he would take care of him, and send him to school at once.

And now Ah Hoi was happy. He was hungry for knowledge. He proved to be a faithful student and a loyal soldier of Christ. The same kind friend sent him to college and then to the Theological Seminary, for there was nothing in all the world Ah Hoi wanted so much to do, as to be fitted to tell his own people about how God loved the world, and the wonderful thing that he did for them because he loved them.

Just as he had nearly finished his studies, a grand embassy arrived from his own country. They wanted him to travel with them in England and France, and he did so, because he wanted to improve every opportunity for getting good and doing good.

And now, returned from his travels, educated, with polished manners and brilliant talents, whoever would have supposed that this could have been the forlorn little ragged head-then boy that slipped on to the ship that night in the darkness at Shanghai.

Some gentlemen desired him to stay in America, and they offered him a fine position with a good salary, but he said:

'No, gentlemen, I am determined to preach the Gospel,' and where could he do so much as in his own country, and who could so well tell them the story of the love of Christ as he who understood the language, and knew more about them than a stranger ever could.'

So back he went, and he worked with all his heart and soul, and the Lord blessed him in his work, and this very day he is at the head of a college in his own land, training young men to preach the gospel.—'The Pansy.'

'Standing with Reluctant Feet.'

(Elizabeth Preston Allan, in 'Classmate.')

Trinity Church was rather vain-glorious about its Bible class, which was the pride of its Sunday-school. Mr. Moffatt had been teaching it for fifteen years, and in that time no scholar had left its ranks, except by death, or by removal, and as the young people considered it a promotion and a great favor to be allowed to join it, the class filled all one wing of the church; and it was exceedingly hard to save from its allurements enough young people to teach the younger classes.

On a certain Sunday that I remember well Mr. Moffatt was too ill to leave his bed, and it seemed at first that this large, interesting class would go untaught for that day. But Superintendent Scott presently came to them with the pleasing news that the pastor of the church had sent a substitute for Mr. Moffatt's class, a stranger in the city, but an old friend of his.

The new teacher was a woman about fifty years old, with gray hair, and a plain but an agreeable face. She handled the large class with ease and skill, and proved a most interesting teacher, mainly, I thought, from her unusual knowledge of the Bible. Not that she actually repeated so many texts—indeed, she did not seem to have that sort of verbal memory—but more than anybody I had ever seen she knew the Bible as a whole, and in its relation part to part, and in its relation to secular history, and in its entire spirit and purpose.

Bible characters seemed real and well-known and well-loved friends to her; and we caught a glimpse that day of the Word of God as one great revelation, which gave some of us, at least, a new thrill.

'It is my habit,' said the new teacher, clos-