

## AN EVENING SONG.

Through the pleasures of the day,  
When I work or when I play,  
Let me ever keep in view,  
God is seeing all I do.  
When the sun withdraws his light,  
And I go to rest at night,  
Let me never lay my head  
On my soft and easy bed  
Till I lift my heart in prayer  
For my Heavenly Father's care;  
Thanking him for all His love  
Sent me from His throne above;  
Praying Him, in love, to make  
Me his child for Jesus' sake;  
Safe to lead me through life's way  
To the realms of endless day.

*Child's Companion.*

## SHOPPING IN CHINA.



MISSIONARY in China tells how they do shopping in that far away land. Just opposite the missionary's house is a shop having the sign "Righteous Prosperity."

"The shopman sits straight and stiff behind the counter, just as if he does not want to sell anything; but then that is only their custom, because they fear to seem eager to do business, lest the customer should want to get things cheaper than usual.

"Have you any good locks? says the countryman.

"Come inside and see," is the reply, and in walks Mr. Plowman. A smart, obliging lad brings a cup of tea and a water-pipe to the guest, while some one hunts up the locks which have been asked for.

While drinking his tea the man asks the shopman, "How's business this year?"

"Ai yah! ai yah! there's no trade at all"—an answer one usually gets, because a Chinaman is loth to confess that he is doing well. But now the locks are handed out.

"Those are number one locks," says the discreet shopman. "Good locks."

"Ai yah! Why, I can get better than these anywhere," says the artful countryman.

"Now, what is the price of such a lock?"

"For that?" says the shopman; "now, I'll speak honest words. I can't take a cash less than two hundred for that lock."

"Two hundred *two hundred cash!* Why, I won't give you a half. Look here, I'll give you eighty cash."

"Eighty cash! says the shopman, with a sneer; "eighty cash! Ai yah! Why, it cost more than that to make it in Canton, and then it has to be brought all the way here. Come now, you must add a little: say a hundred and eighty," he says, in a coaxing tone.

"No," says Mr. Plowman, "I'll say ninety-

five and no more;" and with this, see, he begins to back out of the shop.

Now the shopman gets earnest. "Don't go; just add some more cash. You don't offer sufficient; give me a hundred and twenty."

"No," says he, in reply, "ninety-five;" and with that he steps into the street and begins to walk away. He goes, perhaps, ten yards, and then shouts, "I'll give you a hundred cash."

"No," shouts the reply; "one hundred and ten." To this offer there is no reply, and the countryman walks slowly away, half-listening for a further offer from the shopman.

Presently, when he is almost beyond hearing, the shopman shouts "Lai! lai!" (come, come), and the purchaser comes back all smiles; and the shopman bows politely, saying, "I am selling this lock at a dead loss;" but Mr. Countryman says, "Ai yah! you're getting rich fast," pays his hundred cash, takes the lock, and see how pleased he looks going away, thinking what a bargain he has made, while the artful shopman is rubbing his hands with glee because he has gotten five cash more out of Mr. Plowman than he could get from a city man."

Such trading as that needs the Gospel whether in China or Canada.

## DISCHARGED FOR WILLIE'S SAKE.

A REAL STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

"At the armoury, yesterday morning," so says a Chicago paper, "when Justice Lyon opened his mail, he found the following letter written in a boyish hand:

'Jan. 21, 1893.—Judge Lyon—Kind Sir,—If my papa's case comes before you, will you please be easy with him, as my sister Lelia and I have no one to care for us. He is kind and good at all times. His only fault is drinking. Please oblige.—Willie Jordon.'

When the case of O. S. Jordon, charged with disorderly conduct, was called, a bright-faced sunny-haired boy, not more than ten years old, who had been watching the faces of the prisoners as they were led into the dock, gave a cry of joy and rushed into the arms of the prisoner. Child and man wept, and there was a suspicion of moisture in other eyes when Justice Lyon inquired in a subdued tone what the defendant had been doing. "It was a simple case of drunk," replied Sergeant Ward. "Well, he's discharged this time for Willie's sake," said his honour, and Willie led his father from the dock. At the door leading from the court room the two were joined by the golden-haired Lelia, who wept for joy."

Did you ever thank God, young people, that your father was a sober man.

Let this touching story lead us to do what we can to put down the liquor traffic that makes so many young lives dark and sad.