

rank; three fancy lanterns carried by mandarins. An interval of about fifteen minutes passed before the Provincial Treasurer, Provincial Judge, and Grain Commissioner passed in chairs with their horsemen following. Later came sixteen silk banners in purple, white, and red, with small yellow flags at their tips. Then four soldiers with fixed bayonets, ten with broad blades on long handles, and twenty with tridents. Four mandarins followed with yellow rolls and yellow boxes on their backs, and fifty or sixty military mandarins of various buttons walking with their attendants all dressed in white. More lictors, two green fans, two white-buttoned mandarins on horseback, and then a riderless white horse with red saddle and white trappings; and after this about ten officials with gold buttons bearing lanterns. Then came a green chair with twelve bearers, carrying a portrait of the departed general, followed by mandarins of the fourth rank.

A large amount of gold paper was scattered broadcast, and then came a good band with drums, cymbals, clarionets, &c. Behind were about ten high mandarins. The funeral car itself was immediately preceded by over a hundred officials with buttons removed. They walked between two white cords attached to the neck of the immense dragon which formed the support of the casket. Just in front of them walked the grandson and two sons of the Grand Secretary. His oldest son being dead, the grandson was chief mourner—a young man of under twenty years, apparently. They were each dressed in white serge, and the grandson was supported on either side. I am confident there were ninety-six bearers for the coffin, but some observers claim only sixty-four. They were dressed in white with neat blue collars, and their suits were fastened without buttons. The casket presented by the Empress was covered by a larger one, and all were concealed within the elegant red satin coverings. These sides were covered with gold dragons, and the top was checked off in diamonds with white rosetts and festoons. At the tea pavillion, about half a mile from the wall, many officials returned to the city, after a special salute had been given to the Tartar General and Viceroy, and special honours had been paid to the departed. The tables, loaded with cakes, &c., &c., were speedily relieved of everything by the hungry crowd the moment

ceremony was over.—*English Presbyterian Messenger.*

THE MOTHER.

There is no human love like a mother's love. There is no human tenderness like a mother's tenderness. And there is no such time for a mother's first displaying her love and tenderness toward her child as in the child's earliest years of life. That time neglected, and no future can make good the loss to either mother or child. That time well improved, and all the years that follow it can profit by its improvement. Even God Himself measures His fatherly love by a motherly standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so I will comfort you," He says; and what more than this could He say? and many a strong man who was first comforted by his mother's loving and tender words and ways while he was a helpless child has never lost his grateful trusting dependence on that mother's ministry of affection and sympathy.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson was fifty years old he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward but loving boy:—"You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for all your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and of all that I omitted to do well. John Quincey Adams did not part with his mother until he was nearly or quite as old as this; yet his cry even then was:—"O God, could she have been spared yet a little longer." Without her the world feels to me like a solitude." When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been for a half a century a college president, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent: and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder, and the singing to him of the old time lullabies, as if his mother was still sitting by his bedside in loving ministry, as he had been well nigh a century before. The true son never grows old to a true mother.—*S. S. Times.*

Remember that, although they are all your children, each one has an individual character, and that tastes and qualities vary indefinitely.