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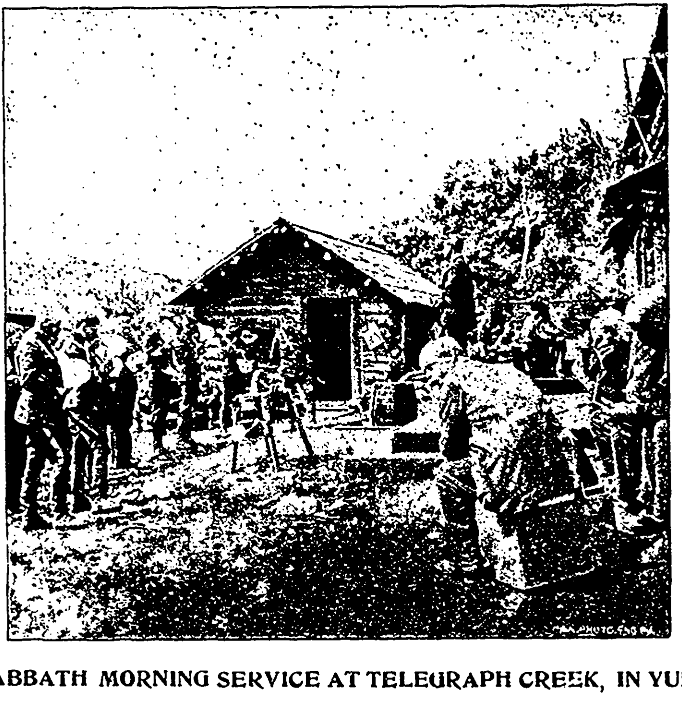


A SABBATH MORNING SERVICE AT TELEGRAPH CREEK, IN YUKON.

SOME QUEER CHINESE CUSTOMS.

A Chinaman never shakes hands with you, but shakes his own hand instead. We cut our finger nails short; they let theirs grow long. Long finger nails denote the lady and gentleman in China. Ladies sometimes have silver shields which they put over their nails to keep them from breaking.

The Chinese do not kiss. They seldom embrace, and in bowing to one another they bend down almost to the ground. Men and boys in our land remove their hats when they enter the house, in China they keep them on.

The women and girls do not receive visitors in company with their husbands, sons, and brothers. When a Chinese doctor is called to attend a woman or girl he generally sees only her wrist.

Chinese girls are not courted. Marriages are made through their parents. A husband seldom sees his wife until he is married. The wife is the slave of her mother-in-law, and can be whipped by her when she disobeys.

We wear black when we go in mourning. The Chinese wear white, and they send out white mourning cards. Their visiting cards are a bright red. They put on light blue for half mourning. When the days of sorrow are ended they give a feast to their friends.

Officers in the Chinese army wear buttons on their caps instead of epaulets on their shoulders to indicate their rank. They begin their books at the back instead of the front; and in dating their letters they put the year first, then the month, and then the day.

They boil their bread instead of baking it. Pedlers go about the streets selling boiled biscuits. They eat eggs, but never serve them soft boiled. They pickle the eggs in lime; and the older such eggs are, the better they like them. They never drink cold water, and their wine is served boiling hot.

They do not wash their hands before dinner. After the meal a servant brings a hot, wet cloth,, and the guests use it to rub off their hands and faces, passing it from one to the other. They eat from the table as we do. They use chop-sticks instead of knives and forks. The food is served in small porcelain bowls, the meats being cut into little cubes; and the tea is served in cups, with saucers on top.

Shoes are made principally of straw and of cloth. We black our shoes all over; but a Chinaman whitens his, and then only the sides of the soles. When a baby begins to walk it is given a pair of knit shoes with a cat's face on the toes, this being supposed to render it as sure-footed as the cat.—The Little Worker.

HOW THE BABIES ARE CARRIED.

The chocolate mammas of Queensland carry their little ones astride their necks.

The negroes of Cuba hold their babies on one hip, the child clinging by its knees as a rider holds on to a horse.

French babies are borne through the streets stretched on fine embroidered pillows, their lace frocks spread out to make all the display possible.

The Dyaks of Borneo carry the baby wrapped in the bark of a tree or in a curiously carved chair studded with ground shells, which is fastened to the mother's back.

The New Guinea baby has a novel method of being carried about. Its mother puts the naked little creature into a net, which is suspended by a band over her head and ears, in front of her.

Alaskan babies are rubbed with oil, tightly rolled in a skin or blanket padded with grass, and bound with deerskin thongs, which are undone but once a day when the grass is freshened. If the baby cries, he is held under water till he is still.

HYMN: A PRAYER FOR MISSION BANDS

(Air: "Stand Up for Jesus.")

Dear Saviour, bless the children
  Who've gathered here to-day;
Oh, send the Holy Spirit,
  And teach us how to pray.

Dear Lord, wilt thou not teach us
  To keep thy great command,
And send the blessed gospel
  Abroad through every land?

Oh, send the missionaries
  With messages of love,
Of wonderful salvation
  Brought to us from above.

Bless what we're bravely doing;
  Oh, bless our gifts, though small.
Hear our prayer for Jesus' sake;
  Send light and truth to all.

—Exchange

THE HOLI.

(For the Children's Record.)

This word, though pronounced in the same way as the English holy, has a very different meaning. It is the name of a great religious festival held by the Hindus during that part of the spring when the days and nights are equal. Accounts differ as to its origin and first purpose, but into these we need not enter.

During this festival day and night are made hideous by the shouts and yells, the coarse jests and ribald songs, and by the endless tom-tom-ing and clanging of many discordant instruments in the hands of a great rabble of men, women and children, who for the time throw off all restraint, even of modesty and decency. The accompanying picture will give you some idea of how the better class of them disguise themselves. To their ordinary clothing they add some gaily colored cloth of red, green or yellow. Their faces are whitened with flour. Some ridiculous head gear of cloth, paper, tinsel, or tin, is added and false moustache, hair and whiskers, are made of flax. Other things such as necklaces of spools, old military belts with cartridge pouch, antique armour, sticks, fans, flags, etc., add to the grotesqueness of their appearance.

Some Dresses at the Holi Festival.

Sometimes they dress as tigers with alternate stripes of black and yellow and red painted faces, which are, if anything, more hideous than the original. Monkeys, too, are copied to perfection, and even the devil comes in for some imitations.

In fact, the whole scene, though it has much that is merely boyish prank and love of display, is presided over by an evil genius. The songs and jests are so filthy, and such license is given to evil, during this festival, that no respectable woman would be seen on the streets. Even missionary ladies are obliged to keep to their houses and their schools are closed, because the girls also dare not go out.

One of the most vulgar features of the whole festival is the squirting of colored water by means of syringes. No one is spared, men and women, high and low, have their clothes covered with this juice, which doubtless has some filthy significance, and whose stains are evident for many days afterwards.

This festival is said to be religious, though there is no particular temple ceremony, and sanction for it is obtained from the British government in the name of religion. Its character, however, is anything but religious. Except for the sport it gives the boys, and that with a large admixture of evil, it seems to have no redeeming features.

Another ill effect is in unfitting the minds of men, as all such affairs, whether at home or abroad, necessarily must, for the reception of the Gospel. During Holi, and for days before and after, the work of preaching is practically stopped. There is no desire to hear the Truth in the presence of so much that is evil. Even our school-boys become restless and unruly and the teachers are all glad when it is over, though, alas, the boys do not return with the same mind to their work as though they had been having a time of real innocent pleasure.

Many influential Hindus are setting their faces against Holi, but the force which seems destined to wield most power in driving it out is the Gospel. Where the Gospel has free course and abounds the Holi with all its associate evils will gradually disappear.

Norman H. Russell.

BRAVE INDIAN.

Bishop Whipple tells this story of Indian courage.

One day an Indian came to our missionary and said, "I know this religion is true. The men who have walked in this new trail are better and happier. But I have always been a warrior and my hands are full of blood. Could I be a Christian?"

The missionary repeated the story of God's love. To test the man, he said, "May I cut your hair?"

The Indian wears his scalp-lock for his enemy. When it is cut it is a sign that he will never go on the war-path again. The man said, "Yes, you may cut it, I shall throw my old life away."

It was cut. He started for home, and met some wild Indians who shouted with laughter, and with taunts said, "Yesterday you were a warrior, to-day you are a squaw."

It stung the man to madness, and he rushed to his home and threw himself on the floor and burst into tears. His wife was a Christian, and came and put her arms about his neck and said, "Yesterday there was not a man in the world who dare call you a coward. Can't you be as brave for him who died for you as you were to kill the Sioux?"

He sprang to his feet and said, "I can, and I will."

I have known many brave, fearless servants of Christ, but I never knew one braver than this chief.—Bishop Whipple.

FOR MITE-BOX OPENING.

Little hands can gather treasure,
Though it may be very small;
Better far to give a little
Than to bring no gift at all.
God has kept the little places
For the little things to fill,
Little servants, there He puts them,
All can do His holy will.

What are dimes without the pennies?
What are dollars without dimes?
If a thing itself is little,
Multiply it many times.
In these boxes hear them jingle,
Willing hands their mites have stored,
Listen to the pleasant music
As the pennies are outpoured.

How would any bit of money
Ever find its own way in?
With some thought and self-denial
Every offering must begin.
Planning, praying, loving, working—
All of this must go before
Ere the little treasure boxes
Can be filled with precious store

'Tis not for ourselves we do it,
But for Christ, our Lord and King;
'Tis to speed the heavenly tidings
That our gifts we gladly bring.
For the heathen, in their darkness,
We have brought our offerings small,
God himself can multiply it,
He will take and use it all.

Chorus: — (Optional.)

Listen to the pleasant music
Which the dropping pennies make,
Willing hearts and hands now bring them
Offering all "for Jesus' sake."

RECITATION FOR EIGHT GIRLS.

First Girl.

"O, the nations that in darkness
Wait for light from far-off lands,
How our hearts are yearning towards them,
How we long to loose their bands."

Second Girl.

"We have friends so kind and tender,
We have homes by love made bright;
We have Christ for our Defender
While they dwell in darkest night."

Third Girl.

"Can we help to bring them gladness,
Those sad-hearted girls and boys,
Can we chase away their sadness,
Can we fill their lives with joys?
With their woes their hearts are beating,
And we long to set them free,
Can we send our love and greeting
To the children o'er the sea?"

Fourth Girl.

"It is ours to send the message
To the lands beyond the sea,
Ours to send the balm of healing
To the souls in misery."

Fifth Girl.

"We would ask no higher service,
Lord, that we might do for thee,
Than the blessed word to carry
To the lands beyond the sea."

Sixth Girl.

"Let us hasten; let us send them
Glad good news; their hearts to win
To the service of the Master,
Who will cleanse their soul from sin."

Seventh Girl.

" 'Go, preach my gospel,' " Jesus said,
"To every creature bear
The Stream of Life, the Living Bread,
And I will bless you there.' "

Eighth Girl.

"Lord, let us go, or let us send
This word of truth abroad;
Gladly our little will we lend
That all may know our Lord."

A LOVE SCENE.

It was the afternoon of a perfect September day that a weary business man left the city in the out-going train of the early morning. It had been years since he had visited the old familiar scenes of his boyhood. The ones nearest and dearest to him, who had once made that locality the most loved on earth, had long since passed into the skies. But a great longing to see the old place once more, the mountains and the valleys, the brooks, and the old trees, had decided him to leave his chair at the office desk empty for one day at least.

It was quite an event in his life. This man from the city was bounded on all sides by business interests. He had gained what for fifty years had been the one end and aim of his life—money. He had resolved to be a rich man, when he left the old home in his early manhood, and had kissed his mother good-by, as she stood in the door-way, in the cold, grey dawn of that day, so many, many years ago. He had gained what he had striven for in all those years. His energies and time had all been devoted to that one end.

He was not recognized by those who were at the station when he stepped off the train, and he got into a carriage which was waiting for passengers and directed the driver to take him over the old roads so familiar to his childish feet.

No one associated with him in business would have given him credit for any sentiment, for he was looked upon as hard, selfish and grasping—and he was judged with a just judgment.

But as he drove over the old roads, the scenes of early life, and the remembrance of the old home came over him with an overwhelming power. The father and mother kneeling, with their children around them in the early hour of the morning, asking God's help and blessing in the duties of the day, rose up before him like a beautiful picture. His children had never been gathered around their father and mother in such a way. There was a wealth of love in that dear home, and in those early days love was the greatest thing in all the world to him.

As they came to the foot of the hill, on the top of which his old home had stood, he heard the rumbling of a farm-wagon behind him. He turned and saw a man with *two little boys, sitting in a wagon, piled* with empty bags. The younger boy had the reins in his hands—he was a little fellow and was evidently taking his first lesson in holding the reins. The father's face and that of the older brother, showed that they shared in the pride of the younger one. All at once the three faces were illuminated with that look of joy that no one mistakes, and which is so refreshing, and the boy voices exclaimed in tones of delight, "Here come mamma and little sister to meet us."

Running down the hill came a sweet faced woman, leading a fluffy, golden haired little girl by the hand. They, too, had the joyful look of happy expectancy.

The farm horses were stopped; the boys jumped out over the wheel and clasped the mother and then the little sister, with those love clasps which are so true and so uniting. Kisses were given and received and then the mother and the little girl were helped into the wagon. The father put his arm about the mother as she took her seat beside him, and the little fluffy haired girl climbed in his lap and took the reins to the manifest delight of all concerned. Then the boys' voices were heard in enthusiastic tones, telling of all their journeys and the sights they had seen on the journey, It was a long hill and a steep hill, and very slowly the ascent was made.

Our traveller had bidden the driver halt in front of the old home place. While he sat looking at the big trees his father had planted, the farm wagon with the happy faces drove into the yard. That new house was their home—love still influenced the old familiar haunts, and abided there.

The stranger thought he would like to tell those boys what a wealth of such love means, and to warn them against letting it be lost sight of in a strife for silver and gold, which perisheth in the using, and which none may take with them when life on this earth is over.

The driver thought he had never driven so silent a passenger before. But as he drove on, the traveller broke the stillness. asking: "Have those people been far? The man and his boys in the farm wagon ?"

"No, just over to West Village with a load of potatoes," he replied with a loud laugh. "That woman always acts jest so when her man and boys go anywhere: she makes the foolishest sort of a fuss over 'em going down that long hill to meet 'em, jest as if they were coming home from the Klondike. She sets a sight too much store by 'em, *I think.*"

"There are some things in this world, one cannot set too much store by," the passenger quietly replied.

The out going train must be caught, and the carriage was turned around and driven quickly to the station, and the incoming passenger of a few hours before went out as he came in, unrecognized and unknown.

As he boarded the train he bought the evening paper to see if there had been any changes in the money markets since he had been away from his desk, but his eye saw not the printed page, for it was blotted out by the beautiful picture of that love scene. It was then that he wished he was an artist that he might put it on canvas and hang it up in his library with the love-light falling over it.

But he remembered that his own home had been closed and boarded up for two years. His wife and children were in foreign countries— the children being educated there.

How he longed for such a welcome or his home-coming as he had just seen in the old haunts of his boyhood! But with the coming of wealth, social life had taken his wife's first thoughts, and she had drifted away from him.

He hardly knew his children, for he had *never given them companionship*—his time was so taken up with his business. He had never been demonstrative of affection toward his family. He had missed the greatest thing in the world out of his life—love,

The clerk of the hotel, the waiters, servants and porters, smiled a welcome when he returned. They were ready to do his bidding, but it was a paid service.

After his day's absence however, the clerks in the office saw a softer look on his face. His voice had a pleasanter tone when he spoke to them. He gave a word of sympathy to his employee who had lost a child that week. He smiled on the young wife who waited in the door way for her husband when his work in the warehouse was over for the day.

They spoke to each other of the change but they did not see the beautiful picture of the pastoral love scene, which hung on *the walls of their employer's memory* and was ever in his sight.—Susan Teall Perry.

A PURDAH CARRIAGE.

By Rev. Norman H. Russell.

(For the Children's Record.)

You all know how so many of the poor women of India are shut up for the most of their lives within the walls of their own home, where many of them often have a very unhappy time.

When married, generally as young girls, they are brought to live in the home of their husband's father.

As girls they enjoyed much freedom going in and out of their father's home as they pleased, playing with other girls, or perhaps attending school.

The Purdah Cart in India.

But from the day they enter their father-in-law's home they lose their freedom. They must now remain in the women's apartments or in the open zenana court in the midst of the house. They must keep their face veiled when their brothers-in-law are present, and are not supposed to speak even to their husbands in the day time. In fact it would be looked on as wrong even to utter his name.

They have for company the wives of their husband's brothers and their mother-in-law, to whose rule they must give implicit obedience unless, indeed, the old grandmother be alive when she will be ruler of the women's apartments.

If it be a Brahmin household of means the young wife will not have much to do, and time passes very heavily in the narrow confines of the Zenana.

She has not the privilege of her husband's company and conversation. She never eats with him except once in a lifetime and that is on the day of her marriage. Even were he present he would not talk with her as she is supposed to belong to a much lower order of beings than her husband.

You will understand, therefore, how eagerly the poor young wife looks forward to the chance of a journey, or a drive to her father's home.

For this purpose she must go in a closed carriage, and as only the very wealthy people, such as princes can afford carriages like our closed cabs at home, they have to make up a simpler kind of purdah cart, such as is shown in our picture. This is just a bullock cart, with a sort of cage over it, covered with a white cloth. The bullocks are not yet harnessed to it.

The woman who is travelling in this carriage was on the train with us. When on the train of course she could not observe purdah entirely, as she could not afford to pay for a whole compartment, and was seen by the other passengers.

But when she reached her destination her husband's servants brought a great curtain to the car door and held it all round her while she walked to the carriage and got in. So careful are they to keep their women from being seen.

I am glad to say, however, that the majority of the women of India are not shut up in Zenanas, but move about almost as freely as the men.

Even the Zenana women are getting more freedom, so that to-day they often ride in open carriages.

Travelling on the railways has so broken in on the old custom that it is being relaxed in other ways.

But above all the teachings of Christianity are giving the people of India a much higher opinion of women and as they come to learn more of the Bible and more of the high estimate Christianity puts on women these old customs will pass away and be replaced by better and wiser ones.

THE "CELESTIAL'S" BOY

First of all, he is lugged about by his dear little mother, with her goat-shaped feet, until he grows big enough to look half as big as herself, for the baby stage is a long one in China.

Becoming more independent, he amuses himself as best he can with his young companions in tossing bits of earth at a mark, playing shuttlecock with his heels, flying his dragon kite, striking a small stick sharpened at the ends so as to make it jump into a "city," and with a few other games, such as fox and geese, cat's cradle, jackstones, etc., or rather the Chinese substitutes for such.

But Chinese boys come off badly in the way of amusements, and as to climbing, running, jumping, or anything of an athletic nature, that is not in their line at all.

From generation to generation the Chinese crows build their nests safely in the village trees, for a boy never molests them.

"Don't the boys disturb those nests?" asked a traveller, looking up an old poplar in which there were ten or twelve of these huge matted affairs.

"Oh, no," was the reply; "our boys don't climb trees. What if they should fall?"

Chinese school days are dreary. By far the greater number of boys never go to school at all, Of those that do, only a small fraction pursue their studies far enough to make any practical use of them. The object of their education is simply to gain a degree.

Years are spent in learning the very large number of characters in this most difficult language, the first step being to learn to know the characters in the family names.

School begins soon after sunrise, sometimes earlier, and, with a short time for dinner, lasts until dark. The poor Chinese lad, after his midday meal is eaten, "returns to the school-house, not to play in the yard, but to drop into his place and sit like an earthenware image until the rest have arrived also, when the noise and the din of the bellowing, by which the lessons are supposed to pass to the memory of the learner, shows that school is in full blast.

There are in the life of this book-ridden lad no joyous Saturdays, and no regular holidays of any sort, except such as he can beg or steal."

Chinese studies have been compared to "gnawing a wooden pear." Tedious and profitless, the learning gained with vast amount of labor is of no actual value in after life.

The Chinese youth, however, masters two lessons thoroughly—those of obedience and respect of authority, and also industry.

He it not, indeed, without humility; in fact, he has a great amount of it. He knows that he knows nothing, that he never did, never shall, never can know anything, and also that it makes very little difference what he knows. He has a blind respect for learning, but no idea of gathering any crumbs thereof for himself.

About the age of sixteen, but often earlier, the important ceremony of marriage takes place. The wedding is frequently hastened because an additional servant is needed, and the bride will supply the want. For this reason, many Chinese women are older than their husbands. "When they are betrothed, the bigger they are the better, because they can do all the more work." The elder folk see no unfitness in marrying a slip of a boy to a full grown woman double his size. For himself, poor lad, he has no say in the matter. When the wedding ceremonies are over the lad still remains as before, under the control of his father, while the bride is obliged in all things to submit to her mother-in-law. If at school, the husband will continue his studies as usual.

If he is dull, and cannot make the "seven empty particles"—the terror of the unexpert Chinese essayist—fit into his laborious sentences to the satisfaction of his teacher, he is not unlikely to be beaten over the head for his lack of understanding, and can then go weeping home, to have his wife stick a black gummy, sticky plaster, over the area of his chastisement.

We have known a Chinese boy that had the dropsy very badly, but who could not be persuaded to take a single dose of medicine that was at all bitter. If pressed to do so by his fond mother, he either "rowed" or cried. If not allowed to eat two whole watermelons at a time, his tactics were the same, a scene of violent temper or of dismal, howling grief. He was merely prolonging into youth the plan universally adopted in the childhood of Chinese children.

Yet this sensitive infant of seventeen had been married for several years, and leaves a widow to mourn the fact, that drugs, dropsy and watermelons have blighted her existence.—Regions Beyond.

THE LITTLE OUTCAST.

"May'nt I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything you give me—cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker filled with tears. It was a lad stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman who still seemed to doubt his good intentions.

The cottage sat by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the end of November; a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only naked tree near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the doorway, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snowflake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her mother's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but not handsome, gray eyes.

"Come in, at any rate, till my husband comes home; there, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold." And she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corner of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes, the door swung open with a quick jerk, and the husband presented himself, weary with labor.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself; he too scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he despatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow," so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that so long as he was docile and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a peddler, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the peddler, evasively. ...

"And where? who is he? what is he?"

"A jail-bird!" and the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder: "that boy young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence—ten months; he's a hard one—"you'd do well to look careful after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word "jail," the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases, nor could she be easy until she had called the boy in and assured him that she knew the dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distressed, the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with his hot blood; his lip quivered, and anguish was painted vividly upon his forehead, as if the words were branded in his flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once—there's no use in trying to be better—everybody hates and despises me — nobody cares about me. I may as well go to ruin at once!"

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight if that should be necessary, "how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold, "Oh! I hain't got no mother, oh! I hain't had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out of his strange-looking gray eyes, "I wouldn't 'a been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed, and laid onto with whips; I wouldn't 'a been saucy, and got knocked down, and then run away, and stole because I was hungry. Oh! I hain't got no mother—I haven't had no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly tell him to pack up and be off—the jail-bird?

No, no; she had been a mother; and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her hand kindly, softly on his head— to tell him to look up, and from henceforth find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child; she poured from her mother's heart sweet, womanly words of counsel and tenderness.

"Oh, how sweet was her sleep that night! how soft was her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers by the most silken and strongest bands of love. She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal.

Did the boy leave her?

Never—he is with her still, a vigorous, manly, promising youth The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead, his good foster-mother, aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.—The Christian Life.

THE BROKEN SAW.

A boy went to live with a man that was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys; they ran away, or gave notice they meant to quit, so he was half his time without, or in search of a boy. The work was not very hard — opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands and helping around. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy now-a-days that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man that has no confidence in you; because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try, the wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days, before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"And Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him. "Why, of course I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a sorrowful air on the broken saw. "Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy; "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

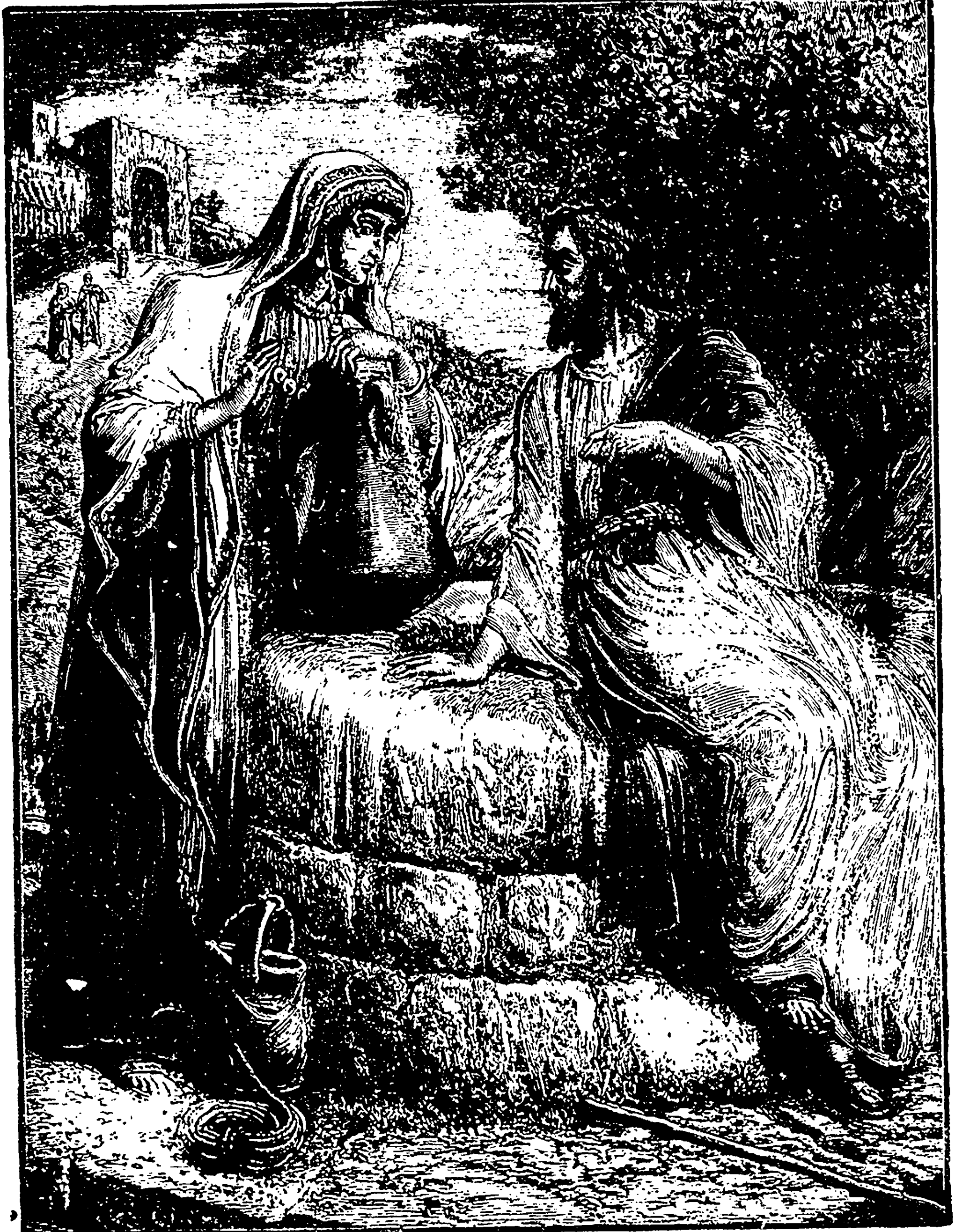
"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam. "No," said the boy; "he was 'fraid, Mr. Jones has got such a temper." "*I think he'd better own up just at once,*" said Sam. "I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him;" and he soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the wood-house, walked out in the garden, and went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones; but she wasn't sociable, and he had rather not.

When Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen. "Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you fore you saw it in the *morning*." "*What did you get* up and tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones; "I should think that morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness." "Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then, stretching out his hand. "There Sam," he said heartily, "give me your hand; shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right; that's right. Go to bed, boy Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. *Sam thinks justice has not been done Mr. Jones.* If the boys had treated him honestly and "aboveboard," he would have been a good man to live with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is; I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and faithful friend.—Scotch Tract.



"MY THREE LITTLE TEXTS."

I am very young and little;
I am only just turned two;
And I cannot learn long chapters
As my older sisters do.

But I know three little verses
Which mother taught to me,
And I say them every morning
As I stand by mother's knee.

The first is, "Thou God seest me,
Is not that a pretty text?
And "Suffer the little children
To come unto Me" is next.

But the last one is the shortest,
It is only "God is love,"
How kind he is in sending
Such sweet verses from above!

He knows long chapters I can't learn;
So I think He sent these three
Short easy texts on purpose
For little ones like me.

—Selected.

WHERE TO GET A WELCOME.

A poor woman in India, weighted by sixty years, which in that land means very old age, toiled long over the decoration of a banner for a temple of Buddha in a distant town. After laboriously finishing it, she carried it twelve miles to the temple, only to be turned away contemptuously by the priest, with the remark that it was presumptuous in her to think that she could make a suitable offering to the god.

In her heart-broken disappointment, she heard from a passer-by of the "Jesus religion," preached in a neighboring village. and again she walked weary miles to hear it, and hearing, believed with great joy. Here was one who would not turn her away, nor refuse her love.

Are we as thankful as we should be over the willingness of our God to receive our poor offerings, and to take them so lovingly? Did he ever refuse anything we gave him? Did he ever send us away ashamed and hurt over our uselessness to him whom angels serve and to whom the treasures of the universe belong? We can never be grateful enough for all that our Father gives us, but in addition to other causes for thanksgiving, let us reckon this: his readiness to "take, for love's sweet sake," the offerings that we bring.

ILL-TEMPER.

When Ill-Temper comes to our house
With an army of Scowls at his back,
We call up good General Smile,
And bid him repel the attack.
Quickly the battle is won
By our leader's courage and art,
For Ill-Temper's disorderly crew
Are every one cowards at heart.

THAT SUNDAY SPIN.

And so, my boy, you were too tired, after a week of hard work, to go to church Sabbath morning, and mounted your wheel and went on a "century run" for a rest? And got home at 7 p. m. so dead tired that you couldn't go to church in the evening? And defending your way of spending the day, you quote the words of the Saviour, "The Sabbath was made for man."

So it was, my son; so it was. So was the buzz-saw. And not two years ago I saw a man with every one of his fingers and part of his thumb gone from his right hand, just because he made wrong use of a buzz-saw. The buzz-saw was in its place, doing good work for men, to which end it was made. It was fulfilling its destiny. It was doing the thing to which it was appointed. It didn't move out of its place a hair's breadth to do the man harm. It just kept on "sawing wood," and the man couldn't —or rather didn't—wait until the buzz-saw was through its work.

He transgressed it (transgressus) — trans across; gradi, step—to step across); he reached over it when he should have gone around it. And when he drew back his hand, which he did immediately, he didn't have the thing he reached for, and he didn't have the fingers he reached with. He had not only not gained something, but he lost something. And, more than that, he had lost something that he will never get back again in this world.

"The Sabbath was made for man"; indeed it was; and so was Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. And it does seem to me that as God made all of them, he ought to have a goodly portion of at least one of them. "The Sabbath was made for man." So was corn, but not to make into whiskey. So was the sea, but not for piracy. The Sabbath and corn and sea were made for man, not for the devil. Remember that, my boy.—Robert J. Burdette.

WHERE THERE'S DRINK, THERE'S DANGER.

Write it on the workhouse gate,
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
Write it on the copy-book,
That the young may often look :—
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it in the nation's laws,
Blotting out the license clause;
Write it on each ballot white,
So it can be read aright :—
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it over every gate,
On the church and hall of state,
In the heart of every band,
On the laws of every land :—
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the churchyard mound,
Where the pauper dead are found;
Write it on the gallows high,
Write for all the passers-by :—
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

(Selected.

THE MONKEY GOD.

Two miles from the city of Lucknow is the decaying village of Alligunj, once the home of many rich people, and still the scene of a great annual Hindu festival. In the centre of the village, surrounded by tumbled-down buildings fast falling into ruins, stands a wretched, filthy little shrine dedicated to Hanuman, or Mahabir, the monkey God.

To this shrine, at the time of the annual festival, held some time in May, thousands travel greater or lesser distances, some as much as fifty or even one hundred miles, measuring their length upon the ground. Taking a small stone in his hand, the pilgrim stands in the attitude of prayer with hands folded on his breast, and mutters words of prayer or praise. Then, lying full length on the ground, he places the stone as far forward as he can. Standing up by the stone, the pilgrim goes through the same action, length by length, making slow progress to this village shrine.

His mother, wife, sister, or daughter, walks by the roadside, carrying water for the thirsty devotee to drink, and at night when he stops for rest, cooks his evening meal.—The Gleaner.

"Time's a hand-breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis an eagle on its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a short-lived, fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on the shower;
'Tis a momentary ray
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis a closing watch of night.
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;
Be prepared, O man, to die !"

—Quarles.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

A clergyman of the Church of England told me that his wife would not become a teetotaler because she enjoyed her glass of ale at lunch, and her glass of ale at dinner, and would have it. The physician said she might take it.

She brought her little boy on a visit to London. One day he saw a woman come out of a public-house and fall down, and he said:—

"O mamma, look there ! What's that?"

"It's a woman fallen down, darling."

"What's the matter with her, mamma?"

"She has been drinking too much beer, darling."

"Is that what you drink, mamma?"

"Yes, darling; but you know I take it as a medicine."

The child said no more.

One bright day, when they had been home some days, he came home bounding into the room where his mamma sat at lunch with her glass of ale, and said, "I feel so well, mamma, to-day. Are you well?"

"Yes, my dear."

Are you perfectly well, mamma?" "Yes, dear, I am perfectly well."

"Then what do you take medicine for, mamma?"

She could not answer.

Then the little fellow said, pleadingly, "If you won't take any more beer, mamma, I will give you all my pocket-money till I am a man."

"That was irresistible," said the clergyman. "and now my wife is an abstainer, and never touches wine or beer under any circumstances, nor does she need it." —Gough.

CHILDREN AND WIFE SOLD FOR OPIUM.

One cold wintry day, as Dr. Hall of the Shansi Mission, was passing near a village, he heard a cry, "I want my mother? I want my mother!" He turned and saw a little waif standing by the roadside, the picture of despair. The wind was blowing —oh! so cold, and the little five-year-old could scarcely keep her footing.

Suddenly a servant man came around the corner, evidently, looking for something. When he saw the child he sprang to her, seized her by the arm, and dragged her rudely away towards the village.

Dr. Hall asked him, "Is that your child?" "No; I have no need of such a little pest." "It wants its mother; is she living?" "Yes, it does, but it will not get her."

By a series of persistent enquiries, Dr. Hall learned something of the child's sad history.

The father was a member of one of the wealthiest families in the village; his wife was one of the most beautiful of girls. Ten years ago they were married. Two children were born to them. The father had the cursed opium habit, and lost all his property by means of it. The mother never took opium, and labored hard to keep herself and children in food.

When his money was gone he could not get opium. So one day he told the mother to dress the children in their best, as he wanted to take them on the street. She did so, and the father took them out and sold them.

When the mother learned of it she was frantic, and rushed out to seek them. She went into a house where her little girl was sitting on the floor crying, caught her up in her arms, and had nearly reached the gate, when the master eame upon her and struck her and said, "That is my child; I bought it to-day from your husband for five thousand cash," and pushed her out, and closed the door.

The woman went home weeping and wailing. On her way some one told her: "Your husband sold your little three-year-old boy to-day to a man from Yang Tsun, and he took him away in his cart."

This money was soon spent. New Year was coming on, and once more the father was in straits. One day he told his wife to put on her best clothes, and he would take her to see the children. She hurried, and they were soon in the cart.

They drove into the court of one of the richest men in the village. The wife said, "This is not the house; we are in the wrong court." But they went on, and into the room where the rich man's wives were. The woman sat down, and the husband and the rich man went into another room. Soon the rich man returned, and the woman asked where was her husband. "He has gone home. I bought you from him for ten ounces of opium and thirty thousand cash. You are mine not his." The woman cried, but that was all she could do. Such cases are constantly occurring.

As opium comes in, peace and plenty and prosperity go out. Opium is at this time the greatest obstacle to the advance of the Cross. Opium makes its votaries forget sin, and blunts the perception into a semi-imbecile indifference to all influences of good.—Congregational work.

REGULATING THE CLOCK.

A colored man came to a watchmaker and gave him the two hands of a clock, saying:

"I want yer to fix up dese han's. Dey jess doan keep no mo' kerrec' time for mo' den six munfs."

"Where is the clock?" asked the watchmaker.

"Out at de house on Injun Creek."

"But I must have the clock.'

"Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid de clock 'ceptin' de han's, and I done brought 'em to you? You jess want de clock so you can tinker wid it and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's." And so saying, he went to find some reasonable watchmaker.

His action was very much like those who try to regulate their conduct without being made right on the inside. They know no more of the need of a change in their spiritual condition than the poor negro did of the works of his clock. They are unwilling to give themselves over into the hands of the Great Artificer, who will set their works right, so that they may keep time with the great clock of the universe and no longer attempt to set themselves according to the incorrect time of the world. And their reason for not putting themselves into the hands of the Lord is very similar to the reason the colored man gave. They are afraid the price will be too great. They say: "We only wish to avoid this or that bad habit." But the Great Clockmaker says, "I cannot regulate the hands unless I have the clock. I must have the clock."—Selected.

THE NICKEL THAT BURNED IN JOE'S POCKET.

Deacon Jones kept a little fish market.

"Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers and take good care of my pennies."

"Yes, sir," answered Joe; and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks and crackers to-morrow!" exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron about him the day before the Fourth of July. A great trout was flung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The deacon was out, but Joe had made purchases for him before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot. Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do; how much is it?"

"A quarter ma'am," and the fish was transferred to the lady's basket and the silver piece to the money drawer.

But here Joe paused. "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the deacon it cost fifteen he'll be satisfied and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market closed each went his way for the night. But the nickel buried in Joe's pocket burned like a coal; he could eat no supper and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but walking rapidly, tapped at the door of Deacon Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out and before the open Bible sat the old man Joe's heart almost failed him, but he told his story and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible the old man read: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."You have my forgiveness, Joe; now go home and confess to the Lord, and remember you must forsake as well as confess. And keep this little coin as long as you live to remind you of this first temptation."—New York Mail.

A TALK TO BUSINESS BOYS.

I once knew a boy who was a clerk in a large mercantile house which employed as entry clerks, salesman, shipping clerks, buyers, book-keepers, eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers and truckmen. This boy of fourteen felt that amid such a crowd he was lost to notice, and that any efforts he might make would be quite unregarded. Nevertheless, he did his duty. Every morning at eight o'clock he was promptly in his place, and every power that he possessed was brought to bear upon his work. After he had been there a year he had occasion to ask a week's leave of absence during the busy season. "That," was the response, "is an unusual request, and one which it is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant, but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask."

"I didn't think," said the boy, when he came home that night and related his success, "that they knew a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them."

They had, indeed, watched him, and selected him for advancement, for shortly afterwards he was promoted to a position of trust, for there is always a demand for excellent work. A boy who means to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind; but he who thinks, to win without doing his very best will find himself a loser in the race.—Exchange.

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BAD BOOKS

Never be tempted by curiosity to read what you know to be a bad book, or what a very little reading shows you to be a bad book.

Bad books are the most fatal emissaries of the devil. They pollute with plague the moral atmosphere of the world

Many and many a time a good book, read by a boy, has been a direct source of all his future success; has inspired him to attain and to deserve eminence; has sent him on the paths of discovery; has been as a sheet anchor to all that was noblest in his character; has contributed the predominant element to the usefulness and happiness of his whole life.

Benjamin Franklin testified that a little tattered volume of "Essays to do Good," by Cotton Mather, read when he was a boy, influenced the whole course of his conduct, and that if he had been a useful citizen, "the public owes all the advantages of it to that little book." Jeremy Bentham said that the single phrase, "The greatest good to the greatest number," caught at a glance in a pamphlet, directed the current of his thoughts and studies for life. The entire career of Charles Darwin was influenced by a book of travels which he read in early years.

On the other hand, it is fatally possible for any one—especially for any youth— to read himself to death in a bad book in five minutes. The well known minister, John Angell James, narrated that, when he was at school, a boy lent him an impure book He only read it for a few minutes, but even during these few minutes the poison flowed fatally into his soul, and became to him a source of bitterness and anguish for all his after years. The thoughts, images, and pictures thus glanced at haunted him all through life like foul spectres

Let no one indulge his evil curiosity under the notion that he is safe. "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

"O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking of the frosty Caucasus?'

Were we not warned two thousand years ago that "he who toucheth pitch shall be defiled?" and three millenniums ago the question was asked, "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Or can one walk upon hot coals, and his feet not be scorched?" —F. W. Farrar

HOW HEATHEN CHILDREN SUFFER.

A young woman of twenty in China, was compelled to eat an entire full grown dog as a medicine supposed to correct some internal difficulty.

A little girl was brought to our Foochow hospital, whose bandaged feet were in such a condition that though they were immediately amputated, nothing could save her life. It was a sacrifice to bound feet.

A Christian young woman in China said of her little girl-baby, "I may be able to prevent my mother-in-law from drowning the baby, but I cannot keep her from giving it away in betrothal as a slave.

One little slave girl had every toe and finger bone broken by her mistress, who was a Chinese lady, in Tientsin. Often these children are found with their flesh torn by the delicate long nails of their owners.

One of our physicians in China met the other day a woman who accosted her: "See my new slave. She cost only fifteeen dollars! She can't speak a word of our dialect." The child looked very sad, a mere baby among strangers.

In one of our famine orphanages is a little girl eleven years of age. She has had two husbands, the first an old man, from whom she ran away with a boy who gave her sweets. This child is permanently injured by bad treatment.

One of the women of Pekin visited by our missionaries was found with a little baby but a few days old, with whom the mother-in-law was so angry that it was a little girl that she would allow it nothing to eat, saying that a girl must die, while she half-starved her daughter-in-law because she had not strength to do the usual cooking service for the family.

A little girl in China greatly desired to study with her brothers, but was punished every time she attempted to repeat a few lines she had overheard when her brothers had recited their lessons aloud. She has just married into a family who have no objections to her learning to read, an opportunity she is improving to the best of her ability.