

Quickly Dougal's arm was around him. "O don't cry," he coaxed, "Teacher will show us the prettiest picture, great big horses and soldiers coming from war; won't you, Teacher?"

"Yes, here it is", said Teacher, turning over the Picture Roll, and in the wonder of it and listening to the lesson story, Curly forgot his trouble.

"Thank you, Dougal, for comforting Curly", said Teacher before he went home.

"O that's all right", said Dougal, "at home I please my little brother every day. He likes me."

"No wonder", said Teacher.

Aurora, Ont.

A Runaway Smile

One day a little smile,
 Played truant for a while,
 From a room where little smiles should
 always be;
 And a little boy said "Can't",
 And a little girl said, "Shan't",
 And a mother's face was very sad to me.

Then that little smile felt sorry
 To have caused this dreadful worry,
 So it crept beneath the nursery window pane;
 And some little sulks flew out,
 And four lips forgot to pout,
 Kissed instead—and mother's face grew glad
 again.

Said that little smile, ,, I never
 Thought my running off could ever
 Make two people look so very, very black;
 So I think I'd better stay,
 Or next time I run away
 They really might forget to want me back."
 —Australian Young Folks

Dinner in India

Ordinary dishes in India are not made of china or earthenware, but of brass, and each day they are scrubbed till they shine. A common kind of food is puris, a kind of short bread rolled thin and fried in butter.

A good Hindu does all her cooking, kneading her bread and everything of that sort with her right hand alone. The left hand is saved for any dirty work she has to do, and so must never touch her food.

When dinner is all ready, she will spread a clean cloth on the floor, the family will sit around it and she will serve them. They will have no knives and forks but will eat with their fingers, and if they are a well-bred family, they will touch only their right hands to the food, and only the tips of the fingers will be soiled. When they have finished eating, water will be poured over their hands to take away both the stains and the odor of the nice hot curry they have eaten.

When the women eat, they sit cross-legged on the floor, and if you try it you will find that it is very hard to sit like that without having your knees come up rather high, but if you were a little Indian girl in a nice family you would be told that your knees must lie flat and close to the floor, because it is not ladylike to have them lifted up.

It is just as true in India, as in every other civilized country, that people who are nice are particular about little things, while the ignorant are careless and slovenly.—Children's Missionary Friend

The Imagination

By Professor O. J. Stevenson, D.Pad.

If we were to set ourselves to take to pieces the most imaginative unreal fairy story or story of adventure that we know of, or to examine the wildest and most impossible medley of circumstances that a child's imagination could create, we should find that, after all, they are made up of nothing new, but are only old mental pictures put together in new ways. No matter how strong the imagination is, it cannot create new things. It can only take the mental pictures that we have already had and put them together in new forms. An Esquimaux child, for example, who has never come into contact with white people, cannot form mental pictures of great cities or tropical forests except as variations of his own surroundings.