



SCENE IN INDIA.

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Our picture shows you one of the two-wheel carts of India. Not a very easy one to ride in, nor very handsome. But still people ride in or on them. The sleepy-looking bullocks are probably as lazy as they look to be, for the repeated blows which they receive on their sides from their driver have become so frequent that they no longer care for them. No one walks in India if he can get a couple of wheels and a bullock to draw him. I presume that most of my readers would prefer walking to riding, if the vehicle in which they were to ride resembled this one, but in India, where the weather is so warm, any means by which exertion is lessened is considered not only right and proper but very acceptable.

TWO LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

Tom was a big Newfoundland dog, Dick was his seven-year-old master, and "Harry" was a dear little sister, Harriet, five and a half years old. Tom always went with the children, for sometimes Dick wanted to run away or get into mischief. Then Tom barked and nothing sly could be done with a big, noisy dog, who was always good. Dick meant to be good too, but he often forgot.

One day, Dick invited Harry to "go travelling without telling anybody." Loaded with bags and bundles, they got into a street-car, where Dick paid his only dime to take them "to town." It was not a big town, but when Dick and Harry had trudged round it a while they began to find it, as Dick said, "horrid." It was warm; they were tired and hungry. They wanted cake, but had no money to buy it. A man took away from Dick his father's and mother's silk umbrellas. Harry lost her pretty new bag, and, worst of all, they had no money to get

home with, even if they had known what car to take.

"Dick, it was naughty to travel without telling mamma until after we did it," said poor Harry, beginning to cry. She was tired and she wanted her dinner very much.

"I wish Tom was here. He would know the way home."

"I guess, Dick, you know it was naughty when you shut Tom in the barn."

"Yes, I did," said Dick, "but I mean after this to tell mamma everything first, not afterwards."

Just then Dick saw the "vegetable man," on a cart—the man who brought peas and berries to their house every day. Dick shouted, and a minute after the two "travellers" were sitting among the vegetables, going home, glad and sorry and very tired.

"We never will travel any more," said Dick.

"No," said his little sister, "we will make what mamma calls 'nebley' visits."

"Yes, we will leave home the umbrellas and take pretty flowers and fruit and anything mamma lets us have, to old Grandma Peters and little lame Jim and anybody who is sick—then Tom can go, too."

When Dick confessed to his mother, she thought Harry's plan very wise. So after that Tom, Dick and Harry travelled together and never tried to be sly, but learned to do little kind deeds for the sick and poor.

KISSES.

BY PANSY

There never was anybody else in the world so mean as Judas, was there?"

It was Archie who asked the question. His mother had been telling him the story of Judas.

"That about the kiss is the very meanest," he said. "To think of him kissing Jesus! Huh!"

"I once know a little boy," said his mother, "who was something like Judas."
"O, mother! did you? What did he do?"

Mother took careful stitches in the dress she was making for baby and did not look up at Archie as she talked.

"Why, he climbed into his mother's lap and said: 'Dear, sweet mother, I love you; I love you the bestest of anybody's mother in all the world!' and then he kissed her, two, three, oh! ever so many kisses; and all the while he had something in his pocket that his mother had told him he must not touch. Wasn't that being like Judas? He kissed Jesus even while he was planning to hurt him, you know."

Archie sat up straight, his cheeks very red, and he said not a word. By-and-bye two tears began to roll slowly down his cheeks.

"Mother," he said timidly, "I didn't take only the leastest little bite of the candy in my pocket; I didn't mean to take any bite. I just meant to leave it there a little while and make believe I could eat it; and I do truly love you. I don't want to be like Judas."

"It made me think of Judas," said mother, "and it hurt me in the same way that I think the kiss of Judas hurt Jesus."

For a few minutes it was all still. Then Archie came to his mother, saying:

"O, mother, do please forgive me! I've put the candy back on the shelf, and I won't ever be Judas any more."

SOME THINGS I KNOW.

Here is a rhyme for movement exercises. A little direction on the part of the mother will teach the child all necessary gestures.

This is East and this is West,
Soon I'll learn to say the rest;
This is high and this is low,
Only see how much I know,
This is narrow, this is wide;
Something else I know beside.

Down is where my feet you see,
Up is where my head should be;
Here's my nose and here my eyes;
Don't you think I'm getting wise?
Now my eyes wide open keep,
Shut them when I go to sleep.

Here's my mouth, and here's my chin
Soon to read I shall begin;
Ears I have, as you can see;
Of much use they are to me.
This my right hand is, you see,
This my left, as all agree;
Overhead I raise them high,
Clap! clap! clap! I let them fly.

If a lady in the street,
Or my teacher, I should meet,
From my head my cap I take,
And a bow like this I make.
Now I fold my arms up so,
To my seat I softly go.