

Another strange idea they have, they think it degrades letters or characters, to write or trace them with the finger or a stick, upon the ground, and they do not like to see it.

While we are talking about paper, there is another curious custom they have, but not connected with written or printed characters. When a funeral is going along they scatter bits of paper, sometimes gilt or tinselled, by the way, so that the evil spirit may stop to gather them up and thus lose sight of the spirit of the departed and not be able to find it and torment it.

Our work is to send them printed characters that will tell them the Way of Life and lead them away from these foolish thoughts and practices to worship the true God.

"GIVE HIM A CHEER."

FOR years Darwin Priest had held the championship in the school-world at Rentville unchallenged, but one autumn day he was suddenly aroused to the consciousness that a rival had crossed his path, a rival many degrees his inferior in point of birth and station. Darwin was the son of 'Squire Priest, the most prominent man in Rentville, and Hugh Mallory was the son of an Irish Biddy, his father being a common laborer, a section-hand on the railroad, working like the other men for his dollar and a half a day.

But this being a free country, Hugh could not be shut out of the public school, and as brains are not graded by the amount of money in one's pocket-book, there was no way of disposing of this rival except by standing squarely up and vanquishing him in a fair battle of books.

You may rest assured that Darwin did not take kindly to this interloper who dared dispute his sway, but being too proud to acknowledge a rival so far beneath him socially, he treated him with utter contempt, never recognizing him as an equal, even when he was convinced that there was no discount on his scholarship.

As poor Hugh was high-spirited, and Darwin's haughty manner failed entirely to humiliate him, the consequence was the

nearer they grew together in their studies, the farther they were separated from each other by their evil passions. So the year passed away and vacation came with the breach between them still unhealed. Hugh spent his long hot months assisting his father in cutting ties and breaking stone for the new branch-road the company was laying, while Darwin, with plenty of money at his command, went to visit a friend in a sea-board town.

At the beginning of the new school year the latter came back more vigorous and earnest than ever, for he had gained something beside health and strength in the Christian home where he had summered. He had found Jesus, and when he returned to Rentville it was with the firm determination to live in strict accordance with the profession he made. The feud existing between Hugh and himself troubled him considerably, and he even went so far as to turn his head towards his rival the first time he met him after his return, but Hugh remained as stiff as a statue, and looking straight ahead, passed on as though ignorant of his existence.

"I have done my part, now," muttered Darwin, with an effort to compromise with his conscience. "If he does not wish to let bygones be bygones it is no concern of mine. It is not the right way for Christian boys to live—a Christian boy, I should say, for Hugh does not profess to be a Christian—but the making-up shouldn't be all on one side, and as I said before, I have done my part."

With this he dismissed the subject, or tried to do so, but he was ill at ease, and every time he was thrown into Hugh's society he felt that he was dishonoring his Master by the spirit he persisted in retaining. Surely Hugh could see very little of Christ reflected in his daily life, and he could not forget what his old pastor had said when admitting him into the church: "Remember, Darwin, a profession amounts to nothing, with the living part left out." And yet he went on with this living part left out, at least so far as this particular part was concerned.

That year it was agreed to celebrate the 12th of February, Lincoln's birthday, and