

But Uncle John had turned to Bob.

"Had a good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bobbie stoutly. "It's all Jo's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day, and we made up our minds that when the girls came we'd clear them off. But Jo, he—"

"I think this is Jo's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"

"Why," said Jo. "I thought the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so too, and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way."

There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket; the next minute the skates were on Jo's knee.

"The spelling-match is over," said Uncle John, "and Jo has won the prize."

Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him.

"Boys," he answered gravely, "we've been spelling man, not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think over it boys, and see."—*Rosa Graham.*

### A NATIVE SCHOOL IN INDIA.

The school is frequently under a tree or a thatched shed where the ground is covered with sand, in which the young students can work their examples. Here they sit cross-legged nearly all day.

The exercises begin by singing to the God of wisdom. They learn the lessons "by heart." They hold their hands on their hearts while they repeat the multiplication table, the alphabet, and certain sacred hymns. At the end of each of these they raise their hands to the forehead and make a low bow.

If the Hindu school-boy has been naughty he is sometimes beaten in the palm of his hand, and sometimes he is made to stand up and sit down a certain number of times, holding his own ears with his hands.

### IF : IF !

If every boy and every girl  
Arising with the sun,  
Should plan this day to do alone  
The good deeds to be done:

Should scatter smiles and kindly words;  
Strong, helpful hand should lend,  
And to each other's wants and cries  
Attentive ears should bend :

If every man and, woman, too,  
Should join their workers small—  
(O what a cloud of happiness  
Upon our earth would fall !

How many homes would sunny be,  
Which now are filled with care !  
And joyous, smiling faces, too,  
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun  
Would shine more clear and bright,  
And every little twinkling star  
Would shed a softer light.

But we, indeed, must watch to see  
If other folks are true,  
And thus neglect so much that God  
Intends for us to do.—*Golden Days.*

### A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

A certain old man used to say to his grand-daughter, when she was out of temper, or naughty in anyway: Mary, Mary, take care—there's a mouse in the pantry! She would often cease crying at this, and stand wondering to herself what he meant, and then run to the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap: but she never saw one. One day she said: "Grandfather, I don't know what you mean: I haven't a pantry, and there are no mice in mother's because I have looked so often." He smiled and said: "Come, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry: the little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good, and that makes you sometimes cross and peevish and fretful. To keep them out you must set a trap—the trap of watchfulness."