



AN INDIA BULLOCK CART.

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What a jolly team is this! How would you like to take a ride behind it? But there doesn't seem to be any too much room. Yet I guess we wouldn't quite tumble off, for those upright staves of that rather queer-looking body would doubtless keep us from falling. And what ungainly wheels! and just one pair, too!

There is another kind of carriage in use in India that I'd like to show you. It is called a travelling cart, and there are only two wheels to it as to this one. But it has much more body. Indeed, the body is like a large platform, and over it there is a huge cover of straw, arched over like a brick oven. This is to protect the traveller from the rain and from the fierce sun. Bullocks draw it, too, just like they are drawing this one. Indeed, these grave, sober fellows, with their long horns and small, sure feet, seem to be the prevailing style of horse in India.

How many interesting things we may read of this far-away country, India, with its palmy groves, spicy breezes, and delicious fruits! But how sad to think that of its 250,000,000 people only a few hundreds have heard the name of Jesus! If our young people would like to read a book about India that will instruct as well as interest, and tell them some of the many things the good and noble missionaries have done to teach the people there, let them send seventy-five cents to the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, and get a book called "Seven Years in Ceylon; or, Stories of Missionary Life." It is written by those noble Christian ladies, Mary and Margaret Leitch, and the wonderful and interesting things they have to tell will keep you reading on and

on from page to page. There isn't a dry line in the whole book. It is filled to the brim, too, with all manner of instructive and delightful pictures.

## WHY MARY WAS LIKED.

I read a story the other day about a little girl named Mary, and I thought you would like to read it too, so here it is.

A queer old man once made a tea-party for the little girls in the town; and when they had all come and were gathered in his front yard, he offered a doll for the most popular little girl, and asked them all to vote which should have the prize. But many of them did not know what "most popular" meant. So he told them it was the best-liked little girl. Then they all voted, and Mary was the one who had the most votes and received the doll, though no one could say she was either the prettiest or the cleverest of them all.

"Now," said the queer old man, "I will give another doll to the one that first tells me why you all like Mary the best."

Nobody answered at first. But presently one of them spoke up and said, "It's because Mary always finds out what the rest of us wants to play, and then says, 'Let's play that.'"

That was a good answer, and it showed what a beautiful, unselfish disposition Mary had. No wonder that all the other little girls liked her and that she was voted the most popular little girl in the town.

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A good rich man in a large city put up this notice over the door: "All who have no money, and are hungry, come in here and eat."

A great many people passed by, and

said: "What a strange man to make such an offer!"

A poor man came along, looked at the sign, and said: "Well, I'm hungry enough; but then, if I can't go in without paying something, I don't want to go, and I haven't any money." So he passed on.

A poor woman stopped and looked at the sign, and said: "Oh, if I might go in there and eat! But, alas! I am too ragged and dirty. I am not fit; he would turn me out." So she passed on.

And so on. One had one excuse, another some other; and so, hungry, starving, poor, wretched, the crowd passed by, and did not go in to the feast.

At last a little boy came along and saw the sign. "That must mean me!" he cried. Hungry? I'm hungry. Poor? I'm poor enough. No money? Well, that means me, too. I'll go in!" And in he went; and not only had a great dinner, but was clothed, and given a beautiful home in which he should be for ever happy.

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAND.

I read a pretty legend not long ago about three women who were trying to decide which had the most beautiful hand. One reddened hers with berries, and said that the beautiful color made her hand the most beautiful. Another put her hand in a mountain brook, and said that the bright, clear, sparkling water made her hand the most beautiful. The third plucked some lovely flowers from the roadside, and said the bloom of the flowers made her hand the most beautiful.

While they were talking, a poor old woman appeared on the scene and asked for alms, and another woman who did not claim that her hand was the most beautiful, gave her what she sorely needed.

Then all the women decided to ask this beggar-woman the question as to whose hand was the most beautiful, and she answered: "The most beautiful hand of them all is the one that gave relief to my needs;" and as she said these words, her wrinkles and her rags and her feebleness seemed to disappear, and there stood the Christ who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

## GROWING.

A little rain and a little sun  
And a little pearly dew,  
And a pushing up and a reaching out,  
Then leaves and tendrils all about:  
And that's the way the flowers grow,  
Don't you know?

A little work and a little play,  
And lots of quiet sleep;  
A cheerful heart and a sunny face,  
And lessons learned and things in place:  
Ah, that's the way the children grow,  
Don't you know?