

again. Sometimes, the long bob he draws is crowded with noisy boys and girls. Then the pony, young and full of life, gets excited, and fails to obey all the orders given to him. Down comes the whip again. Repeated blows have cut the skin on the pony's back and flanks. These cuts turned to such sickening sores, the poor, faithful little animal had to be sent to a horse doctor for treatment. My heart aches for that pony. So does yours, doesn't it?

A good, honest fight is all right. If a boy strikes another boy, he ought to get it back, in a flash? But, it's a mean thing to strike a creature that cannot defend itself. Cowards do that.

I wish our boys and girls could have heard, as I did recently, such an interesting talk about a man, who devoted a long, good life, to helping and teaching poor boys and girls.

You have all heard of him, Pestalozzi. An Italian by descent, he lived at various times in Prussia, Switzerland and France. To him, the modern Kindergarten is much indebted.

His school must have been a delightful place. He used very few books. He never told the children to sit in order. Boys and girls could sit on the floor, dangle their feet from a table, or climb upon a window sill. Even a pail turned upside down, or, best of all, the stair railings could be utilized. All recited together, Pestalozzi giving a definition of something the children knew well, they repeated and repeated it, usually in singing. As they sang their definitions, the children always doubly occupied, drew circles, squares and angles, or did some work brought from home. Some girls darned stockings, others sewed. One boy, who helped his father support the family, was al-

ways busy at the spinning wheel. Sometimes Pestalozzi would say suddenly: "We'll all go out to play." Pell-mell, teacher and pupils would rush out of doors. They would play games, hunt for flowers and stones, or sit on the banks of the river, and talk about the boats. Pestalozzi would tell them about the currents, and show them how the wind, acting on the surface water, caused the waves.

The children learned quickly and cheerfully. Natural history became a delight. Their ease in drawing circles and squares accurately was marvelous. They worked intricate problems in fractions, mentally, seldom using paper or slates. Eyes and hands were trained to see and to do correctly. Concentration of mind upon the work given them, developed that habit of "looking things square in the face," the best way to overcome a difficulty.

In reading the life of St. Francis Xavier, the Jesuit missionary, I noticed that he always asked the children to help him spread the Gospel. During St. Francis' time, the King of Portugal had large possessions in India, and controlled many of the islands in the China Sea, the Indian and Pacific Oceans. To the people of those lands St. Francis was sent as a missionary. He sailed from Lisbon in April, 1547. The journey should have been made in six months, but on account of storms, excessive heat, and poor sailing facilities, St. Francis did not reach Goa, the capital of Portuguese India, until a year from the following May.

Having labored many months in Goa, St. Francis visited the Paravas, a poor, down-trodden race, living along the extreme southern coast of India, near Cape Comorin. The pearl fisheries on this coast are the most famous in the