

satisfied just then, for Madge was called away, and Tom was left to ponder the problem by himself.

Cousin Madge was present the next morning before breakfast when Tom rattled off his verses to grandma. After breakfast there arose a great disturbance in the yard which Cousin Madge's window overlooked. Presently she tapped on the window to Tom, who was in the thick of the disturbance. Tom looked up at the window.

"Tom, can you come here a minute before you go to school?" said Madge, pleasantly.

It was full ten minutes before Tom found it convenient to obey the summons, and then he clattered upstairs more noisily than usual, which is saying much; burst into his cousin's room and slammed the door after him with such force that two fans and a photograph were jarred off the mantelpiece. Tom's apology for his violence was this:

"Well, I don't care. It's just the meanest thing I ever heard of."

"What is the meanest thing?" inquired Madge, innocently.

"Why, that old Barney, that comes here to do things. He went to fooling with my rabbits, and he's let the very prettiest one, the white one, get away, and she's got out of the yard, and I bet I'll never see her again."

"Is that the very meanest thing that ever happened?" asked Madge.

"Yes, it is, to me," declared Tom.

"And the meanest thing that ever happened to Amy happened yesterday, when you lost two of her white mice," pursued Cousin Madge, calmly.

Tom looked slightly confused. "Yes, but that was an accident. I told her I didn't mean to, and she ought to believe me."

"Then Barney meant to lose your rabbit?"

"He said he didn't, but I don't believe him. He'd no business to meddle with them."

"Did he give any reason for doing so?"

"Yes, he said one of the slats in the hutch was loose, and he was trying to fix it, but I don't believe a word of it."

Cousin Madge looked steadily into the flushed face and said gently: "Why should Amy believe Tom if Tom doesn't believe Barney?"

"Well,"—stammered Tom, reduced to his last argument.

"What were your verses this morning?" asked Cousin Madge.

Tom looked surprised at this sudden change of subject, but hurriedly repeated: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." "The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression."

"What was the use of your learning those verses," asked Madge.

"I don't see," replied Tom, stubbornly.

"And yet, if grandma had known you were to be subjected to a severe temptation this morning she could not have selected better verses for you."

"Temptation," said Tom, puzzled.

"Yes, the temptation *not* to defer your anger, and *not* to pass over a transgression."

"Is that the good of learning verses?" asked Tom,

going at once to the point.

"That is what I think," said Madge. "But sometimes when I see you and Amy together I should think you were a boy who had never heard of the twelfth chapter of Romans, which you *say* you have learned."

"So I have," affirmed Tom.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another," quoted Madge. "And there is a verse in the same chapter which says, 'Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath.' And yet I heard you say, 'I'll fix him, I know a way to pay him up.' Barney, I suppose you meant."

"Well," said Tom, dodging, as he thought, the main question, "that verse says, 'Dearly beloved,' and that don't mean me."

"Doesn't it? Are you not one of Christ's dearly beloved?"

"No, I am not," said Tom hastily.

"Do you mean that Christ does not love you?"

"I don't mean that," said Tom slowly.

"Perhaps you mean that you do not love Him." Tom did not want to say that, so he said nothing. Presently he spoke with more confidence.

"What I mean is that all these verses are for Christians, and I am not a Christian."

"Would you not have felt better yesterday if Amy had deferred her anger and passed over your transgression?"

"Yes, and I should have felt more sorry too. But she made me so mad scolding me that I didn't care if the old mice were lost."

"Perhaps Barney felt that way," said Cousin Madge, softly. "So it seems that people who are not Christians could practice some of these verses with good effect. But I don't see why you should not be a Christian, Tom, a boy who has to learn so many Bible verses and wants a good reason for doing it. Reciting anything isn't always learning it. What would be the use of learning all the rules in the arithmetic if you could not do the examples under the rules?"

"Well, that reminds me," said Tom, after a short pause, "I must hurry or I shall be late to school." He went out and closed the door very softly behind him. Cousin Madge had put a new thought into Tom's mind, and as he is a boy that is wont to keep a new thought and turn it over and consider it well, it may be that something will come of it. Something generally does come of Tom's thoughts. — *Maud Lincoln, in The Watchman.*

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID FOR JAPAN.

IN 1880 the prisons of Kiota held an unusual number of political prisoners, taken during the rebellion of the island of Kusu. Many of them were high in rank and honour among their countrymen. A few had been pardoned, many had been executed, while a large number were held as prisoners for a term of years. Much of the public work of the city then was, and is still, accomplished by gangs of prisoners under overseers.

In a remote part of Kiota an earnest, gifted woman had gathered a girls' school at home. Eager of heart,