

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

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RONALD AND HIS SCHOOL-MATES.

"I SHOULD like an orange, and a fig, and a bunch of grapes quite as much as you, Edward, but I cannot afford to buy them."

"What a prudent fellow you are, Ronald. Prudent or stingy—which is it?"

"I think I should prefer being the first," replied Ronald; "Lesson said the other day that Jack Hornton was not a boy to be trusted—he had no prudence; so, Edward, I should like to have what Hornton wants. I do NOT think I am stingy."

There were four or five little lads standing round Edward and Ronald while this chatting went on, and they broke into a chorus of "No! No! No! Ronald is not stingy—No! No!"

"Proof!" shouted Dick Mings, (Dick was always noisy.) "The proof is he is not stingy of his time, for he has often got up at four in the morning to help me to learn my lessons."

"Ronald," said James Bligh, "is the best coach in the school for stupid chaps," and this raised a laugh against dull Master Mings.

"He is not stingy of his money," said Lanty Browne; "the last time I lost my purse, with one dime, three cents, and a burnt dime therein, Ronald gave all he had, and never asked me for it that whole term, and what's more, never spoke of it, though he had nothing for ice-cream, or cakes, or anything."

"He is not stingy in anything," cried the small piping voice of little Sandy Crab; "he likes to hear us all praised, and does not care for praise himself."

"Hold hard there, wee Sandy," cried Ronald; "I do care for praise, I care for it awful."

"A fine! a fine!" shouted Edward Thorold; "the usher said more than once that Ronald never talked slang. Now, I leave it to you all if 'awful,' used in that way, is not slang? The master, as you all know, will not have what he calls 'impure English' talked in the school. We are forced to pick our

words as young ladies pick their steps. Let Will Graves sit in judgment: he took first grammar prize last term: come, Will, is Ronald guilty or not guilty? Guilty or not guilty?" he said over and over again.

William Graves was a long, lanky, pale boy with a well-formed head, small twinkling eyes, and a twisted nose that gave him a comic yet clever look.

William sprang on the lawn roller, and then looking very grave, he said, "'Awful,' so used, is absurd. I heard a boy say a rose smelt awful sweet, that sprats smelt awful bad, that his sister was awful

pretty, the apples awful sour, the taffy awful burnt, and his tea awful strong. Now, fellow-pupils of the jury, I think all this might be called awful nonsense."

"Ay, ay," shouted the lads, and clapped their hands wildly.

"But," added Will, "as this is, I think, Ronald's first offense, what say you? Guilty?"

"Jury cannot agree."

"Well, then, let him who never used a slang word name his fine."

The lads looked at each other, and laughed, and leaped into the air, and then made a great rush to the cricket-ground.

I grieve to say that during this brief talk Edward had eaten his orange, fig, and grapes, and had not shared them even with little Phil, dear little pale Phil, a sick child who was much loved by the great boys, who, in turn, carried him on their shoulders when they went to the wood, for Phil could not walk like his friends, one leg being a little shorter than the other, and the limb smaller. The surgeon, who saw him now and then, said that there was something that would give him great comfort and make him walk almost as well as other lads, and that he might perhaps play cricket. Poor Phil did so long to be able to run, and jump, and play.

The boys of whom I write were all pupils at a school called Temple Chase. The master's name was Downs. If they were not happy there it was their own faults, but I am sorry to say there are some boys—and girls as well as boys—who are very thankless for the good they receive at schools or anywhere else.

You shall hear more about these boys in my next.

LIE not; but let thy heart be true to God!
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod,
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

GEORGE HERBERT.

