

Rewards for Learning Verses

Do the mothers know that pretty little Certificates, in colors on stiff card, are given to any of the little ones "Who Cannot Read", who commit to memory four short and delightful bits of Scripture? These verses are the Memory Work in the Supplemental Lessons for the Beginners' Grade of the Primary Department. The little tots will count it a treat to learn them.

A larger Certificate, in colors, and suitable for framing, is offered For Those Under Eleven. This takes in the Memory Work of the Advanced Primary Grade, and the first two years of the Junior Department, 100 verses in all; about 20, therefore, a year. So that, by following this Supplemental Memory Work in the school, and then by accurately repeating the 100 verses, 50 at a time or all together, the scholar becomes entitled to the Certificate. The Supplemental Lesson Leaflets cost only 6c. a dozen.

The Virtue of a White Gown

"O, mother, how pretty you look!"

"How sweet!"

"Where are you going?"

"Guess!" I cried, "I'm going—going—going to stay right here with you this afternoon."

I ended enthusiastically, and I smiled. My little ruse had succeeded. Just a simple white dress had created the atmosphere that I wanted.

The children were cross; I was tired and irritable; yet I wanted to be patient and agreeable. I remembered, when a teacher, how the school children had taken a dislike to a certain dress I wore; they fancied I was always cross in it. I recollected how pleased they were over a new gown, and especially over anything white. They begged me always to wear white. Now I was resolved to test again the power of the white dress, and see if it might not react upon my tired nerves.

It was a dull, rainy day; but I had a warm fire. I selected a white waist, not too thin, and alas! a little out of style. Then I found my old pique skirt, a bit mussed, but clean.

I wore a dainty blue ribbon at my neck, and a bow to match in my hair. A string of blue beads completed my costume. Last of all, a lace-trimmed handkerchief with a dash of cologne. The third-reader class used to admire "teacher's handkerchief, so nice an' smelly!"

Now I was ready for the afternoon, and felt quite equal to entertaining three restless children just recovering from the measles. At the chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" and the gentle pats on my hair, the loving touches on the string of beads, I felt more than repaid. I was actually rested and in good humor with myself again, while the children were eager to follow every suggestion that I made.

O the magic of a White Gown!—*Exchange*

Her Own Doll

By Mrs. Margaret Caven Wilson

One long, wide street ran through the town of Mehidpore, and a broad, fine road crossed the main street near its centre, so that the city was almost equally divided into four quarters. For the rest there were only narrow, crooked lanes that zigzagged all over the big, rambling place. The shops of the "oilman caste" opened out on this second road, but to reach the homes of the poorer people of the caste one had to pick one's way carefully through a network of short lanes reaching away behind the shops, lanes among which it was much easier to lose yourself, than to find the house of Kallu, the oilman. It was a little house of two rooms in the very centre of the *mohulla*, or quarter. One morning Janki and Tulsi, Kallu's daughter and step-daughter, having finished their early morning work, were sitting on the mud platform in front of the house, waiting for a girl friend who always went with them to the Mission School in the "big bazar".

"Are! Who is making such a hulla-baloo", said Tulsi, as a funny little figure, clad only in a scanty little cotton skirt, turned into the lane, crying and sobbing pitifully. "It's the Baba's daughter. Here"—and Tulsi thrust out a bare foot to stop the child passing the platform—"what