

CHILDREN AND YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Rollo at School.

One pleasant Monday morning, Rollo came to the door which opened upon the platform behind his father's house, and looked out into the little green yard, and across to the garden. Then he looked over towards the barn. He seemed to be looking for somebody. Then he turned round, and took down a small ivory whistle which hung in the entry, by the side of the door. It was hung upon a small nail by a green silk ribbon.

He stood out upon the platform and blew the whistle loud and long.

In a moment he heard a voice, which seemed to be out behind the barn, answer, "Aye, aye."

He looked in that direction, and presently a large boy came around the corner of the barn and walked along towards him. His jacket was off, as if he had been at work, and he had a little hatchet in his hand.

"Come, Jonas," said Rollo, "mother wants you to go with me to school."

Jonas looked and saw that Rollo was dressed very neatly, and that he had a book and slate in his hand. He said he would come as soon as he had put on his jacket.

So Jonas put the hatchet away in its place, and put on his jacket, and then went around to the front door, where he found Rollo waiting for him; and they walked along together.

"Did you ever go to school, Jonas?" said Rollo.

"Yes," replied Jonas, "I went once."

"Don't you wish you could go now?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "I think I should like it better than you will."

"Better than I?" said Rollo, looking up surprised; "why, I like it very much indeed."

"You haven't tried it yet," said Jonas.

"Oh, but I know I shall like it."

"You can tell better by and by," said Jonas. "Boys don't generally like going to school very well."

"But I do," said Rollo.

"They all like it the first day; but afterwards they find a great many things which they do not like very well."

"What things?" asked Rollo.

"Why, sometimes you will get playing after breakfast, and when school time comes you will not want to go. Then your studies will be hard sometimes and you will get tired of them; and then some of the boys will be cross to you, perhaps."

Rollo felt somewhat disappointed at hearing such an account of the business of going to school, from Jonas. He had expected that it was to be all pleasure, and he could not help thinking that Jonas must be mistaken about it. However, he said nothing, but walked along slowly and silently.

Presently they came down to the little bridge that leads across the brook on the way to the school-house, where they had found a bird's nest some time before, and Rollo proposed that they should go and look at their bird's nest.

"No," said Jonas, "we must not go now. It is never right to stop by the way, going to school, without leave."

"Why?" said Rollo.

"It will make us late," said Jonas.

"Oh, but we will not stop but a minute," said Rollo, lingering behind a little, and looking towards the tree.

Jonas laughed, but kept walking on, looking around to Rollo, to see if he was following. But Rollo stood by the side of the bridge, looking at Jonas as he went along.

"Just one minute, Jonas," said he.

Jonas shook his head and walked on. Presently he turned round and walked backwards, facing Rollo.

Rollo, finding that Jonas would not stop, began to follow him slowly, but he looked very much vexed. He thought that Jonas was very ill natured not to stop for him just one minute.

By the time Jonas had got to the top of the hill, Rollo overtook him, and then he walked along in silence for a few minutes. At last he said pettishly, "I will stop when I am coming home, at any rate."

"I advise you not to," said Jonas.

"Why not?" said Rollo.

"Because your father told you that you must not stop, going or coming."

"Well, I am not going to stop; I shall only go and look at

the bird's nest, and then walk on; it won't take any time at all."

"That is the way I have known a great many boys to get punished," said Jonas.

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, they stop a little going to school to play, and think they are only going to stop a minute; but then they forget, and play about a great deal longer than they meant to, and so get very late."

"And then do they get punished?" said Rollo. "My father would not punish me, if I only stopped a minute."

"Perhaps he wouldn't, but then if you stop at all, you will be likely to stop more than a minute."

By this time they came in sight of the house where the school was kept. It was a farm-house, standing among some trees, by the side of the road. There was a very pleasant yard on one side, with a waggon in it, and some woodpiles and chips, and some barns and sheds on the other side of it.

"Is that the school-house?" said Rollo.

"The school is kept in that house. That is where Miss Mary lives, and she keeps the school in the orchard room."

"The orchard room?" said Rollo.

"Yes, the room leading out into the orchard, on the other side."

The boys walked along the road in front of the house, and when they had got just beyond it, Jonas opened a small gate, which led under some trees by a little path, around the other side of the house. A large orchard extended from the house in this direction, with handsome trees in it, and fine green grass under them. They saw a door here, leading into a room which projected out into the orchard. There was a little portico before the door, and a large smooth flat stone on the ground before the portico. The grass came up all around near to the stone, except where the path came. Two children were sitting on the floor of the portico, with their feet upon the flat stone. They had books in their hands and their lips were moving. They looked up and saw Jonas and Rollo, but went on studying.

As the boys passed by the window, which was open, they saw the scholars and the teacher, in the room; and the teacher, whom the scholars always called Miss Mary, saw them and came to the door, just as Jonas and Rollo stepped up into the portico. She looked pleased to see the boys.

Jonas took off his hat as he came up to her and said,

"Here is Rollo."

"Ah, Rollo," said Miss Mary, "how do you do? I am glad to see you." She took Rollo by the hand and led him in, and Jonas turned around, put on his hat, and walked away.

Miss Mary led Rollo into the school-room. He found that the children were just taking their seats. Miss Mary led him to a seat at a little desk by the window. The desk was long enough for two, and there was a boy sitting at one half of it already. This boy was not so large as Rollo. He looked up very much pleased when he saw Rollo coming to sit by him. Miss Mary told Rollo that his name was Henry, and that they must both be good boys and not whisper and play. Then she turned away to her own seat at a table, at one side of the room. By this time the children all over the room had become still, and Miss Mary opened a little Bible which she had on the table, and it seemed as if she was going to read. All the children sat looking towards her attentive and still.

She only read two or three verses, but then she stopped to explain them very fully, so that the reading and her remarks occupied considerable time. One of the verses she read was this:—

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

She explained this to the children thus: "God will not listen to us when we pray to him, if he is displeased with us; and he is displeased with us just as much when we have iniquity in our hearts, as when we exhibit it in our actions. A bad boy was once walking along the street in a city, and he saw a basket of apples at the door of a store. He thought he would put out his hand slyly, when he went by, and take one. That was having iniquity in his heart. He had not done any thing wrong, he was only intending to do something wrong."

"Well, did he take one when he came to them?" asked Henry.

"No," said Miss Mary; "when he got close to the basket, and was just putting out his hand, he happened to look into the store, and he saw the man standing there. So he hastily with-