

Tiny considered. "I wish I could have one all my own," she said again. "It must be such fun to hear it go off."

"You have one," said Kent, gravely.

"I? An alarm clock?"

Kent nodded.

"Where?"

"Right in there," said Kent, with his hand over Tiny's heart.

"Well, I don't believe it ever went off," laughed Tiny:

"Yes, I'm sure it has. Wait till you feel like doing something wrong. That little clock will say, 'Whir! Tiny, don't!' You see if it doesn't."

Tiny laughed and went back to her examples. Soon a call came from the kitchen: "Tiny, dear, I want you."

Tiny's mouth began to pout, but she suddenly called out cheerily, "Yes, mamma," and danced out of the room, looking back to say, "It went off then, Kent, good and loud."

Kent nodded and smiled. "I thought it would," he said.

And all of you little folks with alarm clocks must be sure to answer the first call, or they will ring and ring in vain, and turn you out good-for-nothing men and women.—Selected

As Little Children

Make ours, dear Lord, the children's joy

In earth's simplicities—

The beauty of the field's wild bloom,

The shadows, sun and breeze;

Attune our ears to song of birds,

To the brooklet's melodies.

As childrea crowned with Thy own flowers

Our hearts with Thy grace bind

So in this world of Thine may we

Walk not as deaf or blind,

But joyous in the common gifts

Vouchsafed to all mankind.

In An Eskimo School

Dr. S. K. Hutton, in *Among the Eskimos of Labrador*, gives the following account of a visit to a school in that country:

"I walked in one day at Okak, when

Benjamin was drilling arithmetic into the heads of a score of bright-eyed little Eskimos, and the picture of that Eskimo school class is one of the most vivid of my many pictures of Labrador life.

"'What is four times four?'" said Benjamin. The little eyes stared, and the little mouths opened, and the little fingers began to count under the shadow of the desk. Benjamin made it easier. 'I saw four sledges,' he said. There was a general heave of interest: Benjamin was going to tell them a story. They shuffled their feet and elbows, and settled down to listen. 'I saw four sledges; they were coming round the bend from the sealing-place. Each sledge had four dogs to pull it. How many dogs were there, gathered all together?'

"That made thinking easy; the little brains had got something familiar to work upon; there was a picture of sledges in their minds, and like a flash came the answer, 'Sixteen dogs—they are sixteen.' 'Yes,' said Benjamin, 'four times four makes sixteen; don't forget.' The little faces were serious again; it was not much of a story, after all; but they had learned something without expecting it. Wise man, Benjamin; he was an Eskimo child himself once, and has had a careful training from the missionaries; he has learnt to present things in a way that the Eskimo mind can grasp.

"After a few more exercises with the table-book, I saw the little eyes becoming restless; thoughts were beginning to wander, and Benjamin called for a change. Shock-headed little Moses fetched the books out of the cupboard, and handed them round, and the chubby faces brightened again.

"Benjamin announced a psalm, and the little fingers grew busy as they turned the pages, and then I saw first one boy and then another stand up to spell through a verse. It was really wonderful to watch the eager way in which they pursued the alarming strings of letters that stretched from margin to margin, and gathered them into syllables under Benjamin's guidance, and made out the proper meaning. When the psalm was finished, Moses collected the books; then the children sang a hymn and ran out to romp in the snow."