

Why not for the big girls? perhaps you will say. Because there is only one girl of any size in the school. The rest are very small and some of them rather dirty. They often bring with them a little brother or sister, smaller, and if possible a good deal dirtier, than themselves.

We often wash them up and put clean clothes on them out of the boxes the ladies and the Mission Bands kindly send us, but most likely they will come just as dirty next day until they have been coming long enough to learn to keep themselves tidy.

Small and dirty though they be we should be glad to have them come regularly to school, but they stay at home very often, and are always ready with some excuse.

In order to coax them to the school, the master and I consulted together, and resolved to try a separate play-ground for the girls with a fence around it where they might play and swing without interference from the boys. When we asked Dr. Morton, he thought he had not enough money to do it, but I got part of the money elsewhere, and to-day the swing is finished.

The boys want a swing too, so we shall put one for them under a shady tree on the other side of the school house. All this we do to make the children want to come to school.

I am going to tell you the name of the Tunapuna school master; it is Charles Edward Sankar (pronounced Sunker). He is a very young school master, and was first taught in our Tacarigua school; he manages the children very nicely, and in the government examination this month got "very good" for his school, passing the two pupil teachers, and every child who went up for examination in the standards.

The infant teacher is an East Indian girl named Mary Jane, who was trained in the "Girls' Home."

We are having very hot dry weather now; it is near the close of the dry season; vegetation is suffering as well as ourselves; the first showers will be gladly welcomed.

WHAT POLLY DID.

"I feel as cross as a bear!" said Polly, as she came in from school.

"Then you have a good chance to make the family happy," and grandma smiled. "Your mother has a headache, the baby wants to be amused, and little brother is fretful. A cross bear will make him cry, and then the baby will cry, too, and that will make your mother's headache worse.

"Why, grandma, what do you mean?" interrupted Polly.

"Oh, I haven't finished what I want to say. That is what a cross bear will do; but a good-natured bear can make Jamie laugh, and then, perhaps, Jamie will make the baby laugh, and if your mother hears them perhaps her head won't ache so badly; and if she grows better, it will surely make papa smile when he comes home; and if papa smiles, I shall be happy, too."

"All right," said Polly. "You shall see what a good-natured bear can do."

She went into the nursery and capered so comically that Jamie laughed with delight. Then she took his hand and they danced back and forth before the baby, sitting in her high chair, and Jamie's laugh was soon echoed by little May.

Mother heard the happy little voices through the closed door, and said to grandma, "It is better than medicine to hear those dear children."

"That is what I told Polly," replied grandma.

At the tea-table, papa said, "It is such a comfort to find mamma's headache is really better," and he smiled at Polly, while grandma beamed at both of them as she poured the tea.

"It's like a Mother Goose story," said Polly. "The bear began to please the little brother, the little brother began to amuse the baby, the baby began to cure the mother, the mother began to comfort the father, the father began to cheer the grandma, the grandma began—she began it all!" And Polly stopped for want of breath.—*Sel.*