



THE INDIA BULLOCK CART.

AN INDIA BULLOCK CART.

What a jolly team is this! How would you like to take a ride behind it? But there doesn't seem to be any too much room. Yet I guess we wouldn't quite tumble off for those upright staves of that rather queer-looking body would doubtless keep us from falling. And what ungainly wheels' and just one pair, too!

There is another kind of carriage in use in India that I'd like to show you. It is called a travelling cart, and there are only two wheels to it as to this one. But it has much more body. Indeed, the body is like a large platform, and over it there is a huge cover of straw, arched over like a brick oven. This is to protect the traveller from the rain and from the fierce sun. Bullocks draw it, too, just like they are drawing this one. Indeed, these grave, sober fellows, with their long horns and small, sure feet, seem to be the prevailing style of horse in India.

How many interesting things we may read of this far-away country, India, with its palmy groves, spicy breezes, and delicious fruits! But how sad to think that of its 250,000,000 people only a few hundreds have heard the name of Jesus! If our young people would like to read a book about India that will instruct as well as interest, and tell them some of the many things the good and noble missionaries have done to teach the people there, let them send seventy-five cents to the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, and get a book called "Seven Years in Ceylon; or, Stories of Missionary Life." It is written by those noble Christian ladies, Mary and Margaret Leitch, and the wonderful and interesting things they have to tell will keep you reading on and on from page to page. There isn't a dry line in the whole book. It is filled to the brim, too, with all manner of instructive and delightful pictures.

WHY MARY WAS LIKED.

I read a story the other day about a little girl named Mary, and I thought you would like to read it too, so here it is.

A queer old man once made a tea-party for the little girls in the town; and when they had all come and were gathered in his front yard, he offered a doll for the most popular little girl, and asked them all to vote which should have the prize. But many of them did not know what "most popular" meant. So he told them it was the best-liked little girl. Then they all voted, and Mary was the one who had the most votes and received the doll, though no one could say she was either the prettiest or the cleverest of them all.

"Now," said the queer old man, "I will give another doll to the one that first tells me why you all like Mary the best."

Nobody answered at first. But presently one of them spoke up and said, "It's because Mary always finds out what the rest of us wants to play, and then says, 'Let's play that.'"

That was a good answer and it showed what a beautiful, unselfish disposition Mary had. No wonder that all the other little girls liked her and that she was voted the most popular little girl in the town.

GROWING.

A little rain and a little sun

And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about:

And that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

A little work and a little play,

And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart and a sunny face,
And lessons learned and things in place:
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?

SOPHIA'S SWEEPING.

Everybody in the great Treasury Building at Washington knows "good old Sophia," the janitress. She has been there thirty-four years, respected and loved by the officials and clerks.

She was the first woman ever appointed officially in the government service. For her honesty, in saving Uncle Sam one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in one night, long ago, President Lincoln gave her a life appointment in the Treasury, where she has seen nine administrations come and go.

Among the ninety scrub-women at the Treasury, Sophia was one. One day, after a hard evening's work, when the great building was emptied of its workers, Sophia, as usual, swept and cleaned the rooms, where (with shears in these days) the bank notes were cut and trimmed. Under the shavings she found a box packed with notes all ready for the safe. It had been forgotten.

"Now," thought Sophia, "what can I do? So I keeps on thinkin' and sweepin' fast, and thinkin'. The watchman stops at the door, and says: "Sophia, you're mighty particular this evenin' with your cleanin'."

"I says, when I had covered the box with shavin's: 'Yes, I likes to be nice.'

"Up an' down, up an' down, the watchman walks, an' I sweeps an' thinks: 'S'pose he steal, an' 'cuse a poor woman like me.'"

The long, dark evening she kept her watch. It was midnight. It was so still and lonely; only the steps of the watchman to and fro, on the marble floors. "One," "two," the big clock struck, with a ring. Sophia prayed the dear Lord to help her, to take care of her little children at home, to protect her and this great amount of money for the government.

At last, General Spinner, the United States Treasurer, came past her door. He cried out: "Why, Sophia, good woman, what are you doing here this time of night?"

It didn't take long for Sophia's story to be told; and the precious box hidden in General Spinner's room, all the officials were brought from their beds, and Sophia kept prisoner until, in their presence, the money was counted.

General Spinner had dreamed that something was wrong in the Treasury, dressed and gone to his office. Sophia was sent home in his carriage.

The Secretary said next day: "Sophia, don't you know you have saved this big government a quarter of a million of dollars?"

"I'ce glad, sir; it's a great deal of money to lose."

Visitors often ask: "Sophia, were you a bit tempted to take a few notes that time?"

"Sophia's mild eyes flash, and she stands very straight, and always replies: "No, no! It never entered my mind, honey! All the gold and notes in the United States Treasury ain't nothin' to leavin' my little black children the legacy of a white soul!"