



A COSY CORNER AND AN INTERESTING STORY.

A TALE OF A TOY.

Once was a little horse
That daily was the joy
Of a pretty little girl
And a pretty little boy.
But now the little horse
No longer is the joy
Of the pretty little girl,
And the pretty little boy.

They could not think alike
About the horse one morn;
One wished to feed him oats,
And one to feed him corn.
Then pulled the little girl;
Then pulled the little boy;
And soon their darling horse
Was just a broken toy.

WILL YOU ENLIST?

BY H. WATSON.

Several boys were playing at soldiers and were marching about armed with sticks for bayonets, Frank leading the way and beating his drum. He had just halted his men and was about to drill them when their teacher came along.

As they saw him the boys all politely touched their caps.

"Good morning," said he, "what are you doing?"

Said George: "We are playing at being soldiers, sir. Frank is the captain and he is drilling us."

"There is no harm in drill," said the teacher. "It exercises your limbs and keeps your backs straight; but I hope, boys, you will be content with playing at soldiers and never have to go to battle as real soldiers."

Then each boy had something to say in reply.

Said Frank: "Why not, sir? I think I should like to be a soldier."

Said another: "Oh, I shouldn't—not a real one. It is all very well to play at it."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"Think of losing your leg."

"Or your arm."

"Or your life."

"And not be well paid for it, either."

Said Frank: "You all talk like cowards. A brave man is willing to shed his blood for his country and doesn't think about the pay."

"Well said, Frank," said the teacher. "Although I don't wish any of you to be soldiers, I don't like the reasons the others give for keeping out of the way of war—they are selfish. Be men of peace, boys, but be so because it is right, not because you can get more by it and suffer less."

"Isn't it noble to give one's life for one's country," asked Frank.

"Yes, Frank, and when we read of men who have done so we admire them. But, as a rule, soldiers don't go into the army with the intention of being killed for their country, although they know they run the risk. Their country does not wish them to be killed either. The more men she loses the worse for her. A soldier's business, in fact, is not to die for his country, but to kill other men. That's what they go in battle for—to kill the enemy. It's awful, isn't it? It is a dangerous game, for a man may lose his own life while he is trying to take that of others."

"Well, it does seem wicked," said Frank, "when you think about it. Still, if they are the enemies of our country it makes a difference, doesn't it? I don't think I'd like to be a real soldier, after all. I'll only play I'm one."

"But you can all be soldiers in another

kind of army, and I hope you will all enlist. The aim of this army is not to destroy men's lives but to save them."

"I know what you mean," said Tom: "you mean the Temperance army, don't you?"

"Yes, and I want you all to be earnest soldiers. Our enemy is headed by King Alcohol. He is very strong, for he has many to support him. He is barricaded behind whisky barrels and wine casks and beer kegs."

"Yes, and his soldiers all show plainly enough when they belong to his army," said Tom. "They have red noses and bleary eyes."

"And ragged clothes," said Willie.

"And horrid breaths," said Charlie.

"And staggering steps," this from Robert.

"I won't join such an army," said Tom.

"Nor I! Nor I! Nor I!" shouted all the boys.

The teacher smiled as he answered, "That means you will belong to the army I spoke of—the Temperance army, the army of right."

"Yes, sir—yes," were the boys' answers. They were all ready to enlist. Will you enlist, too?

SCHOOL IN AFRICA.

The boys and girls have schools at Bauza Manteki in Africa that are very much like schools everywhere, though I did notice some helps they had in doing their "sums" that I never saw at home.

In doing their "sums," the children used their fingers to count on, just as some boys and girls do at home. But, what was more amusing, they also used—their toes! As they wear no shoes or stockings, this is very convenient, and when a scholar's own set gives out, she may be spied eagerly borrowing ten toes of her neighbour to finish out her sum.

Each child has a pen-wiper of her own, which is in constant use. The pen-wiper is her own woolly little head, into which the pen is plunged every few minutes and rubbed vigorously. If ink is spilt on the table it is wiped off with their own hands, no one being any the wiser—another advantage of black, shiny skin.—*Jewels.*

A little girl, introducing two other little girls, said: "Mary, you and Susie must love each other; for I love you both, and you both love me." Do you not think that a good reason for loving? At any rate, it was Jesus' reason: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." It ought to be the easiest thing in the world for Christian boys and girls who love Christ, and whom he loves, to be the best of friends.