

those we like; but to all—even those who do us an injury. Kindness has and has "coals of fire" on many heads, and has made many friends. To whom should our Juniors especially be kind? e.g., everybody in their own homes. It is a sad thing when a girl or boy is pleasant away from home; but kindness among their children, and nothing will do more to make and keep some happy than the law of kindness shown in the daily family life. . . . Their teachers. When teachers seem cross it is very often the result of over-anxiety for the growth of their pupils. Considerate kindness on the part of the learner will greatly assist the teacher. . . . Their companions. "Keep sweet" with your young playmates and school friends. Be pets. Never act cruelly to any animal. Be merciful to even the weakest and do not take sport out of even a mouse's pain or a fly's distress. So the law of kindness helps "bear one another's burdens" and shows forth the spirit of Jesus, who was ever merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and of great compassion."

Letter from Mrs. Large.

BELLA BELLA, B.C., Jan. 23rd, 1901.

To the Junior Leagues of Toronto Central District:

My Dear Friends,—We have to thank you very much indeed for the generous box of supplies which we received by last steamer. Of course it did not reach us in time for Christmas, but that, as it turned out, was not such a dreadful thing after all, as our usual Christmas festivities were quite upset this year. We were not able to have our usual Christmas tree, but instead for the children we had them come to the school house and have a good play in the afternoon, and Miss Beatty managed to gather enough together so that each child had some small gift. None of the children living at the new village came down, so there were only a few to provide for. Then in the evening Dr. Large had a magic lantern entertainment, which they all enjoyed very much. The gifts in the box we have sorted over and packed away till next winter when they will be just as much appreciated as they would have been had they arrived in time for this year's entertainment.

I suppose you would like to know the reason we did not have the same good times this Christmas that we have had other years, so I will try and explain a little to you. You know in olden times the Indians used to have a great many heathen customs that when they become Christians they must promise to give up. They gave the muskets and the man giving the feast gave away great numbers of gifts of blankets or goods of some sort to his guests. They also had dances and sang heathen songs, and did many things which their people say they have given up. But some of these people are still very fond of these old customs, and in their minds when they are giving parties to their friends it is a great temptation to them to go back a little to them. They have promised the missionaries here time and again that they would never go wrong this way any more, but still nearly every year some one has something at his feast that he ought not. This year, at one large feast, they went further than usual, and Dr. Large told them that when they broke their promises like that and did what they knew was wrong, he could not let them have their usual Christmas entertainment in the church every night of Christmas week, and let them have time to think over their wrong-doing and be sorry for it. They were very angry at first at being punished like that, but now are nearly all feeling ashamed and sorry for their wrong-doing; so we are hoping that next year, if we are spared, we

may be able to give them a happier Christmas and they will try to do better. Christmas night we had service and afterwards a magic lantern, showing views of the life of Christ and some pictures not religious. So, you see, your box not arriving in time for Christmas was not the disappointment it would otherwise have been, and we have the things in good time for next winter's tree. We have had a week or so of cold weather here lately, with a little snow and frost. We do not like snow as a rule that the children do not know much of winter sports, but when this cold snap came they all had flat boards, sliding down the hills with much enjoyment. I think it was as good for them as if they had been real sleds. A few of the boys had skates and they took a few days' sport out of them on a little lake about a half mile back of the village.

We are expecting the boat south to-morrow, so are all busy to-night preparing mail for Dr. Large joins me in wishing you a very successful year's work in your League meetings and a very Happy New Year to each member. Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) ISABELLA G. LARGE.

Fred's Lesson in Chivalry.

Fred was lying on the couch in the sitting room, reading and squirring. One could always tell when he reached a critical point in the story, for he either gave a bounce that tried the springs of the couch, or wavered a foot excitedly in the air. As his little sister Ruth once said:

"When Pug wags his tail he wags all over, and when Fred reads he reads all over."

He read on, unconscious of the little figure perched on the arm of an easy chair, regarding him with pleading eyes. She did want to talk to him, and yet she knew how he hated to be interrupted when he was reading.

"Fred," she said, timidly, at last.

No answer.

"Fred," a little louder.

Still no answer.

"Please, Fred?"

"Well, what do you want?" he growled, glaring at her over the top of his book in a manner that justified her worst fears.

"Oh, Fred, Lucille Baker is going away, and she wants me to write in her album—"

"Album? Autograph? Oh, take it away," cried Fred. "Do you mean to say that those things have come around again?"

"It isn't a common autograph album," said Ruth, with dignity, holding it up.

The inside leaves were cut from cardboard in the shape of oak leaves, and the outside ones from birch bark, and all were tied together with pale green ribbon.

"Lucille made it herself. She has had a pleasant time here, and she may never come back again, she wants a souvenir, and wants all her set to write in it. I don't belong; I belong to the younger set, but Lucille likes me, and she says I write a beautiful hand. And she says she wants us to know what that means. Mamma is gone, write something means. Mamma is gone, and Uncle Phil is awfully busy, and I have to give it back to her in the morning, for there are so many to write in it yet, and—"

She stopped short, for she saw that Fred was deep in his book again.

"Please help me, Fred," she said.

"Go 'way," shouted Fred, in exactly the same tone that he used a few moments later, when the pug came seeking armingly into his face. "Writing in albums is all silly girls' nonsense, and I won't have a thing to do with it."

Ruth went. She went up to her room and cried, having first put the precious album away in its tissue paper wrapper.

Presently Uncle Phil came into the sitting

room. He passed beside the couch, and peered over it.

"Having a good time?" he asked.

"Yes, sir! Fine!" cried Fred, promptly, sitting up.

Uncle Phil was a personage, and one cannot snub a distinguished war correspondent as one does a little sister.

"It's 'Perseus and Andromeda.' Great, isn't it?" he continued, enthusiastically. "I'll tell you life was worth living in those days. Of course, I know this is a myth," he added hastily. "But the days of the old chivalry, and the tournaments and all that, are the days for me! Life's a deadly grind in this age."

"Sometimes I fear that the very spirit of knight-hood is dying out," said Uncle Phil, thoughtfully.

Fred's astonishment fairly lifted him to his feet.

"No, sir," he cried, as he sat down on the edge of the couch. "Just give it a chance, and you'll see."

"Risk your life to rescue a fair lady, eh?" asked Uncle Phil, smiling.

"Yes, sir, I would," replied Fred, flushing almost imperceptibly under the tan.

"And so would any of the fellows."

"Not long ago," said Uncle Phil, looking at his watch and beginning to speak very rapidly. "I heard a maiden in dire distress, and the only knight within hail deliberately turned his back on her. I don't doubt that she is weeping yet."

"W—what's that, Uncle Phil?" stammered Fred, the red beginning to ooze through the tan.

"I would have rescued her myself," continued Uncle Phil, shutting his watch, but these letters had to be written, and I have barely time to get them on the train. After that I have an important engagement," he added, hurrying out of the room.

Presently Ruth peeped into the library. Her face grew redder when she saw that Uncle Phil was gone.

"Well, did you succeed in finding a sugar-honey-and-lasagne?" asked Fred.

The words were not encouraging, but there was something in his voice that brought her flying across the floor.

"Oh, Fred, you will help me?"

"How would this do?"

"If any little word of mine  
May make a life the brighter;  
If any little song of mine  
May make a heart the lighter;  
God help me speak the little word  
And take my bit of singing,  
And drop it in some lonely vale  
To set the echoes ringing."

"Oh, how beautiful," cried Ruth. "Where did you find it, Fred?"

"It's one of the memory gems I had to learn at school when I was a kid."

"Oh, I wish our teacher did that." Then her face grew sober. "But are you quite sure it's ch-characteristic, Fred?"

"Quite so," said Fred, looking quizzically at the quaint, serious-eyed little creature perched on the edge of a big armchair.

"Miss Conscientious" was Uncle Phil's pet name for her.

She brought a pencil and paper, and wrote the words at Fred's dictation. Then she sat looking at him admiringly for a moment.

"Oh, Fred, you are a dear," she said.

He dodged, but not in time to escape the birdlike kiss that lit plump on the end of his nose, causing him to bury his face in a big sofa cushion and mutter some ungallant things about "gushing girls."

But little Ruth was happier still when Lucille, with a tender look in her eyes, and the sweet, motherly smile and caress that big girls sometimes bestow on little ones, said:

"You dear little thing! Your verse is the loveliest of all, and so characteristic."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*