

Mrs. Tollemache enjoyed the Sunday School treats much, but that they rather bored her, and that she regarded them as one of her husband's fads in which it was her duty to acquiesce, and to act her part in as well as she was able. After luncheon sports and games were the order of the day, and these were personally superintended by Mr. Tollemache, his family and friends. There were various kinds of races to suit the boys and girls just as you have here. The three-legged race always caused a great deal of merriment, and jumping in sacks was a favorite amusement. It was said by some of the spectators that the children who lived on the squire's property were favored in the races, but what truth there may have been in this complaint I really do not know.

The prizes were distributed by Lady Emily Tollemache, the wife of the Squire's eldest son.

There were swings and merry-go-rounds which were much appreciated by the young folk, and carefully attended to by the servants, and I never heard of any serious accident occurring. One little girl did once fall into the lake, but she was promptly pulled out and I do not think was the worse for it, although her dress probably suffered.

There was a herd of deer somewhere in the park, but we did not often get a glimpse of them, as they are timid creatures, and on these occasions used to retire to some sheltered nook, and were not easily found except by the gamekeepers.

Some of the clerical guests more interested in relics of the past than in watching the athletic sports of the young rustics, would sometimes pay a visit to the parish church, which was an ancient edifice, and contained monuments delightful for archæologists to contemplate. The one I remember best was in black marble and represented four kneeling crusaders, one of them said to be the ancestor of the present representative of the family. After awhile it was thought best to go back and see what was going on near the Hall. Generally by this time the sports were over and speeches had commenced. Naturally Mr. Tollemache came in for a great many compliments and pretty sayings which he took very easily, and seemed to consider as quite a matter of course. Three cheers for the squire and Mrs. Tollemache were given with the utmost heartiness, and the singing of God Save the Queen wound up the entertainment.

The task of getting the children back into the waggons was an anxious one, as some were liable to stray off into the park and not to hear the sound of the gong which was intended to collect them. However I never heard of anybody being left behind, except by arrangement or special permission. This rather unique form of hospitality was kept up for a long time, but for various reasons has of late years been discontinued.

There must, however, be a good many men and women living in Suffolk who retain very lively and pleasant reminiscences of the Helmingham school treats.

THE CRY OF INDIAN CHILDREN.

Hark ! a voice from India stealing ;
Children's voices we discern ;
Voices sweet and full of meaning,
Such as come from hearts that burn—
Come and teach us !
We are young and we can learn.

From our idols scorned and hated,
Wooden gods that we could burn,
Unto Him whose word created
Heaven and earth, we fain would turn.
Come and teach us !
We are young and we can learn.

We have heard of one who never
Little children's prayers doth spurn :
Guide us to His feet, and ever
Heartfelt thanks will we return.
Come and teach us !
We are young and we can learn.

THE HAPPIEST BOY.

Who is the happiest boy you know ? Who has the best time ? Is it the one who last winter had the biggest toboggan, or who now has the most marbles, or wears the best clothes ? Let's see.

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him new knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king : " I can make your son happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling you the secret."

" Well," said the king, " what you ask I will give."

So the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a lighted candle and told him to hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all. The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words : " Do a kindness to some one every day !"

The prince made use of the secret and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

"THIS WELL BUBBLES UP."

An old Hindu, called Moses, says he had worshipped many idols and dug into many wells, washed in many streams, drank even the water in which he had first washed a Brahmin's dirty feet. But nothing satisfied his soul ; it was still unclean, and he thirsted still. " I at last heard of the Well of Salvation, opened by Jesus Christ. Many wells I had dug in, but they were all dry, but this Well of Jesus bubbles up and up ; I feel it now."