

and were told they must sit upon the floor? What a hardship that would seem!

Our little children hardly know how much they have to be thankful for at home, at school, and everywhere.

JAPANESE CHILDREN IN YAMAGUCHI.



AS I was walking along the streets the other day, I came across a group of little Japs playing in some sawdust that had been left by a wood-sawyer. One of them had an umbrella. They opened the umbrella and stood it upon the ground, right side up, and heaped sawdust upon the top of it till it would hold no more. Then the leader took up the umbrella, being careful not to spill the sawdust, and they started off to march in a procession, stamping grandly along, gesticulating and shouting. All of a sudden the leader gave the umbrella a twirl, and oh, my! how the sawdust did fly! Right into the faces and eyes of all the others who happened to be near. Such a spitting, for they all had their mouths open as wide as they could to let the noise out, and the sawdust went in faster than the noise came out; and such a rubbing of eyes and faces, and such a clawing down necks to get rid of the sawdust, I think you never saw.

I thought the ones who got the sawdust in their eyes and mouths would be angry. Not a bit of it; as soon as they could see and talk once more, they laughed as loud and danced as high as any one. As I went on, they were preparing the umbrella for a second trial, but I could not wait to see the result.

I saw one little fellow the other day, standing in the door of his father's shop, with a string tied to the middle of a stick for a pair of scales, trying to weigh a little wad of paper which he had tied to one end of the stick by placing pebbles in a little sling tied to the other end. Of course he was playing "store," and the pebbles were weights, and I suppose the wad of paper was, well—sea-weed, perhaps, or pickled radish, or perhaps it was cake made or rice flour and bean paste. At any rate, he seemed very happy, and I thought him very ingenious for such a little fellow.

The children here are just as bright as American children are, and so I think the only reason the Japanese have not become a great nation, with railroads and telegraph lines, etc., is because that when they get old enough to understand about religion they worship stone images and foxes, and believe stories that are not true, instead of the Bible, and that deforms their intellects so that they cannot think rightly about anything.—*Children's Work for Children.*

"IT WILL DO."

NOTHING is good enough that is not as good as it can be made. The verdict "good enough," which in boyhood serves for a task poorly done, will become "bad enough" when the habit of inaccuracy has spread itself over the life.

"You have planed that board well, have you, Frank?" asked a carpenter of an apprentice.

"Oh, it will do!" replied the boy. "It don't need to be very well planed for the use to be made of it. Nobody will see it."

"It will not do if it is not planed as smoothly as possible," replied the carpenter, who had the reputation of being the best and most conscientious workman in the city.

"I suppose I could make it smoother," said the boy.

"Then do it. 'Good enough' has but one meaning in my shop, and that is 'perfect.' If a thing is not perfect, it is not good enough for me."

"You haven't made things look very neat and orderly here in the back part of the store," said a merchant to a young clerk.

"Well, I thought it was good enough for back there, where things cannot be seen very plainly, and where customers seldom go."

"That won't do," said the merchant sharply, and then added in a kinder tone:

"You must get ideas of that kind out of your head, my boy, if you hope to succeed in life. That kind of 'good enough' isn't much better than 'bad enough.'"

The girls who don't sweep in the corners or dust under things, and the boys who dispose of tasks as speedily as possible, declaring that things will "do" if they are not well done, are the boys and girls who are very likely to make failures in life, because the habit of inaccuracy has become a part of their characters.

The old adage, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is as true now as it was when it was first spoken, and it will always be true.—*Monitor.*

Do not promise too much, but be sure to perform that which you have promised, for no trifling difficulty should prevent you from keeping your word.

Count them over—the blessings, the comforts, the pleasures of the past year. They are all the gift of God, and call for heartiest thanks. Do you ever think that the hard times, the suffering, the sorrow, are His gifts, too, sent to make you better boys and girls, and to draw you nearer to your loving Heavenly Father? Give thanks for these, too, and pray that He will bless both trials and blessings to your eternal good. Every child has many things always to thank God for.