

water that flows along many channels to irrigate the fields of young grain. The moisture near the well encourages the growth of shrubs and trees; and many a well, like the one shown on the next page, has a cluster of oleander bushes and cocoanut trees by its side.

Many boys are too poor to have the chance to learn this kind of work, and get a living by watching the grazing cattle. The cattle and buffalos of a village are committed to them in the morning, and they drive them about over the fields wherever there is pasture, until the evening, when they are brought back in herds to their owners.

One of the great games of the country is to turn loose excited bulls and oxen with cloths on their horns, and then try to pull

that all went back except this young man and his brother. These two were faithful to Jesus and refused to go back to their heathen ways. So they were turned out of their home, and went to a training school to become teachers. There they were baptized and admitted to the Christian Church. Since then they have both become teachers, and the older one is now a valued and useful instructor in the theological school. He has a happy Christian home to live in, with furniture and books to make him comfortable and contented. But his father and mother live in a low house that looks more like a hut with mud walls and thatched roof, where cows and buffalos go in at the front door and occupy one side of the square, while the family have their small rooms on

A Cheap Price.

'Hey, Dick, Dick Morris!' called Tom Fodger from across the street, 'don't you want to go out to Cousin Jim's with me? Father says I can have the horse this afternoon.'

Of course Dick wanted to go. What boy would decline a five-mile drive on a superb September afternoon, especially when there was a prospective good time at the end of it?

'I've never been to your Cousin Jim's; where does he live?' asked Dick, as they started.

'On the plank road about a mile beyond the toll-gate.'

'Then I must be getting some toll ready; four cents each way, isn't it?'

'Yes, and it's too much for such a little way. I'll tell you what, let's run the toll-gate; it will be prime fun.'

Dick hesitated a little, but Tom was the older and leading spirit of the two, and when they drew up at the little white house, in front of which was raised the long wooden bar, Tom drew out a ten dollar bill that he had taken from his father's desk before starting, because, as he told Dick, it looked large to have the money to show, and assured the man in charge that they had nothing less. 'But we are coming back this way in two or three hours, and we may get the bill broken by that time; at any rate, we will settle with you then.' The old keeper looked a little doubtful, but small change happened to be low that afternoon, and he decided to trust the words of the two bright, pleasant-faced lads.

'It wouldn't do to run past now,' chuckled Tom, 'because we must go back this way, but just wait till then.'

An enjoyable afternoon followed what the boys called the best kind of a time, and dusk was gathering when the old toll-gate keeper, looking up the road, saw the gray horse and boyish drivers. Very leisurely they trotted along, and the old man took a step or two nearer so as to be ready for them as they came opposite. Tom, who was driving, made a motion as if to stop, and put his fingers to his vest pocket, when of a sudden he struck the horse with the whip, and away they went before the old man had time to drop the gate, the swift-falling hoofs and derisive laughter growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

Once at home, a half-conscious feeling kept Dick silent in regard to the exploit. Tom however, was troubled with no such scruples, and not long after, when in at Dick's one evening, he referred to the 'good joke,' they played on the old toll-gate keeper.

'What joke?' asked Dick's sister, Floy.

'Why, when we ran the toll-gate; didn't Dick tell you?' and he gayly recounted the story, adding, with a laugh, 'You ought to have seen the old man, with his mouth and eyes both open as he stood looking after us.'

Dick's father had paused in his reading to listen.

'Did you tell your father of this?' he asked, when Tom had finished.

'Why, yes.'

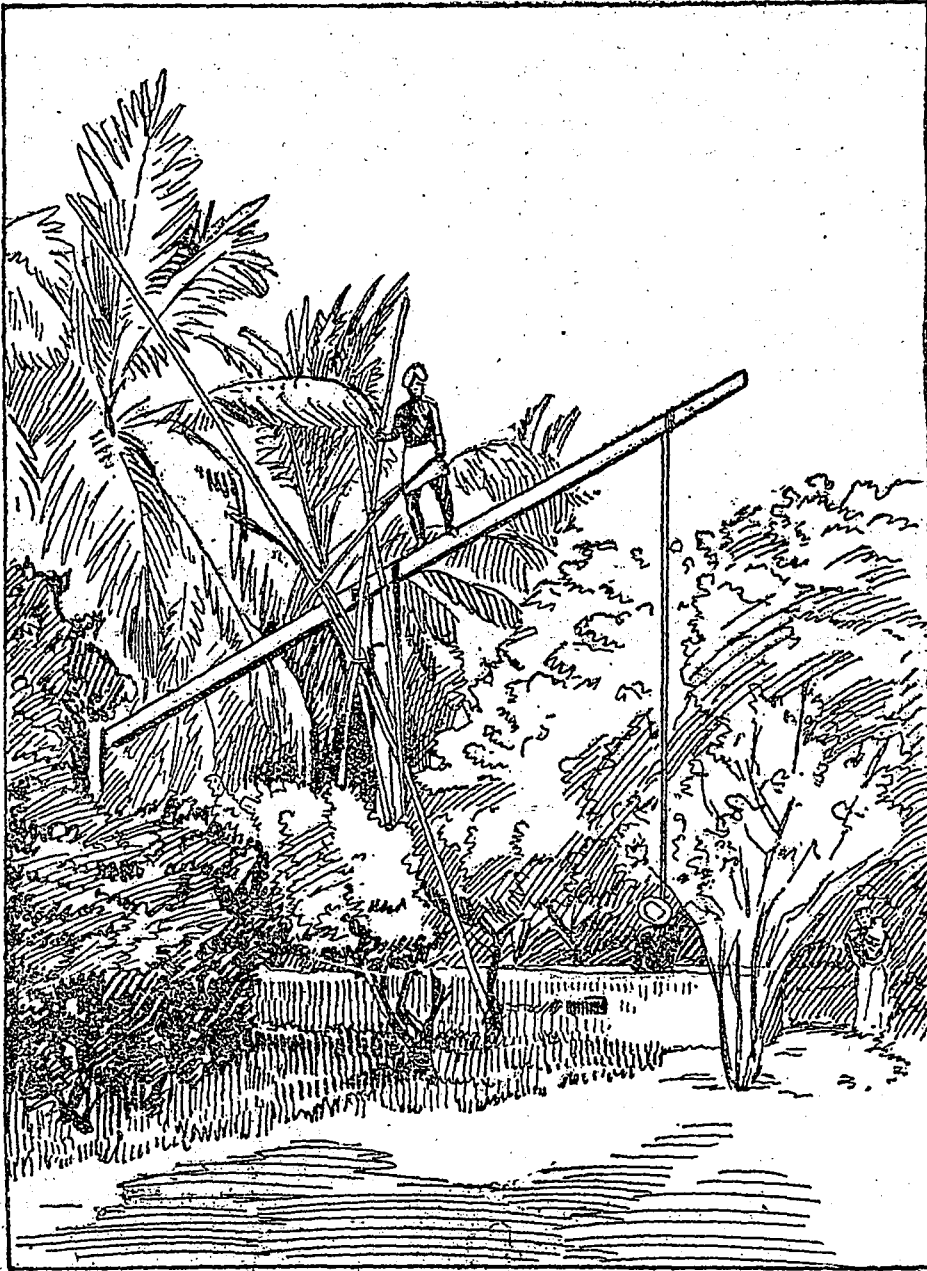
'And what did he say?'

'Oh, he laughed, that was all.'

'Well,' said Mr. Morris, gravely, 'I think that you sold yourselves pretty cheap. Dick, I supposed that my son rated his word and his honor at a higher price than eight cents. I certainly hope that he will in the future.'

Dick hung his head in the light of his father's words. The act seemed so pitifully small that he wondered how he could ever have thought it funny. And Tom, though he laughed it off, soon made an excuse for leaving.

'I do not think I care to have Tom as an especial friend of Dick's,' said Mr. Morris to his wife that night, when they were left



DRAWING WATER.

off the cloths; and these cowboys often amuse themselves by seizing the tail of a frisky young animal and chasing it over the fields.

These children learn much evil from their superstitious and ignorant parents, but they are capable of learning that which is good and true.

One little boy in a heathen family attended a mission school and, with his secular lessons, learned the stories of the bible and many of its beautiful verses. As he grew older he felt that the idols worshipped by his parents and all his people were not gods and could not save his soul. Several other young men felt just as he did, his younger brother among them, and finally they decided to become Christians. Immediately their friends began to persecute them, so much

the opposite side. For the house is a square enclosure, open in the middle. The floors are bare except where they spread mats to sleep on at night. Sometimes, in the hottest weather they sleep outside in the street on the bare ground.

The difference between this teacher in his civilized home and his relatives in their heathen houses is what Christ has done for him in his outward life. In his heart Christ has done a great deal more, by giving him the Blessed Spirit to teach him the truth, and make him hate all sin and love God and his fellow-men. His heathen relatives on the other hand, not knowing the true Saviour, are full of fear about the anger of the gods they worship, and know nothing of the peace and joy of trusting in Jesus.—'Missionary Herald.'