

any of them down. The boys gather with their sleds on the top of the hill, each lad having three or four spears, or a bow with as many arrows. They start together down the hill, each boy's object being to knock down as many antlers as possible with his spears or his arrows. Down, down, they go, and as soon as a boy is within effective shooting distance he begins to discharge his arrows, or throw his spears. Even after his sled has passed the antlers, an exceptionally skilful lad will turn round on his sled and bring down an antler by a bolt. When they have all reached the bottom of the hill, they retire to the rows of antlers, where each boy selects his prize, and places it by itself. If any of the antlers have been accidentally knocked down by the sledges, they are reset, and the boys proceed to the top of the hill for another dash, and so they continue until all the antlers have been "speared."—*Our Young Folks*.

DICK'S TRIAL.

"BE careful," said Mamma, as she went out of the yard.

"Yes um!" answered Dick. But in ten minutes he had forgotten, and was climbing to the top of the tallest tree. He climbed till he reached such a weak branch that it broke beneath his weight, and he fell to the ground. Then the doctor came, and poked and punched and pulled and hurt him terribly, and covered his little body with plaster which quickly became hard, so that he could not move an inch; and told him that he must lie still for a month, till his backbone was well again.

Dick didn't suffer much pain; his bed was downstairs, close to the window, and he could look out on fields and distant mountains. His boy friends came to the window, bearing gifts—nuts, fruit, puzzles, books which his mother was always ready to read. But boys, gifts, and beautiful views were of no account to Dick.

"Those boys had fun picking those nuts," he grumbled; "and as soon as I've taken 'em, they'll go away and have more fun. I ain't going to be pleased with anything. I've got to lie here, and can't have any fun. It's a mean shame! Ben, you just go off; I don't want you bothering 'round."

But little Ben was trying to fit his round face into the inside of his straw hat. "See, Dickey," he cried; "I can't see anything! Haven't I got a big hat! It covers every bit of the world. My hat's as big as the mountain! It just covers it, every bit."

"Pooh!" said Dick. "It isn't as big as one tree, not even one post of the fence. It hides the things because you hold it so close. What a goose you are! There, cry, will you! If you had such a great trial as I have, you'd just roar.

I've got a bigger trial than anybody else in the world, and so I've a right to be cross."

Mamma took Ben's hand in hers to comfort him. "Don't be too hard on Ben," she said; "for you are doing exactly the same thing."

"I don't put my hat over my face so I can't see, and then call it big," said Dick. "What do you mean, Mother?"

"You don't put your hat over your face," answered his mother; "but you hold this trial of yours so near to your eyes that you can't see the many pleasures that are around, and then you call your trial the largest in the world. It is a pretty big one, I know, dear, but not half as big as many other trials sent to other boys, and it will only last a month."

"If you will only stop looking so hard at it and thinking so much about it, you will discover that you still have many pleasures: boy friends who are willing to spend much time with you; nice books and games; nice things to eat, and a mother who tries hard to make you happy. Do you understand?"

"Of course," said Dick, crossly, and he turned over and pretended to go to sleep.

But he was not really asleep; he was thinking. When his mother left the room to make some jelly for him, he turned over again, and looked out of the window, and watched the mountains grow purple in the sunset, and the stars come out in the quiet sky. He thought how careless he was to climb that tree, and how patient and kind everybody had been. When his mother stole softly in, thinking him asleep, he put his arms around her, and gave her a loving kiss.

"I've put my trial 'way off beyond those fields," he said, "and it looks mighty little. I'm going to keep it there, too. You're a dear little Mammy, and you shan't hear another complaint. I am sorry I was so cross to Ben, and if he comes in I'll tell him a go-to-bed story. I see now that I was a great deal sillier than he was, but I hope I am going to have more sense."—*Young Christian Soldier*.

LIFE OF A BRAHMIN GIRL.



THE little girl is at the age of two or three years betrothed to a man who may be anywhere from twenty to ninety-five.

The child lives with her mother until she is ten years old, when she goes to the house of her husband for a few months to learn what her future duties will be. After this she returns to her maternal home, but at the age of eleven she goes to her husband's home to stay. The real hardships of life begin for her now, especially if she has a mother-in-law.

The little wife has to get up every morning at four o'clock and go to the well, which is