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candles or lamps. There were scores of idols, of different sizes, and each was wet with water from the sacred river Ganges, which the people brought up in little jars and sprinkled on them in worship. Most of them also had flower offerings in front of them.

Sometimes people have idols in their houses, sometimes they are in temples, sometimes by the roadside. Don't you want all these millions of idolaters to know of Him Who can and will hear their prayers if they pray to Him, and Who will answer them?

**STANDING UP FOR HIS  
RIGHTS.**

There was trouble on the school-ground. The sound of angry voices rose on the air, and Miss Gray, who sat within the open window, trying to read during the noon hour, could

catch the excited words, and laid down her book, to find out, if possible, what it was all about.

"I call it downright mean of him," one angry voice said. "It's just like him, though."

"Yes," another replied. "You ought to have known better than to ask him, Logan. He wouldn't do anything of that sort, you might have known."

"I don't care," retorted a defiant voice. "A bargain is a bargain, and I'm only standing up for my rights, and you fellows know it. He promised to deliver that camera to-day, and you heard him. Now he has the rifle and the camera, too, and there's no knowing—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a chorus of cries: "Shame on you!" Sanford Loomis had lost his head along with his temper, or he would not have ventured that last insinuation.

"Dear me!" said Miss Gray to herself, "they have been trading again, and that makes more trouble than anything else among them."

She called from the window, but her voice was lost in the uproar below. By the time she reached the playground she caught the sound of Logan Harter's voice for the first time.

"There's no use in making such a fuss, boys," he said, with dignity. "Since Sanford insists, I'll hand over the camera, of course."

"What is the trouble down here?" Miss Gray's quiet query managed to make itself heard. "Can't we arbitrate this difficulty someway?"

"There is nothing to arbitrate, now," Logan replied. "I asked a favour of Sanford, that is all, and he refuses to grant it. I am sorry our uproar disturbed you," he added, courteously.

Miss Gray looked from one to the other. The other boys looked discontented. Sanford, who saw himself placed upon the unpopular side, solved her difficulty.

"I'll leave it to Miss Gray," he said, eagerly. "You fellows all make such a fuss about my standing up for my rights—see if she doesn't say I have a perfect right to insist on my point. I don't want anything but my rights, but I don't allow anybody to cheat me out of them."

"Standing up for his rights," was a favourite phrase of Sanford's. Logan flushed at the word "cheat," but controlled his temper.

"There is nothing to leave to Miss Gray," he said, "the matter is settled. Even if she decided in my favour, the result would be just the same. There's your camera," and he turned away.

Miss Gray sighed. Evidently Sanford had been selfish, and evidently, too, Logan was unforgiving. Rightly judging that the companionship of his fellows would not be pleasant for Sanford just then, she advanced to him



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and laid one hand gently on his arm. "Come and tell me all about it, Sanford," she said.

Sanford went willingly.

"You see, Miss Gray," he began, when they were seated in the school-house, "it was this way: Logan has been wanting my rifle this long time, and I offered to exchange it for his camera. We made the bargain yesterday, and agreed to make the exchange to-day. I gave Logan the rifle, and while we were talking, I happened to say that I was going to the city Saturday, and couldn't do anything with the camera until next week. So Logan said right away that he supposed then I wouldn't object to his keeping the camera over, for his father had promised to let him go on a hunting trip Saturday, and he would like to have both the camera and rifle with him. But I did object, for of course you know a bargain is a bargain, and I had a perfect right to expect him to come up to his half of it. I don't think he had any right to expect anything else, do you?"

He looked in Miss Gray's face, anxiously. Someway his case did not look

so strong as it had done on the school-ground.

"You were quite within your rights, Sanford," Miss Gray said, quietly, "if you look at it in that way. I think Logan would admit that. But there is another way to look at it. Did it ever occur to you, my boy, that standing up for rights isn't always the best way to get on in the world?"

"If you don't, you're going to get imposed on," Sanford replied, rather sulkily.

"Don't allow yourself to think so," his teacher replied earnestly. "People who insist too strenuously upon their rights, are apt to find themselves in a situation some day where they will need more than their rights, and will find nobody disposed to give them more. The world at large is always repeating Portia's judgment in such cases."

"What was that?"

"You must read it for yourself. It is in Shakespeare's 'Merchant of Venice.' Shylock, the Jew, had bargained for a pound of flesh, cut from near the heart of the debtor whom he hated, if the debt were not paid at a certain time. The debtor failed to pay,

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