

country children, this was a frail little creature at best, and her heart went out to the wee, drooping figure with her gingham dress and brown curls.

"My dear little girl," she said gently, "is that the Bible way?"

"No, ma'am; but you said we were to study hard."

"Yes."

"Then how can we tell, and how can we help taking the prize away from somebody else, if we get it ourselves?" Miss Preston smiled and stroked the curls.

"You're asking pretty hard questions, dear, but I guess we can answer them. Let's see what the Bible says. Have you looked?"

"No, ma'am. I didn't know there was anything in it about school or prizes or study!"

"Try Romans 12, 10."

"In honor preferring one another," read Sallie slowly from the Testament on the desk. "But please, ma'am," she added eagerly, "how could anybody ever get prizes?"

"Why, in the first place, Sallie, if you do what the verse bids you, that won't prevent Bob or Sue from winning the prize, will it?"

"No, Miss Preston. Why, I see, I see 'twould just help them! But," in a puzzled tone again, "suppose they should do the same thing?"

"Then there would be three of you trying for the prize just the same, only in the best sort of a way—each one trying to make the other win."

Sallie laughed outright. "What a funny kind of trying!" But she said more soberly, "I wish there was some sort of a prize that I could get without taking it from anybody else."

"Look at the fourteenth verse of the third chapter of Philip-  
pians."

Sallie read the verse over twice to herself, thought a moment, held up her face brightly to be kissed, and ran off home.

The very next morning Sallie was not in her seat when the bell rang. She presented herself fully five minutes late, with a flushed but resolute face. At recess she lingered behind the rest, and, after a slight hesitation, walked up to the teacher's desk.

"My child, I hope you didn't stay away on purpose this morning," said Miss Preston, kindly.

"No, ma'am; I didn't think you would want me to do that, even to help Sue; but she started from home without her atlas, and was half way to school before she remembered it. Then I happened to come along, and she told me, and I said I would run back and so I did. That's what made me late."

This time it was the teacher's voice that trembled a little. "You were a brave girl, Sallie," she said, stooping to kiss the child's forehead; "if my dear little scholar does that all her life, she will be the happiest person in the world. Now run out and have a good play in the fresh air."

The June exhibition came at last. The school-house had been prettily decorated with evergreen, oak-leaves and wild flowers, and all the scholars wore their brightest and neatest dresses and jackets. The day was fair, and by ten o'clock the platform was filled with a long row of fathers and mothers and sisters, fanning themselves and whispering busily about this and that girl or boy who was to take part in the exercises.

First, the boys spoke pieces, standing up manfully, making splendid gestures, and addressing the fathers and mothers now as Romans, now as fellow-citizens, and now as gladiators. The girls then went through a nice little dialogue, which was much applauded. As soon as the clapping had died away, the examination commenced.

Question after question was quickly answered or bashfully missed. John Keith kept his eyes on the floor, and gave his answers sturdily without pause and failure. Sue Briggs and Sallie stood side by side, their hands tightly clasped behind them, and their little figures swaying to and fro in their eager interest. At last Sallie was left floating on an Asiatic Gulf of which she didn't know the name, and only Joe and Sue were left.

"Joe, where is the strait of Belleisle?"

"North-west of Newfoundland," said Joe to a knot-hole in the floor just in front of him.

"What is the capital of Patagonia, Sue?"

"It hasn't any ma'am."

"Right. Joe, what large river is in the extreme north-west of the United States?"

Joe hesitated. Rivers innumerable curled and twisted themselves before his eyes, but he couldn't think of the right one. He looked up at the ceiling, glanced at the row of faces on the platform, and said faintly, "Colorada."

"That is in the south-west, Joe. Can you tell me, Sue?" she asked of his red-ribboned little neighbor, who was fairly trembling with eagerness.

"The Columbia!" and the examination was over.

Miss Preston then stepped forward, and, after a pleasant welcome to the visitors, continued: "At the beginning of the term, I promised a prize to the scholar who should be most punctual and studious during the spring months, and should pass the best examination to-day. I find that three of my scholars have been foremost,"—here all the mothers stopped fanning, and the room was very still—"and so nearly side by side that it is extremely difficult to decide which of them deserves the prize. Upon the whole, therefore, I have determined to give two books: the first to the most studious and best-behaved boy in the school, Joe Keith." As she said this, she handed Joe a nicely bound copy of "Tom Brown at Rugby."

"The other prize for best scholarship and punctuality has been fairly won by Susie Briggs, and to her I give this book of poems."

When the red ribbons had fluttered down the aisle and back, Miss Preston paused a moment longer, then added: "In closing I ought to say that the remaining one of those three scholars is just behind the other two in both respects, having recited her lessons well and having been tardy but once during the entire term. But as she is at present trying for a higher prize, it has taken her time and attention so that she cannot receive a book to-day. Her name is Sallie Pearson." While the teacher said this, she looked very lovingly toward the little girl of whom she was speaking. The other children were puzzled, but Sallie smiled back in return, with such happy eyes that she seemed already to have won a portion, at least, of the "prize of the high calling."—*Watchman*.

## STITCH IT ON

A BLUE RIBBON RHYME.

BY THE REV. THOMAS SPURGEON.

Oh, if I could, I gladly would, sing sweetest of the bards,  
In honour of the bravest one amongst the Coldstream Guards.  
I laud the exploits of a lad whose name is Henry Brown,  
He'll ever have a palm in hand, and on his head a crown.  
From conquering he'll to conquer go, he'll climb the highest hill,  
Though he will still his standing keep, he'll not keep standing still.

This lad once ventured to his school decked in the Temperance  
Blue,  
The fellows felt for him at once—'twas fellow-feeling, too!  
They made him well-nigh black and blue, you'd scarcely call him  
Brown,  
But though he coloured up, he would not pull his colours down.  
They badgered him about his badge, and raised a cry and hue;  
They gave him not a bit of peace, and stole his piece of Blue.

He therefore to his mother went—"Oh, stitch it on!" he cried;  
"They do not care a pin for pins—untidy 'tis if tied!"  
"My buoyant boy," she fondly said, "you are your mother's son,  
In right good soil the Blue is sown, so I will sew it on!"  
The needed needle's work was done, Blue on his blouse he bore,  
A man, though but a year ago he wore a pinafore.

He went to lessons as before (his ribbon now was taut),  
Determined if they took to fight, they shouldn't take the fort.  
His mates designed to checkmate him, but found his colour fast,  
For he to master then had nailed his colours to the mast.  
They blew him up about his Blue, but goading was no go,  
And when they saw it was so sewn, they also looked so so.

He cared not for their chaff a straw, he scorned their every scoff,  
For having donned the Blue, he was too much a Don to doff.  
They tried to pluck it from his coat, but he had pluck and grit,  
And when they called him "Rechabite," he did reckon a bit.  
Well done, brave boy, you did them Brown, young hero of the  
Blue;  
I hail you Blucher, and your fight a second Waterloo!  
—*Sword and Trowel*.