

When boys and girls grow a little older, they love play just as you do. If you could peep into the dusty courtyards, you would see them on the ground, very happy; some of them with tiny earthen or brass pots, pretending to cook. They love their ugly rag dolls and play at funerals or weddings with them.

When the children are five years old, it is time to leave off playing all day long, and they begin to wear clothes, and some of them go to school. In Bengal the girls wear a piece of muslin four yards long, wrapped round their bodies and thrown over one shoulder; and in South India they have a little petticoat tied tightly round the waist. On their bare feet, Indian girls have a few toe-rings, and on their arms are glass bangles; their hair is twisted up into a neat knob at the back.

It is not considered proper for any but the lowest caste little girls to be out in the streets alone, so a woman is sent by the missionary to collect them and take them to the school-house.

"How will you know what time to fetch the children?" was asked of one old body, who had just arranged to do this work: you see, she had no clock or watch to tell the time.

"Well," she said, "I shall put a stick in the veranda, and shall know when the shadow falls just *here* (pointing to a spot on the ground) that it is time for me to go and fetch the children."

I expect some of you found it hard to learn the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet, but the Tamil alphabet has two hundred and forty-seven letters: that is more than nine times as bad!

Indian schools are very noisy, for the children sit on the floor rocking their bodies and saying everything aloud, shouting at the top of their voices.

If you went to a school in India for Mohammedan girls, you would be likely at the entrance to notice a great many pairs of shoes, for it is not considered polite to wear shoes indoors.

Children use their toes a great deal. They sit on the ground, and if they drop a pencil they pick it up with their toes; they also hold their needlework with their toes. If women or children want to wind a skein of

wool, they put up their two big toes and slip the wool over them, and leave their hands free for winding.

Many missionaries have schools for boys or girls, and in them little heathen children first hear about God's love. They learn hymns and texts, and many of them repeat these lessons to their parents when they go home.

You may be sure the teachers care more to let the children learn Bible stories than anything else.—Tales from Jungle, City and Village



Thanksgiving

Give thanks unto the Lord,
Let happy voices ring;
He loves to hear the song
His little children sing.

We thank Him for the leaves,
Of yellow, red and brown;
And for the autumn wind
That sends them fluttering down.

We thank Him for the sun
That shines so warm and bright;
And for the little stars
That twinkle all the night.

We thank Him for the fruit,
And for the golden grain,
All stored 'ere winter comes,
With ice and snow and rain.
—Songs of the Seasons



The Old Clock's Story

Little Harry never liked to go to bed. The fact is, there never was a little boy who was sorrier than he was when the clock struck eight, and he was told it was bed-time.

"It's always eight o'clock just as we're having the most fun!" he would say, and beg for just a few moments more of play.

"I tell you what, old fellow," said he to the clock, one evening as he was on his way upstairs, "you're the greatest bother in the house!" But the old clock ticked on as loudly as ever, and Harry thought he saw a sort of smile on its big round face. He sat down on the stairs opposite to have a good look. Yes, there certainly was a smile, and