

and help in other ways. The boys also have their tasks, which, however, they shirk as often as possible and waste their time in gambling, which they seem to like better than anything else.

In many parts of the country there are no schools, and the children grow up without learning how to read and write, but they soon learn how to lie and steal and to consider it more honorable to beg than to work, to be lazy and dirty, and to drink pulque, which makes them drunk and stupid. As a rule, they are not very obedient to their parent—or to anyone else, for that matter. They often quarrel among themselves, and seem to be always trying to do all the harm or mischief they can to others. But there are some among these children of the poor who are kind, patient, happy, loving little "helpers," just such as we find in other lands.

What do they play? Boys have marbles and tops, and the "cup and ball," similar to that played by the little Eskimos, only the Mexican way seems simpler. The ball is attached by a string, and the boys try to throw it so as to catch it on either the point or cup end of the stick. Mimic bullfighting is a great amusement. One boy acts as "bull," the others wave red handkerchiefs or blankets before the "bull" to anger him, then he darts one way or another to catch his tormentors. On the ranches lassoing is a great sport. Little boys of four begin by catching the cat or dog with a rope that has a long, open slip-knot. Tabby starts to run, but the boy throws the rope, and pussy is fast by the leg or neck. Chickens, goats, calves, and colts afford the boys plenty of opportunities for practice, so it is no wonder that the Mexicans become so skillful with the lariat. The girls play house and doll as do little girls the world over.

One day I saw some people coming up the street. First there was a boy about fourteen years old, carrying on his head a long, narrow pine box, painted blue, with white stripes and crosses. Two men followed the boy, and after them came another man, carrying on his head a table covered with a white cloth and strewn with flowers. On the table lay the body of a little girl about seven years old, dressed in white, a wreath of flowers on her head, and a bouquet in her hand. Last came two women and a girl. Can you guess where they were going? To the cemetery. The little girl was dead, and they preferred to carry her that way. At the cemetery the body would be put into the coffin, and the flowers strewn over the

grave. That custom is not so common now as it used to be, but can be seen in some places still. Sometimes cohetes (or rockets) are fired off on the way to the cemetery—for what reason it would be hard to tell, unless it be to frighten away evil spirits.

For example, on St. John's Day, the little boys are all dressed like soldiers; on the Day of the Dēād innumerable toys are on sale in the plazas, representing death, the devil, skeletons, skulls, coffins, etc., and even the candies and cakes are made in the same hideous shapes. The Saturday following Good Friday fireworks representing Judas are hung across the street, and at ten o'clock are exploded, to the great delight of the children.

Mexico, is a strange land, and many are its lights and shadows. To us it seems as though the American boy and girl have a more joyous existence—far more for which to be thankful than they ever dream of. There is more real sunshine in their lives than can be found anywhere under the sunny skies of this fair southland—W. J. Brown, in Sunday School Times.

WANTED—A BOY.

Wanted—A Boy; a brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy; one who is not afraid of the truth; one who scorns a lie; one who hates deceit; one who loves his mother; one who does not know more than his parents; one who has the courage to say No and stick to it; one who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work upwards; one who thinks it would be unmanly to smoke; one who thinks an education is worth striving for; one who is willing to obey his superiors; one who knows his home is better than the street; one who doesn't believe the marvellous tales told in the story papers, and will not read the vile stuff; one who won't cheat in a fair game; one who won't be a sneak; and do a mean act when unseen; one who won't spend every penny he earns or gets; one who thinks he won't swear; one who won't listen to or repeat nasty stories; one who won't revile and jeer at drunken persons on the street; one who won't do a dirty act for another boy who is too cowardly to do his own meanness; one who loves to do right because it is right. Wanted—a boy, a whole-souled, earnest, honorable, square boy. Where can he be found? Does he live in your neighborhood. Is he a member of your family? Do you know him?—American Teacher.