

"If these be not sweet, may the son of my heart be taken away at a stroke!" Then after a pause she adds, "Buy: and if you find the fruit not fresh and sweet, you may give me a hundred blows with your shoe."

"This last she thinks will assuredly impress us with the truth of her assertion: for to receive a castigation with a shoe is regarded as a great indignity. Yet we know the arts of her trade too well to rate very highly even such extravagant asseverations as this: so we are not persuaded to bry her liehees."

Now a man confronts us.

"My fruit is really excellent," he says, in a very earnest tone and manner.

While we stop to examine it another hawker, equally anxious to serve us, presses up and says,

"My fruit is quite as good, and much cheaper."

Now a woman's shrill voice calls out, "Buy my fruit be ause I am old and poor;" and rising up from the midst of her baskets is an old woman who shows us her white locks.

"Will you not take pity upon my old age and feebleness?" she cries out.

Let us purchase our supplies from this woman, and then retreat from such a babel; for it is growing late, and the heat is becoming very oppressive. We will now close the sliding door of the carriage and drive home with as little delay as possible. We have had glimpses enough of the scenes in an Indian bazaar to give us a fair conception of what it is like.

*Bits about India.*

### ONE THING AT A TIME.

"Early in life," relates a gentleman who has now spent many decades in the service of God and his fellow-man, "I learned from a very simple incident a wholesale lesson, and one which has since been of incalculable benefit to me.

"When I was between twelve and fourteen years old my father broke up a new field on his farm, and planted it with

potatoes, and when the plants were two or three inches high, he sent me to hoe it. The ground of that piece was hard to till, it was rough and sprinkled with stones. I hoed the first row, and then stopped to take a general look at the task before me. Grass as high as the potatoes was everywhere, and looking at the whole from any point, it appeared to be a solid mass. I had the work to do all alone, and as I stood staring at the broad reach of weedy soil, I felt a good mind not to try to do anything further then with it.

"Just that minute I happened to look down at the hill nearest my feet. The grass didn't seem just quite as thick there, and I said to myself, 'I can hoe this one well enough.'"

"When it was done, another thought came to help me: I shan't have to hoe but one hill at a time, at any rate.

"And so I went to the next, and next. But there I stopped again and looked over the field. That gave me another thought too. I could hoe every hill as I came to it; it was only looking away off to all the hills that made the whole seem impossible.

"I won't look at it!" I said; and I pulled my hat over my eyes so I could see nothing but the spot where my hoe had to dig.

"In course of time, I had gone over the whole field, looking only at the hill in hand, and my work was done.

"I learned a lesson tugging away at those grass roots which I never forgot. It was to look right down at the one thing to be done now, and not hinder or discourage myself by looking off at the things I haven't come to. I've been working ever since that summer at the hill nearest my feet, and I have always found it the easiest way to get a hard task accomplished, as it is the true way to prepare a field for the harvest."

### BLESSING THE ANIMALS.

Annie C. Beall, writing from San Louis Petosi, Mexico, to *Children's Work for Children*, tells an interesting story of some