

quite a while to figure all this out, and then it was so near dinner-time that she had to remain at home until after dinner.

As soon as the meal was over she took her basket and hurried away to the pasture. Some boys had been there before dinner and all the ripe berries were picked. She could not find enough to fill a quart measure.

As Amy went sorrowfully home she thought of what her teacher had often told her :

"Do your task at once, then think about it, for one doer is worth a hundred dreamers."—Exchange

Little Japanese Friends

If you should take a walk with me through the streets of Takamatsu, Japan, we would soon hear behind us the clattering of a dozen or more pairs of little wooden clogs, and some mischievous boy's voice would probably sing out, "Tojin, Tojin !" which would be as impolite as if you were to call, "Look at the Jap !" in case a Japanese lady should chance to pass your home in Canada.

Just see how many of the children carry babies on their backs ! Even boys and girls no more than five or six years old have smaller children strapped behind, and go about their top spinning and kite flying just the same, without much thought of the tiny fellow, whose poor little head seems bound to roll off sometimes.

Do you think you should like to dress like these Japanese children ? How would you boys fancy having your heads shaved and wearing clothes just like the girls', to say nothing of the queer wooden shoes, that have to be held on with the toes ? I do not think you would be able to run as fast as you do now, but you could enjoy tops and kites and many quieter games. If you were a Japanese boy you would not care to make as much noise as Canadian boys do—that is, after you had ceased to be a baby.

As we go down the street, we notice many toy shops all along the way, and I am sure the children at home would be delighted to have such fine places in which to spend their pennies. There are dozens of beautiful colored balls ; "Humpty-Dumpty" in many forms ; little china ducks that can truly swim ; pieces

of blank paper that are transformed into lovely pictures when placed in water ; tiny boxes of stationery, with stamps and postal cards, all complete, with India ink and writing brushes ; battledores and shuttlecocks ; gaily colored large paper balls, that can be "blown up" and caused to float in the air in a most fascinating way ; dolls of every description of course, and dozens of other things, all different from the toys of Canada.

And the best part of it is that everything is so cheap. Why, the china ducks cost only a fourth of a cent each, and the boxes of stationery are one and three-quarter cents. For ten cents we could buy enough toys to amuse ourselves for a month.

When a Japanese child is six years old he goes to school and begins to learn to read and write. It takes him a very long time, for he has many different kinds of "a, b, c's" to learn, each kind quite unlike all the other kinds. Then, after he has learned all these, he begins to learn another way of writing—the same way that Chinese children are taught.

Some of the Japanese children go to Sunday School, and what do we have to teach them there ? Not the fact that there is a God, for there are thousands of temples in Japan and every country road is dotted with little shrines or prayer places. But we must teach them that there is one God only, and we must tell them what kind of a God he is.

There are many idols in this country, and we can learn from studying their faces just what the people believe the gods are like ; for, you know, when an image is made a little hole is left in it, and the priests pray over it, and they believe that afterwards a spirit enters through the hole and the block of wood or stone becomes an idol to be worshiped.

Would ye learn the road to Laughtertown,
O ye who have lost the way ?

Would ye have young heart though your
hair be gray ?

Go learn from a little child each day.
Go serve his wants and play his play,
And catch the lilt of his laughter gay,
And follow his dancing feet as they stray,
For he knows the road to Laughtertown,

O ye who have lost the way.