

JAPANESE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Japanese children are model scholars. They are never noisy or saucy in the presence of their elders. The pupils are all so courteous that politeness restrains them from doing anything contrary to the wishes of their teachers.

There is no noise in the corridors, no whispering during study hours, no trying to cheat in classes, and the most perfect attention is always given to the advice and instruction of teachers, while there is ever present a desire to be careful and thoughtful of others, especially of their teachers.

In the Peerless' school at Tokiyo for the children of the nobility, it is claimed that a remarkably fine sense of honor exists—so high, indeed, that a teacher never thinks of calling in question a statement made by a pupil, being convinced that no one in the school would condescend to shamming or trying to improve her standing in the class by employing unfair methods.—*Children's Record*.

KILLING THE DRAGON.

A little boy, four years old, was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister, and the next day he said to his father:

"Father, I want to be a saint."

"Very well, John," said his father; "you may be a saint if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."

"I don't mind," replied John. "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one."

"So you shall, my boy."

"But when can I be one?" continued the child.

"You can begin to-day," said his father.

"But where is the dragon?"

"I will tell you when he comes out."

So the boy ran off contentedly to play with his sister.

In the course of the day some presents came for the two children. John's was a book, and his sister Catherine's a beautiful doll. Now John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls, and when he found that his sister had what he considered a so much nicer present than his own, he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears.

His father, who happened to be there,

said, quietly, "Now, John, the dragon is out."

The child stopped crying, but said nothing. That evening, however, when he bade his father goodnight, he whispered, "Papa, I am very glad Catherine has the doll. I did kill the dragon."—*Scl.*

HOW STINGY JIMMY IMPROVED.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "p'raps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. If you give your sled to the little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it."

The sled went off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his silver piece he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

"I don't like this giving things. It doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat. He is littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—*Our Little Ones*.