

chens on rocks and trees; stag moss growing out by the mountain paths, and finer varieties hanging from the limbs and branches of all the trees. Vines winding about the tree trunks and creepers feeling their way among the leaves. And such lovely orchids!—in some places blooming on the trees to the very tip-top. As soon as one variety ceases to flower another comes into season—cherry blossoms, white clover, jack-in-the-pulpit and other kinds known at home. A kind of yellow raspberry grows in wild profusion, and forms a pleasing change of diet to the visitor from some large city. The cuckoo wakes us in the morning, and we continually hear the weird call of an owl peculiar to the Himalayan Mountains. Several kinds of wrens, with songs much like I have heard in American forests, and various other songsters, the like of which I never saw or heard before. Best of all, there are no mosquitoes to sting us to sleep, and then rob us of extra blood. No one can appreciate this absence like those who have dwelt a season or two in Calcutta, or in the swampy districts of Bengal. In these mountain fastnesses arise the waters which finally form one of the greatest rivers in the world. There is a place from which we can see through the gorges between the mountains away down onto the plain below, where the river winds its tortuous course through Bengal. In the smoke and haze it is lost in the distance many, many miles away. When I stood and looked I could understand somewhat the prospect which Moses enjoyed from Pisgah's top, looking over into the Promised Land. Twenty feet from the door of the room in which I am sitting the precipice breaks and falls a sheer thousand feet or more, and from my very window I can see the Tista river on its way to join the sacred Ganges. As I came up the railway line and peered over into some of the frightful abysses, I had to clutch the iron railing involuntarily.

The people living about deserve a word or two, for they are quite dissimilar to those of other parts of India. Two independent provinces—Nepal and Bhutan—came together in the vicinity of Darjeeling. Assam is southeast and Thibet is farther north. The people we see are either Bhutiers or Nepalese. Their color is between brown and yellow, and the features are half Indian and half Chinese. On the great divide between India and China they must be called strictly a mixed race. Wide faces, high cheeks, sleepy, half-closed eyes, flat nose and wiry black hair. Bodies are small and tough, because of exposure and much climbing. The face, as a rule, is very ugly, and the hut in which they live is the most miserable excuse for a dwelling I have seen in India—far worse than the mud huts of lower Bengal. It will keep out neither water nor cold. The door-yard is only large enough for the half dozen dirty urchins to play in and not fall over the precipice, each house being built on a shelf made in the hillside.

In religion some of them are Hindoos, and some are fetich, or demon, worshippers. Such filthy bodies and clothing would disgust my readers if I should accurately describe them. I do not believe the clothing is ever cleansed from the time it is first put on until worn out—in some cases I doubt if it is taken from the body in that time. The chief occupation seems

to be that of coolie for the tea gardens cultivated by English tea planters. For the most part they are very poor, but occasionally a woman is met around whose neck hangs a whole string of coins. Her wealth is her ornaments, and her necklace is her bank. The women work as hard as the men and appear to be about as strong. Cultivating the hillside, picking tea or carrying burdens, she usually has a baby in a basket strapped to her back. They appear able to carry loads like pack mules, and make their way up where no beast of burden could go. The great weight rests on the back with a strap under it and up around the forehead. With the load on they trudge along with head down like a ram about ready to butt something in the way.

I have made two or three attempts to see Mt. Everest, but have failed every time. At this season of the year the southwest monsoon is blowing, and comes up from the Bay of Bengal heavily laden with moisture. Upon striking the cooler atmosphere of these higher altitudes clouds form, and we are thus shut away from the distant scene.

No picture gives any adequate idea of the snow-capped Himalayas. In the distance they appear like ghostly sentinels, forever forbidding approach or exploration. In the gulches down their sides glaciers extend far below the snow line. First the snow appears in patches, and then, without spot or tree, it ascends in one great white peak. Not a bird ever visits those heights. Not a mote ever settles down to sully the purity. No footstep was ever printed there. The traveller stands awe-struck, impressed with his own insignificance, and with the terrible sublimity of the scene.

The Teacher's Sympathy.

Children are wonderfully responsive to sympathy. But it must be sympathy, not pity. A meeting of the whole class at the teacher's home might be arranged for which would be a purely informal and social gathering, with games and books, and yet never without a loving word of counsel and prayer before closing. If the circumstances of the teacher prevent this, as they so often do, could not there be secured some room in connection with their church which might be used in turn by teachers? A small room could be made very convenient and cosy without much expense. But what is still more important is an opportunity for intercourse with individual scholars. An invitation to a teacher's home or room, a Saturday afternoon ramble, a cycle ride, are a few among many ways whereby teacher and scholar may be brought together with blessed and permanent results. Then an occasional letter at an unexpected time might often lead to definite decision. *Litera scripta manet*, which, being interpreted, means that a word written (and sent by post!) to one, is worth many a word spoken to a whole class.—Rev W. H. Griffith-Thomas.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by encouraging frank good humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity.

If pride comes in to make obedience reluctant, subdue him, either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.—Michigan 'Advocate.'

It make a difference to most of us how our food is served. The potatoes and meat and all else may be good, but if it be served in slovenly and unattractive form, it may then cause us to turn away in refusal; so with the food of the mind. The teacher who fails to present the lesson in an attractive form is as much to be blamed as the cook, who in like manner presents the food for the body. As it is possible to overload the stomach, so it is possible to overload the mind, and the mind when overloaded does exactly what the stomach does in a similar condition, the deleterious effect upon the one being the same as upon the other. Make the quantity what it should be. Do not attempt to teach too much. Since they are both developed by use, we should teach the pupil to use his powers of mind as carefully as we train him to use his powers of body. Since memory and reason and judgment may be developed by use and become weak from lack of use, the teacher should not fail to call these powers into exercise.—James Edmunds.

A Thanksgiving Song.

(The 'Youth's Companion'.)

Happy the days when the cowslips tipped
their caps to the friendly sun,
Happy the days when the merry work of
the year was just begun,
And happy days are these, my love, when
the work of the year is done.

Sweet was the time when showers of
scent from the lilac tops were tossed,
And sweet when the dancing feet of
spring in the summer paths were
lost;

And cheerisome times are these, my love,
when the air is sharp with frost.

The summer wrought with a diligence,
and her needle flashed amain,
Her thread was red with the rosy sun,
and white with the pearls of rain;
And her needle is thrust in a folded case—
the thread is snapped in twain.

The sun is faded—Heigho! What then?
For the fire's heart is clear,
And cellar and storehouse are brimming
full—and have ye then no cheer?
So let her sit in the chimney light and
rest her—the tired year.

Who would wish for the light to last till
it dazzled the weary eye?
Live and give, and carol away when the
winds are piercing and high,
And let the soul of the rose live on, when
its day has drifted by.

The grass will dry and the fruit will fall,
and the sun will slip away,
But the 'merry heart,' it 'doeth good,'
when the days are short and gray,
And the soul that sings in the storm shall
find the true Thanksgiving day.

The successful man of the future will not use tobacco, and the men of the future are in the school-rooms of to-day. Will the teacher be equal to this grand opportunity and guide the young feet until they are landed on the solid ground of steadfast character?