

to death. Children used to take their parents to the banks of the Ganges and fill their mouths with the water and sand of the river, which they called sacred and so cause their deaths."

"What dreadful things that river Ganges has seen, uncle!"

"Yes, you may well say that. It has seen mothers putting their children to death and children killing their parents, and all in the name of their religion. And then, perhaps, you remember there was the swinging festival. Ah! that was a terrible thing, too. Thousands of people came to see poor wretches swung high up in mid air, by means of ropes or thongs attached to iron hooks, thrust through the muscles of their backs. How painful that must have been!"

"Yes, uncle, but I have read of the North American Indians doing just such things as that."

"Yes, they have many such things just as cruel. Indeed, nearly all heathen people have had things as cruel, but not to such an extent, perhaps, as in India. It seemed to be the birth place and permanent home of everything that was terrible and cruel."

"But now, uncle, you say that these things have been stopped."

"Yes, no more can these things now be seen in India. Christian England has stopped them all and she has yet a great work there to do."

"I think I will go some day and help the missionaries do their work out there."

"Well, God bless you, my boy, wherever you may go. The world is bad enough, and all that will do good are sorely needed. There goes the bell. It is time for evening service and we must go to church."

LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

BURT and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying and he advanced finely.

At night before the close of the school the teacher called the roll and the boys began to answer "ten." When Aleck understood that he was to say ten if he had not whispered during the day he replied: "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Aleck.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Aleck.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnny that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Aleck. "I saw others

doing it and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil and asked a boy for a knife and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I have n't said Aleck. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There would n't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that if you told the truth?" laughed Aleck bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but according to his account he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "nine" and "eight" oftener than they used to. Yet the school room seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes when Aleck Grant's mark was even lower than usual the teacher would smile peculiarly but said no more of disgrace. Aleck never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see, and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over and loved him if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term Aleck's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look when he was told the man was General —, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy — the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once, for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes. — *British Evangelist.*

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A TRUE STORY.

It was one of those chill winter afternoons, when the ground was white all over, and the air came up crisp and keen into people's faces, that two little boys stood leaning against the wall of a house, in a narrow street in New York.

They were very little fellows, the eldest of them not above seven or eight years of age; they had