

on the course for a short time, and so he seemed to think that his one aim in life should be to beat anything and everything that travelled on the road. He would race with a cow, or a buffalo, a donkey, or a pig, and on one occasion he sped after that rushing wind, the Indian antelope, but nothing roused the spirit of this pony so much as another horse that might come alongside. It was then that he would jump, and prance, and trot, and gallop with the one object to win the race.

He knew very well when he had reached the last stage of a week's tour. No doubt it was the stable and grass and grain which were better at home than elsewhere that inspired him. The roads might be rough or smooth but "Jack" would go. On one occasion when coming from Anavaram to Tunni he made the first five miles in half an hour, which was very good for such a pony as "Jack" when he had 175 lbs. on his back. In fact it was very exciting to see how quickly those mile stones did slip by on that memorable ride.

Now this horse was accustomed to the country, and to the beating of tom toms, or flaring of torches could easily frighten him, for he would put down his head and quietly walk past hundreds of people in the crowded streets when a marriage procession was passing by and crackers and other fireworks were going off on every side, he would patiently draw the carriage with an expression which seemed to say, "really I don't see what all this fuss is about."

"Jack" believed that he had his rights, for even a horse may realise this, "don't you know," and when "Rosinante" came into our compound "Jack" fought him several times so that they had to be tied in separate corners. Then when I rode him out to the villages this pony always wished me to dismount whenever the village was reached, so that if I persisted in sitting in the saddle he would try and bite my foot.

Often times it was not so easy for this animal when on tour, for then he was tied under a tree, and if it rained of course he would get wet, and then the nights in January would be cold for an Indian horse—however "Jack's" hair grew long in the cold season so that he got along very well.

This horse had a blanket, but I am afraid that the dyce used it more than the horse did. Night after night when he was tied near the tent I would hear him eating his grass, it would often be the last sound I heard before dropping off to sleep. Never did he break his tether and run away, and even if his rope became loose in the night "Jack" was always near the tent in the morning.

Once and again I have seen this beast thoroughly frightened. One morning especially he caught sight of the horns and eye of a cow just as it appeared from behind a tree, and thinking it to be some wild beast he certainly did jump and nearly threw me. Though not successful on that occasion yet on five other memorable times he did land me on the ground, these were not intentional however, but were caused by the roughness of the road over which he was flying at a good pace. He always waited until I got up and limped or walked stiffly towards him, when he would look at me as much as to say, "I sympathize with you my lord, it was as much a surprise to me as it was to you, I hope you're not hurt much."

On these occasions I never struck him, why should I have done so?

You can imagine that such a fine little horse became a great pet. After a ride he would always expect a banana or a piece of bread, which he generally obtained. On one occasion we actually saw him in our dining room, whether he had gone to look for the banana himself.

Sometimes when he had not been ridden far, for some days, he would race around our compound at the top of his speed. Once he jumped the thorn hedge and ran down the highway towards the village, followed by the cow and calf, with the servants and others bringing up the rear. In one of these mad freaks, just as he was turning the corner of a house in the compound he came full upon a little naked native child about two years old. The mother was stooping for a basket of bricks at a short distance. The child stood with its back to the oncoming horse, and it seemed as if nothing could save it, but by one supreme effort the horse stopped and then turned slowly around and walked away.

After these escapades, this impudent pony would walk meekly up to the verandah, and wait for a banana, thinking, no doubt, that he had fully earned it by his performance.

In the many helps to spread the gospel in the Tunni district, "Jack" held a most important place, for he carried me long distances through rain and shine. Last year I travelled more than one thousand miles on his back, and found him just as willing at the end of the year as at the beginning.

Dear, good little horse: I hope that those who have you now, whoever they may be, will treat you well.

The Bucephalus of Alexander the Great, the noble Ukran sterd of Mazeppa, Napoleon's white horse, and Wellington's prancing charger, all may be noted in their own time and place, but high above them all do I place my gallant Pegu pony "Jack."

R. GARNIE.

CHILDREN'S WORK.—HOW TO USE THE SOCIAL ELEMENT.

BY MRS. MARY C. LEONARD.

Children, like their elders, are social by nature. They love parties. How, then, can we use this love to further the end we have in view? Perhaps you have found it difficult to get the children together after the summer vacation. If you have, try this plan: Give out notice that all the members of your Band, and all who desire to become members, are invited to come to the church parlors, with their lunch baskets, next Saturday afternoon; and see if all your old members are not presents with many new ones. The leader and teachers will be there to meet them, of course. Some of the teachers will take the baskets and prepare the supper, while the leader and one or two of the teachers will see that the children play the games children love to play. The leader will also take a few minutes to tell about the next meeting, describing in a lively, bright way, its programme, and promising a very nice story. About half-past four o'clock serve the supper. This may seem early, but it is none too early for the "real party" to begin, as one of the little boys in my Band called it this year. Taking hold of my dress, he said, "Mrs. L., when will the real party begin?" "It has begun now," I said; "we are having it now, in these games we are playing." "But I mean the real party, the eating party," he said. The lunch baskets, supplemented by the teachers with cocoa, fruit and candy, furnish a very inviting supper, and as the children with beaming faces depart, you can feel that your Band is successfully started in its winter's work.

The Band having been thus successfully started, and having studied for about three months, about Turkey, for instance, let the oldest class in the Band (which gives