

expected to be manager of the estate; if not, what did she want of a book?

I won a small victory lately that you might like to hear about. Kalicharan, a small boy about seven years old lives in Tunapuna, and had, during fully half of his short life time, successfully resisted all the coaxing and threatening of the missionary, the missionary's wife and daughter, and the several teachers and monitors who were each and all anxious to try their hand at civilizing him. His little short shirt and his bare legs were often seen disappearing round the first corner when any one from the Mission premises was seen or reported to be coming. He liked the taste of rum and enjoyed a good pull at the hookah, (pipe) but his mind was not at all to learn a, b, c. Two or three day's in school was enough to last him a month, and he was nearly always absent on Sabbath. I went in to see his parents one day, by no means a promising pair; rum and tobacco might be called the household gods. I put on a very severe expression of countenance and asked the mother how she could allow her only child to ruin himself with tobacco. "Look at his eyes," I said, "bleared like an old toper's; he is not naturally bright and soon he will be so stupid that he will never be able to learn anything." She said she could not help it; that if she did not give him tobacco he cursed her. "Then," I said, "you must punish him." "If I beat him," she replied "he beats me back again and the whole place is in an uproar.

The mother related this with a spice of pride, and there stood the young urchin looking as though he felt himself every inch a hero. I shall never know exactly how it happened, but the next minute the umbrella I held in my hand was coming into vigorous contact with the before mentioned bare legs. It needed only a short application to set the owner of the legs screaming lustily. I then told him that I would come in every time I passed the house, and that if I found he had been cursing his mother I would punish him. I went away and left him still crying

loudly, wondering to myself whether his mother would ever forgive me. Since that date Kalicharan has been a changed boy; he has been quite regular at school and on Sabbath; if his mind is not quite made up to come his mother gently assists him to find the road to the mission premises, and he brings a little cousin with him. Moreover he is the proud possessor of a pair of gingham trousers, blue and white; and whenever he spies me in the distance he comes rushing to meet me with a pleasant smile, saying as plainly as looks can say, "See! what a good boy am I!"

Yours very truly

SARAH E. MORTON.

"A WORD FITLY SPOKEN."

One day, when two boys were playing together, they saw a poor sick dog lying under a tree. "I'll hit him!" said one of them, taking up a stone to throw at him. As he raised his arm a little girl put her hand upon it. "Tom," she said, "would you be so mean as to hit a dog who is too sick to bite you?" Tom prided himself on his bravery. He did not think what a cowardly act it was to do so mean an action as that. It is for brave boys to defend helpless creatures.

Many years after that the two friends, who had grown to be men, were talking together about their youthful sports and pleasures. "As I think my life over," said Tom, "there is one incident that I often recall. It had a great influence on me." "What was that?" asked his friend. "I wonder if it was what little Mary did?" "That is the very thing," said Tom. "She asked if I could be so mean as to throw a stone at a dog who was too sick to bite me. I have never been tempted to do a mean action but that has come to me. It is wonderful how much good those words did."

This story is true. I heard one of the two friends tell it, and I thought it might encourage some one to be as brave as little Mary was when she stopped the big boy from doing wrong.