SCHOOL ETHICS

By ELEANOR MARCHBANKS

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WITH SELECTIONS FOR READING

The soul of all improvement is
the improvement of the soul.
HORACE BUSHNELL.

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To the boys and girls --- some now men and women --- with whom the author has faithfully and lovingly, if at times erroneously, labored this little volume is most affectionately dedicated.

FOREWORD.

ALL literary work is an index of the author's character. No teacher can write better than she can teach. So all persons and conditions that have helped me to do good work have helped to write this little book. The pupils who have lent their loving co-operation, the teachers, school-boards, and patrons who have instructed, encouraged, and commended, have all contributed to the following pages. This is true in an especial sense of my former superintendent, Mr. E. E. Bramlette, to whom I am indebted for many thoughts planted during my years of work under him, and for criticism and suggestions in regard to the following pages.

Each individual weaves his own life fabric, yet the texture, coloring, and design are largely influenced by the thoughts, helpful deeds, and words of good cheer extended him. So it is with this volume. It is mine, and yet not mine, for the best of it belongs directly or indirectly to others. Indeed, I have been shown so much kindness and consideration by authors, publishers, and editors, that I have been surprised and pleased by their universal courtesy and helpfulness.

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E. M.

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SCHOOL ETHICS

TO TEACHERS.

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
—Emerson.

FOR years there has been a growing feeling of dissatisfaction with the results of the public school work. People realize there is something radically wrong, or the output would be more satisfactory. Able educators, wise statesmen, and interested parents are trying to discover and rectify the defects in the system.

The greatest need of the school children of today is a practical knowledge of piety, of righteousness, of right living. Moral training is of much more vital importance to the child than intellectual, physical, or manual training, though the world has not yet been aroused to this fact. Teaching the child to love and reverence God, to honor and obey his parents, to be honest and kind in his dealings with his fellow-men, to be industrious and faithful in the performance of work, to be loyal and obedient to his country's laws, will give him a more helpful equipment than will a knowledge of the wooly caterpillar, the chemistry of food, how to hammer brass, or how to dissect cats.

This is no new theory. Henry van Dyke says, "Surely it would be a good thing if in our schools it could be recognized that a child had far better grow up thinking the earth is flat than to remain ignorant of God and moral law and filial duty." Roosevelt says, "When you take care of the children you are taking care of the nation of to-morrow." Phillips Brooks says, "He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life, can possibly give again."

Realizing the child's need of such help, and feeling that when he asks for bread we often give him a stone, I am offering to teachers the following practical methods that have unfolded to me during my years of work in the public schools, hoping to aid in a small way in awakening parents and teachers to the moral training of the child.

"Tell it as it wuz," says James Whitcomb Riley. So, I have endeavored to follow his homely advice, and in a simple, natural way tell you just how I teach "School Ethics." The little incidents recorded are facts,—often the exact words of the child, and the real Christian names are used. Necessity and not egot-

ism is responsible for the repeated use of the first personal pronoun. The methods have been successfully used with third, fourth, fifth and sixth grade pupils, and as women usually teach these grades it seemed more appropriate to use the feminine gender when referring to the teacher. However, its use was prompted by no desire to ignore the male teachers, to whom I gladly extend the hand of pedagogic fellowship.

The stories, poems, and quotations have been gathered from various sources, and will be new to most teachers. The selections given will show the young teacher how easy and how desirable it is to have individual work of this sort. Each teacher knows, or should know, the needs of her pupils better than any one else, and for that reason can select more suitable material than any one else.

No two people can do work just alike. When you destroy a teacher's individuality, you destroy her usefulness; therefore these methods are offered merely as helpful suggestions in behalf of the cultivation of the child's ethical nature, about which we talk so beautifully and for which we do so little.

Each individual, both as child and man, must do his own work, must be "self-made" or go in-

complete. There are certain things no one can do for him. The only way that we can really help him is to show him how good and how pleasant a thing it is to do right. Then when his ambition and desire are aroused in the direction of righteousness, by keeping the thought before him we may awaken a working desire in his mind to live a better, purer, more Christ-like life. That is what these little methods do. They "lead him on by free and joyous ways to know and choose the things that are pure and lovely and of good report." By their use I have been enabled to control my pupils with but little friction. They have been controlled, through their understanding of the right principle, to do right for right's sake. When a child is actuated by the right motive he becomes trustworthy, and not until then. Discipline should be the watchword in every school, with the understanding that the only efficacious discipline is the discipline from within.

Children's moral perceptions differ just as their intellectual ability varies. So you may not be able to arouse as high a degree of moral perception in some pupils as in others, but if you do your work well, rest assured you will help each little child spiritually.

The result will be boys and girls who are daily becoming better able to cope with their difficulties, find solutions for their problems, and learn to recognize and reverence the divine in life.

All unconsciously we teach the things that we really are. The only virtues we can impart are the virtues we actually possess. Many of us fail in our efforts to control and uplift pupils because we are not what we should be ourselves. It is one of the indisputable facts of school life that our school rooms are simply a reflex of ourselves. If we are impatient and ill-tempered the pupils do not manifest very angelic dispositions; if we are partial and unjust in our treatment of them, they will display that very trait in their dealings with each other. Therefore, the memory gem for each teacher is,

"Example sheds a genial ray
Of light that men are apt to borrow,
So, first improve yourself today,
And then your friend tomorrow."

MARTHA AND MARY.

"She who has chosen Martha's part,
The planning ahead, the steady heart,
So full of household work and care,
Intent on serving everywhere,
May also Mary's secret know,
Nor yet her household cares forego,
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet,
Nor leave her service incomplete."

WHEN I think of the existing conditions of the public schools, of the frantic, ineffectual, pitiable efforts made to give the pupils a tiny intellectual bite of every subject "in the heavens above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth," I am reminded of Jesus' words to Martha, who "was cumbered about much serving" and complained that Mary, who sat at Jesus' feet, would not help her. Jesus replied, "Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful, and Mary has chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

In the public school work we find many weary, nervous, fretful, well-meaning Marthas who, "cumbered with much serving," can not find time to sit at Jesus' feet. Their tasks are so complex, their responsibilities are so multi-

tudinous, that they do not know how to choose "that good part that can not be taken away." Indeed, some have not even learned what the "good part" is. There are teachers blissfully ignorant of what constitutes a teacher's work. They think if they can keep their grades up, maintain order, make necessary reports, and get through the term without friction, they have mastered the science of pedagogy and can afford to rest on their laurels. The conduct of many superintendents and principals fosters this belief. Often the teacher who receives the most praise is the teacher who suppresses the child and, with machine-like precision, adheres to her daily routine.

When we look at the subject in its true light we find the teacher's real work is infinitely higher than the mere drudgery of teaching from text-books and maintaining order, for to her is intrusted the difficult, yet exalted work of character-building and citizenship-making.

Young America could never have become what he is had the thought of character-building been paramount in the aim of the schools. In the rush and hurry of the present day, in the over-crowded curriculum, in the cultivation of the physical and the intellectual, we are neglecting the spiritual side of the child's nature. It re-

quires just as much time, and as persistent an effort to teach a child goodness as to teach him mathematics. So, as it is impossible to do well all the innumerable things required of us, we stress the physical and the intellectual and exclude the ethical, except nominally.

The thing that unnerves and exhausts the teacher is the knowledge of her inability to perform the many and varied duties required of her. She worries over the chaotic demands of her situation. She fully agrees with Mrs. Malaprop that if she "like Cerberus were three gentlemen at one time" she could not do the work required of her. However, when she views her work in the light of character-building, citizenship-making, the complex becomes simple—like Christian, the burden falls from off her back. She sees the great thing needful for good citizenship is to teach the child, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself; for on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

No man fails in life simply from a lack of knowledge of Greek, Latin or geometry, yet how many men are miserable failures from lack of knowledge of good! There are many people

with excellent literary training who can not hold positions, who are in absolute need of the necessaries of life, simply because they have never learned to be honest and trustworthy. There are many superfluities in the educational world, but the work-a-day world cries aloud for the solid qualities of accuracy and faithfulness. It is useless to bring one to manhood with education and little else. This is not written with any desire to depreciate scholarship, but to emphasize the truth. Scholarship is desirable, but goodness is more desirable.

If we teach the child to be upright, to do his work well, to reverence the good, the beautiful, and the true, we are laying a sure foundation for that child's future success, a foundation that nothing can destroy. Character, then, and efficiency are the chief ends to be held in view in the training of children, with physical health as a necessary essential to the attainment of these ends.

The subject of moral teaching in the public schools has many perplexing features. Children of various nationalities and creeds all drink at the same educational fountain, and it requires spirituality, patience, persistence, and tact on the part of the teacher to give the Water of Life from the Living Fountain in such a way as to

offend none and to benefit all. No matter how desirous the teacher may be to uplift the child spiritually, she is powerless to help him to any great extent until she has learned the truth of George Eliot's words, "The great lesson of life is tolerance." She must be able to recognize the gold in the eastern proverb, "The broad-minded see the truth in different religions, the narrow-minded see only the difference." She must know that religion is simply the life of God in the heart of man, and that it is greater than any creed. Then she will not sow dissension by discussing denominations and dogmas, but will teach the fundamental truths essential to right living, that are endorsed by all, whether Jew, Catholic, or Protestant, for, as Drummond says, "The words we shall all one day hear sound not of theology, but of life."

We often hear remarks similar to the following: "I send my child to school to get an education, not to be taught religion." "Religious instruction in the public school is in violation of the constitution." The people who clamor most about the execution of the letter of the law generally have the least understanding of the true spirit of the law. Any unprejudiced person knows that the noble men who framed our constitution had no desire to exclude the children

of the United States from Christian training, no wish that these children should grow up, as many of them are doing, "ignorant of God and moral law and filial duty." Our forefathers' aims were, according to Washington, "to establish effectual barriers against the horrors of spiritual tyranny, and every species of religious persecution." However, we are far from indulging in "spiritual tyranny" or "religious persecution" when we teach the child to

"Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King,
Else wherefore born?"

Much of the so-called opposition to religious or moral teaching in the public school is due to the mistakes made in attempts to teach morals by ignorant or over-zealous teachers, and from these mistakes have arisen a misconception of what constitutes moral training in the public school. It is this misconception which people oppose, and not religious or moral training. No parent is averse to having his child taught to be honest, kind, industrious and obedient, but he rightly objects to the teaching of cant, fanaticism, and sectarianism. Let the teacher really help the child to better things and she wins the gratitude and co-operation of the parents. Henry van Dyke says, "Good citizens, honest

workmen, cheerful comrades, true friends, gentlemen—that is what the product of religion should be." Surely it would be for the betterment of the child, and consequently of the nation, if the children of our land were taught such a religion.

Much of what we designate as ethical teaching in the public school is a waste of time, a burlesque, a travesty. Not that the teacher intends it to be such, or is even aware that such a condition exists, but simply because she knows no better. The young teacher with the best of motives often makes blunders that are both sad and ludicrous.

I recall an incident that happened soon after I began teaching, which forcibly illustrates this fact. You will be better able to comprehend my feelings in regard to the affair when I tell you I was brought up in the old-school Presbyterian faith, which prescribes keeping the letter as well as the spirit of the law.

In the early spring I was confronted with what I have since learned to view as an annual spring dilemma that year by year confronts the weary pedagog—playing marbles "for keeps." I reported the matter to the principal, who was an old teacher, and I suppose had become accustomed to such youthful crimes. At any rate,

the enormity of the offence failed to appeal to him as it did to me. He said there were certain things no teacher could prevent. Playing marbles "for keeps" was one of them. Just so long as there were two boys and a bag of marbles, just so long would playing "keeps" continue. When you could not prevent a thing, it was best not to see it.

Such reasoning failed to satisfy me. I felt that playing marbles "for keeps" was miniature gambling, that whoever took something for nothing was guilty of wrong. It mattered not whether the participants were thoughtless little boys playing marbles under the blue sky, mingling their merry laughter with the song of the birds and the busy hum of the bees, or hardened men playing cards in closed rooms filled with foul air, where no sound was heard save the shuffle of the cards and the voice of the gambler. The principle was the same, and if I knew my boys were playing such a game and uttered no protest, they were learning to gamble with my endorsement. When the subject presented itself to me in that light I felt I *must* do something to prevent those boys from gambling. I was so thoroughly convinced that it was my duty to prevent the boys from playing "keeps" that I was willing to jeopardize my po-

sition by pursuing a course my principal disapproved.

Young and inexperienced, filled with zeal but no knowledge, overflowing with bigotry, but lacking Christian charity, I proceeded to deliver a lecture to the boys on the evils of gambling. This talk I then believed to be of a most religious nature and well calculated to convince them of the error of their way; however, I have since been able to see that it was merely an abusive, fanatical harangue. Such a talk belonged to the sensational yellow-back novels, but was sadly out of place in the school-room. Indeed, it seems almost cruel that helpless little children of whom "such is the Kingdom of heaven" should have been forced to listen to abuse of their neighbors, when they should have been learning "God is love."

I have never been able to learn how, when, or where I gained the extensive information in regard to gamblers and gambling which I so readily imparted to those children. I had never known a professional gambler, nor had I made any effort to obtain reliable intelligence upon the subject. However, at that time I was fully convinced that I knew all there was to know about gamblers and gambling. Prejudice surrounded me like a Chinese wall. The very prince

of gamblers could not have enlightened me.

The substance of what I told those children was this: *all* gamblers are drunkards, lazy and dishonest, while *many* are murderers; *any* boy who plays marbles "for keeps" will most likely become a professional gambler, when he reaches manhood, and will be killed in a gambler's brawl, or commit murder and die on the gallows. You see, at that time I had never so much as heard Tennyson's beautiful lines,

"He that only rules by terror
Doth grievous wrong."

The above is simply an abbreviated outline of my lecture. No description can do justice to the "blood and thunder" talk I imposed upon those children. It was one of the things that had to be heard to be appreciated. I enlarged upon the subject. I grandiloquently described the sin and misery of a gambler's life. I pathetically delineated the grief of the boys' parents when their sons were slain. I charitably accompanied the murderer's family to the scaffold, and sympathetically mingled my tears with theirs. Only one thing did I refuse to do, and that was to scatter flowers on the graves of the dead.

There was only one redeeming feature connected with that morning's work, and that was

that somehow, somewhere, dense as I then was, I had gained an inkling of this truth: the child's reason must be conquered, not his body. To benefit him, I must win my way by conviction. With this thought in mind I told the boys I would give them a few days to think over the matter, trusting they would stop playing because they recognized the evil of the game, not because they were forced to stop.

The next morning one of my boys came into my room, threw himself into his seat and said to me, "You needn't be worrying about me playing 'keeps,' fur I'm done. I ain't never going to play again as long as I live."

Tears came to my eyes, and a regular "Jack-the-Bean-Stalk" feeling crept over me. I felt the good seed I had sown had germinated, blossomed, and born fruit in a single night. I went to the child, put my arm around him, and said, "You have no idea how glad I am to hear you say that. I am so glad you see what playing marbles 'for keeps' leads to, and have ceased to play because you are convinced it is wrong."

"Yessum, I'm never going to play again. Why, this morning when I come to school I had fifty-seven of the prettiest stonies you ever seen and now" putting his hand into his pocket and pulling out three marbles which he held out for

my inspection, "I ain't got but these three nc 'count things! Naw, I don't want to play 'keeps.' They ain't no fun in it if you lose all the time."

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap." This was the legitimate fruit of the sowing I had done. I can never recall this incident without a feeling of contrition and remorse. The fact that I was young and inexperienced affords little consolation. When one enters upon the great work of soul-gardening, as teaching has been aptly called, he can not afford to make such egregious mistakes. However, no matter how wise, how faithful, how efficient we may be, there are certain incidents in the life of each teacher that she can not recall without realizing the appropriateness of Jesus' words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Emerson's words, "The years teach much that the days never know," hold a helpful thought for us all. I am indeed glad the years have taught me a better way, and because I want every teacher to learn this better way I have written this incident, hoping it may enable Martha "cumbered with much serving" to choose "that good part that can not be taken away" and come with Mary and sit at Jesus' feet.

TEACHING KINDNESS.

A great chance deed may sway our minds,
But soon the impress fades away;
One life-long influence we find
In little deeds from day to day.
—Eugene C. Dolson.

ALL my moral instruction is based on the following maxims:

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." —Proverbs.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things."
—Colossians.

"What you look at longest you grow to look like." —Henry van Dyke.

When you go to help a child solve a problem in mathematics you do not say a word to the child about the many wrong methods he could use in trying to solve the problem, for you realize that just so long as the pupil thinks about the wrong way, he can not think about the right way. Your work is to help him find the right principle, for you know whenever he recognizes and applies the right principle he will solve the problem. This is a self-evident fact that is recognized by all teachers, yet few teachers realize

that the principle applies to the child's moral as well as intellectual training. You can no more teach a child to be good by continually telling him of evil, than you can teach him to be a mathematician by continually placing misstatements before him. If you wish a child to be a musician you do not have him study discord, but harmony; so in the great school of life we cannot afford to waste our time studying life's discords if we wish to learn life's concords.

I never dwell upon evil when talking to children. My one aim is to keep their minds filled with thoughts of the good, the true, and the beautiful. Thought is the great creative force, and our acts, whether good or bad, are the products of our thoughts—the children of our thoughts. All great, good, heroic acts, all deeds of cruelty and crime spring from the tiny embryo of thought. It is not what a child has, or wears, or knows, or says, or does, but what he *thinks* as he works, as he plans, as he plays, that is moulding his character, that is shaping his life. Every thought is a friend or an enemy; for every thought is a stone in the citadel of character that he is daily building. If we wish the building to be beautiful and useful, we must see that nothing but good stones are used in its construction. If we wish to make the child's life

better we must make his thoughts better. If the thought of good predominates nothing can harm or contaminate him. When a child is thinking good it is impossible for him to think evil. If his mind is filled with thoughts of love, of purity, and peace, there is no place for thoughts of hate, obscenity, and discord. You can not fill vessels already full. The only thing that concerns the teacher is to see that the vessels are filled with the right quality of thought.

We are told that "Variety is the spice of life," and nowhere is this spice in greater demand than in the school-room. Many teachers fail because they have never learned that monotony is stagnation. To benefit the child you must have his interest and his co-operation. These you can never gain by following in the same old beaten paths. A teacher's success not only rests upon her ability to recognize a good method, but upon her knowledge of the proper time to change the method. A certain method may be the very best of its kind, producing most gratifying results, yet if used to satiety it is a failure. For this reason I continually change my methods, using various individual, palatable ways of presenting the same thought. However, in the selection of these methods I endeavor not to confuse charm with merit.

Suppose I wish to impress the thought of kindness upon the minds of the children. I proceed in this way. First I write the word "kind" on the board, and then have two or three children give the meaning of the word. After obtaining their primitive ideas, I ask the pupils to find the word in their dictionaries, and I have one child read the definition aloud. Next I explain to them (in case they are not advanced enough to tell me) how, by the addition of the suffix "ness" we get the word "kindness," that "ness" means state or condition of being; therefore "kindness" means state or condition of being kind. After talking with the pupils long enough to arouse their interest in the subject of kindness I write this on the board: "Be ye kind and affectionate one to another."

Some of the children instantly recognize the lines, hands go up, and I am told, "Jesus said that," and "It is in the Bible."

"Yes, Jesus said that, and here is something else that he said," and I write, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." I then say, "Children, many people think, or act as if they think the Bible was written just for the people who lived at the time it was written. That is not the exact truth, for while it was written for them, it was also written for you, for me, for

everybody. So, when Jesus said, 'Be ye kind and affectionate one to another,' He spoke to you, to me, just as much as He spoke to Peter, or to John. 'If ye love me ye will keep my commandments,' is what Christ is this morning saying to every little boy, to every little girl in this room. Jesus knew it was impossible for us to love people and never do anything to please them. It is so easy to say we love God, or our parents, or our friends, but merely saying the words amounts to nothing unless we prove the truth of our words by our deeds. Now, all this week we are going to prove our love by being kind. We are going to be kind to each one here at school, kind and obedient to our parents, kind and loving to our brothers and sisters, kind and polite to the people we meet on our way to school, kind and considerate with the servants, kind to the dumb brutes, kind to every living thing. Think what an easy way that is to show our love! Just to be kind! That is something we can all do, no matter what grade we are in.

"I want you to remember what kind act you do so you can tell me about it in the morning. Of course I can not ask each pupil tomorrow, but I will ask several each day until every child has had an opportunity of telling how he has

shown his love by keeping the commandment. 'Be ye kind and affectionate one to another.' "Here is a little story I wish to read you. You will not only enjoy listening to it, but will be helped by it. It tells how a family of children proved their love for their mother. The name of the story is

HOW MUCH?

"Yesterday was mother's birthday," said Billy Stone, as he walked proudly by the side of Miss Fowler, his Sunday-school teacher, "We gave her presents."

"How nice! I suppose you love her very much, don't you?"

"Lots."

"Well, Billy, my man," said Miss Fowler, stopping a minute at the corner where she turned off, "don't you forget your lesson last Sunday. You know what our Bible says about how true love shows itself."

Yes, Billy knew. He walked on, thinking of it, and presently his round face grew very sober.

"Yesterday we told mother that we gave her presents with our love. Today is only one day off, and I would not get up in time for breakfast. I was late at school. I made the twins mad and sneaked out of the back door so as not to have to go for the mail. I can't see how any-

body, looking at the way I have acted, could tell that I love my mother at all."

It was beginning to rain when Billy reached home. He and the twins, who had been playing in the yard, all went into the shelter of the kitchen together. Mrs. Stone, at work in the next room, looked out of the window with a sigh. She had so much to do, and there was liable to be trouble when the children must stay in doors. Billy thought of this too. The twins were hanging their caps up with a scuffle.

"I say, Robin," asked Billy abruptly, "how much do you love mother this afternoon?"

Robin turned around and stared at him. What a queer question it was, not a bit like a boy.

"Why," he giggled, "Do you want me to write some poetry about it?"

"Poetry!" sniffed Billy, "I want to know how much—just plain how much—that isn't poetry, is it?"

"That's arithmetic," said Dora. Dora was the eldest of them all. She was bolstered up in a big chair, by the fire; she had been ill for a fortnight.

"How much?" repeated Robin, "How can you tell how much you love a person?"

"In plenty of ways," said Billy wisely, "I'll tell you one right now, I love mother a box full."

With that he picked up the kindling box and marched out into the shed. A light broke upon the twins.

"Oh—o!" said Harry, "that's what you mean, is it? Well, I love her a pail full," seizing the water bucket and starting for the pump.

"I love her a scuttle full," said Robin, as he plunged down into the cellar after coal.

Dora looked at the clock. She had looked at it five minutes before and said to herself:

"I do believe darling mother is going to forget the medicine this time. I shall not remind her, that's one thing sure." "But I guess," she said, reaching for the bottle, with a wry face, "I guess at least I can love her a spoonful!"

There was a shout of laughter. Mrs. Stone heard and glanced anxiously at the door.

"I hope there is no mischief on foot. I am in a hurry to get this sewing done."

Kitty Stone had roused herself from her book in the old-fashioned window-seat to listen to Billy and the rest. So far she said nothing. But when the kindling box, the pail, and the scuttle were full, and the medicine bottle a little less full, the covers of Kitty's book went together with a snap.

"Don't you think," she said, "that all of us together if we hurried could love mother this room

full before she came in and caught us? I'll clean out the stove and blacken it."

They worked like beavers. The last tin was swinging on the nail, and the last chair set back to the wall, before Mrs. Stone's step was heard coming rapidly down the hall.

"Dora, child, your medicine," she said.

"Yesum," Dora said demurely, "I took it for pure love—to you, not it."

Her mother looked around the tidy kitchen, and when she saw how spick and span it was, and when she saw the row of smiling faces, she kissed them every one, and her own was just as bright as the brightest.

"There is no other mother in this country that has such children as mine!" said Mrs. Stone.

"There, do you see!" said Billy to Robin, "Can't you tell how much you love a person? It feels nice, doesn't it?"

We have a little talk about the story, bringing out the thought that these children proved their love for their mother more forcibly and more acceptably by their willing service, than by their presents and words of endearment.

The lesson is concluded when the pupils copy in composition books, which are reserved for memory work, the two verses on the board.

These they commit to memory by the next morning.

The next day, say Tuesday, I write this on the board:

"We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken." —Emerson.

First, the pupils repeat the two verses used on Monday, then I say, "I am certain each of you can understand or see the truth contained in this morning's memory gem. We know, there is more kindness in the world than is ever spoken, because we remember the many times we have thought kind things about people, but failed to say the kind words. So often we want to do a kind act, but the fear of being laughed at keeps us from doing it. However, the kind thoughts were in our hearts even if we did not express them, but this morning we are going to 'speak the kindness' as Emerson says.

"Sidney, what kind act have you to tell us about?"

(Here I wish to say that I try to impress upon the pupils the importance of standing correctly, articulating distinctly, pitching the voice properly, and expressing themselves in the best language they can command.)

"Last night, Mammie" (his name for his grandmother) "wanted some medicine, so I went

to the drug store and got it for her."

It is a teacher's duty to encourage a child by showing interest and appreciation in any little effort he makes to do right. With that thought in mind I say something like this: "I am indeed glad you were kind to your dear grandmother. Many of us are not as thoughtful and considerate of the comforts and pleasures of old people as we should be. Let us repeat the verse about being kind to the old."

We repeat,

"Be kind and gentle
To those who are old;
For dearer is kindness
And better than gold."

"Mary, you may tell us what kind act you have done."

"Last night I was busy studying, but Sam could not get his arithmetic, so I put my books away and helped him with his examples."

"Did you think while you were helping your brother solve his problems you were helping yourself too? Yes, you were reviewing arithmetic. That is one of the beautiful things about being kind, we cannot help others without helping ourselves."

"Dale, 'how much?' as Billy says."

"When I rode Maude to town this morning

it was cold and the wind was blowing, so I thought to hitch her with her head turned away from the wind."

"I am pleased that your kindness extended to the helpless dumb brute. Maude could not tell you she was uncomfortable, nor could she change her position. If you had hitched her facing the wind, she would have had to stand there and endure the cold. It was no more trouble to you to hitch her the right way than the wrong.

"Did you children ever hear the story about Abraham Lincoln's kindness to dumb creatures? He was one day walking with a member of his cabinet, when he suddenly turned aside from the beaten path. His friend, curious to know what had caused the momentary hesitation, asked him what was the matter. The President answered, 'It's only a little worm, but I could not step on it, for there is room enough in the world for it and for me.'

"It was these gentle traits of character that made this noble man so beloved."

Robert raises his hand and says, "That story makes me think of the verse in our speller,

'I would not count among my list of friends,
The man who needlessly puts foot upon a worm.' "

These are simple things that the pupils have

told me, nothing great or unusual. Yet the children were better for doing the little acts of kindness, better still for telling about them, and their playmates were helped by listening to the homely little stories. We all need to know that it is the little things in life that count. It is the little acts of courtesy and kindness that sweeten life, it is the attention to little details that makes the successful business man, it is the little self-denial, the little acts of charity that make the strong spiritual man. So let us not think it beneath us to do well the little things.

I continue in this way each morning during the week, giving each pupil an opportunity to talk. Every day a different memory gem is placed on the board, which the pupils copy and memorize. For example:

Wednesday.

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

—Edward Courtnay.

Thursday.

"The greatest thing a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of his children." —Drummond.

Friday.

"To all living things I'll be
Just as kind as kind can be—
To chickens, birds and dogs and cats—
Yes, even mice and long-tailed rats."

This method has much to commend it. I doubt if any one who has not used it can realize the good that comes from its proper use. It unostensibly assists in the eradication of anger, selfishness, rudeness, and discord of whatever nature, and proves goodness to be more contagious in the school-room than the measles, and most effective when the epidemic begins with the teacher.

What the world terms badness in children is merely misdirected activity. The only reason any one ever does the wrong is because he has never learned the beauty of doing the right. It is useless simply to tell a child to be kind; you convey no idea to his mind; he is not unkind from viciousness, but from a lack of knowledge of kindness. This method teaches in a most practical way how to be kind. The important pedagogic rule of Mr. Squeers is followed, "When a child knows a thing he goes and does it." In other words, you have stimulated the child's active powers as you taxed his receptive powers.

One of its merits is that it leads the child's thoughts to God and teaches him in a simple, natural way to talk about God and the Bible. These are subjects we discuss too little. Why should it ever have been necessary to say of any one, "God is not in all this thoughts?" The answer is plain, "His education has made him what he is."

The pupil has learned six beautiful memory gems. They have been presented in such a way as to establish brain paths, therefore the verses and the incidents connected with them will remain with the child all through life and help not only the boy and girl, but the man and woman to follow the command, "Be ye kind and affectionate one to another."

It is an adaptable method, as it can be effectually used in the city, village, or district school. You can arrange it to fit any need or bring out any thought you wish to impress upon the pupils.

I have obtained best results by using this method for a week, and then selecting an entirely different way of presenting the same thought.

For example: Were you to question the pupils in my school the next week they would tell you we were studying about birds. However, while

we are gaining a knowledge of the birds of our own and other countries, while we are filling our minds with beautiful, instructive, and amusing stories, poems, and legends, we are unconsciously learning to love birds and be kind to them. To teach a child to be kind to a thing is to teach him to love the thing, and to love a thing he must know something about it. So as I wish the children to be kind to the birds I teach them all I can about them.

First, we have a talk about birds, thereby ascertaining the knowledge the pupils have of birds, and their thoughts in regard to them. I read or tell something of the life and work of John Burroughs. My reason for selecting Burroughs is that children are generally more interested in living individuals. I show them his picture and the picture of his home. I read some interesting description of birds from natural history—this is frequently illustrated and reproduced as a language lesson. I read articles on "Hunting with a Kodak," hoping that they may awaken the boys' thoughts to the joy of harmless pleasure and to the evil of taking life. For the girls, we study about the cruelty of using birds, their wings, and aigrettes on hats. Nothing better can be read to the children than Senator George F. Hoar's appeal to the Massa-

chusetts Legislature in behalf of birds. He makes the birds speak for themselves in the following beautiful language.

"To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

"We, the song-birds of Massachusetts and their play-fellows, make our humble petition. We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people, and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your children, especially your poor children, to play in. Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm. And we know that whenever you do anything the people all over this great land between the seas and the great lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same. We know. We know.

"We are Americans, just the same as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came across the great sea. But most of the birds like us have lived here a long while, and the birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here

many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

"Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who, we should think, would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear our plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us for mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our nests and young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us—as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop window, or in a glass case. If this goes on much longer all our song birds will be gone. Already we are told in some countries that used to be full of birds that they are almost gone. Even the nightingales are being killed in Italy.

"Now we humbly pray that you stop all this and save us from this sad fate. You have always made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song-bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you make another one that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one will kill us to get them? We want them ourselves. Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them.

We are told it is as easy for you to do it as for a blackbird to whistle.

"If you will, we know how to pay you a thousand times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show you how to live together in peace and love, and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your gardens and flower-beds—ourselves like flowers on wings—without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants, and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs, and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the fields, oriole and bluebird, and blackbird and bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you. And when you go home after sundown vesper sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit down on your porch after dark, fifebird and hermit, thrush and woodthrush, will sing to you, and even whip-poor-will will cheer you up. We know where we are safe. Soon all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like a summer home with you."

Brown Thrasher
Hermit Thrush
Song Sparrow
Vesper Sparrow
Scarlet Tanager
Peewee
Sandpiper
Chewink
Robert O'Lincoln
Robin Redbreast
Blue Heron
Hummingbird
Whippoorwill
Water Wagtail
Woodpecker
Wilson Thrush
Indigo Bird
King Bird
Cedarbird
Swallow
Cowbird
Martin
Vireo
Oriole
Lark
Veery
Summer Redbird
Blackbird
Yellowbird
Linnet
Phoebe
Yokebird
Yellow Throat
Chickadee
Pigeon Woodpecker
Wren
Fifebird

We take some beautiful poem about birds. There are so many it is difficult to make a selection. "The Sandpiper," "Who Stole the Bird's Nest?," "Robert O'Lincoln," "The Birds of Killingworth," and "How the Woodpecker Served Hiawatha," are all excellent. This poem we study very much as you study a selection in literature, memorizing certain parts.

If you wish your work to be a success do not make the mistake of doing all the talking. The teacher who does all the talking is generally left to do all the thinking. The only way to please, interest, and instruct children is to let them do their part of the work, let them feel that they are contributing their share of the entertainment. Have them tell the story of the dove of Noah's ark, and in return you can tell about "Mother Goose's" birds and the "Babes in the Woods" and the story of Argus and Barnaby Rudge's raven.

We do not forget the value derived from a hearty laugh so we have some humorous selections. "Why Chickens Scratch," from "Nights With Uncle Remus," is a favorite humorous story with children. In connection with this work teach the pupils some of the many beautiful bird songs. "The Woodpecker," "The Blue Bird" and the "Whippoorwill" are excellent. All this will prove interesting to the children. Remember you cannot make any lasting impression upon their minds by telling a few stories about birds, and reading a poem or two. It requires repeated and varied effort to accomplish the desired result. "No virtue grows in a single day. It must be cultivated, trained,

pruned. Then indeed are its flowers beautiful—its fruits priceless."

Next we take up the study of trees and plants, pursuing much the same plan as we did in the study of birds. I teach the pupils that trees and plants have life, that all life is of God and is given for a purpose. I read them articles about the useless destruction of trees and the consequence likely to result from such a course, impressing upon them that it is their duty to protect and preserve the trees in all possible ways.

The children should be told of the life and wonderful works of Luther Burbank. The proper presentation of his life teaches several useful lessons—to labor, to think, to originate, to be patient. It adds interest and dignity to agriculture, both as a study and an occupation.

There is such a wealth of desirable material along this line that one has no trouble finding suitable reading stories, and memory gems. The following little program, copied largely from the Journal of Education, will doubtless prove helpful and suggestive.

AMERICAN FORESTS.

Big trees of California.
Pine Forests.
The Petrified Forest.

FAMOUS FORESTS.

Sherwood Forest.
Windsor Forest.
Black Forest.
Arden Forest.

HISTORIC TREES OF AMERICA.

Penn's Elm.
Charter Oak.
Treaty Oak.
Washington's Cherry.
Arnold's Willow.
Andrew's Thorn.

TREES IN FICTION.

Hiawatha's Trees.
Chestnut Tree of Village Blacksmith.
Pyncheon's Elms.

"WE LOVE THE TREES."

Tune—"There's Music in the Air."

We love the grand old trees,
With the Oak, their royal king,
And the Maple, forest queen,
We to her our homage bring.
And the elm with stately form,
Long withstanding wind and storm,
Pine, low whispering to the breeze.

O we love the grand old trees!
We love the grand old trees,
The cedar bright above the snow,
The poplar straight and tall,
And the willow weeping low.
Butternut, and walnut, too,
Hickory so staunch and true,
Basswood blooming for the bees.
O we love the grand old trees.
We love the grand old trees,
The tulips branching broad and high,
The beech with shining robe,
And the birch so sweet and shy.
Aged chestnuts fair to see,
Holly bright with Christmas glee.
Laurel crown for victories.
O we love the grand old trees!

The Planting of the Apple Tree, What We Plant When We Plant the Tree, and *Woodman, Spare That Tree* are poems that should be carefully studied. If you teach the child to love the tree, to see its beauty, service, and value, you will indeed assist in the planting and the preserving of the trees.

Teach the children that flowers have their mission to perform, their work to do, that it is wrong to gather selfishly all the wild flowers, we should only take what we can use and leave

the rest to gladden others by their beauty and fragrance, that the blossom makes the seed, and if we gather all the flowers there will be no seed, that certain species, or kinds, have become extinct just from the thoughtless, ignorant, or selfish habit of gathering all their blossoms. In the collections made, and the work done in nature study, keep the thought of life before the child, and not the thought of science.

There are many beautiful flower myths to use. The origin of the Hyacinth, Sunflower, Violet, Aster and Goldenrod are stories that especially appeal to children. The origin of Indian corn, from *Hiawatha,* is most beautiful, and, while a little long, yet the ethical value is sufficient to make it worth your while to read the entire story to pupils.

A school garden will help greatly in interesting and instructing pupils in plant life. If you cannot have a garden you can easily have a few plants in your room. It is always best to teach directly from nature, when possible, as Mother Nature's text-books are unsurpassed.

The success of this plan depends almost entirely upon the teacher's knowledge of and interest in the subject, and her ability to select the right kind of subject matter. It must be varied. You should not follow the advice of Thomas

Gradgrind, "Teach the boys and girls facts and nothing but facts." Facts, stories, poems, legends, and fables must be judiciously and harmoniously blended together and woven into one complete and interesting whole; for it is the reaction of the subject in response to the stimulus of its surroundings that counts, and we can not tell what will quicken and strengthen the mental and spiritual growth of each child.

Doubtless there are teachers who say, "I have all the work I can do, and were I to attempt to carry out your suggestions I should have no time for my regular classes." Most teachers have classes enough, it is true, but by skilfully planning your work, by judiciously corrolating and wisely using your time much can be accomplished. There are short periods between classes, little delays caused by irregularity in ringing the bell, idle moments here and there during the day, that a little study and practice will enable one to use advantageously. It is the use of these odds and ends of time that really determine a teacher's value. You cannot do the work mentioned in a few days. Our work, as teachers, is not rapid building, but secure building on the right foundation. It is not the quantity of reading and talking you do, but the quality, and what the child gets out of it, that counts.

Arouse the child's interest in the subject, and his desire for knowledge, but never satisfy it. Let him investigate for himself. Do whatever amount of work about the subject that seems advisable, and after a while come back to it. In this way you avoid tiring the child, and the return to the topic furnishes an excellent memory test. However, the work must be continued from year to year.

By following these simple, inexpensive methods you are teaching, in a most practical way, morals, nature study, history, geography, agriculture and literature. You have placed yourself and the pupils on a higher intellectual and moral plane, yet you have done it without effort. "It was so easy!" (as the children say.) So pleasant! There were times when you ceased to realize you were teaching and the children were unconscious of learning. If we could always teach in this way, the good we would do only eternity could tell! Parents would arise and call us blessed, for no longer would they have to force the child to go to school.

A FLOWER LESSON.

"So for Thy garden take my heart,
To shape and mold the human part,
And work with it Thy will divine,
Till it conform to thought of Thine.
Thy Father-hand take not away,
O Gardener divine! but stay
And work it well, and till and sow
Diviner seed than I can know.
Grant me the prayer to be one field
White with the Lord's great harvest yield."

IF you had visited my school-room often you would doubtless have heard requests similar to the following, "Please let us have a Flower Lesson this morning." "If we are real good and get through our lessons in time, may we have a Flower Lesson?"

You would naturally think the pupils referred to some method of nature study, but the lesson alluded to has reference to spiritual, or mental, flowers, not material flowers. It is a method I devised after reading the following beautiful story to the children.

FINDING WHAT WE LOOK FOR.

By Elizabeth Earl Jones.

Did you ever notice that we generally find what we look for? If we look for love we find it, and if we look for little slights and injus-

tices we seem to see them, too, whether they are intended or not. There was an interesting story once told of a beautiful country, whose queen was well-nigh broken hearted because the ladies and gentlemen of her court were so critical and unkind. They talked very badly about one another and seemed to see only evil everywhere and in every one. One morning this wise little queen called her court to assemble. When all were gathered she commissioned two courtiers to go out into her kingdom, and to bring to her specimens of plans and flowers. One courtier was commissioned to collect a specimen of every thorny shrub and weed, said to be poisonous, in the kingdom, and to return with them to the palace two months later. The other courtier was charged with the pleasanter task of gathering specimens of all the beautiful flowers that blossomed within the borders of this country, and he, too, was to return two months later. Then the courtiers mounted and rode away.

"What can this mean?" questioned the astonished ladies and gentlemen of the court. "Has our queen gone mad?"

Two months slowly passed, and once more the court was assembled. All, with curious expectancy, awaited the arrival of the courtiers.

A trumpet in the courtyard sounded, and pres-

ently, down the long corridor came a weary, ragged man. His steps dragged slowly; his brow was careworn, and in his arms were rank weeds and ugly briars. He approached his queen. Saluting her with the usual deep courtesy, "Your Majesty," he solemnly began, "your kingdom, once so fair and beautiful that the fame thereof has gone far beyond the seas, is fast going to ruin."

"To ruin!" exclaimed the sweet-faced queen.

"Yes," was the stern reply. "These briars and poisonous weeds tell their own sad story. I find them everywhere."

Just then the trumpet sounded again, and in rushed a happy youth, with cheeks aglow, and with a wreath of fragrant wild-cherry blossoms wound about his flowing locks. His arms were full of beautiful flowers, which shed sweet perfume wherever he went.

"Your Majesty!" exclaimed this courtier, with a graceful bow, and lightly touching his lips to the outstretched hand of the queen, "Your kingdom is glorious! Long have I heard its praises sung, but never until now have I known the half of its wealth of loveliness and joy."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the queen, "and did you find flowers everywhere?"

"Everywhere!" cried the courtier.

Then turning to the first comer, the queen inquired of him: "Did you see any flowers in my kingdom?"

"Flowers, your majesty!" exclaimed the astonished courtier, "You told me to look for thorns and weeds—I did not look for flowers."

Then turning to the other courtier, the queen inquired: "And did you find many thorns and briars, as well as flowers?"

"I did not see any thorns and briars," he answered. "The flowers were everywhere; they were so beautiful, and your majesty did not ask me to look for thorns and briars. No, I only saw the flowers."

There was a silence, a silence that spoke more than words to the heart of the loving queen, for she saw that her people understood.

"This is a beautiful story, but it is also very practical, and now we want to begin to put it into practice—all of us, big and little. Let us wake in the morning with this resolve: 'I will find flowers today. Only love, truth, and kindness can come to me, today, and I am resolved to love everyone more and more.'

"Then, when evening comes, and the little birds begin to sing their good-night songs, and all is quiet again, let us think once more of the

day passed, and ask ourselves: 'What have I gathered and given today?'

"If we find any ugly thorns of disobedience, self-will, or anger, or if we feel the pricks of the briars of resentment and pride, we must weed them all out, forgive and love more, and when our eyelids close in sleep, the soft-winged angels of peaceful trust will minister unto us."

The children are familiar with the story, so we do not always read it, but they occasionally want to hear it again, for repetition is one of the pleasures of childhood.

We pretend that "the good queen" has sent each child in search of flowers—the flowers are the good things we find in the life, or character, of our playmates.

We begin by repeating in concert the following verses:

"I will find flowers today. Only love, truth and kindness can come to me, or go from me, today, and I will love everyone more and more."

"There is nothing to know but Truth,
There is nothing to do but love;
There is no place to go where God is not,
The wide, wide world is a garden spot:
Where the flowers of Truth eternally bloom,
Where the tares and weeds can find no room,
For there is no place where God is not."

Then I say, "Paul, what flowers do you find in Edward's garden?"

"He is a kind boy, is always willing to do you a favor, and does not get angry when you play with him."

"Then, Edward's garden is fragrant and beautiful with the flowers of kindness, willingness, and good-humor.

"Samuel, what flowers do you see in Tommie's garden?"

"Tommie is a funny boy; he is always saying and doing something to make you laugh."

"You find the flowers of wit and fun blooming in Tommie's garden. It is well worth our while to cultivate such flowers, for the Bible tells us: 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.'

"Ola, what flowers do you find in Irma's garden?"

"She always knows her lessons, and obeys every rule of school."

"The plants of industry and obedience not only make Irma's garden lovely and fragrant, but they are so useful, so valuable, they yield a continual harvest. Do you know the harvest we gather from the flowers of industry and obedience? Friends, love, respect, knowledge, position, and wealth are some of the fruits we

gather from these flowers. No one can ever be poor in any sense if he assiduously* cultivates these flowers. May they bloom in all our gardens!"

"Myrtle, what flowers bloom in Ethel's garden?"

"I don't see any."

"You have not looked carefully, for there are flowers blooming in everybody's garden. You must remember there are so many kinds of flowers. Roses, lilies, poppies, and the gorgeous sunflowers are easily seen; the dainty violets and pansies are not so noticeable, yet they are just as beautiful and as much loved as their sumptuous neighbors. There are flowers so small that they cannot be seen with the naked eye, but when we look at them through a microscope we are surprised at their loveliness. So it is in these mental gardens of ours. We do not

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*Do not talk down to children too much. Use whatever words best express your meaning, then take time to teach pupils the meaning of the words, and how to use them. If the child's vocabulary were increased just one word a day it would soon do away with the present poverty of speech. There would be no necessity of overworking a few words until they lose their original meaning.

all cultivate the same kind of flowers. Sometimes we are even too indolent to till our gardens, but let the weeds and briars overrun them until it becomes difficult to find the flowers; but if we look long enough, carefully enough, and lovingly enough we shall find flowers in *all* our gardens. I know there are flowers in Ethel's garden, and I want some one to find them. What have you found, Harold?"

"She does comb her hair nicely."

"Indeed she does. Her hair is always well combed and prettily arranged, so the flower of neatness blooms in Ethel's garden."

We proceed in this way until we find a flower, or flowers, in each child's garden.

I use the little story in various other ways. The pupils were marching in after recess, and some one called out, "I wish you would look at Harold, he is not marching at all, and is just stepping on my heels."

I shut my eyes and say, "I am sorry, Harry, but if Harold is acting that way, I do not wish to look at him. 'The good queen' has sent me to search for flowers, and I must not waste my time looking at weeds and thorns." However, when I surreptitiously glance at Harold I find that he, with rather a shame-faced smile, is orderly marching on.

One of my boys was very forgetful. One morning he said, "O! I forgot my report card again, and I promised I would bring it this morning sure!"

I reply, "You are too industrious a boy to permit the injurious weed of forgetfulness to grow in your garden. You must pull it up. Why is this a good day to uproot weeds?"

"It has been raining, the ground is soft, and the roots come up easily."

"Yes, that is the reason, so I will excuse you a few moments and let you go home and pull up this ugly weed of forgetfulness."

Jack, with a pleasant smile, leaves the room; in a short while he returns, still accompanied by the smile, and hands me his report card.

This mode of looking for good will help the teacher, as much, or more than the pupils; for we can do nothing for a child until we love him, and we cannot love him when we see only the evil in him; and this method enables us to find the good. It awakens us to a gradual realization of the truth of the Master's words: "Suffer the little children, to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

MEMORY GEMS.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts! None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands for our souls to live in. —Ruskin.

SOME one has aptly said, "Beauty is God's hand-writing." Doubtless the author had reference to the beauties of nature, but expression is much more inclusive. Since *all* is of God he is as much the creator of a beautiful thought as he is the creator of a beautiful landscape, a gorgeous sunset, or a lovely flower. So I love to think of the beautiful thoughts as "God's hand-writing" that all his children may read.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness."

This is indeed true in regard to the beautiful thoughts with which this world is filled. All things of real beauty must stand the test of renewed friendships. "A thing of beauty" can never grow old and lose its worth by repetition.

There is something radically wrong when such appears to be the case. The right kind of repetition of any noble or beautiful thought endears the lines to us. When you hear teachers and pupils say they are tired of the same old memory gems, they cannot bear to hear them, you may know that the teacher is not interested in the work, and has not devoted time enough to it to make a success of it.

Such an assertion will cause some teachers to smile a superior smile, and to entertain a feeling of pity for one of their number who is so benighted as to think it requires any special preparation to teach as simple a thing as a memory gem. Notwithstanding your incredulity, I maintain that it is indeed a difficult and responsible work to teach a little child a memory gem correctly.

Ask the average teacher why she has so much memory work, and the probabilities are she gives you a little, surprised stare and condescendingly replies, "It strengthens the memory."

Right here I wish to send up a paean of thanksgiving for those four little words! There is no sentence to which we public-school teachers are more indebted. It is so elastic, so obliging; like charity, it covereth a multitude of faults, in ourselves and the curriculum. It matters not to

what the angry and in some instances, long-suffering parent objects, whether it is clay modeling or Euclid, basket-making or Virgil, you have only to assume a Minerva-like air and sagely remark, "It strengthens the memory," and lo, you have routed the enemy, you have gained the day! Strange to say, this simple little sentence is beyond the comprehension of the majority of parents, and its use will extricate one from any pedagogic dilemma.

Certainly, all memory work strengthens the mind. However, if we hold to the thought that our work as teachers is character-building we readily see that the chief aim of the memory gem is to fill the child's mind with beautiful, wholesome, helpful truths.

If a friend were to request you to select the furniture for her home, you would be impressed with the importance of the task, and would spend time and thought upon the subject. You would never think of rushing to the nearest furniture store and thoughtlessly accepting the first thing offered you; yet in case you should select undesirable furniture, your friend is not forced to use it. She can dispose of it in some way, and no permanent harm is done.

Think how much more important is the furnishing of the child's mental home! Yet there

are teachers who hurriedly jerk up a book, carelessly turn over a few leaves, and aimlessly assign for memory work the first thing they see that meets the requirement in regard to length. The child is forced to accept and to use, for his thought-house, the furniture that you provide, no matter how worthless or inappropriate it may be. It is not enough that you teach the child nothing evil, you must teach him something good. You must fill his mental home with good, pure, noble thoughts, for if it is not so filled it will not remain empty, but will be furnished by undesirable thoughts. In after years when the man recognizes the worthlessness of his thought furniture and wishes to discard it, he finds it a difficult and laborious task to eradicate the thoughts your carelessness or ignorance assisted in planting.

Any teacher who hurriedly or aimlessly assigns memory work is guilty of wrong-doing. There is no part of your school work you need to study more assiduously, for it is one of the best ways we have of planting good seed in the mind of the child, one of the most effective ways of cultivating the child's ethical nature.

All aimless work must necessarily be poor work, so when you select a sentence, verse, or poem for pupils to memorize, select it with the

thought of having it teach some useful lesson. And yet it is not enough that the selection teaches a useful lesson: it must teach it in such a way as to please the child, to take hold of his thought. To secure the interest of the pupil it is not necessary for you to descend to his intellectual plane. Children are interested in stories and poems that often seem beyond their comprehension. They derive many impulses of a most powerful and important kind from the very things that they cannot entirely comprehend. The best of English and the best of literature are none too good for the child.

Remember that the pupils will most likely see no more in the subject than you see. So first be certain that you yourself see the truth, the worth, of what you are trying to impress upon the minds of the pupils.

Every few weeks in my school we review all the memory work we have had. If, through a press of other work, I become somewhat dilatory about these reviews, the pupils invariably remind me of the fact, and insist upon having them. Though some of the children have been repeating many of the verses for two years, they are not tired of them, for they have learned them in such a way as to love them.

Sometimes the pupils alternate in saying these

verses. One of the advantages of such a review is, that the teacher is enabled by the child's repeated voluntary selection of the same verse to form an estimate of his character, talent and desires. It is interesting and in some instances surprising to notice the selections made by children. Little Rubert, one of my third-grade boys, invariably repeated these lines from Lincoln, "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true, I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody who is right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

The mode that appeals most to the children is a memory gem match, conducted just as a spelling match, each child giving a quotation instead of spelling a word.

Sometimes we say the verses in concert. I start a verse and the pupils join in repeating it; as soon as we finish that selection some child begins another, and we recite with him, continuing in this way until we have exhausted our supply.

When we learn an entire poem we repeat it in concert. Sometimes the girls have one selection and the boys another. This is my girls' favorite poem:

A GARDEN IN WINTER.

A dear little lady, as sweet as the May,
Said she wanted to plant flowers the whole live-long day,
"The weather is cold, and 'tis winter I know,
But I'll try it," said she, "and I think that they'll grow!"
When the baby fell down she was first to his aid;
She gave him a kiss, did this sweet little maid.
"Jump up and don't cry, for I love you," said she,
And Johnny-jump-ups blossomed gaily, you see!
'Twas a chill winter's day, and yet once in a while
A sunflower blossomed, and that was a smile—
Sweet peas were her "thank you," and other kind words,
And the songs that she sang fluttered light as a bird!
The house was a garden. The light in her eyes
Made it blossom with daisies in spite of chill skies;
And when grandmama said there was something to do
For-get-me-nots started, so gentle and true!
This dear little lady as sweet as the May,

Went about planting flowers the whole live-long day,
"You're a flower yourself," said her mother at night;
"My dear little Heartsease, my Ladies' Delight."

My boys always enjoy repeating the following:

THE BOY WHO CLINGS TO MOTHER.

The boy who clings to mother
And helps her all he can
To bear her many burdens
Will be a manly man.
His heart will grow in goodness
And love from day to day,
And God will surely keep him
From going far astray.
The boy who clings to mother
Will never lack a song,
And bright will be his pathway
Though be the journey long.
True peace and sweet contentment
Will his companions be
And light and love will crown him
For all eternity.

For both boys and girls:

SIX TREASURES:

Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience born—
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies. —Selected.

In addition to these general reviews we make daily use of the verses we learn and the stories we read. Suppose some of the little girls have had a disagreement, a quarrel. One faction comes to report what good girls they are and how shamefully they have been treated. No sooner do they begin to enumerate their grievances than the "other side" manifest a most ardent desire to recount their own perfections and to enlarge upon the abusive treatment heaped upon themselves. Instead of listening to their woful story, reproving them for quarreling, and requesting them to remain after school for punishment, I tell them to be seated and ask the children to guess what verses I am thinking of. A number of hands go up and this answer is given:

"The world is good and the people are good,

And we are all good fellows together."

"That is one; what is the other?" Some one begins:

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us."

"Yes, these are the verses I was thinking about. Every one in the room repeat them with me, please." We repeat the verses, and then I say,

"The trouble this morning is, these little girls have forgotten how good the world is and what 'good fellows' we all are. If they had only remembered they could not have been ugly or unkind to each other in word, deed, or thought. You see it is so *easy* to remember how good we are, but so *hard* to remember the 'other fellow' is good, too. Now, dear little Lucy has been thinking what a *good* girl she is and what a *bad* girl Ouida is, while Ouida has been thinking 'I am *all right,* but Lucy's *all wrong.*' It is no wonder such wrong thoughts have produced wrong results. Remember, children, bad thoughts make us speak bad words and do bad deeds. It is the ugly, unkind thoughts that make us do the things we are ashamed of.

Whenever we think these wicked thoughts about each other we are not keeping the Golden Rule, for no one of us wants people to think ugly thoughts about us any more than we want them to treat us in an ugly manner. Let us repeat the Golden Rule. 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'

"If you only remember this you cannot quarrel, or talk unkindly about each other. We can not afford to forget, for whenever we forget the Truth we get into trouble. Now hereafter I know you will remember and be kind and loving to each other.

"Here is a new memory gem that I wish you to copy and learn."

'Keep thoughts of others kind and true,
Then others will be kind to you.'

"I will read you a little fairy story that, like many other fairy stories, teaches a most useful lesson. When things do not go just right with you, this little story will help you to right the wrong."

THE JUST LIKE YOU COUNTRY.

When Robin had passed through the Ivory Gate of Dreams, he was very glad to find his fairy godmother waiting for him. "Oh I'm so

glad to see you, Fairy Godmother," he said, as he ran towards her. "I've had such a horrid time today. My hair wouldn't brush this morning, and I spilled my milk at breakfast, and the cat scratched me, and mother was cross, and Katy said I was a nuisance, and just everything hateful has happened."

"I know all about it, laddie dear, but tonight you've come to the Just Like You Country, and perhaps what you see here will help you not to have any more such horrid days. And now I must leave you, for in this country, you must find your way alone." And with a kiss as light as a butterfly's wing, she was gone.

"But Fairy Godmother! Fairy Godmother! I don't want to be alone! I don't want you to go away!" Robin called again and again, and when he found it no use, sat down and began to cry as hard as he could.

For a few minutes he cried away; then he suddenly realized that though the sun had been shining brightly before, the rain was falling now. He looked up through his tears, and saw great drops falling from every leaf of the tree under which he sat, oozing from between the petals of the flowers, dripping from the plumage of the birds, and then—why, sure enough, there sat a squirrel on his hind legs, both front

paws up to his face, while tears trickled down slowly between them. Everything about was crying with him.

For an instant Robin was puzzled, then he burst out angrily, "Stop making fun of me, all you things. It is real mean of you, and I won't have it, so there now. Stop it I say!" And he stamped his foot in a fierce temper, then stood amazed. For though all the tears had stopped with his own, everything else was apparently in just as fierce a temper as he was. No rain fell now, but the thunder growled threateningly; the wind sighed no longer, but whirled the leaves about in fierce gusts; the birds were scolding and making angry dashes at each other; the squirrel wept no longer, but chattered his teeth fiercely; the thorns of a rose spray were tearing at his coat; and even the violets were shaking their heads as if challenging each other to come on and fight.

At first Robin did not know what to make of all this, but all at once he remembered what his fairy godmother had told him. "Oh, I see what she means. In the Just Like You Country everything acts just the same as you do. Why, how funny!" And he burst into the merriest laugh.

Quick as a wink out came the sun and

changed every raindrop into a sparkling diamond; the birds burst into the jolliest songs; the squirrel displayed his shining teeth in a broad grin, and you couldn't have told whether the rustle of the leaves or the rippling of the brook was the happier, or whether the roses or the violets were the sweeter.

Just before Robin passed back through the Ivory Gates into a new morning, he heard his Fairy Godmother saying, "It's just the same, dear, really, in the daylight world as here in the Just Like You Country, though you don't see it so plain. It will give back to you what you give to it."

And to his mother as she bent over him with his good-morning kiss, and, "Mother is glad to see her laddie wake up so happy," Robin declared very earnestly, "Mother, I'm just not going to have any more horrid days, no, never. Fairy Godmother has shown me how not to have them."

A talk similar to this will not only do away with the anger and resentment of children who have been quarreling, but will have a most salutary effect upon all the pupils. No amount of censure or punishment will be productive of the good that will result from this method.

There are few things that occasion more dis-

cord in school than unnecessary talking. Whispering during school hours, interrupting, criticising fellow pupils' dress and manner, repeating unkind remarks, are all pernicious traits that should be overcome.

I have helped my pupils greatly by taking a week to study about the tongue. I read and tell them stories that bring out the thought of the injury we do ourselves and others by unnecessary talking. The story of Chet Timson is fine. The judicious use of ridicule and humor prove effective factors in many cases. David Harum's quaint and humorous sayings will not only amuse the child, but will impress upon his mind the necessity of controlling his tongue.

I explain to the children that only the smallest minds occupy themselves with persons, that we should talk about objects, things, thoughts. I try to show them that charity of speech is as divine a thing, and often a more difficult thing, than charity of deed.

The following selections are appropriate for memory work:

"Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble."

"Of a tattling tongue take care, beware!"

"In a multitude of words there wanteth not

sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise."

"Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile."

"He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life, but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction."

"It is a good thing to have command of a foreign tongue, but far better to have command of one's own tongue."

"The best opening for a young man is his mouth—if he keeps it shut." —Sam Jones.

THE WORD THAT OFTEN WINS.

Here's to the unspoken word: it never starts a quarrel,
It never hurts a friend, and it never does a wrong;
It never brings unhappiness; it ever wins the laurel
That victors wear who curb their speech and grow through silence strong.
Here's to the unspoken word; it has the strength of twenty;
At home, in school, in business it is a power indeed;
Patience walks beside it, love goes hand in hand with it,

And brave and happy are the souls that hold to
it in need."

I teach the children not only the sin of profanity, but the uselessness of it, that oaths add no strength to any assertion. We memorize the following Bible verses:

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

—Exodus xx: 7.

But I say unto you, swear not at all, neither by heaven; for it is God's throne.

Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King.

Neither shall thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

But let your communications be Yea, yea, Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil. —Matthew v.: 34-35-36-37.

A storm, or the appearance of a storm, will produce something like a panic in a school-room. At such a time tell the pupils of God's love for his children and his power to take care of them at all times. Have them repeat the twenty-third Psalm and the following beautiful lines:

"Know well, my child, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest.
Round him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest. —Whittier.

"God is my help in every need,
God does my every hunger feed,
God walks beside me, guides my way,
Through every moment of this day."

There are times when the pupils appear restless and nervous. Then it is well to say: "Let us put our books away and go to the kitchen (children love to pretend) and do some baking. The boys must help with the cooking as much as the girls. We all need to make 'Angel Food Cake.' Rise and let us go to work." They recite:

ANGEL FOOD CAKE.

A little more rest and a little less hurry,
A little more calm and a little less worry,
A volume of smiles and an ocean of love,
A face as serene as the blue sky above;
A life full of trust and no longing or sighing,
No space and no room left for sorrow or crying,
The result is sure to come without having to bake,
And you'll find it far sweeter than the sweetest of cake.

CHEERFULNESS.

"'Tis a beauteous fashion to be glad.
Joy is the gratitude we say to God."

ONE of the greatest promoters of work and the quickest dispellers of discord is good humor. We may honestly try to do as much work when vexed or angry as when in good humor, but we are so constituted that we work better when we have a song in our hearts and a smile on our lips.

One of the most profitable crops a teacher can cultivate is good humor, first in herself and then in her pupils. Bad humor produces so much that is undesirable and unnecessary. It is the angry, sulky child that refuses to study and comply with the rules of school, while it is the angry, pessimistic teacher who punishes unjustly and unnecessarily. There is no greater smoother of school-room worries than cheerfulness. As long as you keep the pupils in a good humor—and that is just so long as you remain in a good humor—you have absolute control, you will have good order and good lessons.

Besides, there is scarcely any quality you could cultivate that would be of more advantage to the child. The good-natured person is the happy owner of a quality second to none in actual attractiveness. It is a powerful magnet that draws all persons to its owner. It is an open sesame to popularity. It blesses not only the possessor, but all the world, for we are all lovers and beneficiaries of sunshine, of smiling faces, of happy thoughts, of kind deeds. We have taught the performance of duty brings happiness, let us also teach it is a *duty* to be happy.

Be sure that the child gets the right idea of what constitutes fun, and that there is a time for all things. Teach him that it is low, nay despicable, to laugh at an obscene story, that it is cruel to have fun at another's expense. Goethe says, "Tell me what a man laughs at and I will read you his character." Remember there can be no true or lasting happiness or enjoyment without a clear conscience, which only comes from a knowledge of duties well done. If you wish to teach a child to be happy you must teach him to be thoughtful and considerate of others, helpful, obedient, and industrious. Selfishness is ever a bar to happiness and usefulness.

Some teachers, many writers of text-books,

and the majority of parents, endeavor to make accomplishment easy for the child. This is a mistake. We should teach him to accomplish, convince him that nothing of real value ever comes to him without effort on his own part, that he must labor to gain all desirable possessions. Explain that education means the bringing out of the best that is in one, spiritually, mentally, and physically; that this can only be accomplished by work, by effort, by growth; that education is the result of individual effort and consists in doing things, not merely knowing things; that work, labor, service, dignifies and ennobles. I teach my pupils if they wish to be happy, and to make others happy they must not form the habit of complaining, of criticising, of fault-finding, a habit of looking for shadows, for "Love taketh no account of evil, but rejoiceth with the truth." For several years we have cultivated cheerfulness so assiduously and so successfully that our smile has become almost as pronounced as the smile of the "Cheshire Cat," and, when anything unpleasant occurs we "come out so strong and are so jolly" that Mark Tapley, the prince of good humor, would approve of us.

Here are some of our happy thought verses, that no one can learn without being in a happier

and better frame of mind. However, it is the daily practice of the thoughts they contain that gradually makes your life and the children's lives sweeter, better, more joyous and more useful.

The following little stories come in opportunely.

WHERE VAN LEFT OFF.

Van is four years old, and very proud of the fact that he could dress himself—all but the buttons "ahind." For this he backs up to his father and gets a bit of help.

One morning Van was in a great hurry to get to some important work (the marching of an army, or something of that sort) so he hurried to get into his clothes, and, of course they bothered him. Things would get upside down, "hind side before," while the way the arms and legs of these same things got mixed was dreadful to contemplate. So it was not a very pleasant face that came to father for the finishing touches.

"There, everything is on now!" exclaimed Van.

"Why no, Van," father said soberly; "you haven't put on everything yet."

Van carefully inspected his clothes, from the

tip of his small toe to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

"You haven't put your smile on yet," said father, with the tiny wrinkles creeping about his own eyes. "Put it on, Van, and I'll button it up for you."

And Van began to put it on then and there. After that he always remembered that he could not call himself dressed for the day until he put a sunny face atop of the white collar and Scotch plaid necktie.

WHEN HE WAS THANKFUL.

"I can't think what you can find to sing about," said a blackbird to a thrush, who was pouring out a joyous carol from the top of an old stump.

"Can't you?" said the thrush, "I can't help singing when I am thankful."

"That's just it," said the blackbird, "I can sing as well as any one when there's anything to be thankful for; but the ground is as hard as iron, there isn't a berry in the garden, and where I am to get my breakfast from I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps you have had yours?"

"Not yet," said the thrush.

"Well, I would wait for my song till I had

found some food, if I were you," said the blackbird.

"I've never gone without yet, and I have no doubt I shall find some presently; at all events, it is a fancy I have to begin the day with a song."

"Trust me, scholar, it is the part of wisdom to spend little of your time upon the things that vex and anger you, and much upon the things that bring you quietness, and confidence and good cheer." —Henry van Dyke.

A MORNING RESOLVE.

"Everything happy, and everything gay—
These are the things I will talk of today.
Everything sorrowful, dreadful and wrong—
These are the things I will keep from my tongue.
Everything gentle and everything kind—
These are the things I will hold in mind.
Everything hateful and everything low—
These are things I'm resolved not to know
Everything helpful and everything fine—
These are the things for these small hands of mine.
Everything lazy and everything mean—
These I will leave and in God's sight be clean."

"Suppose we think little about number one;
Suppose we all help some one else have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend,
Suppose we are ready our own to mend;
Suppose we laugh with and not at other folks
And never hurt anyone 'just for a joke.'
Suppose we hide trouble and only show cheer,
'Tis likely we'll have quite a Happy New Year!"

"Think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ."

—Henry van Dyke.

"There are a million ways of spelling love and none of them confined to letters." —Dickens.

"Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts."

Dickens.

"He that is of a cheerful heart hath a continual feast." —The Bible.

"Make a grave of your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings."

—Henry van Dyke.

"All who joy would win
Must share it. Happiness was born a twin."

—Lord Byron.

SOMEBODY.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, 'Tis sweet to live,
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give."
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;

Was that "Somebody" you?

"Keep your fears to yourself, but share your courage with others." —Stevenson.

"Learn the sweet magic of a cheerful face."
"Be sweet and tender—that is doing good:
'Tis doing what no other good could."
"Gentle words are never lost,
However small their seeming,
Sunny rays of love are they
O'er our pathway gleaming."

"A red glass makes everything seen through it, red,
While a blue glass turns everything blue,
So when every one seems to you selfish or cross,
Perhaps the real fault is in you."

A cheerful mind,
A loving heart,
Work and strength to do it;
A bit to eat,
A place to sleep—
That's life for me—here's to it.
—Home Notes.

"It is not the number of joys we have
That make us happy and gay;
But the number we share with our little friends,
Oh, that is the secret, they say."

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market. —Lamb.

"But let us live with hearts attent
On hope, that each good day as sent
Will prove the sweetest ever spent."

"Write in on your heart that every day is the best day in the year." —Emerson.

"Live where the joys are, and scorning defeat,
Have a good-morrow for all whom you meet.
. . . . . .
Live in the sunshine—God meant it for you;
Live as the robins, and sing the day through."
—Margaret E. Sangster.

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continent from shore to shore

Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.
—Longfellow.

A light heart lives long. —Shakespere.

Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. —Henry Ward Beecher.

Good humor is stronger than tomahawks.
—Emerson.

Keep your eyes open to your mercies, the man who forgets to be thankful has fallen asleep in life —Stevenson.

"A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,
A little bit of love makes a very happy home.
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
A little bit of charity makes glad a weary day."

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining.
I therefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show their silver lining."

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice.
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

And every morning seems to say:
There's something happy on the way,
And God sends love to you today.
—Henry van Dyke.

Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love and hope and peace.
—James Russell Lowell.

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad. —James Whitcomb Riley.

A little more sweet and a little less sour,
A little less weed and a little more flower,
A little more song and a little less sigh,
A little less earth and a little more sky.
—Baltimore Sun.

Life's what you make it
From springtime to fall;
The world's as you take it,
But—don't take it all.
From valley to steeple
Much joy we can win;

The world's for the people,
So—don't fence it in.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Oh, may I be brave today, today!
And may I be kind and true,
And greet all men in a gracious way,
And put good cheer in the things I say,
And love in the deeds I do.
—Nixon Waterman.

I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift. —Harold Arnold Walter.

"What matter? I or they?
Mine or another's day?
So the right word be said,
And life the sweeter made?"
—Emerson.

"If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy;
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy—
'Tis a pretty good plan to forget it."

The only reason that we don't see good things everywhere is because we haven't good eyes.
—Julian Hawthorne.

This old world we live in
Is mighty hard to beat;

We get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet?

—Frank L. Staunton.

Real joy comes not from ease, not from riches, not from the applause of men, but from having done things that are worth while.

—Wilfred T. Grenfell.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I'll tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick.
Do something for somebody, quick.

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick,
And all earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl—
Do something for somebody quick.
Do something for somebody quick.

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully. —Phillips Brooks.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE.

"The thing that goes the farthest towards
making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most is just
a pleasant smile:
It's full of worth and goodness too, with
hearty kindness blent,
It's worth a million dollars and doesn't cost
a cent."

"One smile can glorify a day,
One word true hope impart.
The least disciple need not say,
There are no alms to give way,
If love be in the heart."

"Whatever the weather may be," says he,
Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear
That's a makin' the sun shine everywhere.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

Half the happiness in living
Comes from willing-hearted giving;
Comes from sharing all our pleasures,
From dividing all our treasures.
And the other half is loving

First the Lord, then all things living.
So, each good child should be sowing
Love seeds while his life is growing,
For all happiness in living
Comes from loving and from giving.

—Alice Van Lee Carrick.

NATIONALITY.

"Tuti fratelli" — "They are brothers."—Motto of Dunant, founder of the Red Cross Society.

RIENZI tells us:

"Why in that elder day to be a Roman
Was greater than a king."

Today, many of us feel that to be an American is "greater than a king." However, it is possible to carry our patriotism, like all other good things, to an extreme. Love for our country and honest pride in her achievements are indeed commendable; but the narrowness that refuses to see good in other nationalities, that critically asks, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" is to be condemned. This "we-are-superior-clay" thought has resulted in a delicate and perplexing pedagogic problem—that is, how to insure poor children of foreign birth, or parentage, the just and equable treatment that should be accorded every public school pupil.

These foreign pupils, and also the American children of very poor or disreputable parents, are frequently the recipients of most unjust treatment, from both teachers and pupils. It hurts a child to learn the hard facts that there

are social strata in this democracy and that he belongs on a lower one. Injustice rankles in his little heart; he does not ask for favoritism, but he knows and demands justice. The sage founders of the Constitution, who declared, "All men are born free and equal," would undoubtedly be surprised at the uncharitable and unconstitutional remarks and acts of some of Uncle Sam's hopeful offspring.

If there are enough foreign pupils to form a little association and have their own games apart from the other pupils, the trouble is minimized; or if the children's parents are able to dress them extravagantly and to supply them liberally with spending money there is little antipathy manifested. Human nature is human nature, so in the school-room, as in the legislative hall, love of money and love of style often dampens one's patriotic ardor. However, if there are only a few foreign pupils, who are poorly and oddly clad, and who speak broken English, as is frequently the case, the teacher, if she is what she should be, is kept busy pouring oil on the troubled waters.

I have never taught more satisfactory pupils, as a class or nationality, than Jewish children. They are intelligent, studious, obedient, and courteous, and the teacher has the co-operation

and support of their parents. Yet these children are often subject to indignities from their Protestant associates; a condition which is not altogether devoid of humor, when one remembers that these indignities are heaped upon them by children who have been taught to believe in the meek and lowly Nazarine, who preached the doctrine of "love thy neighbor as thyself," and "Bear ye one another's burdens."

For the last two years I have had only a few Jewish children in my school, but before coming to me these children had been ridiculed and treated so unkindly that they manifested not only a spirit of resentment, but aggressiveness. The result was that sarcely a week passed without some disturbance. I talked to the pupils about being kind and loving and obeying the Golden Rule, until my patience and my temper began to be the worse for wear; still my most zealous efforts in behalf of peace resulted in nothing more satisfactory than a brief armistice.

One day at recess, when the factions had engaged in a short but sanguinary encounter, a solution of the difficulty presented itself to me. When the pupils came into school I said nothing about the quarrel, but asked one of the children to name some of the great men of the Old Testament. The child named Abraham, Joseph,

Moses, David, and Solomon. I then asked if these men were what we would call good men. The pupils entertained the belief that the men who were good enough for God and the angels to talk with must be recognized as good by all people. I next wished to know if they were men of prominence or prestige. By this time the children began to think I needed enlightening, so they enthusiastically proceeded to tell me of the wonderful deeds of these seers. They explained that Joseph was second only to Pharaoh in authority, that Moses was not only the leader of the Israelites, but had such power with God that he controlled the Red Sea, and caused water to flow from a dry rock; they patiently informed me that David was one of the world's greatest warriors, kings and poets. My next question pertained to the intelligence of these men. The pupils laughed at this, and said the men who wrote the Bible must have been intelligent, and Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived. Next I asked what nationality they belonged to, and when the children realized that these prophets, priests and kings they had been extolling were Jews, they began to understand the drift of my questions. I then asked, "Who was the best man that ever lived?"

"Jesus."

"Who was Jesus' mother?"

"Mary."

"Of what nationality was Mary?"

"Jewish."

I now tell the children many interesting things about the Jews. I explain to them that the Old Testament recounts the Jews' wanderings and persecutions before Christ, but that they have been driven from place to place and mistreated almost as much since Jesus' death as before. Even in this twentieth century of enlightenment, they are most cruelly treated in Russia. I tell them some of the admirable traits of the Jews, like their love of home, their children, and their religion, that their love for their religion has given us The Ten Commandments and The Old Testament, how through all their wanderings and persecutions they have preserved their religion, their race, and their language. I tell them of the illustrious Jewish representatives in the departments of science and fine arts, what good citizens they make, that a Jew, Hayne Solomon of Philadelphia, gave more to the American Revolution, "spot cash," than any other man, giving $658,007.13, which was an enormous sum for a private individual at that time, when all commerce and business were prostrated. I

read them sketches from "The Jew in America" (found in *Munsey's Magazine,* which contains much of interest, and is well worth reading.) We had been reading portions of *Ivanhoe,* so now we read about Rebekah, and Isaac of York.

In conclusion, I explain to the children that

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty"

was founded by people in search of religious freedom, that America is, and has ever been, the home of the free, and that the Christ spirit is to be glad that this beautiful land of ours is an asylum for the downtrodden of the world.

I also endeavor to show them the evil of prejudging, that we must see "both sides" before we are capable of forming an opinion. Many of us are as unreasonable as the Queen in Alice in Wonderland, and insist upon having the verdict first and the evidence afterwards. In a few years the boys and girls whom I am teaching, will be men and women, and will have to help either directly or indirectly, in the making of our country's laws, and if they have narrow, prejudiced views they will not be fitted for this great work.

It required several days to carry out the above program, but the result was so satisfactory that

I was amply paid for the time expended. The childish mind is always receptive to the truth, when properly presented. The children became interested in the Jews, and viewed them in an entirely different light, recognizing the fact that they were and are, in many respects, a most worthy people, and they show their changed thought by their kindness to our little Jewish pupils. The Jewish children appreciate my attitude in regard to their race, and gladly recognize the changed conditions.

This lesson did away with all feelings of enmity and superiority, and during the rest of the term there was nothing but good will and kindness between the pupils, for in some way each little child had grasped the thought expressed by Abraham, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsman and thy herdsman, for we are brothers."

This plan can be successfully used in regard to any nationality. All that is necessary to insure its success is the interest of the teacher. Let her familiarize herself with the history, literature, and customs of the nation, then present to the pupils, in an attractive way, the facts most likely to appeal to them, and she cannot fail to secure the interest and good will of the

pupils in behalf of the country and inhabitants of whom they study.

So many of this world's troubles, discords, and heartaches are due to the simple little fact that we do not know each other—for,

"If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner light divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me."

MANNERS.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.
—Tennyson.

"Politeness," he would sometimes say, "is becomin' rarer every day. I tell you, suh, the disease of bad manners is mo' contagious than the small-pox."
—Colonel Carter of Cartersville.

INASMUCH as
"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way"
you have been teaching the child true politeness while you were teaching him to be kind and loving, for politeness is only one of the manifold forms of love.

We know it is impossible for rudeness to find lodgment in a heart filled with kindness; yet we continually meet with the kindest of people, who, ignorant of all rules of etiquette, are unconsciously guilty of acts that are repulsive to a person of gentle birth and breeding. Emerson had such a person in mind when he wrote, "Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic." Bishop Middleton was thinking of the same class when he said, "Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners." The reason we find so many people with "forbidding manners" is that par-

ents and teachers do not attach enough importance to the teaching of good manners. They do not realize that instruction in points of etiquette is just as necessary as instruction in any branch of learning which tends to the broadening of the mind, the ennobling of character, and the betterment of life. Viewed from a selfish standpoint, good manners are a most profitable investment, yielding both dollars and friends.

There are certain simple rules of etiquette that all children should be required to learn and practice daily. You should teach the child, by both precept and example, that it is one of the worst forms of selfishness, or unkindness, to indulge in mannerisms that offend, that he is guilty of wrong if his table manners are such as to offend any one.

In teaching politeness your first work is to eradicate the belief that it is manly to be rude or lady-like to be loud, then convince the child that it is worth his while to be courteous. We often forget that,

"He who complies against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

You may force a child, while in your presence, to comply with certain rules of etiquette, but unless you have aroused a desire in that

child's mind to be gentle, to be courteous, your work has been useless. You have done the child no permanent good.

As Americans our manners are our most vulnerable spot. We do not take time to observe the little courtesies that sweeten life. So, when the child is daily, nay hourly, confronted with acts of discourtesy and disregard for the feelings of others, it is no easy matter to convince him that politeness is a necessary or desirable quality. Indeed, he often considers it a useless equipment, and patience and ingenuity are required to convince him of his error.

Children are always interested in the real men and women—the people who have done something in the world. Tell them a story and some one invariably asks, "It is true?" and if you are forced to answer in the negative the story has lost some of its charm. For this reason you will find one of the best ways to interest children in politeness is to tell them stories of the gentleness and courtesy of great men and women.

I doubt if Scott had any idea of the good seed he was sowing when he had Sir Walter Raleigh cast his rich velvet cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth to walk on. But that simple little story has planted a tiny seed of courtesy in the mind

of every child that has studied American history. He may have but a hazy ideal of the number and nature of Columbus' voyages, the Cabots may have been forgotten, the cruelties of De Soto may have passed into oblivion; but there are two events recorded in the history of our country that are indelibly written upon the minds of Young America—the story of Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak, and the story of Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith. The teacher sometimes becomes disheartened and disgusted with this stress on the seemingly unimportant and this forgetfulness of the important. Yet it speaks well for the children of our nation that the things that most impress their childish minds are the knightly deed of courtesy and the kindly Christian act.

Tell the children that Jesus was the First True Gentleman. Why? Because He, more than any man that ever lived, was merciful, just and pure, and always did unto others as he would have others do unto Him. Teach them these quaint lines of Thomas Dekkers, written two hundred and fifty years ago.

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd."

This makes the meaning of the word, gentleman, clear to the child. He perceives that the term stands for traits of character that each boy can possess regardless of his position or condition in life, and he also sees that no matter how exalted a position a man may occupy, no matter how polished his manners may be, if he lacks these qualities of gentleness, kindness and forbearance he is no gentleman. He learns that the word gentleman means infinitely more than an outward polish or veneer, that a man's manners are not exterior, but emanate from within, from himself. What a blessed heritage we would bequeath our country if we could only succeed in convincing the children of this simple little fact—the gentle folks are they who think gentle thoughts and do gentle deeds!

Read or tell the pupils stories that bring out the thought of knightly courtesy. Tell them the old, but ever beautiful story of Sir Philip Sidney giving the cup of water to the dying soldier. In connection with this, tell the story of our own Bagley. There is nothing recounted in the glorious pages of chivalry that is more indicative of the true gentleman than the dying words of this hero of the practical nineteenth century. The shell that exploded on the deck of the Winslow wounded him unto death.

He knew his end was at hand, yet uttered no groan or murmur, but to the rough sailor who laid him so tenderly on the blood-stained deck he said, "Thank you, Regan"—and died. No epigram this, yet chivalric and lasting. So, when I recount the knightly deeds of Salidan, of Cid, of Robert the Bruce, of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, I love also to tell the story of the courtesy, the politeness, the good manners of our own American boy, Bagley.

After telling the children these stories of the knights and heroes of the past the following little story will have a most salutary effect, as it brings the truths we have been teaching home to the child in a simple, practical and pleasing way.

A REAL KNIGHT.

A pleasing sight it was I do assure you. Not the first part of the scene, for the little maid was crying bitterly. Something very serious must have happened. Wondering I paused; when round a corner came my knight. On a prancing steed? Wearing a glittering helmet and greaves of brass? No. This was a nineteenth century knight, and they are as likely to be on foot as horse-back. Helmets are apt to be straw hats

or derbys; and as for greaves—well, knickerbockers are more common today.

This particular knight was about ten years old—slender, straight, open-eyed. Quickly he spied the damsel in distress. Swiftly he came to her aid.

"What's the matter?" I hear him say.

Alas! the "matter" was that the bundle she held had "bursted," and its contents were open to view. Probably the little maid expected a hearty scolding for carelessness. And, indeed, whoever put that soiled shirt and collars in her care might reasonably have been vexed.

A new piece of paper also proved too frail. Must the child get her scolding? Poor little soul! No wonder she sobbed so mournfully. But the boy was not daunted. He tucked the soiled bundle under his own arm. "I'll carry it to the laundry for you," he said in the kindest voice, and off the two trudged together. Soon after, I met the small girl again. She was comforted and serene.

"Was that boy your brother?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"Did you know him?"

Another shake.

"A real gentleman," I said. "A genuine nineteenth century knight. Bless him!"

After you have convinced the child that the world's truly great men found time to be courteous and gentle, that many of them are remembered as much for their little acts of kindness and politeness as for their mighty deeds of valor, you have aroused a working desire in his mind. He really wants to be polite, and is willing to learn, and, better still, practice the simple rules of etiquette.

It is well to study Washington's Rules of Behavior, not that they are better or more appropriate than others you might select, but owing to the pupil's veneration for the Father of His Country, they will appeal to him as no other code of manners would.

It is an excellent plan to have the pupils make their own books of etiquette. This they can easily do with a little judicious help from the teacher. The feeling of ownership, coupled with the associations connected with the making of the booklets, and the practicableness of the rules will impress the pupils as no treatise on etiquette, however valuable, would. Arrange the chapters something like this:

Chapter I.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Give definition of manners, politeness, courtesy, etiquette, gentleman and gentlewoman.

Chapter II.

"Politeness is the oil which lubricates the wheels of society."

Give rules of etiquette in regard to home life, table manners, and so on.

Chapter III.

"It is good manners, not rank, wealth or beauty that constitutes the real lady."

"Who misses or who wins the prize
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

Give rules governing conduct at school both in the school-room and on the playground.

Chapter IV.

"Courtesy was born and had her name
In princely halls
But her purest life may be the same
In humble walls."

Give rules governing conduct on the street, on cars, and when shopping.

Chapter V.

"There's nothing in the world like etiquette

In kingly chambers or imperial halls
As also at the race and country balls."

Give rules governing conduct at church and places of public and private amusement.

Let the pupils take "turn about" giving some rule of etiquette. See that the rules given are concisely stated, and that good English is used, then let the teacher write the rule on the board and the pupils copy it in books prepared for the work.

This method arouses a feeling of interest and emulation. Soon the pupils are reading books on etiquette and articles on good manners in newspapers and magazines, each desirous of giving the most and the best rules. The method also furnishes a fine drill in writing and language work. If you have time enough to devote to the work, the booklets can be made artistic, as well as instructive and well worth preserving.

The chief defect in the manners of children springs from the prolific roots of irreverence and curiosity. Many and varied are the acts of rudeness resulting from these sources, and the wise teacher will take special care to eradicate such undesirable qualities.

The most difficult things for the majority of girls to overcome are loudness and gum-chew-

ing. Charitably remember that these faults, however displeasing, are due to thoughtlessness or ignorance of the many little things that make life worth while. It is surprising what an improvement can be brought about by talking with, not *at* or *to,* the pupils about their faults. Often they will begin to correct a bad habit just as soon as you enable them to see themselves as others see them.

Teach the girls to be grateful for, and to graciously acknowledge, all acts of courtesy. Tell the pupils that a correct pronounciation and a pleasing inflection of the voice are two unmistakeable evidences of gentle birth and breeding. Put a person "to the manor born" in a dark room filled with all sorts and conditions of people and by the difference in their pronounciation and the modulation of their voices that person can pick out the gentle folks. Explain that this is also true of the language we use. When a girl says, "Gee whiz," "It's something fierce," "You are up against it," you need nothing more to convince you she is not altogether a lady. She may be a good-hearted, well-meaning girl, but she proclaims to the world that her associations have been with ill-bred persons, that she is what the world calls common.

After you have lovingly and patiently shown the child the error of his way, then lovingly, patiently, and persistently insist upon the correction of these errors. Every boy will not be a Lord Chesterfield, nor every girl a Madame Recamier, but if you have done your work well (and it has not been well done unless your manner, your voice, your carriage, your life has been an illustration—probably on a small and imperfect scale, yet an illustration—of the truths *you* attempted to teach) you will most assuredly see a marked improvement in the deportment of the pupils.

I have my boys learn the following:

A GOOD-MANNERS CODE FOR BOYS.

Keep step with any one you walk with.

Hats lifted in saying "Good-bye," or "How do you do?"

Hats lifted when offering a seat in a car, or acknowledging a favor.

Always precede a lady up stairs, and ask her whether you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Let ladies pass through a door first, stand aside for them.

Let a lady pass first always unless she asks you to precede her.

Look people straight in the eye when speaking or being spoken to.

In the parlor stand until every lady and every older person is seated.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated and stand until she takes her seat.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door, and when you step into a private hall or office.

Never play with a knife, fork or spoon.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively.

In the dining-room take your seat after ladies and elders are seated.

Rise when ladies leave the room and stand until they are out.

Eat as fast or as slowly as others and finish the course when they do.

Do not look towards a bed-room door when passing. Always knock at any private room-door before entering.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the mouth should be avoided.

Have the pupils memorize the following little poem and recite it in concert:

GOLDEN KEYS.

A bunch of golden keys is mine
To make the day with gladness shine.
"Good morning," that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.
When evening comes, "Good night," I say,
And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, "If you please,"
I take from off my bunch of keys.
When friends give anything to me,
I use the little "Thank you" key.
"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do,
Or, if unkindly harm I've given
With "Forgive me," I'll be forgiven.
On a golden ring these keys I'll bind,
This is its motto, "Be ye kind."

SELECTIONS FOR READING.

Grant this, we pray Thee, that all they who read
Or utter noble thoughts may make them theirs
And thank God for them, to the betterment
Of their succeeding life. —Emerson.

REALIZING that many teachers would welcome new stories that present vital moral truths in an attractive way, I am "passing on" the following selections, rich in ethical lore, and presented in such a charming manner as to delight children.

Impress upon the child's mind that all reading is thought-getting: that each story is written to teach some good and useful lesson, and that he should read in such a way as to obtain this truth. Always discuss the story with pupils, awakening their interest by judicious questions and explanations. Have them tell what moral they get from it.

You read to impress the good upon the child's mind. It is not the number of books and stories you read that brings about this desired result, but the worth of a few deeply assimilated.

The chief merit of the following stories consists in their power to please, to take hold of the childish mind, and their practicableness. By properly using them the theory of altruism fades

away, to be replaced by the practical blossoms and fruits of love, kindness and goodwill.

HER FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

By Ella Partridge Lipsett.

She was rosy and breathless from running as she entered the school-room and closed the door gently behind her. The children had taken their seats and the teacher stood with her hand on the bell.

"Good morning," said Patty pleasantly, curtesying in a quaint, old-fashioned way and smiling engagingly as she caught the teacher's eye.

"Take your seat," said the teacher, whose unsmiling face seemed to be the only thing in the room untouched by the glow of the morning sunlight, which was glimmering even on the dingy blackboards. "It's next to the last," she added grimly. "Not quite the foot, but next to it. Billy Dunkle is always foot."

Billy looked curiously at Patty as she slipped into the seat, then leaning back with a sign he grinned behind his book. "She's got the smile that won't come off and she ain't a speck scared of her."

"Close your books," said the teacher in a dull voice. "We'll begin with arithmetic this morn-

ing. As it is our custom to give the new pupils a chance to show what they know, we'll ask Patty to work out that sum on the board without writing it down."

Patty rose in a sprightly way, clasping her hands behind her back, whereupon Billy Dunkle began to tickle the pink upturned palm with a sharp slate pencil. She made no sign that she felt it at all, but added and multiplied without a moment's hesitation.

"Correct. Now give the rule."

"Rule?" questioned Patty, puzzled, and a little less confident.

"Yes, the rule. Do you not know the rule?"

"I—I don't think I know but one rule," stammered Patty, flushing a little, "and—and that's the golden rule."

A peal of merry laughter rippled around the school-room as Patty was waved to her seat. "That could scarcely apply to arithmetic," remarked the teacher coldly.

Billy peeped around the screen of fluffy curls to see how she stood the ridicule. To his delight she was still smiling.

"This is no Sunday-school," he whispered. "If you are that kind of a girl, I'm going to pull your hair to see how much you can stand without squealing." Leaning forward he tweaked

one of the bobbing curls hanging temptingly within his reach.

Patty's smile faded. "I won't cry, not if he hurts like everything. I've just got to know he is my neighbor and needs to have somebody love him." She closed her eyes and sat so still that Billy let go of the curl and picked up his book. "Not a squeak and I pulled hard too. Just wait 'til I get her out, though."

"Patty will go on with the question." The teacher spoke so suddenly that Patty jumped out of her seat. "It's bounded on the north by what dominion?" Patty caught only the word dominion and hurried over to the map to take the pointer from the child who had failed to answer. She had not heard the geography lesson called at all.

"Dominion—dominion—" she stammered. "I think it must be dominion over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

There was an intense silence in the room as Patty stood utterly disconcerted, with the pointer clutched in her chubby hand, while great tears splashed unheeded on the front of her new pink dress.

"I'm afraid," said the teacher severely, "that you're not thinking of the lesson at all. You have been sitting with your eyes shut, so of

course you have not paid attention. Take your seat, but do not go to sleep again."

"If you please," said Patty smiling even as she wiped away her tears, "I wasn't asleep. I was only trying to think right."

Her little face grew rosy red as the children turned to look curiously at her and she twisted her favorite curl in great embarrassment.

"Smarty!" snickered Billy Dunkle. "The foot of the class for you. Ha! Ha!"

"What were you trying to do, Patty?" asked the puzzled teacher.

"Trying to think—there couldn't be anything but Love in this school," faltered the little girl. "I'm sorry I cried, but I let fear get in so I forget to keep glad in spite of anything."

The teacher regarded Patty with a strange expression, "Go on."

"Yes'm," went on Patty, not heeding the giggling, nudging children. "Then I was nearly late because I stopped in the yard to get pleasant before I came in. I wanted to start right."

"What happened to make you cross?"

"Why, you see," hesitating, "I wanted to be friends with the girls right off, but they wouldn't speak to me. Then I thought they were talking about me. Everybody had some one to tell secrets to and be loving with 'cept

me. So that's when the golden rule went crooked and I had to work to know I wasn't 'spicious."

An odd gleam of light crept into the teacher's eyes and the corners of her mouth quivered strangely.

"Well, you were so full of the golden rule thought that you forgot the rule in arithmetic?"

Patty nodded.

"But why did you give that text from the Bible about dominion?"

"Because I was try—trying to have dominion over wrong thoughts and they are like creeping things that get in before you know it."

"You may take your seat, Patty, but before the recess bell——"

Bing! Thrown forcibly across the room, a small wad of moist paper struck the teacher's cheek with a stinging blow. The children gasped and waited breathlessly.

Teacher rose to her feet angrily. "Billy Dunkle, you may stay long enough to gather your books together. Then you may go home to stay. You are dismissed."

Billy's freckled face was a study. He struggled manfully to keep back the tears and he scowled fiercely at the staring children.

"I didn't do it," resentfully, "I always get blamed for doing nothing."

"Sh!" whispered Patty turning half around. "Try being pleasant to her. Get up and smile at her and say you didn't do it. I know you didn't."

"Do you?" he whispered hopefully. Patty held up her hand.

"If you please, Billy didn't throw it. It came in the window."

Without a word or a look, the teacher walked to the window and looked out, and sure enough, there was a boy in the school yard with a spit-ball pipe in his hand. The woman stood for a few seconds looking out. The sun still shone in the window and it gleamed on her face and hair. A sudden mist gathered in her eyes and a bit of a sob rose in her throat.

"Bless her little heart," she thought. "Maybe I can think right before I speak again. We'll try to keep Love in this school hereafter and apply the golden rule even to arithmetic."

"Very well, Billy, " she said aloud presently, "I was mistaken. You may put back your books and stay. But you had better change your behavior and get some busy thoughts into your idle little mind. Now you may go, children."

Billy had been peeping slyly all the morning at a large red apple hidden away in his desk, and he had longed to take just a nibble to start it. It was as polished as a looking glass and promised to be firm and juicy. He slipped it into his pocket with a new look of resolution on his little face and hurried to the yard to find Patty.

Presently he found her whispering to one of the girls, and as he shyly approached he heard her say, "He's not really bad, but you see nobody's loved him enough to make him want to know things."

Billy's face was almost as red as the apple as he handed it to her and he said as politely as he could: "Take it, won't you? Much oblige to you for helping me. I won't tease you again, but honestly you seemed like an awfully Miss Prissy. I like you though, 'cause you're—you're a regular brick, even if you are a golden ruler."

LITTLE THANKFUL.

By Mrs. Susan M. Griffith.

"Got a girl yet, Mrs. Baxter?"

"No, I ain't, Mrs. Allen. Come in. Girl's are awful hard to find, it 'pears like. I reckon they are gettin' too uppity to work out now? You

can't hardly get a white girl no more, and I hate to have colored help about the house."

"All the folks comin' home as usual to eat turkey dinner with you I reckon," said Mrs. Allen, smilingly, as she accepted the proffered chair. "I oughtn't to set down a minute, Mrs. Baxter, I just run over to borrow a little molasses for my gingerbread. I didn't know I was out, or I'd sent for some yesterday. My men folks thinks housekeepin's comin' to an end if they don't have ginger-bread."

"Well, I want to know!" said Mrs. Baxter. "Mariar, go to the jug and fill Mrs. Allen's cup. And don't be in a hurry, Mrs. Allen. Set a while. Yes, the folks are all comin' of course. The house'll be full. There's John's and Silas's folks, and Emily—Emily's got a new baby; I rec'on you knowed that?"

"No!"

"Yes! two months old yesterday. Smart little fellow for his age. Baxter's two brothers are back on a visit among the kin folks from Wisconsin, and they're comin' too. So you see we'll be full."

"Well, I should say you would. It looks stormy like, too; kinder as if it was makin' ready for a snow or some such thing."

"Oh, I reckon it will. It generally does along

about Thanksgivin'. How'er your turkeys this year, Mrs. Allen?"

"Jim was sayin' this mornin' he guessed we'd be obliged to go without this Thanksgivin'. He 'lowed to have a lot to sell, but there are not more than six or seven in the whole lot left."

"Dear me! I want to know!" exclaimed Mrs. Baxter, rubbing the flour off her hands, for she was making biscuit.

"Well, I must be goin', or the dark'll catch me. Come over, and you come too, Mariar. I hope you'll get a good girl to help. Good-night." And the neighbor departed letting in a blast of cold north wind as she opened and closed the door.

Night falls early in November, and it was not long ere its lengthening shadows enveloped the farmhouse, in whose kitchen a bright light shone, and fragrant odors of boiling coffee and frying sausage were pre-eminent.

"Set the coffee pot onto the back of the stove, Mariar," said Mrs. Baxter, going to the door and peering anxiously down the road, listening intently for the sound of wheels. "Seems like your pa's late tonight. I shouldn't wonder a mite if this cold rain would turn to snow afore mornin'. We'll probably have a snowy Thanksgivin'. There! I guess that's your pa now, Ma-

riar. Get the lantern ready, Sissy, and be quick about it."

But quick as the young girl was she was not quick enough for her father, whose heavy footsteps rang along the rough stone walk leading from the barnyard to the back door, and whose voice could be heard talking cheerily to some one.

"I believe he's got us a girl!" said Mrs. Baxter, throwing the door wide open, and shielding the light she held in her hand to keep it from being blown out by the stormy wind.

"Here's your girl!" replied Mr. Baxter, cheerfully triumphant, entering the warm, bright kitchen and depositing a diminutive old hair trunk on the floor. "Come on in, little one. Don't stand outside a minute longer than you have to. That north wind's like sixty knives, more or less."

She stepped in obediently, lifting a pair of very dark eyes slowly to Mrs. Baxter's wondering gaze. Such a little mite as she was, seemingly not over fourteen years of age, no older than Maria, shabbily clad, with black, elfin locks straying under the battered old hat, and a bright, intelligent, eager face. She made a quaint little bow as she stepped in, which was

half courtesy, and stood silent under Mrs. Baxter's critical gaze.

"Distress!" ejaculated that lady with a glance at her husband. "You don't mean to say to me, Baxter, that you've gone and hired this child to do our housework?"

"That's just what I have, Miranda," said Mr. Baxter, taking the lantern from the hand of his little girl and preparing to go out and put up his horse. "It is the best and only thing I could do for you, and I just happened on her. I reckon she'll do quite well when she gets started; she's little but she's peart."

Mrs. Baxter turned to the little girl as her husband went out. "What's your name, child?" she said shortly.

"Bessie Bright, ma'am. I know how to do things if I am little. I've worked out ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. I can scrub, and wash and iron and sweep and all like that. I don't know 'bout fine cooking, but I can learn. I hope you'll let me stay, ma'am, for it is all so beautiful." And she clasped her hands and sighed with intense pleasure as she glanced around the old-fashioned kitchen.

"What's beautiful?" said Mrs. Baxter following the entranced gaze of the child in some amazement.

"Why everything! The fire, and the smells! Oh, I never lived by a fire that warmed the whole room like this, and such beautiful cooking—it goes all over me!"

"Well I want to know! Did I ever!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Baxter, her face softening toward the little stranger. "The idea of that fire being beautiful, and common things like meat and potatoes making such a stir. Here, little girl, you go and set yourself by that fire if you've taken such a shine to it, and Mariar, you help me dish up the supper. I reckon your pa and the child's both hungry a ridin' so fur in the cold."

"The ride was beautiful," said the little girl rapturously. "I never had such a ride before in all my life. The air blowing on my face was fine. And the fields and the woods are grand. We never got to see 'em in town. I think the country the most beautiful place in the world. I should think you would never want to go away from it, even for a day."

"Humph!" said Maria, "you'll soon get tired of it if you stay here long. It's as lonesome as can be all winter; nothing to see and no place to go. You'll find out."

At this moment Mr. Baxter re-entered the house and his wife called them all to supper.

The little stranger's enjoyment of the meal went to the housewife's heart, and she piled her plate with abundant and lavish hospitality. But as soon as the supper was all over she left the two girls to do up the work and followed her husband into the adjoining room, with a question upon her lips.

"Now, Baxter, I just want you to tell me how and where you came across this child. The idea of your bringin' her home to help us about the house! Why, she won't earn her board!"

"Well, she promised to be satisfied. You see, Miranda, the way of it was this: I had trapsied about all over town trying to find somebody, and I was just fairly tuckered. I had some apples and cabbage for Mrs. Melrose, and she and I stood a talkin' on the steps for quite a bit about the scarcity of hired help and all that sort of thing, and it was right late when, at last, I got started home. I hadn't gone more'n a block, I reckon, when this here little girl ran out in the road and stopped me. 'Oh, sir,' she said, so earnest. I kinder thought she was cryin', 'do please take me home with you! I'm little and young I know, but I can work just as well as big folks, and what I don't know I can learn. I was passin' and heard you talkin' to that lady on Vine Street about wanting a girl, an' I do wish

you'd take me.'

"She said she was an orphan, with no kin in the world, and—I don't know why I took to the young one so, Miranda, but I did. I just drove round to the place she was stayin'—and I wish you could have seen it; such a wretched hole as it was, and such an unfeelin' woman, and yet the little girl seemed to like her, and thanked her real heartfelt for lettin' her stay there, and gave her all the money she had, which wasn't much you may rest assured. Well, we just picked up her little belongings, which wasn't much, neither, and I brung her along home with me."

"Well," said Mrs. Baxter, "it's my opinion you've done the foolishest thing in your whole life, Baxter, but I'll have to put up with it. She's just another child for me to worry about and take care of."

But it did not so prove. Bessie Bright proved herself very bright, indeed, and most capable, and what she did not know she learned in a single lesson, and the way she made the work fly during the two days preceding Thanksgiving, was amazing even to Mrs. Baxter. But most of all her sweet, breezy grateful spirit was infectious. Mrs. Baxter was prone to fault-finding and looking on the dark side of things, and

Maria was of a listless unhappy disposition. Nothing she possessed in her own home was good enough for her, and she was always sure other people were getting the best of things. But Bessie's hearty enjoyment over everything she had deemed mean and common, gradually opened her eyes.

"I never get tired drinking this beautiful water," she would say as she drew the sparkling crystal liquid from the depths of the old-fashioned well. "We have got just hydrant water in the city, and we have to pay for every drop, and it's often just as muddy! And the air out here makes me feel just like dancing. And I never saw anything but muddy snow. Oh! it's all so beautiful, so beautiful! The cows and the frisky little calves and—oh, Mrs. Baxter, I want to thank you so much for the beautiful bed you let me sleep on, I do wish my ma could have had such a one to lie on."

"Did I ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Baxter. "The idee of being thankful for a decent bed, and pure water, an' even the air we breathe. I want to know! I never thought of givin' thanks for such things, but I reckon I'd ought."

"I have had a hard time this whole year," continued Bessie, "yet I've always had something to eat every day and a roof to crawl under at

night, and I'm thankful for that. But I think I never was so thankful as I am now. This is goin' to be the most beautiful Thanksgiving I ever knew."

"Well I hope you'll have lots of 'em," exclaimed Mrs. Baxter, with sudden energy, "but the folks'll be comin' along right soon now, and you go up stairs with Maria, and put on one of her dresses and some of her things. I'll get you some decent clothes as soon as I can. Maria, give her your red and black plaid, she's a good bit littler'n you, and it's a gittin' short. And tie a ribbon on her hair and treat her like a sister, 'cause that's what she's goin' to be."

"Then as they left the room, she said to herself: "If that child has not taught me a whole book of lessons since she come here. Thankful for water and air and snow, and a decent bed. I want to know! Well, I'm goin' to be thankful for my hired girl. I never had anything to come in so good on Thanksgivin', after all, as this Little Thankful, for that's what her name ought to be, I do say."

THE TWO VALENTINES.

By Edith R. Mosher.

"Good evening," said Pink, "I know you are a valentine because you are in such a puffy en-

velope. I wonder if you are as pretty as I am?"

"Good evening," responded Blue," in a soft voice, "I'm sure I don't know, but I hope they'll like me where I go, I'll try to please."

"Whoever gets me," said pretty Pink, "will be delighted because I am so beautiful."

"I'm decked with filmy dainty lace,
With roses pink and golden hearts,
And Cupid with his winsome face.
Holds a quiver filled with darts."

"My flowers are forget-me-nots," said little Blue, "and I have one heart, and some verses about forget-me-not and "be true" and "love for you." I can't remember what they are, I'm timid starting out alone like this. In the shop where we were made, of course, we were all together, and on the counter at the store there were a great many valentines. Oh, I do hope they will like me where I go!"

"I'm sure any one would consider it a great pleasure just to look at me," said Pink proudly. I wouldn't bother with verses; no one cares for them. This filmy gold lace of mine is perfectly beautiful."

Just then the postman unlocked the mail box and put the mail into a big bag, and the little valentines saw no more of each other.

Next morning was the 14th of February, and pretty Pink went proudly with the postman up the steps of a large, brownstone mansion and waited with impatience for the servant to answer the bell. She felt very big in her puffy envelope as the servant carried her in on a silver tray, and bowing low, presented her to Miss Gertrude, who was fretfully walking back and forth with an occasional impatient glance at the window.

"What! only one valentine?" tearing open the envelope. "I should have had six at least." In her careless haste she tore off a corner of the pink roses and gold lace, and poor Pink gave a frightened gasp of chagrin and disappointment. "Oh, well, I don't care," said Gertrude to herself, "I'll have plenty more before the day is over, and they are sure to be a great deal prettier than this." She tossed poor Pink into the fire and a moment later our pretty valentine found herself flying up the chimney in smoke, and over and over to herself she said, "What a disappointing and unhappy world this is!"

In a little home in the suburbs on this very same 14th of February, Mary was helping her mother with the dishes when the postman rang. Running to the door she came back exclaiming, "Oh, a valentine, a valentine, I wonder who could have sent it to me. And it's such a pretty

one—all blue forget-me-nots! And look at this beautiful red heart! And, oh mother, listen to the verses!"

"I bring you wreaths of flowers,
Forget-me-nots of blue;
And here's a heart of love
My Valentine for you.

Dear one, forget me not,
I send this heart to you;
The world is full of love,
My Valentine, be true."

Over and over Mary read the lines until she knew them by heart. Then, for a long time, she looked at the pretty blue forget-me-nots, and turning to her mother, she said, "I wonder if any one will remember poor Kitty today, she hasn't been in school for several weeks, and maybe no one will think of her. Would it be right for me to send her my valentine when it was given to me?"

"Why, yes," said her mother, looking thoughtfully at her daughter, knowing that it must be a great sacrifice to give away her only valentine. "Yes, Mary, that is a very kind thought. Tom can take it right over, and if he hurries she will never guess who sent it."

In a fresh, white envelope, little Blue went with Tom to Kitty's door, where she was hurriedly dropped. Wistfully she looked after Tom as he ran quickly out of sight. "Oh, I do hope they will like me here, too," she said to herself, "it was so pleasant at the other place I almost wish I could have stayed."

Kitty was at her usual task of caring for the baby while mother sewed. "Oh, a valentine," she exclaimed, as her brother brought in the envelope. "Who could have remembered me? See! Isn't it just perfectly lovely?" Her three little brothers gathered around to admire while Kitty read the verses aloud.

Little Blue saw she was giving pleasure to a great many, and was happy and contented. Her fear and timidity were forgotten, and she was glad she was a little blue forget-me-not valentine with verses and a red heart.

Kitty read the verses over ever so many times,

"I bring you wreaths of flowers,
Forget-me-nots of blue."

"Who could have remembered me? Who sent me this pretty valentine?" she said to herself again and again.

A FAIRY STORY.

By S. Virginia Levis.

O what a pretty little girl Mary was! I wish you could have seen the way the sunlight played hide and seek among her dark, glossy curls; and I wish you could have watched the sparkle in her brown eyes, quite as if a sunbeam had strayed into each one of them and couldn't get out again.

But every one has some fault, and of course Mary had hers. You might never guess what her chief fault was; so I will tell you right here that she was so fond of doing the very thing she was told not to do that she earned herself the name of "Contrary Mary."

Though so contrary, Mary was a bright little girl for her age. She was only six, and she had just learned to sew on buttons, and was very proud of her knowledge.

Now even in her work Mary's contrary spirit showed itself; for when mamma asked her to sew a new button on her own little white apron, what do you suppose she did? Why, she sewed a big black button onto the fine white cambric. What do you think of that?

Well, Contrary Mary only laughed and said the black button showed plainer than the white

one, which was exactly the reason her mother made her cut it off to sew on a white one.

It wasn't that Mary intended to be naughty—not a bit of it—but she had an idea that she knew a great deal more than she really did and that of course made her foolishly vain.

The next day Contrary Mary was told by her mamma to feed the tiny yellow chicks that made their home not far from the corncrib; and when she called them to her—would you believe it?—every one of those fluffy birdies came walking backwards.

Now you'd have to see a chicken walking backwards if you'd like to know how it looks, though I don't believe you could ever coax one to do it for you.

Of course, Contrary Mary was astonished; so she said: "Whatever is the matter with you? Why don't you eat your nice feed, 'stead of walking all over it that way? Do you think it's only pebbles? Naughty chickies!"

"They just have to be contrary—that's what's the matter—and they don't have to eat corn meal just 'cause you say so: so there!"

Now, who in the world could be saying all this, and in such a squeaky voice, too? Contrary Mary looked all around, but could see no one, until she felt her hair tweaked, and there sure

enough something had hold of one of her long curls, and then, whatever it was, it slid right onto her shoulder and straight down her arm, and then it sprang off her hand, and—yes, there was no mistake about it—upon a big daisy stood the queerest-looking little creature that Contrary Mary had ever seen.

Could it be a fairy? she wondered. And while she was thinking the funny little creature tilted her hat so far over her face that an end of tiny feather tickled her nose.

"O dear, your hat's on wrong side before!" said Contrary Mary, and she burst out laughing.

"It's the proper way for a Contrary Fairy to dress," spoke up the quaint midget.

"And just see your shoes!" giggled Contrary Mary again. "On backwards! How can you tell which way you are going? O my! O my! I've heard of fairies, but I didn't think—tee—hee—hee!"

"Well, what did you think?" inquired the Contrary Fairy, standing her wand upside down.

"O, I thought they were pretty, for one thing."

"And what for another thing? Come, now, Mary—Mary—Quite Contrary!"

"Shan't tell you; so there now. I'm hungry, and I'm going home," said Contrary Mary.

Now the queer part of it was that when Mary got home not a soul was in the house, though there was the table spread ready for supper. Thinking it very strange that her mother should have left the house all alone, Contrary Mary sat down to eat by herself.

Then a still stranger thing happened, for every time she lifted her fork to bring food to her mouth her hand somehow carried the fork right back to her plate, so it really looked as if she might starve entirely; while to add to her vexation there stood that Contrary Fairy, right on the edge of Contrary Mary's teacup, trying to balance herself with her wand.

"O please, Contrary Fairy, do come down off my cup, or you'll fall in and scald yourself," said Mary; for you see she was a kind-hearted child after all.

At that the Fairy looked greatly pleased, and —yes, it was really true—she was growing prettier and prettier every moment. She put her hat on straight, and as she did so down tumbled her beautiful hair, which hung gracefully over her shoulders. Even the style of her dress was improved: and when Mary looked at her shoes, she saw they were on just as they should be, and she no longer held her wand upside down. Then Mary clapped her hands because

she was pleased; and when the Fairy told her to go on eating her supper her fork behaved itself just as it ought.

Then the lovely fairy vanished just as Mary's mother and father and baby sister came in at the door.

"Mama," said Mary that evening, as she gave her bedtime kiss, "I'm never going to be Contrary Mary again, but your own, willing Mary, and I know you'll be pleased."

And to prove that she was indeed pleased, Mary's mother gave her another kiss.

THE BEST THING THAT BEGINS WITH O.

From "How to Find Happyland."

By Jasmine Stone Van Dresser.

There was once a little girl with blue eyes, golden hair, and cheeks as pink as the blow of a peach, so you can well believe she was pretty.

One day she found she was growing homely: her hair was becoming less golden, her eyes less blue, her cheecks less pink; and finally, unless her mother did her hair in curl-papers, it didn't curl at all!

Now that was a state of affairs! and though everyone had something to say, nobody could

tell the cause of it, and nothing came of all their talk.

Well, one day Annabel (for that was her name), wearing her best pink frock, went to the brook, though her mother forbade her going, and splashed about till her frock was ruined. One wrong thing leads to another, unless we stop short; and instead of going home Annabel ran away to the woods, where she sat on a log, and cried till the creatures came to see what the matter was!

A little brown rabbit, bolder than the rest, came and sat beside her. "I know what you should do," he said, "but it isn't easy."

"What?" cried Annabel, jumping up.

"Softly! softly! hurry-flurry brings but worry! Across the forest is a beautiful lake, clear as crystal. In the lake swims a snow-white swan, who can tell you what will bring back the pink to your frock, and your cheeks as well, so you will be as pretty as ever."

"Dear me, do tell me where to find her!" cried Annabel.

"Follow yonder path and you will find the lake: but mind—do not speak to the swan till the sun is a golden ball upon the horizon."

Annabel started up the path as briskly as if it led to the lollipop shop, and after going a good

way came to the crystal lake, where swam a beautiful white swan.

But the sun was still high in the sky. "Oh! I cannot wait till the sun sets!" cried Annabel; and as the swan swam by she called, "Oh, swan, tell me how to bring back the color to my frock and my cheeks."

The swan sighed mournfully, but did not reply. Then there was a great rumbling and whirring, and the whole forest spun around under Annabel's feet, till she was in a place she had never seen before. She wandered here and there in the thick wood, finding never a sign of a path, and at last she sat down crying, "O, dear, what shall I do?"

"What do you wish to do?" asked a frog in a pool near by.

"I wish to find my way back to the swan," cried Annabel, "I am lost!"

"No you are not! You are sitting on a log," declared the frog. "When a thing is lost it's nowhere! and you are somewhere! I'm sure."

"I hadn't thought of that," returned Annabel, "it's the swan and the lake that are lost."

"Don't keep saying such foolish things!" snapped the frog. "They're somewhere too, and if you want to find them, you'll never do it by sitting there, saying things that aren't true! You'd

better be going a wrong way than no way at all," he added, handing her the end of a string. "When you find it's wrong you can turn around and go the other way. Hold tight to this string and see if you can find the other end of it."

At that the frog jumped into the water and Annabel sat holding the string, trying to decide what she had best do.

Presently growing curious to find what was at the other end she got up and started off, slipping the string through her fingers as she went.

"You'll find something you need at the end," called the frog, "it begins with an 'O.' Wind your string into a nice round ball like an 'O' and it will help you to remember."

"How ridiculously he talks," thought Annabel. "What do I need beginning with 'O'? I'll not bother to wind the string." So she went on, letting it slip through her fingers; and presently she had to stop short, for she was wound round about like a silkworm in a cocoon, with the tangled string.

She pulled and tugged, but she couldn't get loose, so she sat down and pouted. While she sat some more creatures came out of the woods, and began offering advice—some of which was good and most of which wasn't.

"Draw in your breath and break the string!" suggested a fat little woodchuck. So Annabel drew in her breath and puffed out her cheeks, but the string only cut in deeper.

The chipmunk tried to gnaw it; but he did no good. The squirrel gnawed, saying he was a better gnawer than the chipmunk, though he meant no slight; but *he* did no good, and with all their advice and good wishes Annabel was as tightly bound as ever.

"Turn round and unwind yourself," said the deep voice of the frog, though Annabel couldn't tell where it came from.

"That's very well for him to say," she grumbled, "but how can I unwind myself when the string is full of hard knots and I don't know where the end is?" So without even trying, she began to cry,—and crying, as you know, never makes pink cheeks.

After a while a bear came along.

"You humans are funny!" he said, "why did you want to tangle yourself up that way?"

"I didn't want to and I didn't do it," contradicted Annabel. "The string tangled itself."

"Tangled itself!" cried the bear, rolling over and laughing till he shook. "How can a string tangle itself?"

"Well I'm sure I didn't touch it," insisted Annabel, "any more than to let it slip through my fingers, and I think instead of laughing you might help."

"I would if I could," said the bear politely, sitting up. "Humans are always getting into scrapes and blaming something else. You shouldn't have let it slip."

Annabel tossed her head and did not answer, so the bear got up and walked away.

Presently he came back to say: "If *you* didn't tie those knots and the string *couldn't* I don't see how there can be any knots there." And he went away again.

"That sounds reasonable," thought Annabel, "but how can anybody look at me and say there aren't any knots?"

"They wouldn't say so," called back the bear sharply.

"That's right!" piped up the woodchuck, "there are knots and knots!—knots in strings and knots in people!—so if you can't untie them one way you'd best try another."

"I wonder if there are knots in me," thought Annabel, trying to rub herself and find out.

"Not knots that you can feel," said the rabbit. "Listen, can you do sums?"

"Of course I can," she replied, 'I'm in the first reader."

"Then you ought to know that n-o-t is the same as k-n-o-t."

"I don't see any connection," returned Annabel, "that's spelling and we were talking about arithmetic—besides they're not the same."

"Yes, they are—sometimes," said the rabbit. "They are with *you,* because you are always saying, 'I will not' and that's a knot that has to be untied—I'm telling you for your own good!" he added, scutting away before Annabel had time to answer.

Annabel sat thinking for awhile and then she began searching among the tangle for the end of the string. After looking industriously she found it. Then she began slipping it in and out of the tangle, winding it in a ball as she went along. Presently she came to a hard knot, and although she worked at it for a long time, she couldn't untie it.

"Now you see," said the rabbit, who had come back and sat watching her, "that's the way you humans do—you always go at things hind part before! You must untie it the same way you tied it."

"But I didn't tie it," said Annabel.

"That's just it!" cried the rabbit, scratching

his head so hard that he scratched out a little piece of fur, "you didn't tie a k-n-o-t."

"I tied a n-o-t," admitted Annabel meekly. "I guess I tied it when I wouldn't try to unwind the string, after the frog told me to."

The rabbit looked pleased, but did not say anything, and Annabel tried again to untie the knot,—which she did without the least trouble, then went on winding the string. She had a good-sized ball before she came to the next snarl,—a big one. Annabel blushed over it, for she knew it came from not heeding the frog, when he first told her to wind the string.

"Never mind! You are coming on fine!" declared the rabbit. "Lots of people have knots to untie, and it takes them a long time to find out how to do it. Just see how quickly you've learned. Now you have come to playing in the brook and spoiling your frock—that's a terrible snarl, isn't it?"

If Annabel had to work over every knot in that string she'd have been at it yet, I guess. But the more she worked the more easily they came untangled, till before long, she found herself at the end of the string, with a neatly wound ball in her hand.

"What will I find beginning with 'O?" was her first thought.

"You have already found it," called a voice. And turning about Annabel saw, to her surprise, that she was beside the crystal lake, and at her very feet swam the snow-white swan.

She looked at the sun and saw it was a golden ball on the horizon, and then she cried, "Oh, beautiful swan, tell me how to bring back the pink to my cheeks and to my frock!"

"Pretty is as pretty does!" was the swan's reply, "look into the crystal lake, little one."

As she bent over and gazed into the clear water, Annabel saw a little girl with yellow ringlets! eyes as blue as the sky! and cheeks and frock as pink as a peach!

"Oh, thank you, beautiful swan! How can I repay you?" she cried, throwing her arms around the creature's graceful neck.

"By never losing what you have have found," answered the swan. "Put your ball in your pocket and run home, for your mother is waiting for you."

You may be sure Annabel wanted to get home, so she started off as fast as she could go.

The little brown rabbit, and all the rest of the creatures, came hopping and scampering after her and stood at the edge of the wood waving good-bye.

"Good-bye! dear creatures," cried the happy little girl. "I shall never forget you."

Then she ran and soon reached her own front door, where her mother met her and caught her in her arms, crying:

"Here is my dear little girl who has learned O——" but she whispered the rest in Annabel's ear and I didn't catch it! Did you?

HAROLD'S HANDS AND AMY'S.

The sitting-room door was thrown open, and Harold came in, pulling little Amy after him by the apron string.

"Oh, mother," Harold cried, laughing, "will you look at Amy! She meant to get some of your cologne, without asking, but the gas isn't lighted in your room, and she grabbed your ink instead. Oh! Oh!" and Harold laughed harder than ever.

Now if tears could wash out ink stains, little Amy's hands would soon have been white, for big drops were running down her cheeks, while mama took her out to the bath room to put the pinafore to soak, and to scrub the little black paws, as well as she could. And all the time she was telling Amy how much trouble little girls get into when they don't obey their mothers.

When mother and Amy came back into the sitting-room, Harold began to tease his sister about her dark mittens. But his mother surprised him by saying: "I know a boy whose hands are stained, though he doesn't seem to know it himself."

Harold glanced at his own rather red fists. "I am talking about a boy that snatched a milk can from a smaller boy, spilled the milk and made the child very unhappy. That boy's hands are blacker than Amy's and the stain will not come off until he is sorry and says so, and makes up for what he did."

Harold hung his head. Then he said to himself that, when Amy went to bed, he'd ask mother what he ought to do about Johnny Gill's spilled milk.

THE TWO NEW HENS.

Once upon a time there lived in the poultry yard of an old-fashioned farm house, called Oldcroft, twelve proud hens and a rooster.

The hens had lived at Oldcroft all their lives. They thought they were the best bred and most beautiful fowls in the world. They talked of others who had not their privilege, with the utmost scorn and pity. Besides, had not their

Great-Aunt once upon a time won a prize at the show in the village?

But the quiet life at Oldcroft was to be disturbed by the coming of two strangers. As the hens and Mr. Dorking Rooster were sitting in a row sunning themselves on some timber, the house dog, Tray, trotted up looking very important.

"Great news! You are to have two new companions," he said. "They have just arrived in the carriage, and are at present in a box in the stables. Their names are Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Perkins, after the ladies where they came from."

"Ridiculous!" cackled Mrs. Dorking, who was the senior and most important fowl in the yard. She was sitting on Mr. Dorking's right claw. "Two new hens, forsooth! It is monstrous! Putting ill-bred, common fowls with us! Scandalous, I say!" And she turned so white in the face that Mr. Dorking began hurriedly to fan her with his wing, lest she should faint.

"Well, scandalous or no, the hens have arrived," said Tray, yawning. "And for all you know they may be as well-bred as ourselves."

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Dorking. "Well-bred, indeed! I'll lead them a dance! They'll be sorry they ever put their beaks in here. I

feel most upset, Mr. Dorking; please fan me again. Don't you think it wicked to bring these vulgar birds in here?"

Meanwhile, in the box in the stable, Mrs. Perkins was talking to her sister, Mrs. Jenkins, whom she addressed as "Anna Maria," in a low, confidential voice.

"I think that perhaps it will be best not to mention to the hens here about grandmother gaining the first prize at the poultry show, and grandfather the silver cup. I dare say they have all won prizes. Anyway, it would be a bit 'snobbish,' as the humans say" said Mrs. Perkins.

"Perhaps you are right, sister. It is so different coming to a new farmyard. At home everyone knew about us; but, of course, they will easily see that we are well-bred, and treat us accordingly. For my part, I shall do my best to be sociable and friendly."

For the next few days Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Jenkins were shut in the barnyard, to "get them used to the place," as Sally said. They were introduced to the other hens at breakfast time, four days after their arrival. Mrs. Dorking had her beak quite full, and could not speak for the moment. Then she cackled:

"How dare you try to join us, you ill-bred, barn-yard fowls? You *shall not feed* with us, you need not think. Go and take your breakfast with the pigs. Come along, all of you; drive them away!" And the unfortunate Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Jenkins were sent out of the yard.

They were most unhappy and astonished at this unkindness.

"They might see we are decently bred," said Mrs. Perkins. "I think they should know better."

"So do I, and I do feel hungry. I hope they will leave us some corn."

Later in the day, the two strangers went on a tour of inspection to see where they would make their nests. Mrs. Jenkins found a lovely place in the barn, in a barrel half full of clean straw, and she began to fashion a cozy nest for herself at once. She was just finishing it when little Mrs. Bantuam found her.

"That's where I want to make my nest," she remarked crossly, "I want that barrel."

Then she called Mrs. Dorking and the other hens, who pecked Mrs. Jenkins and drove her out of the nest.

"I am very sorry I took your barrel," she said politely. And she marched off toward the

haystack, where Mrs. Perkins had decided to have her nest.

"Where are you going?" cried the hens in chorus.

"To the haystack, where my sister has a nest."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Dorking. "I shall have something to say about that! The haystack belongs to me."

The two strange hens had a most miserable time for the next few weeks. They hardly got anything to eat, and wherever they made their nests, one or the other of the Oldcroft hens found them and drove them away.

"Common hen!" they exclaimed. "They have no breeding! Their great-aunt never won a prize at a poultry show."

The fowls heard these words and laughed to themselves. "I am glad we did not tell them about grandfather getting the cup at the New York poultry show. They would have treated us differently then. Now we know what they really are like. Such snobbish friends would not be worth having."

"Do come with me," said Mrs. Perkins one day to her sister, Anna Maria. "I have found a lovely place for a nest; but please be very quiet, as I do not want the others to follow."

Mrs. Perkins, looking very sly, led the way past the lower and upper orchard, into a long sloping meadow. She slipped cautiously along in the high grass, Mrs. Jenkins following in her footsteps. Mrs. Perkins squeezed through the palings of the fence at the far end of the meadow and her sister did the same.

"It's a long way," she said. "Do you think it is safe, so far from the yard?"

"I think we will risk it," said Mrs. Perkins. "Here is the place." And she showed her sister the stump of an old hollow tree, nearly covered with ivy and traveler's joy. "It's a pretty place for a nest, and beautifully hidden."

"I wonder where those hens have their nests now?" said Mrs. Silver Wyandotte to Mrs. Dorking a few days later.

"Right out in the field; somewhere well out of the way," replied Mrs. Dorking. "They little know that the fox lives out there."

II.

It was a very, very dark night, the sky was covered with black clouds, there was no moon or stars to be seen. Mrs. Perkins had laid eleven pretty brown eggs in the stump of the old tree and had been sitting nearly three weeks, and expected to hatch at any time. Except for returning to the poultry yard for meals, when

Sally usually managed to feed them separately, the new hens kept away from the other members of the yard.

This dark night Mrs. Perkins slept very soundly on her eggs, while her sister, roosting on a tree near by, felt sleepless and anxious. Mrs. Wyandotte had but the previous day warned her that there were foxes in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Jenkins could not help worrying and wondering as to what she and her sister would do if they came along.

"We are quite unprotected out here," she thought. "We should be gobbled up in a moment." And then she fancied she heard a sound like foxes' footsteps. She felt so nervous that she got off her perch and crept into the hollow tree, and waking Mrs. Perkins, said:

"I can't rest out there. I feel sure I hear and smell a fox. May I come in and be near you? There! There! I hear the noise again." This time both hens could clearly hear soft padding footsteps and low voices talking.

"Good by, dear husband," said one voice. "Good luck to your hunting. My pantry is quite empty, so bring back some nice fat hens for the cubs and myself."

"I am going to Oldcroft," said the other. "I haven't been there for months, so the poultry

will not be expecting a visit. There is a big, fat hen called Mrs. Dorking, I'll bring home for you, my love. She will be a tasty morsel, though perhaps tough!"

"Well, look out for Tray, the dog, dear husband."

"He will be asleep by the back door. I shall go by the turnip field and the orchard, and enter by the other side of the house. The hens roost on the cedar tree by the side door. Good by, Mrs. Fox. Go back to the cubs," and Mr. Fox trotted off.

Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Perkins, shivering with fright, waited a few moments, then Mrs. Perkins said:

"Anna Maria, has he gone?"

"Yes, I think so. Oh, sister, what a fright we have had! I feel my heart palpitating yet. Is it not dreadful to think about the poor hens at Oldcroft? Mrs. Dorking will be caught and killed by Mr. Fox for a certainty; she is so fat she will never be able to get away. I really think I shall go and warn them. I can go by the short cut; Mr. Fox has gone by the turnip field."

"Oh, Anna Maria, I can't let you go! I'll come with you, though I hate to leave my eggs; they will get cold, and then I shall have no

chickens, after all my trouble. But the hens have been so unkind to us, I don't see why we should think of them."

"Mrs. Wyandotte and Mr. Dorking have been very friendly, though. I must be off; but don't you come; stay on your eggs. I will go as fast as I can and rouse Tray, and he will drive away cruel Mr. Fox."

So brave little Mrs. Jenkins started off on her perilous journey. She felt very frightened, but all the same she went steadily on towards Oldcroft.

When she got there at last all was quiet; the fox had evidently not arrived. The hen crept around to the back door, where Tray was stretched asleep, his nose buried in his paws. She was sorry to disturb his slumbers, but it had to be done, and, pecking him gently on his face, she woke him with a start.

"Go away," he muttered sulkily. "I do not know who you are, and I don't want to know."

"You must wake up! Mr. Fox is on his way here to catch some of the hens to take back to his wife and little ones. Please, please arouse yourself and bark your loudest!" implored Mrs. Jenkins.

"Why, is it you, my dear, is it? You should

be asleep. What is this about a fox? Pooh! You must be dreaming."

"Come and see! Quick! You know where the others roost."

As Tray started to run around the house there was a tremendous noise and excitement.

"Oh, quick, dear Tray! I am sure the fox is catching the hens," said poor Mrs. Jenkins.

Tray was alarmed now. The walls of the house and outbuildings echoed to his deep barks. As he and his little companion turned the corner they saw Mr. Fox dragging Mrs. Dorking away by the right wing, while her friends made the air ring with their wild cackles.

At this moment the farmer opened his window and shot at Mr. Fox with his gun. Mr. Fox, taken by surprise, dropped Mrs. Dorking, and, feeling very bad-tempered and hungry, hurried back to his supperless wife and children, while at Oldcroft the hens, led by Mr. Dorking, publicly thanked Tray for coming to their rescue.

"You must not thank me—you must thank Mrs. Jenkins," said the old watch-dog. Then he told them of the plucky hen's perilous journey to save them from the jaws of their enemy.

All the hens felt very ashamed when they

heard about it, and turned to thank the new hen, but she had disappeared into the night.

"She behaved wonderfully well for an ill-bred fowl," said Mrs. Dorking between her groans of anguish, for her wing, where Mr. Fox had caught hold of her, was very painful. "We must behave more kindly to her in future."

Next morning when Sally was feeding the poultry, the farmer came into the yard.

"You would not have had so many to feed if Mr. Fox could have had his way last night. I frightened him away, and I would have shot him outright if I could have seen him plainly," he said. "By the by, look after the two new hens. They are almost pure bred, and are worth all the rest of the fowls put together. I am afraid they lay away in the fields. The fox must not have *them*."

All the hens looked very silly at these words. Instead of looking down on the newcomers they should have looked up to them, it appeared.

That very day Sally had a good look at the new hen's nest, and to her surprise found Mrs. Perkins with ten dear little fluffy chickens. She caught the mother and family and took them to the poultry yard and put them in a coop in the old stable, where they would be quite safe from the old fox, while Mrs. Jenkins fol-

lowed behind to see what happened to her sister and her family.

She felt quite shy and bashful when she found she was the heroine of the poultry yard. Mr. Dorking Rooster thanked her in the name of all the hens. Then they all went to the stable and called on Mrs. Perkins, and admired her little ones.

After that they all lived happily together at Oldcroft, though Mrs. Dorking never forgot the silly mistake she had made. Ever afterwards she treated every stranger with consideration, and her feathered companions with the greatest of politeness.

FIGHTING THEIR DRAGONS.

Aunt Mary had just been telling the boys about the valiant knights in history and especially of how St. George slew the dragon. They had been much interested in the story and their eyes had sparkled at the recital of the brave deed which resulted in the overcoming of the great beast. At length little Donald broke the silence:

"I wish there were dragons today," he exclaimed, "so that I could go out and fight them. If one should try to wind himself about me I

would draw my sword and fight until I had killed him just as the man in the story."

Aunt Mary smiled at the little boy's enthusiasm and then replied gently: "There are dragons today, and do you know, Donald, that one of them is winding himself about you. If you don't look out, by and by he will have you bound so tight that you can not get free."

"Why, Aunt Mary!" Donald's eyes opened wide. "You're just fooling."

"No, I am not."

"Then what do you mean?"

"Well, I'll tell you. This morning I sat sewing near the window when you children were playing outdoors, so I couldn't help hearing all you said. When some one suggested a race, you said, before the race began, that you knew you could beat them all. Then in the jumping match, whenever one of the other boys would jump, you said, 'Oh, that's nothing, nothing, I can do better than that.' So it was in all of the games, you boasted each time before you had a chance to play and you kept telling what you could do.

"A dragon named Brag is winding his coils around you and if you don't kill him he will conquer you. In the olden times the true knight did not boast of what he could do. He did the

brave deed, and the people who saw it praised him. When a boy gets into the power of this dragon Brag, the other boys always dislike him, and do not give him credit for what he has done."

Donald looked sober. At last he said: "Aunt Mary, I'm going to fight that dragon. I didn't know before that he was winding his coils around me."

"All right, dear," said his aunt. "I will be the queen and send you forth to kill him. You must report to me from time to time about the battle."

"Can't I fight a dragon, too, Auntie?" asked five-year-old Robert.

"Yes, Robert; you have one to fight, but it is not the dragon Brag. Your dragon is named Selfishness. You know, dear, how hard it is for you to share your goodies with the other children. That's because of this dragon; so I will send you forth to fight him. The next time you have something to share, do not stop to think how much you want it yourself, but think how much the other boy will like it. And Donald, whenever you feel like bragging, you must make yourself keep still. Each time you do this, you will be wounding the old dragon, and by and by he will die."

For many days the children reported to the queen. Sometimes they told of a victory, and sometimes of a defeat. The queen praised and encouraged the knights and sent them forth again to renew the struggle.

Finally, one evening, Donald said:

"Oh, Auntie, I haven't bragged a single bit this whole week; and do you know, it isn't half so hard to keep still as it was at first. When I began the words would fly out almost before I could stop them, but they don't do that way now."

"Aunt Mary," reported little Robert, "today I gave more than half of my candy to Charlie Swift, and it didn't hurt me a bit."

Aunt Mary kissed the children. "My noble knights," she said, "you have done your work well. I'm sure you will soon have the old dragons so dead that they will never come to life."

HOW GRACE WENT TO THE FLOWER PARTY.

By Anne Guibert Mahon.

It was early in the spring. The grass was bright green, the leaves were coming out on the trees, and the ground was dotted with tiny cro-

cuses. Many-colored tulips and hyacinths bordered the fence, while the pansies were just peeping up from the ground and lifting their pretty faces towards the sun.

Grace was having such a good time, playing, that when her mother said it was time for little girls to have supper and go to bed, she became so angry that she tramped right through one of the pansy beds, crushing the poor little flowers to the ground.

So Grace had only dry bread for supper and went to bed a very sorrowful little girl.

After a time she forgot her troubles and only knew that she seemed sitting under the big apple-tree in the garden, with the sweet smell of the spring about her and a great chirping and singing in her ears. Everything was full of life. Each blade of grass was a tiny man in a bright green suit, who nodded smilingly to the others and seemed very happy.

"Isn't it time for the flowers?" asked one in a wee voice.

"The crocuses are here. They're always the first. How do you do, Miss Crocus?" said a tall green man, with more assurance than his companion, as he bowed low to a shy-looking young crocus-lady dressed in lavender.

Grace saw more crocus-ladies, in every shade of purple and yellow, all looking very sweet and shy as they courtesied to the little green men.

"The musicians are here, I see," said Miss Crocus, turning her head in the direction of three fat robin redbreasts who were standing on the ground swelling their little throats and chirping in snatches like an orchestra tuning up.

"The frogs are coming, too. One of them has a fine bass voice. He is to give us a solo," volunteered the green man.

"Oh, there are the spring beauties! They are so bashful—drooping their heads and never saying a word. I suppose they feel they're only common wild flowers, while we belong to the garden and are cultivated," and the little crocus tossed her head with a haughty air.

"They have pretty little pink and white faces, however, if they would only look up," said the green man, eyeing admiringly the group of dainty, white-robed maidens standing beside the tree, their heads modestly cast down. "But they have quite a little circle of their own," he added, as the little white damsels were joined by other flower ladies in lavender, yellow and delicate pink, while the violet family, in every hue, from deep purple to snowy white, were seen coming in the distance.

"Oh, those saucy hepaticas!" ejaculated the crocus. "I can stand the spring beauties and the pink arbutus—they are sweet little things—and the violets know their place, but preserve me from those hepaticas!"

"Their dress is much the color of yours," said the green man mischievously.

"Very different, indeed," replied the crocus. "There is lavender and lavender. No one would dream of comparing that coarse tint with mine."

The green man smiled thoughtfully. Such a young blade of grass could hardly have been credited with so much tact, but he discreetly changed the subject and said pleasantly:

"Here come the hyacinths and tulips!"

"I can't bear the tulips," said the crocus, "their style of dress is entirely too gaudy for me."

"We should not criticise too harshly," said the man in green.

"But the hyacinths—there is beauty of coloring for you. Look at *that* lavender! Oh, I wish I belonged to the hyacinth family; they are so distinguished," sighed the little crocus.

"They are beautiful," admitted the green man, "but I fear they are proud. They look down on the grass and the crocuses, and are often rude to the poor little wild flowers."

The hyacinth-ladies, straight and tall, in their delicately tinted dresses, stood off with the tulips, whispering and casting admiring glances at the three fat robins which were hopping around and singing in low tones.

"What are we waiting for?" asked the green man.

"Why, the pansies," reminded the lavender crocus.

"Of course. How stupid of me to forget."

"It wouldn't be a spring party without the pansies. They introduce everybody and are always so pleasant. They are very intimate with the hyacinths, but they are just as friendly with us and even to the wild flowers."

"Here they come! But what *is* the matter?" cried the green man in dismay.

The flowers and the birds and the little grass-men flocked about the group of pansies which had just arrived. There was a great whispering and all the flowers and the little green men looked very sad, and the birds stopped singing and the bass frog stopped croaking.

Grace's own face grew sorrowful, too, for she saw that each of the little pansies was injured in some way. A tall beautiful lady had her purple-velvet dress torn and stained with mud, and there was a big blotch on her sweet

flower-face. The little yellow one beside her seemed worse off, she could not stand erect and her face quivered as she spoke. Each one was mudstained and crumpled and its sweet freshness gone.

Then all the flowers and the grass men set up an indignant cry, "Who has done this?"

"Who has hurt the sweet little pansies that everybody loves?"

The purple pansy looked reproachfully at Grace.

"There she is!" they cried, and they looked so strangely at Grace that she cried out and, drawing back suddenly, struck herself against the tree.

Then she heard a voice saying, "Did you hurt the floor?"

There was her big sister standing over her, and Grace knew that she had fallen out of bed.

But, although it was only a dream, Grace resolved that she would never again lose her temper or be cruel to the pansies or any other flower.

WHERE LOVE IS THERE IS GOD.

[*A Russian Legend.*]

In a country far away over the sea lived an old man. He was a cobbler, and worked away

very hard pegging and stitching. He was poor, but he was contented, and his name was Peter.

One day, as he sat at his work with his heart full of love, his little shop grew very bright with a beautiful golden light, and a voice called his name.

Because Peter loved the Christ so much, he knew the voice at once, and listened to what it would say.

"Peter," it whispered, "tomorrow I am coming to you!"

Then the light faded, and Peter was left wondering what he could do to prepare for his heavenly guest.

That night he could hardly sleep for happiness. Early in the morning he rose, and began to sweep and dust, that his little shop might be in order. Long before the sunbeams looked in his tiny window the room was spotless. On a shining table stood a loaf of bread and a pitcher of milk, the fire was glowing, and near it stood the armchair.

"All is ready; I must work on my shoes until He comes," said Peter; so sitting down on his bench he began to hammer and stitch, listening meanwhile for a knock at the door.

The morning was nearly over when Peter, glancing out of the window,

Saw An Old Man Passing.

He walked slowly, and a few steps farther stopped, as if very tired.

Peter hurried to the door. "Come in!" he called, "here is a warm fire, and a chair where you can rest."

Peter's heart warmed as he saw how glad the old man looked as he followed him out of the cold into the warm room. Before the tired man left, Peter cut a thick slice of bread and gave him milk to drink. The old man thanked him and hobbled away, rested and warmed.

"The Morning Is Nearly Gone,"

said Peter, as he closed the door after him, "and the Christ has not come." Then he shook out the cushions of the chair, looked at the loaf and the pitcher of milk, and felt a little troubled. Still he whispered, looking at the patch of wintry sky that showed through the small window: "Dear Lord, surely you will not mind—the old man was so friendless and tired!"

The noonday bells chimed, the hands of the clock crept round. It was afternoon and there was yet no sign of the expected Guest.

Peter watched, glancing up from his work to look down the street and over the way.

A Mother With a Little Baby

in her arms stopped outside. She looked cold and hungry, but tried to soothe the baby's cries. Peter called her in, warmed some milk for the baby, and the little one was soon warm and happy. Then he cut once more the loaf and poured the milk; and while the mother was resting, the baby had a fine frolic with bits of shining leather and a handful of pegs. The baby cooed and smiled, the cobbler laughed in return, and the mother forgot the cold and hunger of a few minutes before, and went happily away, the baby waving a merry good-bye to Peter over her shoulder.

"Oh, dear Lord," cried Peter, "I have given away nearly all, but Thou art the King of Heaven, and this woman is hungry and alone." Then, glancing at the clock, "It is afternoon," said the cobbler, "and He has not come."

Just then he heard a knock at the door. He threw it open, but only

A Little Shivering Boy

stood outside. "Come out of the cold," said Peter, "warm yourself while you tell your errand."

"I am cold and tired," answered the boy,

"may I rest here? I have a long way to walk before I reach home."

"Surely," said Peter, "you would like to see me make my shoes. All the children love to hear the rat-a-tap-tap of my hammer. Are you hungry? Would you like some milk?"

The boy's face looked eager, but as Peter lifted the pitcher he stopped. "If I give this away I shall have none left for Christ," he thought. "He will forgive me, though, for he loved children, and this little one is so hungry."

Before the child ran merrily away, rested and fed, it was dark. "It is night," murmured Peter, "and Christ has not come. My little shop that was so clean this morning is tracked with many footsteps. My fire is burned down—the bread and milk are gone. What can I offer the Christ when he comes?"

Then a bright light shone in the dark room.

"Dear Lord," cried Peter, "I have given away all I had to welcome you. I have nothing left!" Then a voice replied:

"Peter,

"I Have Been Here Three Times Today.

"The first time I was with an old man, and you warmed and fed Me. The second time I was with a poor woman with a little child, and

you sent Me away rested and comforted. The last time I came with a little boy, and 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto Me.' As long as you keep your heart so full of love, I will stay with you; for where Love is there is God."