Children's Page.

'KILLING TOM.'

BY SARA R. MAY.

'I'd kill him him if I dared.'

'Why, John! You wouldn't.'

'Yes, I would; I hate him bad enough, he's so onery; he ought to be killed, We haven't any use for such a mean fellow.'

'Why, John! you must not talk that way; tell me your troubles.'

'We were playing football as pleasantly as could be. We were both running for the ball and I tripped him accidentally.'

'Accidentally?'

'Yes, sure as I live; I wouldn't have done such a mean thing.'

'But he thought you did it on purpose.'

'Yes' I got the ball and kicked it, and then he came and kicked me, saying, 'There, 'twas my kick and I'll have it.' Of course I was mad. Who wouldn't be? I answered him back and we had an awful fuss, and then when the bell rang for recess, he didn't go in but got the ball and cut it all to bits.'

'Was it his?'

'No, it belonged to us all. He had no business to do it. I'll never play with him any more; never! I'll be even with him too.'

'I'll help you think of a plan.'

'You, Mother?'

'Yes John.'

'What is it?'

'Oh, I can't decide so quickly. We'll think about it and pray over it.'

'Pray over it? Why, mother, I can't pray about that.'

'Then my son, don't do it; don't do anything you can't pray over; now good night.'

The next day was Saturday and John went to his grandpa's in the country to stay till Monday morning. So he did not see Tom or have much time to nurse his anger as he otherwise might have done. He didn't feel quite so sure Monday morning that he wanted to kill Tom, but he was not quite ready for his mother's plan.'

'My son, did you remember that tomorrow will be your birth-day?' said Mrs. Vansant, as she kissed her boy a good morning.

'Oh! so it is,' said John.

'And do you want that birthday party?'

'O, mother, may I?'

'Yes, I think so.'

'Who shall I invite?'

'Your S. S. class of boys, and Nellie's class of girls.'

'My S. S. class? But mother—'

'Why, I thought that was your plan!'

'Yes, it was, but Tom's in it; I can't ask him? May'n't I have the party and not ask him?'

'No, I can't help you in any such plan. You may have half an hour to decide, go into the sitting-room in half an hour I'll come in, and if you are willing we'll write the invitations and you may deliver them. I'll get the supper, and sister will plan for the entertainment,'

Half an hour passed.

Mrs. Vansant entered the sitting room.

Her boy looked up with a smile.

'I see the good spirit has conquered,' said the mother.

'You're my good spirit; you conquered,' said John kissing his mother.

The notes were written; John delivered them; Tom looked as if he thought his was a challenge to fight a duel, and did not read it until after he took his seat in school. He could hardly keep back a low whistle he was so astonished.

He looked over to John, but John's eyes were on his book.

After school John said to some of the boys,'

'Be sure and come early,' and as Tom passed along he said pleasantly: 'Be sure and come Tom, and come early.'

'Do you mean it John.'

'Of course I do; shouldn't have asked you if I hadn't wanted you.'

'Don't see how you can; you've taken all the starch out of me, John. I could not study a mite, John.' 'Well, Tom!'

'Iwas awful mean to you; 'twas my plaguey temper. I was mad or I should have known you didn't mean to trip me. Oh, I was mad enough to—'

'Well, old fellow,' said John, 'I'm sorry.'

'You're a brick,' answered Tom. 'I believe in you and your religion.'

'It's all mother's doings,' said John. 'No, it's not all mother, either; it was my Master's command to forgive, as I want to be forgiven.'

'Seems to me I can quote one verse for a wonder,' laughed Tom.' 'It is, 'Blessed are the peacemakers.'

'But you'll come,' said John, smiling.

'Yes, you've conquered old fellow.'

The party was a success. John was loaded with presents. Among these was a new football from Tom. The boys and girls said as they went home, 'We never had such a good time in all our lives, never.' *Angel of Peace.*

THE CHECK-REIN.

A lazy, spiritless horse can never be made to look otherwise, no matter how much you yank his head up with the check. An ambitious and spirited horse is only hampered and annoyed by a check. Hence the uselessness of the check.

The use of the check-rein has been condemned by over 500 veterinary surgeons of England as cruel to horses and productive of diseases of the throat. *The Humane Journal,*