

But do they call it play? Now often mother hears the little toddler say, "I busy, muvver"; and what is she doing? Sweeping, ironing, scrubbing, dusting,—in short, imitating the work she sees going on about her. One little three-year-old, privileged to spend a good share of the morning dusting a small case of books (to be sure they had all to be rearranged afterwards) knelt at mother's knee that night, and from the depths of her little heart, said, "Dear Jesus, I thank You for the dust."

We should not have "so far left the coasts of life, to travel inland", that we cannot recall the viewpoint of the little child. Unless we are ready to take a sympathetic interest in the making of the little lad's kite, or to share the latest anxiety of the tiny mother over her doll family, we must sacrifice much of their confidence, and with it we lose precious opportunities for applying the very principles we long to see inwrought into the very fibre of their being. Happy is the child, who, confiding in his parents, knows his confidence will not be betrayed.

There is the other side, too, of allowing the little ones to share, in some measure, our lives. It develops the best in them, to know that we have need of their co-operation in the carrying out of our plans. Very soon the little hinderers become real little helpers. It takes time and tact and patience on the part of parents, to teach the boys and girls to become workers, not idlers; but, on their part, think of the training in perseverance, thoroughness, helpfulness, cheerfulness, willingness, and many other virtues that come with work honestly done in the right spirit.

Princetown, Trinidad

Who Was the Warrior ?

There once lived in the land of Israel a brave warrior. Once he was gathering his soldiers to drive some enemies out of his country, and he wanted to be sure that God would be his Helper. So, one night, he took a fleece of wool, and laid it upon the ground. Then he asked God, if He would help him win the battle, to let the dew fall upon the fleece alone, and not upon the ground. The next morning the warrior found the ground dry,

but he wrung a bowl of water from the fleece.

The next night he asked for one more sign. This was that the dew should fall upon the ground, and not upon the fleece. In the morning, he found that his prayer was again answered. The earth was covered with dew, but the fleece was dry. Then the warrior knew for certain that God would go with him into the battle. He went out, therefore, and won a great victory. *Who was the warrior ?*

At the Sign of the Dove

By Esther Miller

As we hung the Invalid's hammock on the veranda of our new summer home, we looked, with grave misgivings towards our neighbors' cottage.

"Five children", wailed she of the shattered nerves. "They'll fight and quarrel all day, I know. We always did when we were children. It's good-by to peace."

But as the summer days passed, we found that the home of the Five was the very abode of peace. To be sure the youngsters were lively. They raced along the beach, and splashed about in the water; they shouted and climbed trees and tumbled out of row-boats; but they were so overflowing with joy and good-will, they spread happiness over the whole neighborhood.

"Did you ever notice", asked the Invalid one day, "that those children never quarrel?"

We had. And we had also noticed that upon the rare occasions when a dispute had arisen, it was summarily quelled by the mother of the Five.

"I'm going to find out the secret of that family's happiness", said the Invalid one day. "There's something so restful about even the liveliest."

So one afternoon we found ourselves installed on the veranda, where the Five romped on rainy days. For the first time we noticed a symbol above the doorway. It was the figure of a bird with outstretched wings, sketched on a square of birch bark.

"My husband's work", our hostess explained. "He says we live at the Sign of the Dove."

The Invalid nodded emphatically. "I knew this was the abode of peace. How do you do it?"