

The next two stories are about Gideon, the one telling how God called this brave, strong man to become the leader of Israel, and the other of a great victory which Gideon gained over a vast host of his country's enemies, though his own followers numbered only three hundred men.

There is a story of one who became one of the strongest men named in the Bible. But our story is about this strong man Samson when he was a wee baby, and we are told how the mother of this baby was told not to use strong drink, and, of course, she would teach him not to use it either.

We shall come, too, on the beautiful story of Ruth, the young woman of Moab, who loved Naomi, her husband's mother, so dearly that, for her sake, she left her own land and her own people to go back with Naomi to the land of Israel.

There are three stories about Samuel, one from the time when he was a boy helping Eli, and the other two about his life after he had grown to be a man and had become a great leader of God's people.

Two of the stories tell about Saul, the first king of Israel,—the one about how he was made a king, and the other about his winning the love of his people by his bravery and success in a great battle.

The last story for the Quarter is about Jonathan, the brave son of Saul, and a famous deed by which he helped his father's army to gain a victory over the Philistines.

And all the stories of the Quarter are meant to teach us, that when we do right God will be pleased with us and we shall be truly happy, but when we do wrong, God is grieved and our happiness flies away.

Full of Buds

By Charles T. White

Readers of Charles Dickens' *The Cricket on the Hearth* can hardly fail to remember the honest old carrier, Mr. Peerybingle, and perhaps some recall the incident of the tiny flower pot, which the carrier drew out of his pocket, carefully wrapped in moss and paper.

"There it is," he said. "Not so much as a leaf damaged. Full of buds."

The tiny flower pot, with its budding plant,

makes one thoughtful. The bud is the promise of a blossom, and young lives have buds, as well as young plants. If everything came to perfection which fond fathers and mothers see unfolding in the hearts and minds of their children, what pure, brave, upright, useful men and women the world would have presently!

But a plant that is "full of buds" requires careful handling. The carrier knew that, and so did the person who wrapped it up so thoroughly with moss and paper. A rough touch may blast a bud, and so may a breath of cold wind, and a dozen other things. And the buds of promise in a young life are just as delicate, and it means so much loss to everybody, if they never unfold into bloom.

Watch the buds in the young life about you. Think of the lovely flowers they will be,—if their development is not hindered. The world is sadly in need of brilliant blossoms and fair fruit. Let the buds have a chance.

Salem, N.Y.

Teaching the Little Ones to Know and Love God

By Rae Furlands

Willie, aged eleven months, was seated on the grass playing contentedly with clothespins. The laundress came to remove the clothes from the line. She tossed the pins into a basket near Willie. He watched her for a moment then began to throw his pins into the basket also. Suddenly one of the snowy garments fell into a muddy spot. This rendered re-laundering necessary. In anger, the laundress tossed her remaining pins toward the basket and stalked into the house, storming at both mud spot and garment. With all his little might Willie flung his pins away, and immediately began to cry.

The laundress had not spoken to nor, apparently, noticed Willie from the time she came out until she went in. What then was wrong with him? Did he, too, regret the soiled garment?

Not at all,—he was simply affected by the changed atmosphere created by the anger of the laundress, and which enveloped him as surely as if a cloud had blotted out the sunshine. An impression was made on the

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