

Betty to selfishness. Betty's questions and her own previous thought on the matter showed her, she thought, a way in which she might make the event help to build up Betty's character in the right way. So she said: "Auntie Jean sent you that picture book because she loves you," etc., etc.

Betty pondered on this for awhile, and then announced: "I love Auntie Kate. Does not Auntie Kate love me?" "Certainly," said mother. "Why did she not send me something, then?"

This was a phase somewhat unexpected by the mother, but she answered: "There are other ways of showing love besides giving presents. Auntie Kate took care of you all day, the day I had to go to town; and she lets you take your little friends in to see her baby any time." "Yes," interrupted Betty, "and one day she let me push the baby carriage."

"And she helped me make your new, warm coat, and showed you how to paint in your color book," said mother. "Aunt Kate shows her love in many ways."

After a little thought, Betty said: "Mama, may I go over to Aunt Kate's now? I want to tell her 'thank you' for all the things she does." "Yes, you may, and perhaps, if you keep your eyes open, you may see something to do to help her, because it is nice to show our thanks in deeds as well as words."

As the days went on, little Betty, with constant reminders from her mother, found many opportunities to show her love and thanks by doing small services for others; but so far, it was only for those whom she knew and cared for, and who cared for her.

One day she came into the house crying. "Mama," she sobbed, "the little girl who carries the clothes by our gate every morning threw a stone at me."

After ascertaining that Betty was not hurt, her mother said: "Suppose you watch for her coming back and give her some flowers from your little garden, or one of your picture books." "Why, mama, I don't love her. I thought you did nice things for people to show you loved them."

The mother did not preach about the duty of loving every one, feeling that if preaching was necessary at all, it would come better

when Betty had learned to love *one* whom she had previously considered an enemy. Instead, she encouraged service for the little stone-thrower. The love came with the service as it almost invariably does.

By degrees, Betty learned, as any little child may with the same careful training, that "love is service" and "service brings love," also that "even Christ pleased not Himself."

### A Christmas Song

Lord Jesus, Thou that lovest  
Each little child like me,  
Oh, take my life and use it  
And let me shine for Thee.  
Oh, give me bits of work to do,  
To show how much I love Thee, too.

I know in distant countries  
Beyond the deep blue sea,  
Are many little children  
Thou lovest just like me;  
But they have never heard Thy name  
And do not know that Jesus came.

Lord, let me send Thy message  
Across the deep blue sea  
To tell these little children  
What Thou hast done for me;  
Oh, show me Lord, what I can do  
That they may know and love Thee, too.

### A Sunday Game

*By Mrs. Marion Cruikshank*

Bible puzzles are not difficult to arrange, and children seem to enjoy trying to solve them. The following example is a Bible verse composed of 53 letters.

My 9, 22, 11, 16, 14, 44 is a man preferred above presidents and princes, because of his excellent spirit.

My 4, 48, 35, 15, 52, 43, a well beloved woman.

My 28, 34, 29, 46, 53, one of two famous brothers.

My 27, 26, 8, 35, 31, a man who walked with God.

My 32, 19, 45, 33, 49, one who paid his taxes by the aid of a fish.

My 48, 23, 40, 4, 52, 47, a fisherman.

My 20, 36, 6, 18, a substitute.