

to think of the Sabbath, not as a day of undue restraint or boredom, but as a day set apart from the others for special praise and service. My neighbor, with her flock of stirring lads and lasses, has found a solution that has worked so well that she has a rapidly increasing list of imitators.

Her aim is to make this day as different as possible from the Fridays and Saturdays just passed. So she begins with the meals. Breakfast, which is usually an early and rather hurried meal in her home, is half an hour later. Dinner is distinguished by its dessert, each member of the family in turn being allowed to choose it. It is always something which may be prepared the day before, and is kept a secret. The children love the mystery, and usually have great fun guessing what it will be. Tea, which is of the simplest description (sandwiches, brown bread and cake, or the like), is taken sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, but never at the dining-room table. In summer, weather permitting, it is always out of doors, and this is the one meal of the week that seems to appeal most to the children of the home and to their friends, who consider themselves very fortunate when asked to join them.

Another feature of the day comes directly after Sunday School. "Best clothes" are taken off, and the family, with picnic baskets and Thermos bottles, sets off every fine summer afternoon for the shady spots within walking distance of their home, where they have their tea. Here rugs are spread, and all settle down, the little ones to listen to their Sunday School papers read aloud, sometimes by the mother, sometimes the father, or occasionally the eldest sister, while the others at a little distance read for themselves or occupy themselves with the puzzles in the KING'S OWN.

After this come "Sunday games". One, which is very popular with the little ones, is played in this way. The youngest of the group begins it by giving the name of a Bible character beginning with the letter "A", and each one in the order of age gives a name beginning with the same letter. At any time a player may be challenged, and if he cannot tell something of his character, he must give another. When any one cannot mention a

name he drops out of the game. The last to remain in has the privilege of choosing the next letter.

A game which the older ones enjoy they call "Stories". Some one tells a Bible tale, omitting names, which, at the end, the others guess. I may say, these children have a really wonderful knowledge of Bible history. Sometimes they read aloud from the Bible, verse by verse; but always, the children tell me, the afternoon flies, and it seems no time before they are packing the baskets so that they will be home in time for their father and the older children to go to church. After they go, the half hour before bed time is spent by the little ones gathered around the piano singing hymns.

My neighbor tells me it is just as happy a day to her as to the children, and that, while they are at Sunday School, and after services, she has ample time for reading, or for rest, as she wishes.

St. John, N.B.

How Dougal Helped

By Mrs. Margaret Amos

It was Curly's first day at Sunday School. He was such a little fellow, just three years old. As soon as Dougal, who was five years old, saw him, he felt he must take charge of him, so he led him to the Primary Class, and sat holding his hand.

Curly was very quiet at first. Teacher asked the children what they would like to sing, and a little boy said: "Sing, Jesus gives me lots of pleasure." He meant:

"If I come to Jesus

He will make me glad."

Curly liked the singing, but while the boys and girls were saying the Golden Text he got tired. So he took his nice handkerchief out of his pocket and pretended to sneeze in it in a very funny way. All the children laughed, and so did Curly, and they couldn't pay attention to the lesson. Teacher went to Curly and said: "Now we shall put this pretty handkerchief back in its little house."

Then Curly, who did not like his fun spoiled, lifted up his voice in a long, loud howl, and the tears chased each other down his rosy cheeks.