

difference. He is curious to grab a bright light and examine it, and he learns that it burns. He pulls his woolly lamb to pieces to find out where the squeak comes from. Perhaps a little later, it is the kitchen clock which suffers at his hands because he wants to know what makes the hands go round.

Besides thus investigating with his hands, he uses that wonderful gift of speech to get information from others who are no longer complete strangers in this strange world of ours. And then mother and father are plied with questions from morning till night:

"Why?" "What for?" "Who made it?"  
 "Where did it come from?" "And where is it going?"

It is a great responsibility which is thus thrust upon us. How are we to deal with this eagerness to know on the part of the children? Are we to repress it? Are we to answer heedlessly all questions? Or, are we thoughtfully and prayerfully to try to lead the little ones to know the good and beautiful and pure in life, that they may disregard the bad and ugly and morbid? Surely we are to choose the last of these alternatives, with the small children at least. As they grow older, they will need to be told of both sides of life, but not just yet. If we keep them healthy and happy, with good companions and with their thoughts full of the beautiful things in God the Father's world, they will not have time to stop and wonder about the ugly things. This means, for instance, that when they ask where dear Grannie has gone, we will not talk about the body lying in the cold, hard earth, nor the mourning we wear, nor the loneliness we feel; but rather about Grannie's happiness in heaven with the heavenly Father who wanted her so much and who had a place all ready for her, and about the joy of seeing her again some day when that kind Father has a place for us too.

Or again, when the questions are those relative to birth, we will not tell the material facts, but we will try to create the right atmosphere. We will talk of that loving heavenly Father who sends the baby to make us happy, and for some time that answer will suffice. God sends the winds, we know not how. He unfolds the wonderful blossoms on the little plants each spring, we know not how. And

just the same, he sends the baby; the little child knows not how, but he is satisfied. Not for long, however. New and more difficult questions on this point follow, questions which *must not be ignored* but which demand all our thought and prayers to answer rightly. If the mothers do not answer thus, the questions will be carried elsewhere, and the ignorant maid or the older children will give the desired information in most undesirable form. Mothers, remember that God has made you the natural guides in this wonderful country and see that you prove worthy of his trust.

Toronto

### For Me

For me the birdie sings his song,  
 For me the roses bud and bloom,  
 For me the sun shines all day long  
 And with his brightness fills my room.

For me my parents work all day,  
 And guard me with their love so true,  
 And make me happy in my play,  
 And praise the little tasks I do.

For me the God I cannot see  
 Has made the world all bright and fair  
 With home and friends and love for me,  
 To show his kind and tender care.

Then shall not I to others be  
 A loving little child, and true?  
 Since all have been so kind to me,  
 I would be kind and helpful, too.

—Francis McKinnon Morton

### The Friendly Indian

It was lamp-lighting time, but mother had been busy, and had not remembered until dusk that the library lamp needed filling. While she was out attending to it the little girl snuggled up close to her father on the couch. "Tell a story, papa!" she demanded. So papa began:

"Well, let's play we are in a fort, here on the couch, and over there," pointing to the stove across the room,—a stove about the height of a person, with an iron urn on top that might well be a head—"over there