

folks is true of young folks, that for those what wants to do right there is, after all, only one way, and that is an old way. You may get up all the improvements you please, and still it is the old thing, the old way, the old book, that you've got to make much of. Give them the old story about the old way."

His niece looked at him earnestly, and then spoke very soberly, laying a gentle hand on his rough sleeve, "Uncle Ben, why don't you try that old way?"

All his earnestness was gone in a moment. He laughed boisterously, "Haw—haw—haw!"

He asked, "Did ye think I would be game for your bag? Not yet, not yet! Haw—haw—haw!"

Still, when he went to wood-cutting again, he was very, very sober.

"I'll take a hint," Nellie said to herself, as she went away.

The next Sunday she made a little speech to her primary class, as she held up a New Testament, beginning thus: "Children, there is a beautiful story in this book—written, O, so many years ago, and people have been talking about it, O, so long, so long a time, and so many, doing as this story has told them, have gone to be with God."

Then in a simple, effective way she told the story of the cross. Finally, she took up the hymn, "Tell me the old, old story," repeating it to them, and then asking them to repeat it to her and sing it with her.

It took several Sundays to secure the safe deposit of this pearl in the casket of their memories.

"Now," she added, "I want you to take out the hymn and sing it when you are in any trouble, when you are sick, when you are tempted to do wrong, and then, too, when you feel happy and want to thank Jesus for what he has done for you."

Very soon Farmer Tuck heard his Nannie singing:

"Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love."

Out in the barn he heard it. In the orchard he said, "There it is agin!" In the meadow he cried, "Nannie is singing it agin."

One day Farmer Tuck's brother John, a guest at the farmhouse, was prostrated by a fever stroke, and then came a long effort by friends to bring him up from his prostration. When he was very weak he himself had faith in his recovery. Others doubted. His bed was in the guest chamber. Nannie was commissioned to watch by his bedside a few minutes one day and

take word to her mother in the kitchen if anything were needed.

"My little gal," said the guest, "can you read the Bible? I love that book."

"I can read it in easy places. I've got a Sunday school piece, and that I can sing—the whole of it."

"You sing a verse."

She sang the first verse of "Tell me the old, old story."

"That's good, that's like cold water to a thirsty soul. You sing the rest, please. It helps me get well."

Another verse was sung.

"You sing agin, Nannie. It does me good."

In the kitchen Nannie's mother said to her husband, "You jest see, Benjamin, how John is."

Farmer Tuck, softly creeping up the stairs, heard Nannie's voice. He looked into the chamber. There was Nannie, sitting by the bedside, singing softly:

"Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above."

"Nannie," said the farmer's brother, when she had finished, "you sing the first verse agin, and then you say 'Our Father' with me."

Farmer Tuck wiped his eyes, saying, "Now, that is touchin'. That singin' breaks me up. Guess I'll kneel, too;" and when Nannie knelt he softly slipped down upon his knees, and softly repeated, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

Two souls—not one—were "getting well" in the Lord, each helped by an "old story."

Primary Graduating Exercises.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

The primary class, including the graduates, should march into the room singing a marching song. One on page 18 of *Song and Study for Little Ones*, edited by Miss Vella, is suggested as suitable. Let graduates group themselves together on the platform, a little apart from the rest. The entire class, standing, may repeat in concert the following lines, and then all join in the opening song:

Words of Welcome.

With tuneful songs, and happy hearts
We meet on this glad day;
We welcome all who join us here,
To speed us on our way.

Opening Song.

(Air, Dornance.)

Happy years are flying, flying,
Like the birds in summer skies,
We are growing, growing, growing,
While each joyous daytime flies.