

was divided into grades and the lessons studied in the different grades were utterly different. It had been my habit to follow up, in our home reading and study, the lessons for my own scholars, leaving the teachers of the different classes my little ones attended to explain and teach the lessons they were following.

"How about other Sundays, Beth?" I asked. "Surely you read and study the lesson for the day?"

"Oh, generally teacher has us read it over if we all have our Bibles, and then she asks who knows the Golden Text. Then she tells us stories till the bell rings."

"Stories of the lesson?"

"Oh, no, any kind of stories we like. Mary G— always coaxes for fairy tales, and some of the girls like stories of movie shows and and some want stories about China. I like war stories best, and always try to get her to tell me about the soldiers."

Questioning the other little ones, I found that in the Primary grade which they attended the lesson story was taught with sweet simplicity. Even my baby, who is only four, could tell me all about the baby Moses and the bad king who wanted to kill him, and how he was hidden. The lesson had made a deep impression upon his baby mind.

I could not forget, however, the classes whose welfare was being neglected. The parents who were sending their little ones to Sunday School to learn the greatest of all lessons and having them served with stones in-

stead of with the bread of life.

"How long," I said to myself, "would we send our children to a day school if they received a diet of fairy tales? How quickly we would complain." Yet here in the house of God, discussions of picnics, movies and stories was the regular fare of more than one class.

How many teachers, I wonder, are selling their birthright as did Esau of old, for a mess of pottage? You young teachers in whose inexperienced hands we mothers trust the soul's welfare of our precious little ones, how many of you forget your great trust? Not many, I hope, but to you who do, I am writing this appeal.

How will you face your Maker if you fail in this great duty? The master has trusted these little souls into your hands. Only a few moments of each week to be sure, are they yours to teach. Can you let the opportunity pass unheeded? You can bring them, a precious gift to his throne. You can win them for him. This is your birthright. Are you selling it for a mess of pottage?

In my class I have a child whose father is an avowed atheist. Was there ever a greater opportunity for good? To me God has given the task of winning that child for the kingdom. Shall I fail? With his divine aid, I hope and pray that I may succeed. Perhaps he has given you a charge as great.

When you stand before his throne, will it be with a guilty memory of opportunities forever gone or will his gentle "she hath done what she could" be your reward?

Patriotism in the Primary Class

By Miss GERTRUDE BAPT

Few of the children we have in our Primary classes can ever remember a time when there was "peace on earth." Practically all their conscious life has been lived in a war atmosphere. Primary teachers have a very different task in religious education now than they had in the days before the War. It is hard to answer some of the pertinent questions we get these days: "Does God really love the Germans?" "Do the Germans go to church?" and so on. We have to hold high the truth that "God is in his heaven," and all will yet come "right with the world."

We may make many opportunities for practical patriotic work. Let us in our opening prayer include a petition for our soldiers and sailors, and urge upon the children to remember the men at the front in their evening petitions at home.

The children always take great pleasure in singing "God save the King." Never let them sing it without including our other

stanza, "God save our splendid men." The military men always stand at attention when they hear the national anthem. The children enjoy imitating and quite quickly learn to stand at attention also. While never dwelling on the horrors of war, let us occasionally tell stories of heroism—about the men in the trenches—or of the sailors that constantly keep watch on the sea,—of the brave nurses and doctors—or, better still, of the little French or Belgian children.

These days we should have our flag in sight and pay due deference to it. Let our church Honor Roll, also, be a very sacred thing to the children. We can proudly claim that our boys, who had been brought up in our Christian homes and had faithfully attended our church schools, immediately volunteered when their country needed them. We can read the names on the Honor Roll to the children, and tell them little incidents about these boys when they attended Sunday School. Let the