

gild the most humdrum of every-day duties when you are thirteen, and Betty works and dreams away happily.

When the living-room is in a sad clutter at the end of a rainy day, and the children resemble a hoard of warlike Zulus, I rap my thimble smartly on my chair and announce, "Now you're the thousand ants searching for Drumling's treasure," or "Let's see who can be Kwasind, the strong man?" My savages laugh joyously and fly about putting things in order.

We used to say to Dick "Go and wash your hands and face," anywhere from five to fifteen times a day. Then I discovered that gem of Laura E. Richards, "The Pig Brother." You can rarely catch Dick dirty now, he does so hate to have some one growl, "Hullo, Pig Brother!"

I think I must be rather adept in sugar-coating my moral, for the juvenile constituency clamor as loudly as ever for their stories. During the busy day I often catch myself planning out the story for the time when the noisy band from school will invade my little upstairs sitting room, tracking in mud and scattering cooky crumbs with lavish hand.—Mary Davis in *The Congregationalist*



Bobby's Book

Bobby went to church every Sunday with father and mother, and usually sat very quietly in his place between them, but he seldom really understood much of the sermon. But one Sunday they had a strange minister, and he gave a five-minute talk to the children.

"I want to talk with you about a verse in Revelation," he said. "It is so short I think you can all remember it. Listen carefully and see if you cannot commit it to memory: 'And another book was opened which is the book of life.'"

"Do you ever think of this book? We are every one of us making one; it is the record of our every-day life. Each morning we start with a fresh page, and at night if we could see it we should find everything we had said or done, and even thought, recorded there. All the cross, impatient words, all the selfish, disobedient acts, as well as all the

loving words and all the helpful things we have done. By and by, when life is over, our verse tells us, this book is going to be judged by it. Think of it, children, when you are tempted to do wrong in any way. How sorry and ashamed we shall be then if God finds so few good deeds recorded and so many naughty ones!"

Bobby began to think pretty hard just then. He was sorry to think how he had struck Billy so hard yesterday because he would not let him be captain all the time when they were playing soldiers. He remembers, too, how cross and impatient he had been when mother wanted him to do an errand for her. Oh, dear—why, he could hardly remember a thing he wanted to have written down in a book like that!

"Say, mother," he asked anxiously on the way home, "did you 'levee what the minister said 'bout that book? God doesn't see everything, does he?"

"Why, yes, dear. He even knows the thoughts we think. Mother wants her little boy to remember about it all the time, and try to have only kind words and good deeds recorded. And what you do each day as a little boy is making you what you will be as a man."

Bobby was unusually quiet and thoughtful for him all that afternoon, but the next morning when he got out playing with the other boys he forgot all about his book and very soon he was trying to have his own way about everything as usual. And, also as usual, Billy opposed him. "You want all the best things, and you think you must be captain every time. You're awfully selfish, Bobby Lee, so now, and I won't stand it. I'm going to be captain half the time, anyway," said Billy, half-crying.

"No, I'm not selfish, you mean, hateful boy," cried Bobby, his little fist all doubled up ready to strike; but just that very instant he remembered yesterday's sermon.

Oh, he did not want it written there that he was fighting Billy, did he? And, yes, he knew he was selfish, and always wanted to boss. Mother often talked very sadly with him about it, but it had never seemed so dreadful to him before.

He dropped his hand like a flash. "I don't