

all the people. These are the ways parents and children and teachers will all travel together these three months to come.

It will be a delightful Quarter's study, for in all the stories they will never lose sight of God, and they will learn over and over and over again that God is the sure Guide of those who love and trust Him.

God and the Snowflakes

By Nannie Lee Frayser

As early as three years of age, children have been known to give unmistakable evidences that they have arrived at a consciousness of God as their Father. He has taken form and shape to them, and become part of their daily life.

We are apt to say children think beyond themselves when they ask us some very pertinent questions, about this time; but the real truth is they are thinking beyond *us*; and we fortify ourselves behind the never-failing barricade of the grown-up by saying, "Hush!" or, "Wait until you are older, to talk about that."

Recently a Jewish mother who has a very thoughtful little son, three years old, came to his kindergarten teacher and said, "We have decided not to let Bernard hear anything about God or heaven, until he is older; for he is naturally such a thoughtful child, we are afraid he will become morbid in his questions, if he hears about anything so remote from his present life. So, if you are going to have any circle work, with any teaching of this kind in it, please do not have him present."

Of course the kindergartener at once agreed to respect the mother's courteous request, and therefore the little boy was carefully guarded from any approach to the subject of God or heaven. However, one snowy day, early in the winter, as he stood by the window watching the feathery flakes float downward, after looking intently skyward for a while, he turned to his mother, with a sympathetic little shiver, and asked earnestly, "Mother, aren't God's feet cold up there, where all the snow is coming from?"

Nobody had taught him that God made the snow, nobody had dwelt upon God's

loving, tender care for him; and yet the little fellow by some impulse, inexplicable to his own mother, felt drawn toward that God above, and was sorry that He should be cold.

Children feel much that they do not readily put into words; but now and then the rare occasion comes, when just a sentence gives us a glimpse into what has been going on in their minds for a long time. Happy are we, if we are able, at that moment, to make the most of the opportunity to strengthen the child's hold upon the idea that God *is*; and *does*; and loves His little children, like a great-hearted Father.

Louisville, Ky.

The Wrong Side of the Street

She was a tiny morsel of a girl, quaint and sweet and shy; nobody could have resisted her. The friend upon whom her mother was calling, held out her hand beguilingly. "O, you little brown mouse, I must take you up to the children. Don't you want to come with me, and see a whole roomful of dollies?"

The little maid drew closer to her mother, but at the mother's word, "Run along, dear, for a few minutes," put her hand into that of her new friend and walked quietly away with her, although the brown eyes for a second filled with tears.

When the hostess returned to her caller she spoke of it. "I felt like an ogre to take her away," she said. "I was all ready to retreat, but I saw that you wanted her to go, and I was afraid of interfering with discipline. How dear she was about it!"

"Oh, Marjory understands," Marjory's mother replied, quickly. "We are fighting her shyness together. When I was a child I was even more shy than she, and seeing how I suffered at meeting strangers, everybody humored me and let me have my way. Many and many a time I have crossed the street or even gone round a square, to avoid meeting a neighbor.

"The consequence was that I had few friends, and grew up lonely and miserable, till my eyes were opened by an old teacher. 'How can you expect to have friends', she