

always good—so that one time the mother is the listener and the child the teller, and, at another, the child is the listener and mother the teller.

When a collection of Bible picture cards has been made, the children might play a little game as follows. The cards are placed blank side uppermost, and from a number of them—say, five or six or more—one is chosen, turned over, the child looks at it, and then tells the story.

If several little class friends happen to be together, the game could be started as we have said, but the one telling the story could occasionally be stopped suddenly by the mother, and another child allowed to continue the story, and so on, giving just a small portion to each child, as though part had been forgotten.

This game is a fine little review of old stories in play form, and might be called, "Miss Forgetful's Story."

Another picture game which appeals to little ones may be called "The Hiding Game." Have a number of the old cards, face up, on the table. The mother or an older brother or sister tells one of the stories. After the story has been told, the little listener studies all the pictures, selects the right one, brings it to the teller of the story.

Still another, "The Golden Text Game," may be played thus. Place cards, picture uppermost, on the table, and repeat a Golden Text. Child finds card; then reverse, child repeating a Golden Text and the mother selecting the card and handing it to the little one for approval.

Toronto

Jesus' Little Ones

We are little travelers, marching, marching,
We are little travelers marching on ;
Walking in the narrow way,
Shunning paths that lead astray,
We are little travelers marching on.

We are little laborers, working, working,
We are little laborers working on ;
Never idling time away,
We are working all the day,
We are little laborers working on.

We are little soldiers, fighting, fighting,
We are little soldiers fighting on ;
Warring 'gainst the pow'rs of sin,
Foes without and foes within,
We are little soldiers fighting on.

We are little pilgrims, hoping, hoping,
We are little pilgrims hoping on ;
For a country better far,
Where our crown and kingdom are,
We are little pilgrims hoping on.

How the Fever Was Cured

John and Jenny had the "tattling fever," and really it was the most distressing disease that they had ever had. Instead of being bad for a few days, or even weeks, like the whooping cough or the measles, and then going away, it just stayed right along, and grew worse and worse all the time. Of course, the children were not happy when they had it, and nobody else around them could be happy either. Father and mother tried many remedies, but none of them seemed to do any good, until they thought of the one that I am going to tell you about.

When father came home from the office that night mother met him at the door, exclaiming, "Oh, father, what do you think the children did? Jenny broke a saucer, and John tore a hole in his coat."

"Such little things to tell father about," whispered Jenny, indignantly, to which John retorted promptly, "No littler than some you told mother about me to-day," and Jenny had nothing more to say.

At the supper table father remarked, "I had to walk up stairs to my office this morning. I rang and rang, but the elevator boy didn't pay any attention."

"The grocery boy left the gate open this morning, and so did the peddler that was here," complained mother.

"There was a big man on the street when I was coming home, and he bumped into me and nearly knocked my hat off," said father.

"John didn't come home for nearly ten minutes when I called him at lunch time," said mother, "and Jenny had company, and didn't help me any all the afternoon."