

dress, and Jack Brown took those at the shore."

"Didn't you take any?" "Silly Billy! How could I take pictures of myself? I couldn't, Mother, could I?" "Yes", said Mother, soberly, "you're doing it all the time."

Seeing the puzzled look of the two little girls, Mother shut up the book and said:

"I went to see old Mr. Brown yesterday, children. I asked him what he did with his time. 'Well, ma'am', he said, 'I'm getting so lame now, I don't walk around much, and my eyes bother me that I can't read but a little, so I just sit here in the sun and think of old times. Queer thing memory is, ma'am. I can remember things that happened very lately and the things that happened when I was young, but what happened between times I can't recollect at all.'

"When Greta asked Small Daughter, if she had taken pictures for the book, it made me think that our memories are a kind of picture books, and as we get older we will spend a good deal of time looking over their first pages.

"So you see we can't begin to plan too early for our memory book. We must fill the pages full of happy times. There are no cross or sulky pictures in 'Margaret's Book': Mother wouldn't have such things there; but Greta and Small Daughter fill the pages of this other book themselves."

"Well", said Greta, "I hope I'll remember Margaret's party; it is the nicest time I ever had". Small Daughter said nothing just then; but at bedtime she whispered to Mother, "Do you think if I never, never take anything again that doesn't belong to me, God will let me forget that bad picture I made yesterday?" And Mother said she thought He would.

St. John, N.B.

Try a Bible Story

By Jane Wells Fraser

More than half the writers in a recent EAST AND WEST competition named a story from the Bible as having been their favorite nursery tale,—fresh proof that Bible stories

are the kind that "stick".

Precious home memories, too, are bound up with them. "Joseph", says one contributor, "always brings with him the scent of the flowering currant bush which grew by the step where we sat on summer evenings. Others come with frosty nights, and recall the roomy old kitchen, with a delicious odor of potatoes baking in the oven." Perhaps it was this very homeliness of atmosphere which made the story of the little captive maid the winter favorite. "She helped where older and wiser heads failed. Do you wonder that dreams of helpfulness filled my brain?"

To one of the writers, as a little girl with a passionate love of animals, Daniel and the lions made a special appeal. Her father, who told the story to her, wisely began with the lions instead of with Daniel, not failing presently, though, to bring out Daniel's brave and steadfast faith. "So", the now grown-up little girl writes, "through all the years of my childhood, I had a perfect trust, that, if I could be like Daniel, God would keep me from danger, too."

"Zacchæus", says another, "I loved because he was little. I had a vivid picture of his climbing the tree. Then his frank confession, and ready reparation, rang true to the child's innate sense of openness and justice."

The story of David and Goliath has always been a prime favorite, especially with boys. "No wonder", writes one correspondent. "There is in every boy's nature more or less of a love for adventure, and an abhorrence for cowardice. Children hate sham and admire the real thing."

Miss Alcott tells, that, as a child, she and her sisters, many a day, played out the march of Christian in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, with the piece-bag for the burden, and the route of the toilsome journey from the bottom of the house to the top.

The influence of Bible stories may be equally direct and realistic. There may be battles between David and Goliath by the creek at the foot of the lawn. And it will be well if the fortune of the battle be not too strictly according to Bible facts, for even a little stone from a small boy's catapult may mean