

ance, and the violation of the great underlying principles of life, such as property rights, honesty, truthfulness, obedience, self-control, etc., the children will soon see these in their right proportion.

Do we look upon our failure to teach these principles as denying to the child his very birthright? Have we a right to expect the child, who, through lack of teaching, has failed to learn these important lessons, to "early seek God's favor, early do His will?" Every voluntary choice of the good and right makes for the building of a noble character, and tends to make that choice the habit of the life. And the making of such choices is the best preparation the little ones can have to enable them to make the one supreme choice.

Sooner or later the child reaches that stage where his enquiring mind demands satisfactory answers to questions as to the origin of his being and the mystery of life about him. Too often we fail to teach children early enough, forgetting that the child mind can grasp the deepest thoughts and truths, if expressed in terms he can comprehend.

Above all, what we *do* and *are*, what the little ones see in our life and conduct, the atmosphere we create for them to breathe, the environment we place about them,—from all these, the child learns more readily than from precept. As Patterson Du Bois says, "Our need is less a matter of direct teaching and preaching, than of atmosphere, influence, example, suggestion, pure speech, gentle manner, sweet temper, strong handling, firm stepping in virtue."

Princetown, Trinidad

### Who Was He?

There once lived a ruler who had one daughter, a dear little girl of about twelve years of age. One day this little girl fell very ill, and the doctors said she must die. The poor father's heart was nearly broken, when he suddenly remembered there was a great Physician journeying through the country, who could cure people, merely by a touch. So the ruler started off at once to find this famous Man, and falling at His feet, begged Him to come and cure his little daughter.

The Healer was as kind as He was powerful, and He came at once. On the way, a messenger came running to meet the ruler, saying, "Your daughter is already dead". But the kind Physician said, "Don't be afraid, only believe". Then they came to the house, and the little girl lay dead, with the people about her weeping bitterly. But the wonderful Friend took her hand, and said, "Little maid, arise", and she opened her eyes and sat up. *Who was the great Physician?*

### The Sorrows of Childhood

*By Esther Miller*

Little Girl sat in solemn state on one of the parlor chairs, waiting for Big Sister to take her to the party. Little Girl wore a white "lacey" dress and a broad blue sash. She surveyed herself in mingled pride and apprehension. The importance of caring for this new gossamer gown weighed heavily upon her.

But Big Sister, as is the way with big sisters, was long in dressing, and Little Girl ventured out on the verandah. The rustle of the silk sash was growing more familiar, and therefore less impressive. She found courage to step sedately down to the garden walk.

Just then, there shot past her, like a flashing green arrow, a tiny, whirring hummingbird. It poised itself over the honey-suckle at the other end of the lawn. How could one remember sashes and frills before such a vision? Little Girl certainly couldn't. She darted across the lawn on a joyous chase.

When Big Sister came down, hatted and gloved, Little Girl was returning. The blue sash bow was now a tight knot with trailing ends, the white dress was stained with grass, and there was a big rent in one of the lacey frills. The dismayed family assembled hastily, and from Grandmama to Baby Brother bemoaned the woeful case. The second-best dress was not good enough for the party, and the verdict was that the little girl must stay at home.

Everybody was sorry, Mama most of all, but everybody also seemed inclined to blame. For, as is usual with grown-ups, they looked only at the disastrous results, and not at the