

Another way to teach a missionary lesson would be to tell very simply and naturally the story of the lamb who strayed away and was lost, and how the kind shepherd started out to look for it. Describe how he heard its cry, and went to save it,—how he found it and carried it home in his arms. Explain that we are like the lost lamb that Jesus, the Good Shepherd, has come to save, that some of the lambs do not know about the Good Shepherd who came to save them. Explain that Jesus said we were to tell the good news to every one in the whole world, that we can all have a share in the good work. The little children may help by giving their money to send the good news to some of their brothers and sisters across the sea, and by remembering them in their prayers.

The sand table might be used effectively in teaching a missionary lesson. With the sand on a blue ground, roughly outline the Western Continent. Across the blue space India or China might be outlined. With Canada as the starting-point, one might have small paper boats (folded Kindergarten style) going to tell the good news of the gospel to the little ones in heathen lands.

Toronto

How Ruth Shared Up

By Mary Isobel Houston

"If we'd been one more or one less, I don't know what we'd do", remarked Reta, as the six Grahams sat on the orchard fence. Only five really sat, for Polly, who had never been known to stay more than two minutes in one spot, was trying to balance herself on the shaky fence.

Sure enough one more or one less would have been fatal in a family where one could only think of the members in pairs. Reta and Jack were in the same class at school; Polly and Ruth were inseparable, mainly because gentle Ruth was the only one who did not quarrel with the boisterous Polly; and Jessie and Phil were twins.

"We couldn't kill one of us off", began Phil. "Or borrow another", suggested Jessie. "We just couldn't do *anything*", said Polly, "but it wouldn't be half as nice

and—there's old Pete with the mail. Let's race to meet him."

With a scramble they flew across the orchard, and met old Pete as he handed mother a fat, white envelope.

"From Uncle Jim", shouted Jack, catching sight of the postmark. "P'raps he wants us to spend a day at Fairy Lake again."

The letter was from Uncle Jim, but it contained no invitation. Instead, a sentence tucked on to the closing paragraph, called forth groans from the six:

"As the doctor says we must go, I am going to send Essie to you. If you can have her, she'll be there on the fifth—" "And that's to-day", groaned Polly again. "No, we can't have her, can we, mother?" "She's such a crybaby", added Phil. "And we're six now", said Jessie, as if that were argument enough.

Little Ruth was silent. Her thoughts flew back to the happy day at Fairy Lake the year before, and the kind Uncle Jim who had planned it.

"I'll—I'll let her have Polly", stammered Ruth; and Polly was too much astonished to do anything but stare, until at the sound of a distant whistle, and a cry from Jack, "The train's coming", they raced off.

It was a full week before the Grahams sat on the orchard fence again—seven of them this time; and it was Polly who spoke, with an arm around two smaller girls. It had not taken a *whole* week to discover that Essie was such a splendid playfellow, and could think up so many jolly games, nor had it taken that long for her to creep into a warm spot in Polly's heart; but it had taken quite that long for Polly to make up her mind to speak.

"I think it's about time we gave a vote of thanks to Uncle Jim for letting Essie come", she said at last.

"Better give one to Ruth for showing us a few things about ourselves", corrected Jack. "Our own orchard's as much fun as Fairy Lake if we only know enough to share up."

And as Ruth snuggled down closer, she whispered, "Sharing Polly made her twice as nice, too"; and she wondered why all but Polly herself laughed.

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