

Each player is given a pencil and sheet of paper, and the object of the game is to write the twenty texts just as they should be. The players should be informed that some of the texts are correct, for it makes this task more confusing.

St. John, N.B.

### "Little Helpers"

Only a band of children,  
Sitting at Jesus' feet,  
Fitting ourselves to enter  
Into His service sweet.  
Softly this voice is calling,  
"Little one, come unto Me!"  
Stay not, though weak and helpless;  
Child, I have need of thee."

Take us, dear Saviour, take us,  
Into Thy heavenly fold;  
Keep our young hearts from straying  
Out in the dark and cold.  
Call us Thy "little helpers,"  
Glad in Thy work to share;  
Make us Thine own dear children,  
Worthy Thy name to bear.—Selected

### Inside Out

"Why, what a change!" exclaimed Uncle James, as the tears disappeared from Jimmy's eyes and the drooping corners of his rosy mouth turned up into a smile. "May I ask the reason?"

"Oh, I just turned it inside out!" laughed Jimmy. "It seemed like a pretty big cloud when you said Dick was too lame to drive, 'cause I counted so on going to Aunt Martha's. I nearly cried, and I had to turn it awfully quick, and what do you think the bright side is? We'll get Jerry, and then we'll all go fishing, and you can show us how to do it best."

"Well, young man," said Uncle James, "that's helping me out, too, for there's nothing I'd rather do than take you and Jerry fishing. Now, tell me more about this turning business."

"One day, when it looked like rain, there was just an awful black cloud, and all around it there was a beautiful edge of silver white.

I called mother to look, and she said that always, no matter how black the clouds looked to us, the sun was shining brightly on the other side, making them look silver and gold. And then she said that troubles were clouds with bright linings, and we only had to turn them about until we found a bright side. And mother and I 'greed that we'd turn ours inside out and find that lining," finished Jimmy, quite out of breath with his long speech.

Then he went on: "The time Jack didn't invite me to his party it seemed pretty black; but when I got home papa was waiting to take me to the city, and if I'd gone to the party I couldn't have gone with him. But when I sprained my ankle that seemed blackest of all, and what do you think? Mother and I thought of that old typewriter Uncle Ed left in his room, and I practised on it until I could write letters to all the boys, and weren't they surprised! And it's always so."

"Well," said Uncle James, "this turning business seems such a good one that I believe I'll go into it with you and your mother. Now, let's get our tackle and call for Jerry."—  
Our Little Ones

### What the Pennies Do

By Mrs. A. W. Thomson

Would it not be nice to fly away down south when the east winds blow? I wish the little readers of the PRIMARY QUARTERLY and myself had wings like the birds to fly away to Trinidad and British Guiana. I would love to show you such pretty things,—and such strange things. You would be saying, "Oh, my!" so often. Suppose we pretend that we "fled and fled" and dropped down for a rest on an island called Trinidad.

"How hot it is!" you say. "I love it," I answer, "because I always lived there, and see what lovely flowers, and bright colored birds, and oh! the sugar cane, and oranges and bananas." "What did you bring me for?" you ask. "Well, you know in Sunday School and Mission Band you give pennies for missions and I wish to show you the work your pennies do. Come, let us sit on the corner stone of this church gate, and watch the people pass." "How funny to see such