



AM here to let down the bars, so that the flock of lambs and sheep may easily get into the green pastures of this book. Its binding sumptuous, its type luxurious, its pictures so many revelations, and its style of thought and expression captivating, The Beautiful Story will have an unlimited mission for good. A well-written book that will entertain young people, will interest the middle-aged and the old, so that while the boy will put down his bat and the girl her lawn-tennis racket to read this book, the

octogenarian, having adjusted his eye-glass No. 9, will read the story from lid Books for the young are generally too elaborate or too simple, and the forage for the lambs is either too high in the hay-rack or down under foot. This book strikes the medium. When our older people were children there was no juvenile literature. If the book-appetite arose, they were fed on a slice of Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity," or little tid-bits from Edwards "On the Affections," or were given a few nuts to crack from Chalmers' "Astn. nomical Discourses." Their fathers and mothers sighed lest these little ones should turn out badly because they liked ginger-snaps better than the Westminster Assembly's Catechism, and would spend their money for marbles when it ought to have gone toward furnishing red flannel shirts for the poor heathen in Kamtchatka. You lost all faith in John Bunyan's veracity, and whistled incredulously when you came to that story about Apollyon. Pictures were scarre, and a book was considered profusely adorned that had at the beginning a sketch of the author in gown and bands and long hair of powdered whiteness, and at the close, in ornate letters, the word "Finis," which you were told meant The End, although, after wearily reading it through, you did not know whether it was the end of the book or the end of you. You might as well feed your baby on lobster salad as at that early age to have been expected to digest the books that were set before you.