

tried to coax her to "take it like a good sweet-heart," but the usual success of that winning voice did not follow now. Force was out of the question. Possible consequences if the dose be not taken is an argument only for older ones.

Kneeling beside the bed, the father took the little hand, and, in a softened voice, began:

"Daddy is sorry, very sorry!" A look of gratitude from the bright eyes, and then the sharp cough stopped the dialogue.

"Beth loves daddy, does she not?" began the father again.

"Yes, yes!" so intensely.

"Daddy loves Beth, too." And he smoothed back the hair from the forehead.

"Does Beth love daddy a lot?"

"Big—bushel—and—a hug," came the reply.

"Will Beth take the medicine because she loves daddy, and he wants her to? If Beth loves daddy a lot, I know she will."

It was a cruel test; but the case was nearly desperate. Just a second or two of pause, an interruption of the rapid breathing, a flash only of infant debate, and then came,—

"Daddy, your Beth will take the nasty medicine, 'cos she loves you."

The father took the little tired head on his arm, as the doctor handed the draught with a broken,—

"Thank God, that 'love constraineth.'"

### Making Light Darkness

*By Martha Graham*

The mothers and primary teachers should never lose sight of the fact that the wee man or woman under instruction has a very literal mind. Johnny takes everything one says absolutely as it is told, and calls a spade a spade every time.

For instance, if he has learned that that little thing that goes thump, thump inside his body is his heart, one cannot speak to him of "giving his heart to the Lord" without some careful explanation. Very few little ones at all comprehend what is meant by that difficult word "heart"; and, unfortunately, some teachers make the mystery still deeper by drawing a heart, and printing a text over it. "Whenever I see that

stumbling block of a heart appearing in a primary lesson," said a teacher to me one day, "I feel like misapplying the text,— 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?'" She was not very far wrong; that little triangle, so meaningless to the little ones, often destroys the effect of a lesson. It is better left out entirely. They know what pleasing Jesus means, being kind and sweet and patient as He was, when He was a little boy, and if they strive to be like Him, that is, indeed, "giving the heart to God."

There are many other mysteries of a like nature which trouble children. I was putting a pious little old woman of six to bed one night, when she said very solemnly, "I mustn't lie on my left side, you know, 'cause if I died that way I wouldn't go to heaven."

"But what makes you think that, dear?" I enquired in wonder.

"Why, 'cause my teacher told us last Sunday. She said we must always be on the right side, if we wanted to go to Jesus when we died."

Poor mite; the dual meaning of "right," as contrasted with "left" and "wrong," was proving a burden to her, as it has to many another small mind.

I was visiting the mother of a little family once, and on Sabbath afternoon she told them a very interesting story of Israel's idol-worship. At the end she made a very wise application. Even little boys and girls had idols in their hearts sometimes, she said,—the idol of self, of pleasure, of pride. She talked very earnestly and sweetly to them, and the little ones were much impressed.

But an hour after, I found Georgie, aged five, gazing intently at the picture of the ugly idol his mother had shown him, and confiding his troubles to a three-year-old sister, who did not seem as sympathetic as the occasion demanded.

"Say, Baby," he was saying, his forehead wrinkled anxiously, "do you think I've got an ugly beast like that in my insides? Bet if I had, I'd put my hand down my throat, and pull him out!"

And so our language cannot be too clear