

A "Sunshine Boy"

gold in the sunshine, and here and there in the curly, gray "buffalo grass" was a vivid crimson star where a cactus blossomed.

Inside a rough shack little Billy Pritchard lay with his broken leg tightly bandaged. His tired eyes brightened as the sweet-faced Victorian nurse took a book from the bureau.

It was "Joseph and His Brethren."

In a sweet, low voice she read all about the young lad beloved by his old father; the gay little coat: the wonderful dream of bowing sheaves and moon and stars; of the jealous brothers, the cruel pit, the sale to the wandering merchants, the trip to Egypt, and the sojourn in Potiphar's household; of the unjust imprisonment, and the dreams of the butler and baker, and afterwards that of the great monarch Pharaoh; then Joseph's interpretation of the dream, and his rise in power; then the weary, famine-driven brothers, and the beautiful lesson Joseph taught—the lesson of forgiveness.

Little Billy Pritchard listened to it all, and quite forgot his aching leg and the hot, tiresome afternoon.

I wish little Belle could have known how pleased he was, don't you? How glad she would have been to learn how much good her gift had done!

A "SUNSHINE BOY"

Jim is a "sunshine boy," explained his mother one day. "He always sees the bright, happy side of things, and shuts his eyes to all the rest." This was easily proved that very day. Baby brother had, in some unaccountable way, got hold of Jim's much-prized picture-books, and had almost wrecked them.

"Poor Jim! What a pity your beautiful books are spoiled!" said a sympathizing friend.

"Of course I am sorry they are torn," answered Jim, "but they are not entirely spoiled. Just look, there are lots of pictures left."

"But one side of the book you have in your hand has the picture torn off entirely. Doesn't that spoil it for you, Jim?"

For an instant the sunshine in Jim's face darted behind a little cloud; then it came

out again brighter than ever, and he said, "No, that doesn't spoil it. I'll just shut the eye on that side, and that will fix it all right."

REMEMBERING BIBLE STORIES

By Nannie Lee Frayser

One day recently a teacher, who had been watching the little boys on her street playing on the sidewalk, thought she would try to get into touch with them and find some fresh access to their hearts through the story avenue. So she went down to the gate and found one little boy with a white goat quite ready to stop and make friends. Of course the goat was an open sesame. "This is the best goat I ever had," he said, "it just gets on the lumber pile and stands still when I tell it, and runs home when I send it, and follows me everywhere, and if a dog comes my way, he just butts that dog so it can't get me."

Well, the teacher was ever so much

INTERESTED IN GOATS,

and it wasn't long until the little fellow led on from the goat to something about his mother and how good she was to the goat, about letting it come into the house and feeding it, and so on. The teacher began to envy the mother the privilege of reaching, through the goat, into the story heart of the child; and she began thinking about all the animals in the Bible that might be introduced to this receptive little boy through his friend, the goat. It ended up by her saying, "My sheep know my voice," and "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you"; and they went on into infinity, these scripture texts, that might be suggested to the lad, as he played with his goat, and that might become a part of his daily life at play:—David was kind to his animals, and the faithful, patient shepherd lad learned how to be a king in the quiet meadows with his dumb friends. Saul went out seeking his father's asses, when he was stopped to be anointed king. The prodigal son left a home where there were cattle and herds, to seek pleasure in places where he ought not to have gone.

The very same day