

boxes, a set of blocks, paper to fold and tear, a bundle of sticks, a few simple colors, are worth more than a room full of ingenious mechanical devices for amusement.

The child does not stop to consider whether or not the things that he plays with and the things that he makes, are real things. He is interested in what he can do with things rather than in what they are. The faintest resemblance in the plaything to the reality for which it stands, is, in most cases, sufficient. His imagination transforms the poor imitation into a delightful reality. A line of empty spools drawn by a string, with himself for engine and engine driver in one, is likely to give more genuine pleasure, to keep him actively engaged, and do him more real good than an elaborate model of an engine and train of cars that runs by an ingenious spring.

Of course it goes without saying that a child is better to have other children to play with him; and if the parent or teacher can suggest or direct the play without monopolizing it, so much the better for the child. But whatever else may be done, it must be remembered that it is the child's own activity and his own imagination that counts.

University of Toronto

A Little Galician Boy

By Miss C. Reid

Little Petros was a blue-eyed, laughing baby of some twelve months, when his mother brought him into the dispensary with his head badly covered with eczema, which had become so bad that it was a long time before it could be well. Each day the mother brought him in to us; and when the head was attended to, the baby seemed to know quite well, and paid us by his ready smile and sweet baby talk.

He did not cry much, although the head must have been very uncomfortable; and, as smiling seemed to be his way, we took him as our daily sunbeam. At last he was well, and then we did not see him so often.

As he grew older, his mother noticed his slowness in trying to walk, and found out that his poor little back was hurting him. We called to see him and found a hump

growing on the spine. As we knew it might be very serious, he was taken to town to a doctor, who said poor little Petros must go to the hospital and might need to have an operation in order to cure him.

Galician people are very much afraid of surgery, and besides, the parents of the wee chap were poor and could not afford to pay; but they loved their baby boy, and so, overcoming their fear, they brought him to the hospital.

He continued to smile on nurses and doctors, winning a way to their hearts; and it was Petros' good time in the day when the doctor came in to see him and let him hold his watch while the nurse told him how the back was.

One day, as the doctor examined the little back again, he said it would not be needful to have the operation and the trouble was going away by care and medicine. You may be sure the parents were glad when they were allowed to take their baby home again.

But the poor back was weak yet, and the attempts made to walk were pitiful. The parents gave medicine as told, and also kept the little fellow out in the fresh air and sunshine, where he sat or stood in a little bed which was carried outside for him. Little by little he gained strength till he was able to walk.

Such a poor little shaky fellow he was, and so many tumbles he got, but he always seemed to come up smiling. Soon, as he got a more steady walk and began to go about alone, he would find his way to the Mission house, and waddle in, looking so happy. If he discovered he had a sore toe, he at once brought it to our notice to be attended to, and seemed to like to go away with a cloth on his foot.

His older sister would bring him to the Mission Sunday School, and soon he could come all by himself and would march in and climb up on a seat, soon to fall asleep, but would waken up for singing and to get his picture card. Now he can sing some of the easy hymns, and is one of our bright little Sunday School boys. We hope he will grow up a good man. Don't you?

Sifton, Man.