SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Lesson XIII. December 26, 1915. Jehovah's Gracious Promises to Israel. —Review.—Hosea 14: 1-9. (A reading lesson only).

SUUMMARY.—Lesson I. Topic: A climax reached. Places: Samaria, the capital of Israel; Jezreel, one of Ahab's dwelling-places. Naboth had a beautiful vineyard close to one of King Ahab's palaces, and the king wished to buy it. Naboth refused to sell it because it was his ancestral inheritance. Jezebel, Ahab's wife, wickedly plotted against Naboth and had him slain. Ahab took the vineyard. Elijah met him and reproved him. telling him that he and his wife would be slain.

II. Topic: Perseverance rewarded. Places: Gilgal, Bethel, Jericho, the Jordan, a place east of the Jordan. Elijah's work was nearly done. Elisha had been appointed his successor, and knew that Elijah was to be taken away from earth. He asked that a double portion of Elijah's spirit might rest upon him. This petition was granted on the condition that Elisha should see Elijah when he should be taken away. Elisha would not leave him, and he saw him taken up in a whirlwind.

III. Topic: The divine Healer. Places: Damascus, Samaria, the Jordan. Naaman was the commander of the Syrian army and an able man, but he was a leper. Through the words of a Hebrew captive he learned that he might be healed in Israel. He went to the king of Israel who could do nothing for him. He came to Elisha's home and because the prophet simply sent word to him to bathe seven times in the Jordan, he was angry and refused to follow his directions. Later he dipped in the river and was healed. Gehazi, Elisha's servant, was stricken with leprosy for getting a present from Naaman under false pretences.

IV. Topic: Elisha's body-guard. Places: Dothan, Samaria. Elisha told the king of Israel of the movements of the Syrian army, which was attacking Israel. The king of Syria learned where Elisha was and sent an army to capture him. The army was smitten with blindness and he led them into Samaria and treated them generously.

V. Topic: Revolution in Judah. Place: Jerusalem. Athaliah usurped the throne of Judah and occupied it for several years. Joash, whose life had been saved when Athaliah sought to kill him, was the rightful heir to the throne. When Joash was seven years old the people rose up and deposed and killed Athaliah and made Joash king. The worship of the true God was restored.

VI. Topic: Foundation reform. Place: Jerusalem. Jehoiada, the priest, was counsellor to Joash, and under his guidance the young king ruled well. He undertook to repair the temple. At first he did not succeed because those who were to collect money failed to secure enough. He took a chest and placed it in the temple that the people might put their offerings in it. This plan succeeded, and the temple was repaired.

VII. Topic: Youthful integrity. Place: Babylon. Daniel and his three companions were Jewish captives in Babylon, and the king desired them to be placed in training to become his trusted servants. They desired not to eat the food that came from the king's table and to be allowed to eat the simple food to which they were accustomed. They would not drink wine, but chose water. The test showed that they were superior to the youths who ate the king's food and drank his wine.

VIII. Topic: Jonah's mission. Places: Israel; Nineveh. Jonah was a prophet of Israel whom the Lord called to go to Nineveh to preach to the people. He tried to run away from duty, but later went as the Lord commanded. He preached what the Lord gave him for the people, and they repented. The Lord spared the city. Jonah was displeased at God's mercy, but God gave him needed instruction in the lesson of the gourd and the worm.

IX. Topic: God's message to Israel. Places: Tekoa; Bethel. God called Amos to be a prophet to Israel. Amos lamented over the sin and desolution of his nation. He called upon the people to seek the Lord. His rebuke to them called forth their hatred. He gave them encouragement that they would live if they would seek him. The great mercy of God is strongly set forth in the prophet's message.

X. Topic: Ungoverned ambition. Place: Jerusalem. Uziah commenced to reign at the age of sixteen years. At first he was godly and prospered. Later his heart became proud and he ventured to do the duty of a priest contrary to God's commands, and became leprous. He never recovered. His course and punishment are a striking warning against pride and worldly ambition. His early goodness did not relieve him from the result of wrong conduct.

XI. Topic: Israel's history. Place: Kingdom of Israel. The Lord gave His prophet Hosea a message to Israel. The Lord greatly loved His people and dealt tenderly with them. They turned from Him and with great kindness He called upon them to return to Him. He would still have mercy upon them.

XII. Topic: A world message. Place: Bethlehem. While Joseph and Mary were at Bethlehem to be enrolled, Christ was born. An angel told the news to shepherds in the fields at night and the heavenly host praised God. The shepherds went to Bethlehem and found Jesus. They rejoiced and told the news to many others. The example of the shepherds has been followed by the long line of those who have found the Savior.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

Topic.—Character sketches.

I. Of individual piety.

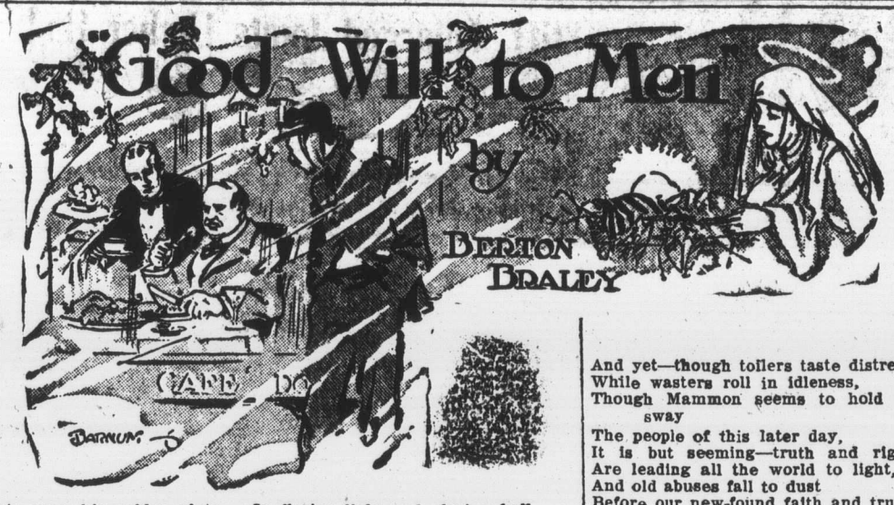
II. Of national proclivities.

I. Of individual piety. The lessons of this quarter deal with individuals and nations in a way to reveal the power of godliness and the power of ungodliness. Through single individuals God caused nations to recognize the sovereign power, His love and mercy, His justice and judgments. The opening lesson presents Elijah in his characteristic office as judge, where he pronounced the doom of Ahab's family, which is recorded in this quarter's study. In this event God vindicated the cause of the innocent and proclaimed his purpose to uphold the nation. Thus proving of Elisha's fitness to succeed Elijah was seen in his devotion to the cause of God and his earnest desire for personal piety. The Hebrew captive made stands out in history as one whose faith and charity made her God's instrument in introducing Israel's prophet to Syria, a contending and heathen nation, in the healing of Naaman, who became a worshipper of the true God. To impress the Syrians still farther with his willingness to show mercy, and to lead them to acknowledge and worship the true God, Elisha was enabled to frustrate all Benhadad's efforts to subdue Israel and finally to prove God's mercy when Elisha refused to alow the Syrian army to suffer death, and they were led by him to Samaria in their blindness. In preserving the life of his prophet God thus overcame the evil designs of Syria against his people Israel. In the complete carrying out of the destruction of Ahab's family it seemed that the family of David was destined to become extinct.

The hatred of Jezebel lived in her descendent, Athaliah, whose natural affection was far less than her ambition to sit on the throne of Judah. All her cruelty and bloodshed could not prevent the fulfilment of God's promise to David. Through Jehosheba, of royal blood, and Jehoiada, the priest, the infant Joash, of the family of David, was spared and reared in the temple until of proper age to be declared king of Judah. The piety of those foster-parents was so fervent and enduring, that by studious effort there was brought to pass an almost bloodless revolution. Athaliah, the usurper of the throne, was called upon to see her place occupied by its rightful king, and the family of David continued upon the throne and the worship of Jehovah reestablished and Bal-worship overthrown. Foundational reform was the mission and work of Joash by the support of the godly Jehoiada. The repairing of the temple, the destruction of Baal-worship and the recovery of national interests marked the presence and power of God in behalf of his vacillating people. When at last the day of captivity came to Judah, God had in the youthful Daniel and his companions the remnant which should perpetuate his church amid the luxury and heathenism of Babylon. The youthful integrity of Daniel was based upon his true piety and loyalty to religious convictions. As a reward for his steadfastness he was blessed in body and soul and given a place of influence which enabled him to declare the power of his God to the heathen world around him. In the character of Jonah God's mercy and love shine forth in making him a missionary to a heathen people whom God sought to redeem from sin and its punishment. Obedience on Jonah's part brought corresponding sincerity in repentence and reform in Nineveh. In the person of Uzziah was portrayed the prosperity of half a century under God's guidance and blessing. Personal and national piety marked the larger part of his reign. When he seemed to have reached the summit of success, he met the temptation which overcame him in his desire to add to his temporal power and ecclesiastical authority.

II. Of national proclivities. In the days of declension from God, the tender, compassionate and yearning prophet Amos, was sent to Israel to define their situation and declare God's call for them to return to righteousness. Their many-sided and deep corruption was made plain. Israel had fallen. Her glory had departed. She was marked for destruction. The end of false security had come. Amendment was her only hope of salvation The prophet Hosea was also sent with strong denunciations against sin. Over against his recital of sin was the wonderful unfolding of God's fatherly care in manifold ways, which he had exercised in Israel's behalf from their earliest history and would still exercise to every repenting soul.

T. R. A.



Dives feasts upon his golden plate
And Lazarus is at his gate,
The same starved beggar whom we know
From nineteen hundred years ago,
In reeking slum and tenement
The children whimper, wan and spent,
And hunger sharpened tongues deride
The mockery of Christmastide,
Along the Highway of the World;
And true men cry, in wrath and scorn
Was it for this that Christ was born?

In flaring light and glaring hall
Vice holds her strident carnival,
And mortals fight and steal and lie
For gold to join this revel high;
Men sell their truth, their souls, their fame,
And woman know the taint of shame
By greed and passion downward whirled
Ah, Gentle Saviour, pierced and torn,
It was for this that You were born!
And mothers weep in woe forlorn—
Was it for this that Christ was born?

And yet—though toilers taste distress
While wasters roll in idleness,
Though Mammon seems to hold in sway
The people of this later day,
It is but seeming—truth and right
Are leading all the world to light,
And old abuses fall to dust
Before our new-found faith and trust.

We are not heedless—Christmas chimes
Ring the true spirit of the times
Of 'Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men'
Brave words that thrill and thrill again,
For in the deeps of every heart
The little flames of fervor start,
And grow and grow until we burn
All bitter wrongs to overturn,
Till all the world we're children of
Shall know the perfect rule of Love!

A WORN-OUT WARNING.

(Guelph Mercury)

That old gag about Santa Claus only coming to good little boys and girls doesn't work worth a Yankee cent on the average youngster now.

A soft snap is pretty hard on those who can't get it coming their way.

A War-Time Christmas

W. E. Montgomery, of Macon, Ga., one of the characters in the following true story, received only a few years ago the following letter, bringing to him the blessings of the children, whom he, with his army friends, befriended during the Civil War in the States half a century ago:

Dear Sir and Friend,—I am writing this to you by direction of my grandfather, who but recently learned your whereabouts through an army journal. He has been trying to locate you ever since the war—the civil war, you know. He is now sitting by my elbow, telling me what to write, but I am afraid my poor pen will fail to convey to you my earnestness and his gratitude.

He says you will remember that time way back yonder when mamma was a little half-clad girl in the mountains of Virginia, when you and those good soldier friends of yours played Santa Claus to her and her little sister while he was away from home carrying a musket in the army of Bob Lee.

And he says for me to tell you with the best words I can use how often he has thought of you and prayed to the good God that it may always be well with you and your for the kindness shown two forlorn little girls back in the mountain wilderness.

With loving gratitude,

The incident occurred one December during the civil war. The Army of Tennessee was in Virginia, watching closely every move on the great chess board of strategy. Sergt. Montgomery and a few men were ordered to guard a certain narrow pass through the mountains. It was a narrow trail, much used, an important though isolated point.

Orders were strict to permit no one to pass no matter what the errand. The tension was high; spies were everywhere; a loosening of vigilance anywhere along the line might mean disaster. It was the enemy's country, and the enemy seemed never to sleep.

Not far from the picket post was a small house, part log and part frame. There lived a young wife and two little girls. The husband had joined the Confederate army. The wife was left with two cows and some potatoes and corn.

Two of her little girls brought the Union soldiers milk and butter; sometimes a few eggs. The soldiers gave her what coffee they could spare and plain rations from the quartermaster's stores. The mountain family lived with the utmost frugality; the clothing of the little girls was frayed and ragged, but clean. They needed heavier garments for the cold winter, and better shoes.

The names of the girls were Mary and Sadie; they always came to camp together; sat down on a log very close to each other, and conversed with the soldiers, who called them the fairies. They said they liked soldiers; that their papa was one, and that they knew he would be glad to see these soldier friends of theirs if he could only get off. but he was so busy somewhere shooting at the Yankees that they wouldn't let them leave.

One day as the month was drawing to a close Susie, the smaller of the two, asked the sergeant why they were always looking up and down the pass so close

"To see if anybody's coming, little one," said the grizzled officer: "our orders are to shoot anybody who attempts to go by here."

Instantly Susie laid her head on her sister's shoulder and cried as if her heart would break. The big sergeant was very much embarrassed; he saw he had put his foot in it, but couldn't understand just how.

"There, there, girlie," he said," don't you cry; we ain't going to shoot any of your people."

"I know you ain't," said Susie, trying to dry her eyes, "but we been a-lookin' for Santa Claus for years an' years, an' it's most time for him to be along here."

The sergeant was dumbfounded. Two days later he rode down the valley to the army headquarters and sought out the quartermaster.

"I want two blankets," he said, "big ones, and warm; forty pounds of coffee, a case of sweet crackers, and some ginger snaps, if you got 'em, and some sugar, and—let me see—got any canned goods, pears and peaches and the like o' that?"

"Gee," exclaimed the quartermaster, "you fellers going to have some duke up there for Christmas?"

"Don't make any difference who we're going to have," retorted the sergeant; "these things are necessary for the service. Here's the order. Fetch 'em out."

The day before Christmas was clear and bright. The troops were walking about their campfire, their guns stacked, but within easy reach. The sergeant was not there. Pretty soon the little girls came out from the cabin, hand in hand. They had hardly reached the camp when the captain of the guard suddenly straightened up.

"Halt!" he cried, "who comes here?"

The soldiers sprang for their guns and stood across the trail. Climbing down a hill bordering the trail was a man with a long white beard and a fur cap. He was laden with parcels.

Susie saw him, and uttering a glad cry ran to him and stood between Santa Claus and the soldiers.

"You shan't shoot him," she shouted: "you shan't shoot Santa Claus! He ain't got nothin' to do with your war; he's comin' to see us."

The soldiers grounded arms and laughed until they couldn't laugh any more. Susie stood perplexed, not knowing whether to be angry or to join in the laugh. But just then there was a sound of a horse's hoofs on the rocky trail. It was an unusual thing; there was no joke this time. The soldiers straightened up, ready for action. Santa Cluas dropped his parcels and gripped his revolvers.

In a moment the rider was among them. It was a high officer in the Federal army and he glared about in angry surprise.

"What means all this buffoonery?" he growled, his keen eyes boring through Santa Claus.

The little girls had shrunk to one side and were clasping each other about the waist. Then, Santa Claus, entirely unabashed, told the story, omitting nothing. He said the father of the litle girl was in the Confederate army and that they and their mother were alone in the mountains; that the winter had come on them unprepared, and he had ordered the quartermaster to get together some things to tide them over Christmas; if there was anybody to blame it was the sergeant of the post, and he was ready for the consequences.

The gold-braided officer looked into the fearless eyes of the sergeant, the men standing respectfully about him, and then at the halfclad little girls and their blue hands and lips.

"It's all right, boys," he said, "entirely all right. I got a couple of little chaps o' my own back in the hills of Kentucky, and I hope the good Lord will raise up friends for 'em same as oyu folks have been to these Good-bye!"

Then he rode on down the trail. That night the Yankees and the little family of the Confederate soldier had a Christmas dinner in a cosey little mountain cabin all decked with red berries and evergreens and things, which looked homelike and cheerful under the glow of the backlogs on the wide, old-fashioned hearth.

A CHRISTMAS LITANY.

From the man who stands with face a yard or so in length and sadly cries: "This Christmas Day will be as hard and soggy as stale cook-school pies," from maiden aunts who send us socks when we would fain have cigarettes; from ninety-eight cent gilded clocks; from bargain-counter statuettes; from the lugubrious lubber who declares this war will sliver us, and from the Christmas neck-tie, too.

Good Santa Claus deliver us!

From photo albums made of plush; from Yuletide stuff that artists do; from the last-minute Christmas rush and from the Christmas poem, too; and from the man who sends cigars he saved from Christmas Nineteen-Four; and from the man who talks of Mars, and battle-fields and nothing more—He does his best the day to mar; why should he shake and shiver thus?—and from the painted calendar!

Good Santa Claus deliver us!

From office boys as good as gold who tell us Christmas draweth nigh; from sticky candy, and from cold and from cigars that women buy; from worsted slippers, and from jars, hand-painted in pale, sickly hues; from men who give their wives new cars, then go about and spread the news, and brag of how they spent their kale—Why should the wealthy giver fuss?—Oh, from his weary, ceaseless tale.

Good Santa Claus deliver us!

From men who tell the younger brood that. Santa, you are just a fake; from ginger ale when we're in mood some real old Yuletide cheer to take; from those who tell us Christmas post-card crime, and from plum-pudding in a can; from men who eat until they seem like unto beasts carnivorous; and from the after-Christmas dream.

Good Santa Claus deliver us!

—Ben Deacon in Beck's Weekly (Montreal).

The principle difference between a luxury and a necessity is in getting used to it.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS RECIPES.

ROAST TURKEY.

Choose a fleshy bird, and see that the eyes are not sunk, the feet very dry and rough, or the spurs long. Very large birds are apt to be tough. Fill the breast with force meat, cover breast with buttered paper, roast from one hour and a half to three hours, according to size, basting well. Ten minutes before serving, remove the paper, dredge the bird lightly with flour, and baste with butter melted in a lable. Serve with gravy, bread sauce and sausages.

SAGE AND ONION STUFFING.

Peel four large onions, place them in hot water, and simmer gently for five minutes. Drop ten sage leaves into the pan, just before removing the onions. Chop onions and sage together, add four ounces of bread crumbs, an ounce and a half of butter, and work all well together with the yoke of an egg, seasoning with salt and pepper. A tablespoonful of milk may be used instead of the egg.

SANTA CLAUS JELLY.

Dissolve a pint jelly over some hot water, and when quite liquid add a pint of cold milk. Pour into a mould, and, when set, turn out onto a fancy glass dish which has been lined with sponge cakes cut in halves and spread with jam. This is a splendid dish for a children's party.

PLUM PUDDING.

Puddings greatly improve by keeping, and if not already made should at once be commenced. The following receipt will be found excellent. Chop very finely, after it is freed from all skin, one pound and a half of good beef suet, mix it with a half pound of flour and a pound of finely sifted bread crumbs; stone a pound of raisens, and chop; wash well the same quantity; cut up three-quarters of a pound of mixed peel finely, and rub in flour, to clean a quarter of a pound of sultanas. Mix all these ingredients well with the flour and crumbs, add a pound of brown sugar, four ounces of sweet almonds (mixed) an ounce of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and one teaspoonful of mixed spice. Stir well, then bind with ten eggs (well beaten) the strained juice of two lemons, and a little milk if necessary. The more this mixture is stirred the better will be the puddings. A little brandy may be added if the flavor is liked. When ready, press the pudding into buttered basins, cover with scalded flour-cloths, tie down tightly, but not too tight to prevent a slight swell, and boil for six hours. When ready hang in a cool, dry place until required ed for use, then reboil for two more hours. Turn out, garnish with a sprig of holly, and serve with sweet or brandy sauce.

MINCE MEAT.

Prepare one pound of raisens by stoning, wash and pick the same quantity of currants, pare and chop a pound of apples, and clean in flour half a pound of sultanas. Cut up finely a quarter of a pound of mixed peal, and blanch and mince an ounce of sweet almonds. Chop finely one pound of beef suet, put all the dry ingredients into a large basin, strain in the juice of a large lemon, and the grated peel of half, and one pound of sugar. Mix well, and add a spoonful of mixed spice, and a quarter of a bottle of brandy. Leave the mixture all night covered over with a cloth to blend. Next morning stir well, put into jars and cover. Keep in a dry place until required to make into pies. Puff paste should be used for mince pies.

CHRISTMAS TARTLETS.

Wash and clean a pound of currants; boil gently for three hours, then take out and strain. Now take six apples, pare, core and chop finely. And half a pound of soft sugar, a grated nutmeg, and a little cinnamon. Mix all with the currants, adding a dust of flour to take up any moisture. Make a nice short crust, roll out fairly thin, cut round with a cutter. Put a tablespoonful of mixture on the middle of each, and wet the edge of the paste. Catch up on all four sides towards the centre, pinch to make edges firm, and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

VANILLA CUSTARD.

Pour into an enamel saucepan half a pint of milk, a quarter of a pound of sugar, two eggs (well-beaten), and three or four drops of vanilla flavoring. Stir gently over a low fire, or gas until it thickens, and then pour into little custard cups.

The Puzzle.

The Janitor is kind, of late;
I wonder why?
He's awfully considerate;
I wonder why?
The milkman and the grocer's boy
Show courtesy without alloy,
Their sunny faces beam with joy;
I wonder why?

My office help are really fine;
I wonder why?
They roar at every jest of mine;
I wonder why?
The waiter at my luncheon place
Regards me with a shining face
And serves me with unequalled grace;
I wonder why?

My familly are extra kind;
I wonder why?
They surely have my ease in mind;
I wonder why?
They put my slippers by my chair,
My pipe and paper they prepare,
They surely coddle me for fair;
I wonder why?

Yes, everybody's nice to me;
I wonder why?
The reason isn't plain to see;
I wonder why?
Can you explain? What's that you say?
That Christmas isn't far away?
You're right, old scout, it's clear as day—
The reason why!

—Berton Braley.

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

(From Beck's Weekly, Montreal)

He held the mistletoe aloft,
And in the darkness kissed her;
She switched the light on suddenly,
And lo! it was—his sister.

Traditions of the Mistletoe

We decorate our homes with sprays of mistletoe at Christmas time, but few of us know the history of it as a Yuletide symbol. Pretty girls are kissed under it and a great deal of fun and nonsense is carried on apropos of it, but no one stops to think of how ancient a decoration it is or how sacred it was once thought to be.

Almost everybody has a vague knowledge that the Druids of old had something to do with the gathering of mistletoe, but just what that something was is not clear to the average mind.

The fact is that the ancient Celts in their druidical religion had two great festivals, one in June and the other in December, the latter being equivalent to our Christmas. In both of these great festivals the gathering of the mistletoe was a sacred rite.

Pliny in his Natural History describes the ceremony. Speaking of the Druids' worship of the oak, he says: "They believe that whatever grows on these trees is sent from heaven and is a sign that the tree has been chosen by the god himself. The mistletoe is very rarely to be met with, but when it is found they gather it with solemn ceremony. This they do especially on the sixth day of the moon, because by the sixth day the moon has plenty of vigor and has not run half its course.

"After the preparations have been made for a sacrifice and a feast under the tree, they hail it as the universal healer and bring to the spot two white bulls whose horns have never been bound before. A priest clad in a white robe climbs the tree and with a golden sickle cut the mistletoe, which is caught in a white cloth. Then they sacrifice the victims, praying that God may make His own gift to prosper with those upon whom He has bestowed it.

"They believe that a potion prepared from mistletoe will increase their flocks and that the plant is a remedy against all poison."

It was believed to be a remedy for many ills, and this belief is still to be found in many remote places in Europe. In Holstein, for example, the mistletoe is regarded as a healing remedy for wounds, and in Lacaune, France, it is always administered by the native people as an antidote for poison. They apply the plant to the stomach of the patient and give him a solution of it to drink as well. The Gaelic word for mistletoe is "an t'ni ioc," which means all healer, and this is probably what the Druids called it in ancient times.

In the northeast of Scotland people used to cut withes of mistletoe at the March full moon; these they bent in circles and kept for a year to cure hectic fevers and other troubles. In some parts of Germany the mistletoe is especially esteemed as a remedy for the ailments of children, who sometimes wear it hung around the neck as an amulet.

In Sweden on Midsummer eve mistletoe is diligently sought after, the people believing it to be possessed of many mystic qualities, and that if a sprig of it is attached to the ceiling of the dwelling house, the horse's stall or the cow's crib, the trolls will be powerless to injure either man or beast. Branches of the plant are commonly seen in farm-houses hanging from the ceiling to protect the dwellings from all harm, but especially from fire, and persons afflicted with the falling sickness think they can ward off all attacks of the malady by carrying about with them a knife which has a handle of mistletoe.

A Swedish remedy for other complaints is to hang a sprig of mistletoe round the sufferer's neck or to make him wear on his finger a ring made from the plant. Moreover they fashion divining rods of mistletoe or of four different kinds of wood, one of which must be mistletoe. The treasure seeker places the rod on the ground after sundown, and when it rests directly over the treasure the rod begins to move as if it were alive.

Like their Swedish neighbors, many German peasants consider the mistletoe a powerful charm against evil spirits. A similar belief seems to have lingered among the Romans, whose religion at a very early date was somewhat similar to that of the Druids. When Aeneas descended into Hades he gathered to protect himself from the infernal powers a branch of mistletoe, which Virgil calls the golden bough.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

She had evidently been permitting her little boy to have a look at the Christmas toys. Sitting opposite them in the car was a man who had long whiskers and a preoccupied air.

After the little boy had looked for a long time he turned to his mother and asked:

"Would papa's grow as long as that is he'd let them?"

"Sh-sh, dear. Look at the funny picture. Can you spell the word under it?"

"Mamma, does he bend his head that way because they are so heavy?"

"Oh, look out the window. See what a high building that is."

"Would you like papa if he let his grow that way?"

"Here dear, do you want one of these cookies?"

"He has hardly any face to wash, has he mamma?"

"Darling, please be quiet. Don't you want to lean against mother and go to sleep?"

"How long did it take them to grow that long?"

"Come, sit over on this side. Oh, see how fast we are going."

"If he never got them cut would they grow clear down to the ground?"

"Can't you be quiet? Here, look at the pictures in the paper."

"Do you think they hurt when he has to have them combed?"

"Come, let's sit back here."

"I don't wanna. How does he eat?"

"Look! We are going around a curve."

"Does he let them hang that way when he goes to bed?"

Another passenger laughed so loudly then that the man with the whiskers came out of his reverie. The little boy was about to ask another question, but his mother had an inspiration. The train was halting at a station, and half dragging her son after her, she rushed toward the platform saying:

"Come! I have just happened to remember. We must get off here."