

are big people going out for a walk arm in arm." Long, deliberate steps were taken, as they walked about in the room. After a while the mother said, "Men do not get tired easily, and if you are not tired I should like to go further." They went into dark halls and rooms. The child tightened his grasp of the mother's arm, but gave no other sign of fear, except a sigh of relief, when they again entered the lighted room.

This game was played frequently, sometimes in the daytime in order that the child might feel that it was really play, not a lesson, and gradually he lost all fear of darkness. Of course the fear was never spoken of before him, as that would only impress it on his mind. The less said about that which we would have the children forget, the better.

Certainly all this takes time and patience and real judgment on the part of those who have charge of the little ones; but so does everything that is worth while. And surely it is worth while to help a child to come into that unpriced possession, the possession of a free selfhood.

THE PATH THROUGH THE WOODS

By Elizabeth Preston Allan

Where was little Maurice Hunt? He was not anywhere in his father's house, for they had looked in every room, and called, and called; he was not in the carriage house, where he loved to play going on journeys, seated up on the driver's box, with a long willow switch for a whip; he was not in the garden, though that would have been a lovely place to play, for the pear trees looked like white veiled brides, and the hyacinths and jonquils were in bloom.

But Maurice was in none of these places; and when a little boy five years old can't be found, why, a big rumpus is raised.

Of course they went to the neighbors', for Maurice was a great visitor; though it was against the home law for him to go outside the gate without leave. But the neighbors had not seen that curly yellow head, topping the big brown eyes, that whole day.

Where was that child? Ah, here came

Jeff Dorman; maybe Jeff had seen Maurice; but no, Jeff had been to the village on an errand, and had not seen him.

"Which way did you go, Jeff?" asked the anxious father of the lost boy; of course he asked that so as to take a different road himself; since nothing had been seen of Maurice on Jeff's road.

But, strange to say, Jeff did not seem quite willing to answer that question; he hemmed and hawed, until everybody looked at him in wonder; at last he said in a sheepish way, with a very red face, "I started on the path through the woods; then I knew I oughtn't to be going that way, 'cause father had said not, so I struck across to the country road, and went that way."

And don't you know, when they *did* find the little runaway, he was in the woods! There was a deep pool of water in that woods, and no fathers allowed their little boys to pass it, without some grown-up person with them; but Maurice had seen Jeff start on the path that led through the woods, and he thought wherever Jeff went, he could go, too! That was the whole story. How was he to know that when Jeff's conscience hurt him for doing wrong, he turned right about, and scrambled out of the woods, before he came to the beautiful, dangerous, longed-for pool?

Maurice had to stay inside the yard gate for two weeks, to make him remember laws; and Jeff put that same punishment on himself; "'Cause I've got to remember, too," he said, "that if a fellow even begins to do a wrong thing, somebody has to pay for it."

A BEAUTIFUL BLUNDER

It was Children's Day. The main features of the day were recitations of scripture, a sermon by the pastor, from a text given by the primary class, an offering for missions. Four little boys presented the texts as follows: "My text is what Jesus said," un-nounced Harold—"Come unto Me."

"Mine is a mercy text," said Georgie—"Be ye kind."

Jamie, with a clear voice, quoted as his, "Watch ye."

Tiny Robbie, shy wee boy as he was, forgot the lilies he held in his dimpled hand as