

the stars. A little disappointed, he nestled closer to his father. "God couldn't have been ready that time, daddy, could He?" But his father had not been acquainted with Elsie and May without learning something. He foresaw the coming of the unanswerable questions, so he gathered the little fellow up in his arms and carried him indoors.

One other significant remark of his may be quoted. After he had quite learned at evening to ask God to take care of him through the dark unconscious hours, it was suggested to him that he might now learn a morning prayer. He seemed surprised.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Oh, you should ask God to take care of you through the day."

"But why?"—this with an accent of unbounded surprise—"Jim not 'fraid in the day. Jim not need God. Jim only 'fraid in the great big night."

Here is the thought of more than Jim. There are many to whom God is only a God of the emergency. They walk confident and forgetful in the day. When night falls and fear comes, then they pray.—The Missionary Record

### A Sunday Game

By Mrs. Marion Cruikshank

This game is played just like the old "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral." The children may be divided into "sides," or may play "each man for himself."

Some name of person, place or thing mentioned in the Bible is chosen by the side or player who has "first turn." Then the other players question him as to the name chosen, beginning with the familiar, "Is it animal, vegetable or mineral?" When this is answered, the questions must be such as can be replied to, with a "Yes" or "No."

Any one who has played this old game will remember how hard it was to get something difficult enough to make the quest a long one. The mandrakes which Reuben found in the field, was considered difficult; while the corn burned by the nineteenth pair of foxes which Samson sent into the Philistines' grain field, was guessed comparatively quickly.

When children will not settle down to other Sunday games,—such trying days occur in most families—this game seems to interest and amuse both boys and girls.

St. John, N.B.

### Cradle Song

How do we know  
How the seasons go?  
By white of the blossoms and white of the  
snow,  
By yellow of wheat  
And the hurrying beat  
On yellowing boughs of the rain-storm's  
feet.

What of the rose  
When the night wind blows?  
She dreams little poems that nobody knows,  
And into the ear  
Of the lily-bud near  
She sings little melodies no one can hear.

Slumber, my love,  
To the coo of the dove  
And the croon of the breeze in the branches  
above;  
Sleep till the sun  
His sleeping has done,  
And the stars run away from him one after  
one.

Long not to be  
With the birds in the tree  
To swing in the wind—it is safer with me;  
Slumber is best  
In the nursery nest,  
And my arms are as warm as the mother-  
bird's breast.

—Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer

### How Esther Proved Her Love

Mama was coming home! Yes, in a few days now, she would be with them again, after a stay of two whole months in a big hospital in a far off city. And, oh, how happy the children were in the little brown house on the corner as they planned and worked to get ready for mama's coming. It was the very day before the beautiful time that Mary