

sleep, mother? Tell me, what is sleep?"—a persistent question which not even a philosopher could answer.

But besides causing him to ask questions, the child's curiosity, too, is sure to get him into more or less mischief. The flowers in the garden are pulled up by the roots to see how they grow; the clock is taken apart to see what makes it strike; the mirror is broken to see what makes the picture behind it. And sometimes the results are likely to be even more serious. The well or the cistern must be explored to see where the water comes from; the sewing-machine is started going, even if it is fingers and thumbs that are to be sewed; and all sorts of impossible and dangerous experiments are tried, just to see what it feels like to do them.

But even if the child's curiosity is troublesome to his elders, it is of untold value to the child himself, since it is his only means of finding out about the multitude of new and untried things in the world about him, and of deciding for himself what is worth while and what is not. Let a "grown-up" imagine himself set down to spend the rest of his life in a new world, such as Mars for instance, and he would easily rival the most troublesome boy or girl in questions and experiments, and in all sorts of mischief and meddlesomeness. Everything is new to the child, and even the most ordinary things are full of delightful surprises.

"The world is so full of a number of things,

I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

It is this constant delight in new things and their uses that stimulates his curiosity and helps him to learn what is best worth knowing in the world about him.

The child's curiosity is a good thing, and instead of being scolded and frowned upon, it should be directed as far as possible along the proper lines. It is quite true that children get into the habit of asking questions merely for the sake of talking, and that they are sometimes destructive when there is nothing to be gained by it. Every one knows the danger of letting curiosity run wild, and indulging the child in all of his fancies and whims. The teacher and parent know better than he what is both for his interest

and theirs; but it must not be forgotten that the child's curiosity is nature's prompting, and that he is the wisest teacher and the wisest parent who can recognize it and make use of it as such.

The University Schools, Toronto

A Hindu Cradle Song

From the groves of spice,
O'er fields of rice,
Athwart the lotus-stream,
I bring for you,
Aglint with dew,
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,
The wild fireflies
Dance through the fairy neem;
From the poppy-bole
For you I stole
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good-night,
In golden light
The stars around you gleam;
On you I press
With soft caress
A lovely little dream.

—New Zealand Break of Day

Hum King

By Miss J. R. King

I am going to tell you about a little boy who, a very long time ago, went to school every day just as you do. The school was not just the same as yours though, for there were no girls in it, and, what was queerer still, all the boys had long hair! But they did not mind that, and, indeed, would have cried and cried had their mothers cut it off, for they wanted to have long hair like the big men.

There was something else that was very different from your school. Not one of the boys, not even the teacher, knew anything about God. They did not know who made them and gave them such a beautiful world to live in. Just think, if any one had asked them, "Do you love Jesus?" they would have said, "What are you talking about,