

Grandmama looked up. "Do you know, Helen, there is no more reason to worry about Hughie's 'untruthfulness', than about Elsie's?"

"Elsie! Why, mother, she never told me a falsehood in her life; and Hugh's tales are absolutely appalling." "Hugh's tales are the product of his baby imagination. He will outgrow them. And Elsie—" "Elsie, mother?"

"Take to-night, for instance. She wanted to sit up late, and she has spent two hours pretending to do three sums she could finish in ten minutes. I don't believe the child is conscious that she is deceiving any more than Hugh is. But, when she has a point to gain, she very often speaks or acts an untruth. Watch her."

The mother did watch, and found that the grandmother was right. Then, having got at the root of the untruthfulness in the older, as well as in the younger child, she set herself to make both her darlings truthful in word and deed. Constant, prayerful attention won the day. Under his mother's teaching, Hugh learned that the world was full of real wonders,—that the robin's nest in the tree and the rose opening from the bud were more marvelous than his imaginary tigers; and Elsie became willing to do without the things she most wished for, rather than win them by an untruth, spoken or acted.

Orillia, Ont.

## "Dear Heavenly Father, Please!"

The following story is from Mr. W. N. Hartshorn's, Practical Talks on Primary Sunday School Work:

We have in the class a bright boy of five years, whose mother is very poor and frequently leaves a five-months-old baby in Oscar's care, while she is out washing. One day baby was crying, and Oscar thought his sister was cold; he placed her in a high chair near the stove, and turned to get a cord to tie her into the chair, and instantly the child fell and hit its face on the stove. A woman living above came at once to the help of the children. Oscar ran for his mother, and soon after they reached the house Oscar was missed from the room. Search was made for him, and his

little voice was heard in prayer in his room. He repeated his request several times, "Dear heavenly Father, please take the burn off my little sister's face, for Jesus' sake".

A few days after this, Mr. Allen, our assistant superintendent, saw Oscar, and fearing that he would be troubled because the burn was not wholly gone, asked him if God had answered his prayer. The little fellow looked up and said with a face full of hope, "No, sir, but He's doing it now".

## The Story of Little Cheu Shin

By Rev. James Menzies, M.D.

One day a little Chinese girl, named Cheu Shin, was carried in a large basket to our mission hospital at Hwai King. She suffered a great deal of pain, and had not walked for over eight years. So long had she lain in bed with her limbs drawn up, that the joints of her knees and hips had grown solid, and she could not even sit up on the brick bed without support. Her mother was very cruel to her at times, because being a cripple, no one wanted her, and she could not sell her at any price.

The mission doctor tried, by cutting the tendons, to straighten out her poor crooked limbs, but was not able to help her very much. Her mother was very angry when she found her daughter would never be able to walk again, and said, "I'll straighten you out myself, you useless, crooked thing", and she would pull her about and try by brute force, to straighten out those poor, aching, stiffened limbs; and many a sleepless night did Cheu Shin pass because of her mother's cruelty.

She was a bright girl and able to work with her hands, and while in the hospital, supported herself by sewing. Though she had never been taught at home, being only a girl, in the hospital she soon learned to read, and after some weeks, she had read the whole of the Catechism, and a good part of St. John's Gospel, and could sing several hymns.

She became a bright Christian, and was always happy when she had a chance to tell the other girls and women in the hospital about her Saviour.

When the New Year season came, she went