

naturally comes first in the child's education in giving.

Very early, also, he can be taught to share his pleasures and his toys with others. Perhaps in no way does a child better learn the joy of giving, than by being allowed to share in mother's plans for remembering others at birthday, or Christmas seasons.

Next comes the training in sympathy with whatever trouble he can comprehend, the implanting in him the desire to do something to help others in distress, even if prayer be the only service he can render. If some little playmate has been left motherless; suggest that such an one be specially remembered in the bed-time prayer. And how easily may the child be made to realize that other little ones, too, are motherless; and so his sympathies become world-wide.

Again, in teaching the value and use of money, the child can be trained to form habits of giving,—not impulsive giving: that too often ends in repenting of the gift, but a systematic giving that will be a joy throughout life. Dr. Farbush says:

"One of the preliminaries to unselfish giving of life and substance, is the virtue of self-denial. This has a physical basis. It may seem strange to yoke such prosaic things as the morning cold bath, a simple diet and camping out, with missionary education, but we shall not have royal givers, unless we have men of royally simple lives, men who know how to do without. But thankfulness, rather than sacrifice, is the motive to be used in giving."

By acquainting the child with God, and training him to express his thanks to God, through the giving of his sympathy, his means and his time to those in need, we have, in large measure, prepared him to give to the Master the best he has to offer, and the most acceptable gift,—himself.

Princetown, Trinidad

#### Who Was the Young Man?

Far away, in an Eastern country, there once lived a tall, handsome young man, whose father owned a large farm. They had no fences around their fields in those days, and

once, when the servants were not watching, a herd of asses wandered away. So the farmer sent this handsome son, with a servant, to find the asses.

They journeyed a long, long way without finding them; and at last they came to a city, where a great and wise prophet was staying. The servant said to his young master, "Let us go and ask the prophet where the asses are."

So they went, and the prophet told them. But he also took the young man away by himself, and whispered to him a wonderful piece of news. He said, "You will be king some day." Then he poured some sweet-smelling oil upon the young man's head, as they used to do to kings, and blessed him.

The young man went home, and before long the wonderful thing came true, for he was crowned king over his own country. *Who was the young man?*

#### What God Made Thumbs For

By Esther Miller

He was sitting on his mother's knee, in the sunny bay window, his eyes shining, his tongue fairly tripping, in its anxiety to tell it all. For he had just returned from his first day at Sunday School, and such wonderful things as he had seen and heard there!

As she listened, the mother was experiencing just a small ache at her heart. She was realizing that already her boy had gone beyond the circle of his mother's arms for his training. The Sunday School teacher was coming to share her place.

"And what was the Lesson about?" she asked.

"'Bout Dod. Dod made evel'ing. An' He—made dem awful nice."

The mother smiled. The teacher had instructed the little lad well. The Golden Text, "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good", had not been quoted word for word; but its substance was there. Once more came the pang of mother jealousy.

"Dod made everyfing", he went on. "He made muvver, an' daddy, an' tousin May, an' Fido, an' Pussy, an' de twees, an'