

the right way, these may be beneficial. The child will as readily respond to the Old Testament stories, and to those about Jesus in the Gospels,—revelations of God Himself which can never be outgrown.

The little questioners afford us endless opportunities to lead their souls Godward; and how quickly they respond to teaching. A child is nothing, if not literal. What mother but can recall proofs of this from the prayers said at her knee, which would oftentimes be ludicrous, were they not so genuine in spirit? Here the child reveals his conception of God, his assimilation of truth and the measure of his communion with God. We may not expect, however, to take, to a degree, a child's spiritual temperature. Even at an early age, some children cannot give utterance to their deepest feelings before another. One little lad of seven, when asked at the close of his prayer, if he did not wish to ask God's forgiveness for a certain offence, said, "I did ask Him, mama, but not out loud".

After noting the effect of music, quieting and uplifting, upon children, their involuntary spiritual response to the sentiment of a hymn, in singing, one can but agree with Patterson Du Bois, who says, "As a direct appeal to the feelings, music has an educative power in worship, entirely apart from words".

Thus, briefly, we have sought to show that a child has within him, that which responds to God; that, when he knows their Source, his heart goes out, naturally, in adoration and worship to the Creator of all things. Acquaint the children with God, that He may reveal Himself to them. Never doubt that these little ones have fellowship with God, because you do not see in them your mature experience. Wait, watch, and nurture these feeble beginnings, laying to heart these words of Emerson's, "In my dealings with my child, as much soul as I have, avails".

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Who Was the Little Prince

Once upon a time, there lived a good little prince. His father, the king, was a very wicked man, and one day some bad men murdered him in the palace. The little

prince was only eight years old, but he became king, and a very good king, too. When he grew big, he drove away all the wicked priests who had taught the people to pray to idols. Then he sent men to cleanse the temple of God and get it ready for worship. While the men were doing this, they found a copy of God's Word lying in a corner. Now this Book said that the people of that land must be punished, because they had worshiped idols. When the king read this, he became very sad; but God promised him, that, because he had been so good, no trouble would come while he reigned. *Who was the little prince?*

The Little Truthtellers

By Esther Miller

"I saw a grea' big tager out in de garden", asserted small Hugh, as he was being put to bed. His mother looked worried. The tales Hugh invented were becoming a source of alarm to his truth-loving parents.

"But it was just a pretend tiger, wasn't it?" she suggested. He turned big, reproachful eyes upon her. "Oh, no, mama,—a weely, twooly tager. An' I shot him dead wif my gun, an' den I cut him up—an' den I et him—an' den—"

His mother interrupted. There was no limit to the proportions the story might take on. "Never mind it to-night, darling. It's time little boys were by-by."

When he was off into dreamland, probably killing more tigers, she went downstairs. Eight-year-old Elsie was working at the table. "Lessons not done yet, little daughter?" asked her mother.

"Why, no, mama, I've only got two sums done. They're so awfully long!"

"But you've been sittin' here two hours dear."

Elsie's curly head bent lower over her task and she chanted solemnly, "Four and five are nine, and three are twelve, and six are—"

Her mother passed into the sitting room where grandmama sat reading, and the little voice instantly ceased.

"I'm so troubled about Hughie", sighed the mother, taking up her darning basket. "I'm afraid he isn't truthful!"