

Joshua made leader in his stead; and we cross with the children of Israel the river Jordan, and watch them marching around and around the walls of Jericho till God caused the walls to fall and the people to be victorious.

We see God making known the sin of Achan, and we know God loves His people so much that he wants them to be

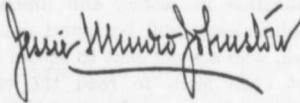
A **P**URE
PERFECT
PEOPLE

This is why He sent Jesus to the world.

We shall again hear the ringing of the Christmas bells and the glad songs of the angels—"Unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

Let us take this dear Saviour as our Saviour. Let us make room in our hearts for Him. Let us give Him the gift for which He is longing—OURSELVES.

Your friend,



Dottikin's Prayer

Dottikin used to run away into the bedroom every few minutes and keep very still there.

"What does she do?" asked mamma.

"She hides her head in the bedclothes, but I don't know what for," reported sister.

"What were you doing in the bedroom?" mamma asked the three-year-old again and again; but Dottikin only answered shyly, "Nuffin."

One day auntie lay on the bed when Dottikin came in. She did not move or stir, and the little girl did not realize that she was there. She hid her chubby face in the quilt as usual and began to whisper. And auntie could hear that it was a prayer.

"Dear Jesus," prayed Dottikin, "please keep this house from burning up." Then she ran back to her play. But in half an hour she came back and said her little prayer again.

"The blessed baby!" said grandma, when she heard it. "Who knows what dangers

she has kept away from us by her prayers?"
—Mayflower

Bedtime Thoughts

I wonder—does the world grow tired
With rolling round all day,
And want to rest a bit when night
Slips softly down this way,
And all the little twinkling stars
Come crowding out to play?

To-night a baby moon looked in,
Just past my window's rim;
I wonder—when the moon grows old,
So very old and dim,
Does God just blow it out, or call
It up, to shine for Him?

When once I shut my eyes, I'm off
To dreams before I know,
And then such lovely things I see
As day can never show;
I wonder—when I go to sleep,
Where do I really go?

—Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald

Learning to See

"I saw a blind man to-day going about begging. I'm glad I'm not blind. Aren't you, Uncle Jesse?"

"How do you know you are not blind?" asked his uncle.

"'Cause I can see," replied Willie, laughing.

"Are you sure?"

"'Deed I am," was the confident answer.

"I am certainly glad to hear it, for most people are a little blind."

"Most people? Why, I have seen only a few."

"There are different kinds of blindness. One boy cannot see the use of going to school and learning; another boy cannot see why he must obey his father and mother; another cannot see that it is very wrong to lie and steal. And there are many who are blind to other things."

"I didn't mean that kind of blindness."

"That is the very worst sort. There are many people whose sight has been taken away, who have learned to see themselves as sinners and have come to Jesus for forgive-