

baby mind and who can tell whereto it led?

Given enough of these impressions, a child would grow morose, sullen or violent in temper according to his disposition; but, it may be hoped, most little children have more of the other kind. If only they could have *all* of the good kind, how different life would be for most of us.

It is the duty and privilege of parents and others having charge of young children, to create as far as possible such surroundings (atmosphere expresses it better) as will cause right impressions and influence right feeling.

If the atmosphere is wrong, one might talk from morning to night about God's loving care for the child without making much impression. If, first, *that* is right, with a little child one might almost say it is easy to cause him to know and love God. He cannot help it, if his attention is drawn to the bright, pretty, satisfying and comforting things around him and they are spoken of as God's provision for the child's pleasure and welfare. For example, God made the sun to warm baby, the moon to shine on baby, the flowers for baby to smell, the milk for baby to drink, mother to cuddle him, and so forth.

It is perfectly natural for little children to love and trust until the love is violated and the trust betrayed; and were it not for the inconsistency of many of the older people who profess to know and love God, it might be said of more children as of old it was said of one, "The child Samuel grew before the Lord," and again, "Samuel grew and the Lord was with him."

A Sunday Game

By Mrs. Marian Cruikshank

A text is chosen, and is written out and given to each child. The object of the game is to make from the letters found in the text as many Bible names as possible. We played it once with Isaiah 58:13 and 14, and were surprised to find before we were through, some of the players had memorized the verses perfectly, and all could give the sense of the quotation, though not quoting with absolute correctness.

But we usually took a shorter text, changing to another when names seemed exhausted;

it was easier, for the same name might be found in each text and the children did not so soon tire of their task.

If one were supplied with quantities of the cut-out letters, it might be better to let the children find the letters for the text themselves and then form them into names.

St. John, N.B.

God is Love

"God is love," the snowflakes whisper,
As they linger in the air;
"God is love," the breezes murmur,
As they meet us ev'rywhere.

Little stars that shine in heaven,
As they twinkle far above,
Peeping, smiling at each other,
Whisper gently, "God is love."

"God is love," the little birdies,
In the treetops overhead,
Seem to say with their sweet voices—
Praising Him, by whom they're fed.

Little children, too, can praise Him,
As they carol, "God is love;"
Trusting very soon to see Him,
In the land of life above.

—Harry Lee

The Party for Marjory

"Another tumbler broke itself to-day," Clara announced cheerfully. "O Clara," Mrs. Fields cried, reproachfully, "that's the third in two weeks!" "Yes'm. And the handle came off the teapot this noon."

Mrs. Fields dropped into a chair. Tumblers broke easily, she knew, but the teapot! And she had been trying so hard to save three dollars to give Marjory a little party on her birthday! Marjory had never had a party of any sort in all her eight years.

"How many tumblers are there left? Five?" she asked. "No'm, they's only four," Clara responded, with unimpaired good humor.

Mrs. Fields made a little gesture of despair. They might have got through the month with five, but they could not do so with four, as Jack's mother and her own sisters might drop in at any meal.