STORY-TELLING

FOR

UPPER GRADE TEACHERS

CROSS AND STATLER

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UPPER GRADE TEACHERS

BY

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PREFACE

This book has been planned with a view to extending the usefulness of the oral story to groups of young people somewhat older than those usually appealed to by the collections which have been issued by earlier authors and compilers. We are convinced also that there are many teachers who need to be instructed in matters pertaining to: How to tell stories, What stories to tell, Stories appropriate to certain seasons and occasions, Stories suitable to Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls, etc. In short, there seemed to be still ground enough left untouched by the books already in the field to warrant the making of another volume. The book will be found to contain a few well known stories, but in the main the illustrative material and stories for telling will be welcomed because they are fresh and unhackneyed.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In addition to a few friends who have given us valuable suggestions and advice, and whom we have thanked personally, we feel under deep obligation to the authors and publishers whose generosity has made it possible for us to include in this volume a wealth of stories suitable for oral telling. We wish to express our gratitude for these courtesies to the following: Walter Taylor Field, Ida M. Moffat, Amy Steedman, Catherine Turner Bryce, Lyon Sharman, Richard T. Wyche, Walter A. Dyer, and Henry van Dyke; and to the *Storytellers' Magazine,* Rand, McNally & Co., Henry Holt & Co., P. F. Collier and Son, Perry Mason & Co., Paul Elder and Company, Houghton Mifflin Co., Milton Bradley & Co., and Charles Scribners' Sons.

A. C.
N. M. S.

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CHAPTER I

THE LIMITS OF INTEREST IN ORAL STORIES

Stories for little children. Oral story-telling is naturally associated with little children. When you think of the story hour, your mind pictures a mother telling a story to a four-year-old child, a big brother or big sister telling stories between the evening meal and bedtime to brothers or sisters not yet old enough to be going to school. Or if one speaks of story-telling in the schools, the image called up is of a teacher entertaining a kindergarten or primary school with stories of "The Gingerbread Boy" or "The Old Woman and Her Pig." The oral story has, indeed, a very large place in the education of little children. Without doubt it furnishes the chief means of using the imaginations of children in the direction of a wider mental horizon, and fills a larger place in the day's program in the primary school than in any other year or grade in a child's school life.

Mothers and primary teachers have never needed to be shown that stories provide a very attractive means for educating little children; at least, we may assume that this has been recognized from the time when it became a teaching virtue to have a child happy while he was being educated. Perhaps, if one should look into the matter

very closely, one might find the skeleton of a story (rather dry bones, however) even in the New England Primer.

Zaccheus he
Did climb a tree
His Lord to see,

may not be a very engrossing narrative, but it is narrative of a kind and goes to prove that in seeking to interest children while teaching them, the makers of that now funny little old book were almost human in their instincts about education, although admittedly not so in their convictions.

But oral story-telling is not for the primary child alone. The use of stories for little children is in such general practice, and the collections of good stories for the very young are so numerous and so well selected and edited that it seems unnecessary here to elaborate upon the technic of story-telling in elementary grades or upon the value of different types of stories for these groups of children.

Stories for intermediate and upper grades. Teachers have assumed that the oral story was to be used only to supply the wants of children too young to read for themselves. The theory has been that it was in every way desirable for a boy or girl to get his stories for himself as soon as he had sufficiently mastered the art of reading to pick his painful way through the stories in his reader. This is excellent in both theory and practice, but it is

not all that is desirable. Most progressive teachers now agree that there is a place for the oral story in any school grade, no matter how proficient the pupils may be in silent or oral reading. What can the related story give to the pupil beyond what he gets out of it through the process of reading? What kinds of stories appeal to children in the intermediate and upper grades? What are the sources of interest which one may depend upon in selecting stories for the advanced pupils in the elementary schools?

Anyone who has made the trial knows that the told story will interest older children just as much as it does the primary group. The story-teller may find when she makes her first effort to initiate an eighth grade into the wonderland of the oral story that the pupils themselves have a tendency to relegate stories to the lower grades, and to view all the imagination of the story world with scepticism, either suppressed or openly exhibited. There is no reason, however, why this attitude should persist. If suitable stories are selected and then told effectively, these children soon become as interested and attentive as any group of little children who are listening for the first time to the story of Cinderella or Sleeping Beauty.

The appeal of the oral story. The most obvious gain of the oral story over the story read by the pupil is the release of the recipient of the story from the mechanical effort necessary to get the story for himself. Not having to do the reading, he can focus his attention upon the content of the story alone. Consequently, the

story appears to him to be a more vital thing. The teacher's voice gives vitality to the words. The story grows in dramatic and emotional appeal. Last of all, and in this case the last point seems the most important, the teller of the story seems to be creating the story as she speaks. She has not memorized what she tells. She attempts to reproduce the incidents of the original written story and to preserve its emotional qualities, its tone and spirit, but the words are her own except where she unconsciously falls into the diction of the author. Thus she appears to be not a reader, second-hand, of what someone else has written, but a creator — "a maker of literature." In these ways, then, the told story gains interest through the ease with which it comes to the hearer, the emotional heightening it acquires on account of the dramatic handling, and the vitality which the apparent spontaneous invention of the teller gives to it.

Stories with an ethical purpose. Stories which set forth the triumph of Truth and Justice appeal to children of the upper school grades. Consider such a story as "The Prominent Man," one of the stories from Laura E. Richards' Fables for Old and Young called "The Golden Windows." The ethical element set forth in this story will make just as strong an impression upon the mind of an eighth grade boy as the narrative effect of "The Pig Brother" in the same collection makes upon the younger child.

The youth has had an experience with the world large enough to convince him that there are two distinct powers

or instincts within him, each contending for the mastery of his life — one, the spirit of good, and the other, of evil. And so, while the older child knows as a matter of fact that a golden statue cannot speak, he is capable of realizing the larger truth in such a story as Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince." He understands the experience of the statue first as a happy youth bounded by garden walls, and then as a statue on the public square, where all the misery of the world passes before his sapphire eyes. The little sparrow that acts as the messenger gives the listener a pleasing picture of the Nile, and his unselfish devotion, which finally causes his death, makes possible the fulfillment of the desires of the golden statue. The bird itself portrays a type of unselfishness and cheerfulness. Another story with a similar theme is Tolstoy's "Where Love Is, There God Is Also." In this case the purpose of the story is to show that the best way to serve God is to serve mankind. The scene is quite different from that of "The Happy Prince." While the one is idealistic and imaginative in its setting, and the other is modern and realistic, both will be found interesting to adolescent boys and girls. Now and then you may find a very matter-of-fact youth who will want to know whether Martin really heard the voice of the Master. Answer him with another question. Have you never heard a voice as of a power above and beyond you, approving you for some good action you have done?

The most common means used by Jesus to carry an ethical, moral, or social lesson was the parable. This form

of story is still very effective with both children and adults for this purpose. How easy it is to hold in mind a fact or a lesson if it has been presented to us at first in an interesting setting. Not only do lessons which come in the form of a story or parable make a pleasing appeal, but the impression is deeper and, therefore, more permanent than if the precept had come in the didactic form.

History in oral story. The possibility of emphasizing the facts of history by means of story-telling should not be forgotten. Perhaps the upper grade student is working through European geography. The geography and history of the Rhine provinces are inseparable. Can you think of any better device for fixing the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War and the transfer of Alsace-Lorraine from France to the German Empire than Sara Cone Bryant's adaptation of Alphonse Daudet's "The Last Lesson?" The child who knows that story can never forget that Alsace-Lorraine has been German, politically, since 1870, but that the people are French. And if the story-teller is not afraid to teach an obvious political fact, here is an opportunity to teach the very foundation of patriotism. Unless a people consent to be governed, an imposed sovereignty is profitless to the governing power. It is futile, for it is without love or inward loyalty.

Stories to illustrate truths of science. Isaac Newton and the Apple, James Watt and the Giant under the Teakettle Lid, and similar stories will suggest to the resourceful teacher the possibilities of oral stories in the

teaching of scientific facts to intermediate and upper grade children.

Humorous stories for entertainment alone. Children in the primary grades do not see the point in a joke unless it is an obvious one; but in the higher grades stories whose main interest is humor may be used frequently for the mere fun of it. If a teacher has a sense of humor and can tell a story with a humorous turn, her popularity and ultimate success with her pupils is assured. What child has not laughed over the adventures of Brer Rabbit and the other creatures, as these have been detailed to the little boy by wise old Uncle Remus? Humor, like beauty, is its own excuse for being, but stories like these have a meaning, a philosophy, in addition to a wholesome humor, and this makes the stories so much the more worth while. When Brer Rabbit is down in the well fishin' for suckers, in more senses than one, he passes the fox on his way up out of the well and calls out to him,

> "Good bye, Brer Fox, take keer yo cloze,
> This is the way the ol' worl' goes:
> Some goes up and some goes down,
> You'll git ter de bottom all safe en soun'."

Children will laugh over the rhyme, and it may well be also that they see the truth of Brer Rabbit's philosophy. Selections from Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" may be used also as an addition to

the group of humorous stories. Nor are Mark Twain and Joel Chandler Harris the only possibilities. Piggy Pennington's escapades in love and war and the pursuits of peace are an unfailing source of humor that appeals to older boys and girls as well as to adults. Stories of this kind are unusually good because the fun is shared by both the hearers and the teller as she adds her personality and her interpretation to the printed story in the telling.

Creating an interest in an author. A wisely chosen selection from the work of a standard author, such as Dickens, or Thackeray, or Stevenson, may be an incentive to the student to become interested in other work of the author. There are many incidents in "David Copperfield," for example, which might be used as story units. Recently a seventh grade boy, after having heard a story from "Treasure Island," took the novel and read it two or three times. He then dramatized it, choosing the characters, planning the scenes, and writing the dialog. Finally he induced a group of his schoolmates to take the parts. All this was done outside of school, but an appreciative teacher learned of it and had him give a public performance before the school. This was a crude play, no doubt, but it served to interest all who took part in it in Robert Louis Stevenson. And all this started with an oral story from "Treasure Island." Under judicious direction from a wise teacher, what better exercise in motivated oral and written composition would you have?

Stories and seasonal atmosphere. When the Thanksgiving, Christmas, or Easter time comes, you are not con-

tent to pass them by with a program on a set day. Such an exercise is detached. It cannot mean much. The tone of the season can be induced by the telling of Christmas stories for several days before the actual celebration of the day. And so it is with the other days. You may combine your stories, your music, and your pictures in such a way as to create an atmosphere in keeping with the particular holiday. Is it the Easter season? Van Dyke's " A Handful of Clay " gives, without sermonizing, the hope of a transmutation into a continued life. A resourceful teacher who has any command at all of the literature suited to her children will not be at a loss to find stories appropriate to any of the significant days of the school year, patriotic, historic, or religious.

Stories outside the schoolroom. The school is not the only place suited to story-telling. Wherever young people come together, either for amusement or for some more serious purpose, stories may be told. Story hours are growing in popularity in city libraries, in playground activities, in Boy Scout and Campfire Girls' organizations. Even the department stores find it commercially advantageous to entertain the children while the mothers are shopping. The psychology of business seems to say that a contented mother who knows that her children are being happily entertained carries a purse with a looser string than one who goes about with three or four fretful children in her wake. In Sunday schools more and more emphasis is being placed upon oral narrative as a means of teaching the Bible lesson. The spirit of the narrative is considered

more important than the word; and so the stories are presented in the language of the child, the beauty of the scriptural language being preserved wherever possible.

The story-hour at home. The ideal place for story-telling is the home; and fortunate indeed are the children who have heard the classic fairy tales, the wonder stories, Bible stories, and all other tales dear to the child heart, told around their own firesides by their fathers and mothers. But there are too many homes, it must be regretfully admitted, where there is no time, no knowledge, no inclination to make possible the intimate children's hour; and so it is necessary still to make the school the chief agent for entertaining and instructing children through the medium of the oral narrative.

The Jew's Tale *

When Abdallah, the Bedouin youth, was a baby, as he lay cradled with the son of the Egyptian merchant, a dervish was called in to read the horoscope of the Egyptian's son. As the astrologer was passing out, Halima, Abdallah's mother, asked concerning the future of her son and expressed the wish that he might be honest and happy here on earth.

"Honest and happy!" said the dervish with a strange laugh; "and you ask this of me! Good woman, it is the four-leaved clover that you want. Since Adam's time no

* Reprinted from "The Quest of the Four Leaf Clover," by permission Walter Taylor Field and Ginn & Co. Copyrighted.

one has seen it. Let your son seek for it, and when he shall have found it, you may be sure he will lack nothing.''

When Abdallah grew older, his mother told him of the strange saying of the dervish. Abdallah pondered upon the mystery of the four-leaved clover, and every stranger who came upon his path he questioned concerning the meaning. Hafiz, the uncle of the lad, saw only the hand of the Evil One in the words of the dervish and urged his nephew to think no more upon it. But Abdallah was not to be satisfied in this manner.

One day an old Jew entered the door asking for food. After he had been fed and cared for, Abdallah listened with interest as the old man told of his travels, for he had been everywhere. Abdallah resolved to ask him the question which was always uppermost in his mind.

'' My father,'' asked the young Bedouin, trembling with eagerness, '' has your learning taught you of a mystic leaf which gives to him who possesses it wisdom and happiness? ''

'' Surely,'' replied the old man, smiling; '' it is mentioned in the Zohar, among other marvels.''

'' It is the four-leaved clover, is it not? ''

'' Perhaps,'' said the Jew, with a frown; '' but where did you hear this name? ''

When Abdallah had finished his story, the old man looked at him tenderly. '' My son,'' said he, '' the poor often repay hospitality better than the rich, for it is God who pays their debts. The secret which you seek I discovered long ago in Persia. If God has guided my steps to your

tent, it is doubtless because he has chosen me to bring you the truth. Listen, then, and write on your heart what I shall tell you."

Hafiz and Abdallah drew close to the old man, who, in a low, mysterious voice told them this legend:

"When our first parent, Adam, was driven out of paradise, he was allowed to take with him into the world the date palm for his food, and the camel, made of the same clay as himself, for his helper."

"That is true," said Hafiz. "The camel is made for us, and we for the camel."

"When the flaming sword drove before it those first sinful ones, Adam cast backward a look of despair at the home which he was forced to leave, and as a parting souvenir he plucked a branch of myrtle. The angel permitted it, for he remembered that at God's command he had once done homage to the man whom, now, he pitied."

"True," said Hafiz, "it was the same branch that Hobab gave, long afterwards, to his son-in-law, Moses; it was the staff with which the prophet kept his flocks, and with which, later, he performed the miracles in Egypt."

"Eve, also," said the old man, "paused, in tears, before those flowers and trees which she should never see again, but the sword was pitiless, and she was obliged to flee. Just as she went out, she snatched one of the blessed herbs that grew in paradise. The angel shut his eyes, as he had done with Adam. What was this herb? Eve did not know. She had seized it in her flight and had it shut tight in her hand. She would have been wise to have

kept it so, but her curiosity was stronger than her prudence, and as she crossed the threshold she opened her hand to look at it. The plant was the brightest of all the herbs of paradise. It was the four-leaved clover. One of the leaves was red, like copper; another was white, like silver; a third was yellow as gold; while the fourth glittered like a diamond. Eve stopped to look at her treasure, but the flame touched her. She started; her hand trembled; the diamond leaf fell inside the gate; and the other three, driven by the wind, were scattered abroad. Where they fell God only knows!"

"What!" cried Abdallah, "have they never since been seen?"

"I think not," said the Jew, "and it is possible that this story is only an allegory which covers some deep truth."

"No, no," said Abdallah, "that cannot be. Try to remember. Perhaps you can find some new clew. I must have this plant, cost what it may. I long for it, and with God's help I will have it."

The old man hid his face in his hands and for a long time remained wrapped in thought. Abdallah scarcely dared to breathe, for fear of disturbing him.

"I have thought long and closely," he said at length, "and I can remember nothing more. Perhaps my book will tell me something." So saying, he drew from his girdle a yellow manuscript with a greasy black cover. He turned the leaves slowly, one by one, examining a number of geometric figures, squares, concentric circles, numerals

and alphabets, some of which began with aleph, while others began with tau. "There is," said he, "a bit of verse which is often repeated in the Sudan. It may interest you, but I do not know whether or not it refers to the legend I have told you:

"There's an herb of mystic power;
But 'tis not to mortals given
To behold it, leaf or flower.
Seek it not; it blooms in heaven!

Patience! patience!" he added, noticing Abdallah's excitement. "The words have more than one meaning. The ignorant seek for truth upon the surface, but the wise follow it to the depths and capture it, thanks to God! Do you not know what one of our great teachers, the rabbi Halaphta, son of Dozzi, says?

"Seek not for heaven in yon far azure skies
Where pales the moon, where glows the burning sun,
For heaven is in the reach of every one,
And a pure heart, my child, is paradise.

Yes," he continued, lifting his voice, "I see a light. If God brought us together, it was doubtless because he wished to grant your wish, but beware of anticipating his will by vain curiosity. Obey his law; follow his commandments; make a heaven in your soul; perhaps some day when you least expect it you will find the prize which you

desire. This, at least, is all that my knowledge can tell you.''

'' Well said, old man!'' cried Hafiz. Then putting his hand on Abdallah's shoulder, he added: '' God is the master of the hour. Be obedient and wait.''

How Abdallah toiled unceasing, of the wonderful gifts which he gave to his people, and how he found first the copper leaf, then the silver leaf, the gold leaf, and finally how, at the very threshhold of Paradise, the diamond leaf became his own, is another story.

—*Walter Taylor Field.*

The Legend of the Yucca Plant *

A dusky Indian maiden named Ocalenta dwelt on the treeless plains of the far West with her father, Owinkapum, who was the chief of the tribe and the most important man of the village. Ocalenta grew into a slender, graceful girl, roaming over the prairies and basking in the sunlit air until she grew to womanhood.

In an Indian village a few miles away lived another chief, Wampumita, and his son, Unakola, who were very hostile to her father's tribe.

The maiden and the youth met, and then she knew a woman's grief, for she loved Unakola.

She often stole forth at eventide with noiseless footsteps to meet her bronzed brave. Her father followed her path one gloomy evening, and when he found her with the

* Reprinted from the *Storytellers' Magazine*, July, 1914.

son of his enemy, his heart was fierce with rage. He made her go home, and thus he spoke:

"Thou shalt never go to the wigwam of thy lover as his wife. I would sooner send the poisoned arrow to thy heart. Yet, I will give you one condition difficult to accomplish. It is this. You may dwell within his lodge door as his wife if you will weave and shape and fashion from the skin of wolf and bear twenty robes, trimmed with beads of many colors, no leather thongs, barbed hedgehog quills, or berries to be entwined. These must be done ere seven moons gleam on my wigwam."

Poor Ocalenta was defiant at her doom, and very much disheartened. She wandered forth in the gloom of evenings to ponder on what she should do. She knelt down in the twilight among the yuccas to tell them her sorrow. She heard a voice from the "happy hunting ground" say: "Courage, courage, Ocalenta, for in seven moons thou mayest make from bear skins, twenty robes, and weave the beads of many colors, and plait and twist and shape them by plucking from the yucca when night is darkest, the silver thread and sharp needles, working hardest after the night is sped."

She shed many bitter tears as she plied her art and wrought with all her might from the early morning until dewy evening to accomplish her task. Night after night found her at the yucca patch plucking the needles and stripping the threads from the plants, and day by day she wove and fashioned the garments until the seven moons

had speedily passed away. When she had completed her work she laid the garments at the chief's door.

With light heart and happy footsteps she fled to the yucca plants and thus she spoke: "Lo, they are finished, and before the braves assemble 'round the council fire at sunrise, I come to give the yucca my thanks for the needles and the thread."

Amid the sword-like leafage were spikes of lily-shaped blossoms, creamy and waxen, drooping downward from the stalk. These were the maiden's tears that she had shed upon the plants in the dreary hours of the night, now blossoming into these beautiful flowers.

After her blessings upon the yucca she had hastened with airy footsteps to spread before the astonished council the robes of skin and beads. Entangled in each stitch was a prayer to the Great Spirit that these would appease the father's wrath.

When Chief Owinkapum found the robes at his lodge door he plotted his revenge, for he sent a messenger to Unakola's tent and asked for a hearing. He came, unsuspecting of evil, and was stricken down by the chief's orders, within the tent door. The chief then went to the council as though nothing unusual had occurred. The other braves knew nothing of the tragedy and were surprised to see the twenty beautiful robes spread out before them by the Indian princess.

Ocalenta left them with a gay heart and stepped into the tent of her father. Then her cheek blanched and her

heart-throbs stifled her speech for a brief time, when she saw Unakola lying dead upon the floor, stricken by her father's orders. When her speech returned, she uttered the cry, " Unakola! Unakola! " and fled from the lodge into the wilderness where no human footsteps might tread. All reason was gone with the wild frenzy that checked feeling, hearing, and sight, so great was her grief. She threw herself upon the burning sands to perish.

They missed her and started out to search for her. Days passed, but finally they found her, lifeless and wan upon the sands of the plain.

Her father's heart was melted, and he had her brought back to his tent, and from his wigwam they carried her body and laid it beneath the yucca blossoms in the early, dewy morn.

All over the plains of our vast West are the " needle and thread " plant of the Indian girl, with their creamy tear blossoms.

—*Ida M. Moffat.*

The Monk and the Bird *

There was an old monk who had led a holy life, doing good all his days. And one reason why he had done good was because he lived much with God.

Early in the morning, before others had risen, he was on his knees praying to the Father of all, giving thanks

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for all his mercies, and asking for grace to lead a holy life that day. And late at night, when others slept, he lingered long on his knees, talking with God as with his dearest friend.

Not only did this monk pray in the chapel and by the side of his narrow bed, but as he walked about doing good deeds his lips moved, and he scarcely saw anyone else, for he was praying in silence.

So when he was an old, old man, he was one day in the garden of the monastery. He was too old and feeble now to go away amongst the poor and sick; but the poor and sick, young and old, were glad they could come to him and receive his blessing.

It was a lovely morning hour in early summer, and the garden was sweet with the odor of roses. The old monk had been helped out to a garden bench, and there left. When he was alone he sank upon his knees by the bench, and lifted his peaceful soul in prayer and praise.

As he prayed, there came a sweet, pure note to his ear. He knew it for the voice of one of God's happy creatures; and as he prayed, he listened with a smile to this bird singing in one of the rose trees in the garden.

The note so filled his soul that he rose from his knees to listen to the song. He rested his hands on his stout stick and listened. Then he drew near the rose tree from which the song came.

As he drew near, the little bird continued singing and then fled to a grove farther away, and again began calling with its sweet note. The old monk, forgetting everything

else, eagerly pressed forward. It was as if he heard some bird of God.

Oh, rapture! he neared the bird again and heard the pure notes sounding clearer and clearer. Once more the bird filled his soul, and he listened, listened. Then away flew the bird, and led him by its song to a farther grove. Still the old man pressed on.

Thus hour by hour the heavenly bird sang, and hour by hour the old monk listened intent. But at last the bird's song grew gentler, until it ceased altogether. The day was nearing its close.

Then the happy old man set his face westward, and made his way back toward the monastery, carrying the memory of the song which mingled with his prayer, so that he scarce knew whether he was praying or listening to the music.

It was nightfall when he found himself once again within the garden; in the evening light he looked about him at the old scene. There was the convent, there was the garden, and yet nothing looked quite as when he had left the place.

As he stood wondering, a brother monk drew near. He wore the familiar dress; yet his face seemed strange. Well as our old monk knew all the brethren, this newcomer he could not remember ever to have seen. But he must needs speak to him, and he asked: "What has happened? Why is it that everything looks so changed since morning? What has taken place? But perhaps you have only just come. Is Brother Andrew within?"

The monk looked at him as he spoke, and he wondered as he looked. "Why," said he, "there has been no change here to-day, no, nor for many years. I have myself been here ten years come Michaelmas. There is no Brother Andrew amongst us. But thou? pray, who art thou? and whence camest thou? What is thy name, good brother?"

The old monk, much wondering, told his name, and said further: "It was only this morning, early this morning, that I left the garden, for I heard the song of a bird; and it was like a song let down from heaven to draw me up."

Now when the younger monk heard the name, he fell on his knees, and took the robe of the other in his hand, and bowed over it. Then he told him how it was written in the books of the monastery that a holy man of that name had strangely disappeared out of their sight two hundred years ago.

"And it was written," he said, "that like as the Lord God buried his servant Moses, and no man knew where he was buried, so did he hide from our sight this holy brother."

At that, a smile spread over the face of the old monk, and he lifted up his voice and said, "My hour of death is come. Blessed be the name of the Lord for all his mercies to me," and so he breathed out his spirit.

Then all the monks in the monastery were called to witness this strange sight; and the young monk who had held converse with the old man turned to his brethren and said:

"God be merciful to me a sinner! When this old man drew near to me, I was thinking to myself, how can I bear

the thought of an eternity of happiness? Shall I not weary of endless peace? but lo! our brother heard a bird of God for but a single day, as he thought, and it was two hundred years. Surely a thousand years in his sight are but as yesterday, and as a day that is past.''

—*Horace Scudder.*

CHAPTER II

HOW TO ARRANGE AND TELL STORIES

Reading, reciting, or telling. A story effectively told has a number of advantages over a story read or even recited from memory. The oral story becomes free from the bondage of print. No matter how closely the story-teller follows the arrangement of the original author or with what fidelity he reproduces the spirit of the original, he is, so far as appearances go, the creator of the tale. A reader is obliged to keep his eyes upon the text for a large enough part of the time to dispel all the illusion of spontaneous creation. The nearest thing to the told story in its effects is the memorized tale.

One who reads or recites becomes the mouthpiece of the writer. Her business is to " get across " to her audience the impressions which the writer has put upon paper. The oral teller uses what is written merely as the foundation for her narrative. In conjunction with the author she, too, is a creator. The children, with eyes upon the teller's face, observe the changes of expression as the narrative advances. They see the light in her eyes. She knows already what the end will be. They believe that it will have an element of the unexpected in it, and that

whatever it is, it will be interesting to them. Their experience with her gives them that confidence. They have learned to watch the changes in her face and the look in her eyes, and to read these known signs and predict the outcome.

Then, although they know that in most cases what she is telling has its foundation in some printed book, they soon forget the book and accept unconsciously the teller as the creator of the story. Perhaps these pictures which she is giving them are purely imaginative; or more fascinating still, it may be that the stories are true — a part of the teacher's personal experiences. This attitude toward the story-teller is possible at the height of interest in skillful work. It is made possible to the story-teller by living with the story till it is her very own.

The told story is, then, much more intimate than the narrative read or recited. The child comes to feel that there is no barrier between him and the teller — that there is no book between the narrator and the hearer. There is none of the slavery to word or phrase which so often mars recited tales. A word is dropped, or the exact phrasing is forgotten, and the narrator stumbles and halts in confusion. The glamor vanishes, and the effect of the story upon the imagination of the children fades away. The story-teller, at ease in her situation, acquainted with the plot and characters, is free from the letter, the word, the phrase, and so need never be embarrassed by the loss of a single word. She can substitute other ways of saying the thing, and so keep up the illusion of her narration and

indulge without a break the full and steady stream of the imagination of her pupils.

If it were not for one or two important considerations, perhaps the most effective means of getting a story from the author to the hearer would be by memorizing and reciting. The lesser of these considerations is that the recitation is more or less mechanical unless the reader is very much more skillful in dramatic art than most teachers are. The more important fact is that only a very limited number of stories can be memorized. This needs no elaboration. Everyone who has tried it knows what a labor it is to memorize word for word a long story, be it ever so interesting or dramatic. Teachers do not have time for much work of that kind. A successful teacher who makes use of story-telling in proportion to its importance must have a stock of stories running up to a hundred or more. If she depended upon memorizing stories, she could not hope to hold in a usable form more than ten or a dozen stories. When one has once acquired the technic of story-telling, it is no great task to add a new story to the stock already on hand. The teller does not need to carry in memory all the details of all the stories in her repertory; for it is easy, once a story is mastered, to freshen it up for telling. But the memorized story must be kept, word for word, or its effect is lost.

In this connection two important admissions need to be made. The first is that there are stories of a certain type that lose through narration. These are stories which produce their emotional impressions pretty largely through

the choice of words, or peculiarities of dialect, or style in the literary sense. One can easily preserve every incident in the plot and yet fail to transmit the spirit of the piece, because the spirit resided in the very phrases themselves. This is true of such a story as Ruth Sawyer's, " The Princess and the Vagabone " and some of the Uncle Remus stories. The second admission is that the mastering of the technic of story-telling is not simple or easy. Learning the art once is learning it for all time for a particular type of story — and there are only a few types, differing from each other, not in very large ways, but only in smaller details. Of course, the process of memorizing is the same for every story. By practice one gains a little in facility, but his task differs but little from story to story, if one must learn word by word.

Experimentation with incidents. The story read or memorized is a fixed quantity. The told story is plastic. If the teller finds that a section of a written narrative is too long to be interesting, she can condense that part; or if it is not essential to the plot, she can omit it altogether. She can amplify other incidents or enlarge upon the characters or the dialog or any phase of the tale her experience tells her will be made more absorbing in its interest by so doing.

A substitute for memorizing. Instead of memorizing a whole story word for word, you should come to know it so well that the spirit of it is yours. Become so imbued with the spirit that it comes to be a part of yourself — something that no one can take from you — something that

will not evaporate and vanish away with the loss of a mere word. This sort of memorizing is more a familiarizing of oneself with the author's style than actually reducing any of the story elements to memory. By reading the story over and over you unconsciously attract to yourself a diction, a phrasing that belongs to the author and the piece, that just naturally fits into the situations contained in the story.

It must be admitted, however, that one cannot neglect diction and word grouping. If an author has style, is really a literary person, his way of using words is his own and unlike that of anyone else. Uncle Remus is an extreme case, but each author has his personal peculiarities. These are significant. They give the individual flavor to the piece. Stories like the fables of Laura E. Richards or Van Dyke's "A Handful of Clay" are very dependent upon the exact word. In preparing these stories, and all others to which the word itself means so much, you need not memorize them word for word. Get into the spirit of the story by frequent reading, and, without your knowing when or how, it will become yours. Read many of Dr. Van Dyke's stories or many of those of Mrs. Richards until you come to have a feeling for their choice of words, their arrangement in phrase and sentence, until the wrong word or an unharmonious arrangement would produce a slight shock to your natural expectation, and then you have made their spirit your spirit, by recognition at least. The spirit and style are more essential than the words. If you are working with Mrs. Richards' fables, it does not matter if you

inadvertently substitute "The-Angel-who-is-aware-of-things" for "The-Angel-who-understands-things." One conveys the same feeling as the other, and you have not halted in confusion while you sought the exact word. In preparing to tell the Uncle Remus stories — the most difficult task there is for one not a native of the South — read many of the stories over and over. Read them until Uncle Remus' way of saying things seems the natural way, until you yourself begin to think the thing as Uncle Remus would say it. Then Uncle Remus may comment on Brer Bar's action and say, "Right thar is whar Brer Bar dropped his water-melon," whether the text of the story authorizes that particular remark or not.

Tell only stories you like. Stories which you do not like, stories which make no appeal to you, are not for you to tell. No matter how much others may like the story or how high it is rated, you yourself must see something in it, must like it and feel "called" to tell it. Otherwise the story will fall flat and uninteresting. You cannot expect your audience to be absorbed in your disinterested interpretations. Sham shows through in story-telling more quickly than in any other form of art. If you assume an attitude or an emotion that you do not feel, your attempt at deception will deceive nobody. Your actions and your face will betray you. Limit your repertory to stories which you find absolutely attractive. Those good stories you do not find to your liking will be attractive to some other story-teller.

Believe your tale! If in imagination you cannot see fairies, don't tell your children about them. You cannot make them see what you cannot see for yourself. Can you have a hope of showing a child the woman in the moon, the golden chariot made by the clouds at sunset, or the beautiful palace surrounded by the high walls made by the glowing embers in the grate at night, if you do not see them yourself? If your own imagination does not picture the scene and accept the incident as possible, do not attempt to tell children about the fairy god-mother who changed Cinderella's rags into a beautiful and dainty party gown, for they will never believe your tale. There are enough beautiful stories, some of which will certainly appeal to you. Then, discriminate; choose your own kind. Do not tell a story just because some one else has told it. If you do not care for it, leave it for someone else who does.

Imagined pictures. What are you giving the children when you are telling them a story? You draw for them in words a series of pictures. In order to make it possible for them to see these pictures the teller must, herself, first visualize them. But these imagined pictures are unlike the pictures which an artist paints with colors. They must be pictures made living by means of action. They must be dynamic. Sir Galahad upon his white steed must ride down to the sea and enter Solomon's ship; Cinderella's coach must change into a pumpkin at the stroke of twelve; the swan boat must stop at the shore, and Lohengrin must step forth to rescue Elsa from what seems her

cruel and ineludible fate; the child must reach down from the tree and kiss the Selfish Giant. In every situation there must be the picture and the animation that means life.

The story plan, or plot. A series of related stereopticon views are interesting to children; but how much more interesting is a series of moving pictures working out a narrative through a succession of scenes selected and arranged — scenes so ordered as to produce the culminative effect of skillfully constructed drama or short story. There must be plenty of action, but the action must be arranged so as to come to something. You must have an organized plan. First there must be an explanatory part preceding the incident that sets the story going. Call this the Setting, Background, or Preliminary Situation, and include in it an account of place, time, and characters, and their relations each to the other. Get the setting before your hearers as quickly as may be to be clear. Describe your characters clearly, but be concise, and then make your people do something, make something happen to start the train of action. Following this you must let your story advance by a series of definitely ordered steps. You must have the steps of your story well enough in mind that you will not forget the order. Nothing is so disconcerting to the listeners as not to be able to follow the chain of events in the story. If you happen to forget a step in your plot, either omit that part entirely, or if it is an essential step in the story structure, weave it into some later part of the story in such way as to supply the necessary element without breaking the continuity of the action. To say " I

forgot '' and then go back, interrupts the orderly course of the story, and the child will find it impossible to place his pictures correctly. Having related your story in a series of ordered steps — Preliminary Situation, Initial Incident, and a series of steps in an action rising in interest to a culmination — close the tale with a satisfactory conclusion, one that will give the children a feeling that the story has really been finished.

Simplicity. While dramatic action and movement are necessary to the story, these can be overdone. The emotional element can be so emphasized as to seem unreal. If either phase of narration is stressed out of proportion, the children soon discover the unreality and mentally say, "She is putting on." Be simple if you wish to seem natural. Simplicity is the keynote to effective story-telling.

Preparation. Believing is the first step in preparation. For the time, the events must seem to the story-teller so wonderful that all will be glad to hear of them. She must have this attitude toward whatever story she tells. She must regard Peter Pan's experiences as the most wonderful a child ever had. The Great Stone Face must seem so wonderful that Ernest may well be attracted to it and gaze upon those strong but gentle features until he aspires to be like his ideal of strength and goodness and gentleness. Then it will be no surprise, but a natural and accepted culmination, when the people of Ernest's village turn to him and see him as the one human being in the world who embodies the qualities reflected in the Great Stone Face.

In preparing a story for telling, the narrator will find it necessary to read it over a number of times to get the spirit and tone and to fix the mental pictures of the piece. The story may be organized by asking a series of questions of yourself after you have gone through the story with the book closed. Have I succeeded in arranging my pictures in an ordered way? Does the first picture present the elements of a clear preliminary situation? Does the next incident start the story into motion? Do the succeeding pictures present a naturally ascending series of incidents leading to the culmination which you have foreseen as the logical high point of your story? And then have you anything left to round the story out to a quieter and more convincing conclusion?

Do not be in a hurry to use your story before an audience. Live with it as long as possible. Read it over at every opportunity you have. Finally practice in telling it aloud, with or without an audience. If you are telling a story of people of a foreign land, learn as much about the customs of the people as you can. Familiarity with scenes and customs gives an intensified appearance of truth. After all this preparation there remains only one thing more to do, and that is to tell the story. Tell the particular story over and over as often as you find an interested audience. A story has not served its time and purpose when it has been heard for a single time. With its first telling it simply takes its place in the story-teller's repertory, there to be called up for use as many times as occasion can be found for it. The whole list of a story-

teller's tales is to be regarded not as if in cold storage, but upon the live list for constant use. Practice makes perfect in the story-teller's art.

Telling the story. The narrator and the audience should be close together. The teacher who stands afar off and on a high stage does not succeed in getting the response from her audience that is given to one who stands close to her hearers. She should be able to see the faces of individual listeners, into their eyes even. If one child seems interested in something other than the story, the teller can, for the time, tell the story directly to this wavering one. Not only this, but it is a great help to the story-teller to see and feel the response from her audience. Children enjoy the feeling inspired by a story-teller who gives them pictures for their enjoyment which she apparently enjoys herself, as well as the happiness that comes to her from the appreciation of her hearers. One who makes herself sympathetically remote from her audience can give them only the crumbs which she lets fall from the story banquet. She cannot give her hearers the full feast. If the group is too large for the intimate touch and sight, the next best thing is the straight-forward manner even over a greater gap of distance. Look into the faces of your audience. Make them feel that you are interested in them and have something interesting for them. The facial expression of the narrator, the light in the eyes, has a great deal to do with insuring the success of a story. The foundation principle of the whole matter, however, is a personal interest in the story you are telling and a sym-

pathetic understanding of the group of listeners who are to hear your tale of joy or wonder or humor or cleverness or whatever it may happen to be.

The Bear as a Humorist *

Not long ago, about the time a party of Americans were setting out for India to hunt the tiger, a young banker from New York came to California to hunt what he rightly considered the nobler beast.

He chartered a small steamer in San Francisco Bay and taking with him a party of friends, as well as a great-grandson of Daniel Boone, a famous hunter, for a guide, he sailed up the coast to the redwood wilderness of Humboldt. Here he camped on the bank of a small stream in a madrona thicket and began to hunt for his bear. He found his bear, an old female with young cubs. As Boone was naturally in advance when the beast was suddenly stumbled upon, he had to do the fighting; and this gave the banker from the States a chance to scramble up a small madrona. Of course he dropped his gun. They always do drop their guns by some singularly sad combination of accidents, when they start up a tree with two rows of big teeth in the rear, and it is hardly fair to expect the young bear-hunter from New York to prove an exception. Poor Boone was severely maltreated by the savage old mother grizzly in defense of her young. There was a crashing of brush and a crushing of bones, and then all was still.

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Suddenly the bear seemed to remember that there was a second party who had been in earnest search for a bear, and looking back down the trail and up in the boughs of a small tree, she saw a pair of boots. She left poor Boone senseless on the ground and went for those boots. Coming forward, she reared up under the tree and began to claw for the capitalist. He told me that she seemed to him, as she stood there, to be about fifty feet high. Then she laid hold of the tree.

Fortunately this madrona tree is of a hard and unyielding nature, and with all her strength she could neither break nor bend it. But she kept thrusting up her long nose and longer claws, laying hold first of his boots, which she pulled off, one after the other, with her teeth, then with her claws she took hold of one garment and then another till the man of money had hardly a shred, and his legs were streaming with blood. Fearing that he should faint from loss of blood, he lashed himself to the small trunk of the tree by his belt and then began to scream with all his might for his friends.

When the bear became weary of clawing up at the dangling legs, she went back and began to turn poor Boone over to see if he showed any signs of life. Then she came back and again clawed a while at the screaming man up the madrona tree. It was great fun for the bear!

To cut a thrilling story short, the party in camp on the other side of the creek finally came in hail, when the old bear gathered up her babies and made safe exit up a gulch. Boone, who now lives in Arizona, was so badly

crushed and bitten that his life was long despaired of, but he finally got well. The bear, he informed me, showed no disposition to eat him while turning him over and tapping him with her foot and thrusting her nose into his bleeding face to see if he still breathed.

Story after story of this character could be told to prove that the grizzly at home is not entirely brutal and savage; but rather a good-natured lover of his family and fond of his sly joke. —*Joaquin Miller.*

Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

It happened at Vienna. One moonlight evening, in early summer, a friend called upon Beethoven. He said, "Come, let us walk together in the moonlight." Arm in arm the two friends strolled through the city. In passing through a dark, narrow street, Beethoven paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said. "What sound is that? It is from my sonata in F. Hark, how well it is played!"

It was a mean little dwelling before which the two friends paused to listen. The music went on. Almost at the end of the beautiful sonata, the music ceased, and low sobs were heard instead. A girl's soft voice said, "I can go no farther. It is too beautiful. I have not the power to play it as it should be played. Oh, what would I not give to go to one of Beethoven's concerts!"

"Ah, my sister," said another voice, "why wish for that which you can not have? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right," answered the girl, "and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music."

"Such a wish will never be granted," said her companion.

Beethoven looked at his friend. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in! Why should we go in?".

"I will play for her," said the master, in a low tone. "This girl has the soul of a musician. I will play for her, and she will understand." Without waiting for an answer, his hand was upon the door.

As the two friends entered the room, they saw a pale, young man sitting by a table making shoes. Near him sat a young girl. She was leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord. Her long, golden hair fell over her neck and shoulders. Both the young man and the girl were very poorly dressed. Both started and turned toward the door as the strangers entered the room.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard the music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man appeared annoyed. "I also heard something of what you said," continued Beethoven. "Shall I play for you? Shall I give you a concert?"

Beethoven's manner was so friendly and his voice so kindly that a smile took the place of the frown on the young man's face. The four, who but a moment ago were strangers, became friends at once.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker, "but our harpsichord is so poor and we have no music."

"No music," echoed Beethoven. "How then does the young lady play so—" He stopped suddenly, for the girl turned her face toward him, and for the first time he saw that she was blind.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but I had not noticed before. Then you play by ear?"

"Yes, entirely," the girl answered.

"And where do you hear music, since you attend no concerts?" asked Beethoven.

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us. During the summer evenings her windows were often open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen."

The girl seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more. He seated himself quietly before the harpsichord and began to play. Never before had Beethoven played as he played that night for the blind girl and her brother. From the moment that his fingers began to wander over the keys, the very tone of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder. The young man laid aside his work and the girl sat perfectly quiet. She leaned forward a little as if afraid lest she might miss a single note of the sweet music.

Suddenly the flame of the candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused. His friend rose quietly and threw open the shutters. A flood of soft moonlight filled the room, so that it was almost as light as before. The moonbeams fell brightest upon the piano and the player.

But the music had stopped. The master's head dropped

upon his breast, and his hands rested upon his knees. He seemed lost in thought, and sat thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker arose. Eagerly, yet timidly, he approached the musician. "Wonderful man!" he said in a low voice, "who art thou?"

One of the composer's rare smiles flitted across his face. "Listen!" he said, and with a master's touch he gave the opening bars of his own sonata in F.

The girl seemed to know that no one but the composer of the music could have played it so well. "Then you are Beethoven," she exclaimed. Beethoven rose to go, but they begged him to stay. "Play to us once more — only once more."

He again seated himself at the piano. The moon shone brightly through the window. Looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars, he said, "I will compose a sonata to the moonlight." Touching the keys lightly, he began to play a sad and lovely melody. The music filled the room as gently as the soft moonlight creeps over the dark earth.

Then the time changed. The music became brighter and more rapid. One no longer seemed to see the moon gliding thru fleecy clouds. Instead, one thought of sprites and fairies dancing merrily together.

Once again the music changed. The notes were as rapid as before, but they seemed fraught with sadness. It was such music as fills the heart with wonder.

"Farewell to you," said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door. "Farewell to you."

"You will come again?" said the brother and sister in one breath.

He paused and looked tenderly at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, "I will come again and give you some lessons. Farewell! I will come soon again." His new friends followed him in silence and stood at the door until he was out of sight and hearing.

"Let us hasten home," said Beethoven to his friend. "I must write out that sonata while the music is still in my mind." When they reached home, Beethoven seated himself at once and began to write. He worked until daybreak. When he had finished he had written the Moonlight Sonata.

—*Adapted.*

CHAPTER III

TYPES OF STORIES

Fairy tales. When we think of fairy tales, we invariably recall the old favorites of our childhood, such as Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, The Elves and the Shoemaker, and Hansel and Gretel. This type of story is hardly suited to children of the upper grades. There are, however, modern fairy tales that delight the larger children as much as the well-worn nursery tale pleases the smaller. Oscar Wilde's fairy tales are just as charming for older pupils as are those of Grimm and Anderson in their proper place. Take, for example, Wilde's "The Happy Prince," "The Selfish Giant," and "The Star Child." These never fail to interest young people when they are well told. What more fascinating and beautiful stories would you wish to find than Sir James Barrie's "Peter Pan," or Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," each illuminated by the fairy glow? The moral in these stories for the older children is not nearly so self-evident as it is in those which we give to smaller children, but it is not beyond the range of understanding of children from ten to fifteen years old. In Cinderella the reward of goodness and the punishment of selfishness and cruelty are made so plain that even the the smallest child grasps the meaning of the story. Per-

haps it is the obviousness of the theme that prevents these simple tales from holding the attention of older children, but more mature listeners follow with the keenest interest the search of Mytyl and Tyltyl for the elusive blue bird as they follow it afar. They know that the Blue Bird is happiness and that Mytyl and Tyltyl are just a boy and a girl, such as they are themselves,— their own representatives, in fact, seeking to find happiness, and looking, as most of us do, to some place and time far away from our own homes and our present lives. When the blue bird is found in their own simple home, a sigh of satisfaction from your audience is your applause for a story well told and the author's reward for presenting a theme that children now recognize as true and artistic as well. Now, in such a story as this of Maeterlinck's, you can hold both the older and younger children. The latter will get only the external baffling search for the blue bird without perceiving the fundamental meaning of the search for happiness (the meaning which the older children will understand), but even then the situations themselves are interesting enough to hold their attention.

But even the fairy tales out of the legendary past are not without the underlying theme. This is not always present, but in many cases the tales are the attempts of primitive peoples to account for natural phenomena. While our modern fairy tales are not survivals of the personification of the elements, still we find human attributes, human sorrows, and perplexities, and the like, given personality with effect closely following cause — more closely,

in fact, than in real life, but still exhibiting the truth of punishment of wrong-doing and reward of right living with the same effectiveness as in the older fairy tales.

It is true that the older children have had more experience in their lifetime than their younger brothers and sisters, and, therefore, have more of a background against which to build future experiences. But they still have a need for the deepening of impressions by the repetition of the same truths which we wish to press home to the smaller folk thru the medium of their stories. This can be accomplished by telling more mature stories exhibiting in their own way the same truths that the simpler stories have already illuminated. Children whose imaginations have been kindled early are more receptive when they reach the age for the more mature story than those who have not had such training. These little ones have been directed in their dreaming of dreams and seeing of visions. They will dream them and see them crudely anyway. But now the teaching has given an order to their imaginations and perhaps has aroused some spark of creative genius within them. Not all children can be trained up to be inventors or geniuses, but it is not too much to hope that we can fire their imaginations so as to make possible the accomplishment of their life work in a way more successful than would have been possible without our help. And it may be that the imaginative fairy tale will be a not insignificant factor in the accomplishment of this result.

It is certainly true that within the charmed circle of Fairyland are held the mysteries of life and maybe even

the tragedies of death. Childhood naturally lives in the atmosphere of a host of fairies. Youth's hope and love is a fairy dream. Mother love recites the fairy story and sings the babe to its sleep in fairy language. And even old age closes life's day with visions of attendant angels, and thus is the circle of life completed — the fairy ring from infancy to tottering age.

Myths and folk lore. The line between fairy tales, myths, and folk lore, is so indistinct that we can scarcely classify certain stories under one of these captions without doubting whether it would not be better placed under one of the other two. Properly, myths are only those stories which arise in the religions of primitive peoples. The Greeks wished to account for the skill of the spider in weaving his geometric web. They did this by means of a story and at the same time wrote a warning to mortals so presumptuous as to vie with the gods in wisdom and skill. These ideas are embodied in the story of Arachne the weaver, changed into a spider and condemned to weave forever because she presumed to challenge Athene to a contest of skill in weaving. The Hebrew, believing that all people were descended from Adam and Eve, sought for an explanation of the diversities in language of the nations, and created the story of the Tower of Babel as an answer to their natural inquiry.

In like manner all the primitive peoples evolved stories involving explanations of the relations of their gods to mankind, and the interrelations of gods and men and nature. Each nation finally succeeded in creating a some-

what ordered cycle of these stories, making what we call the mythology of that people.

The Norse Myths, for example, deal with the days of Odin, the father of all their gods, and relate the history of his family of gods and goddesses. In this mythology children find Thor, the thunder god, a favorite. They are interested also in the doings of the mischievous Loki, the trouble maker. The constant struggle between the Frost Giants and the dwellers in Asgard uses the natural forces, cold and heat, the arresting winter and the beneficent, life-giving summer to exhibit the never-ending battle of good against evil in the world. Our children enjoy these tales. The strength and ruggedness of these peoples and their gods make a strong appeal to the vigorous child mind.

The myths of the Greeks are of a type quite different from those of the Norsemen. All the love of beauty and the sensuousness of southern races are reflected in the personalities and characteristics which they ascribed to the gods whom they endowed with all their own human frailties as well as their admirable qualities. Hence in these tales Aphrodite, the goddess of love and sensuous beauty, plays a prominent part. Apollo is also a favorite. The interpretation of the seasonal changes in these myths is beautifully set forth in the myth of Persephone. Could we imagine anything more beautiful than the garden in which little Persephone played? How happy she must have been with the water nymphs for playmates! Contrast with this story the northern myth of Balder, and it will appear how climate affects the disposition of a people, and how their

own disposition and inclinations color their beliefs and their expression in literature. If the child is later to understand the history of these different peoples, he must become familiar with their religious notions. And so it may be that the form and import of the myths of a nation may be altered according to the age of the listeners.

The nature myths, of which there is an abundance, which in the main attempt to account for various phenomena in nature, deal more particularly with the plant and animal life which we recognize as influences all about us — flowers, and birds, and animals imbued with human attributes. In such myths as these we may find two nations using common observations of nature, but making versions of them absolutely different one from the other. Consider, as an instance of this, the Norse and the American Indian versions of Why the Robin has a Red Breast.

In the first the setting is decidedly of the northland. A poor little gray bird valiantly flies across the glowing coals of fire beside which a man sleeps in comfort. The bird, the friend of man, attacks the great white bear that has come down from the frozen North to steal away these life-saving embers from the sleeping man and his son. When the bird flies close to the glowing fire the heat changes the gray of the robin's breast to a brilliant red, and so all the tribe after him is marked with the red breast as a token of his courage and his devotion to man.

The Indian version celebrates the same courage and friendship, but with a different tale and a setting appropriate to the Indian's native land and his customs of living.

In this story the little gray friends of the Indian chief save his life by flying in front of the arrows of the chief's enemies, but are themselves struck by the arrows and stained by their own blood. Both stories are intended to explain a natural phenomenon, and though different in form, they both give a poetic reason for the red breast of the robin.

Now, turn to a consideration of Oscar Wilde's "The Nightingale and the Rose." This tale might easily be adapted and used as a nature myth — The First Red Rose. Again the bird, this time the nightingale, is the friend of man. A poet's lady love pines for a rose more attractive than the pale white one. The nightingale, the poet's bird, impales himself upon the rose thorn and then dyes the white rose with his heart's blood to make it possible for his friend to carry a red rose to his love.

The Nature myths of the American Indian are among the most attractive of all. Take for your examination the story of the First Water Lily, The First Yucca Plant, and the Indian Blanket. The Indians lived closer to nature and were apparently more sensitive to her beauties than other races. Their instinctive appreciation of bright colors may account for their response to the beautiful colors in nature.

Legends. Legendary tales, which are such a mixture of truth and fancy and around which have been woven so much idealism, are dear to the childish heart when fairy tales no longer satisfy and the historical heroes are too prosaic and far away. Hence along in the fifth and sixth

grades and sometimes earlier than that we find children reveling in stories from the Iliad and the Odyssey. They will listen with delight to the stories of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, of Beowulf, and of Robin Hood. The Scandinavian hero, Frithiof, is another favorite. From the French the story-teller may use the legends of Roland, the Siegfried tales from the German store, and stories of the Cid from the Spanish. The Rustum legends may be borrowed from the Persian national epic, and William Tell from the Swiss.

Each group of stories will be characterized by some special national trait. The ruggedness of the Vikings will appear in the Frithiof series. The idealism of the Germans will be seen in the Siegfried legends. These traits will be understood by the children and will win their admiration. The events in the stories of Roland attract children because of their natural interest in heroism on the field of battle. The Cid stories need to be selected and arranged so as to bring out the hero's daring on the battlefield and his courage in defying the authority of the tyrannous governor. The skill shown by William Tell in shooting the apple from his son's head instantly wins the approval of young listeners and serves to hold their attention until the more important lessons of the series are developed. The quaintness of the language of Rustum is attractive and should be retained for its own sake. Finally, the adventuresome spirit of Beowulf is so fascinating that there is hardly a boy who hears the tale without sighing for other monsters to conquer.

To be most effective these legends must be broken up into units, each of which is a complete incident. And then the incidents must be arranged in a logical sequence leading up to the incident which is the natural high point of interest for that particular series. After the King Arthur stories the Siegfried story might be narrated, arranged in a series similar to the Wagner Opera Stories. Parsifal makes a natural link from the King Arthur to the Siegfried group. This would be followed by the story of Lohengrin; or if we take the order suggested by Grace Edson Barber in her "Wagner Opera Story," we might follow the Siegfried opera story by the Parsifal to show the change which came to the world after the Curse of the Ring had been removed by the return of the evil jewel to its rightful owners, the Rhine Maidens.

Historical Stories. Historical and biographical stories are of special interest to older children. They always like to hear about events which really happened — about people who really lived. The boys enjoy the stories about the life of Napoleon. Stories of our own country are full of interest for children of this age. What boy or girl of fifth grade age does not enjoy the story of Columbus, his presentation at the court of Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand, his trip across the ocean, his perseverence and final landing, and at last his treatment by the Spaniards when he returned to Spain? Tell one or two of these stories and then let the boys and girls read the remainder of the history connected with the situation. Care enough about the history lesson, however, to tell a story or two your-

self. The added interest of the children will certainly repay you for your trouble. The same may be done with other explorers of America, if you wish, or those of other countries. Take, for instance, Father Marquette, Lewis and Clark, Daniel Boone, and Kit Carson; or, going farther back, consider Cortez in Mexico, Balboa in Panama, Cabot in Newfoundland, and numerous others which you will naturally recall.

The trials and adventures of the early colonists make good stories, and the experiences of the early frontiersmen in our own part of the country as well. Take, for example, "The Buffalo on the Plains," by Francis Parkman.

There is a large field in the lives of soldiers and statesmen — Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Grant, Napoleon and Bismark.

For the girls, stories of the life of Joan of Arc are always interesting. Later narratives about Florence Nightingale, Jenny Lind, Frances E. Willard, Louisa May Alcott and Alice Freeman Palmer will be found quite as attractive if skillfully told.

The lives of those whom we have learned to know as heroes of peace are of absorbing interest also. Mary H. Wade in "Wonder Workers" relates in a very delightful, intimate way incidents in the lives of Luther Burbank, Helen Keller, Thomas A. Edison, Jane Addams, and others.

The following series of stories will illustrate how historical or biographical material can be arranged in sequence for the oral story-teller:

Florence Nightingale — Laura E. Richards

Little Florence, pp. 9-11,
13 — Par. 2,
14 — Par. 2-18, end of Chap.

Waiting for the call — Chap. V, p. 40.

The Lady in Chief — (Give contents of Chap. IX briefly.)
(Chap. X, condense.)

The Lady with the Lamp — Chap. XI.

Miss Nightingale Under Fire — Chap. XIII.

The Close of the War — Begin Par. 4, p. 146 to p. 158.

The Tasks of Peace — Par. 2, p. 162 to p. 167.

Ethical stories. One instinctively thinks of sermons, preachings, and moralizing tales. But there are some stories which we wish to give as a dose of medicine; for we feel that a certain story would be helpful in curing a social ill. Very often there is a truth which we wish to press home, but in telling the story which embodies that truth it is not necessary to point the moral. The child will take, as a rule, the moral which fits his own case. "The Palace Raised by Music" in Raymond M. Alden's collection, "Why the Chimes Rang," was recently told to a group of children. This group was composed of little individuals, each one considering only himself and his own desires. The group did not work as a social whole. After the story had been told, the teller paused for a few moments. The group was perfectly quiet, and then one boy, who was one of the most individualistic of the group, raised his hand and expressed this sentiment: "I believe we'd all be happier if we'd all play together and try to raise the palace." That

story had performed a mission. It did more good than two weeks of talking and scolding on the part of the teacher could have done.

In administering these stories as medicine, care has to be taken that an over-dose is not given. You cannot plan to give a certain number a week or at stated times; the person who has the interests of the children at heart will have to use her own judgment as to how often, what kind, and when.

Maud Lindsay's "Mother Stories," and "More Mother Stories," are two excellent collections of stories which point a special truth. "The Closing Door" is particularly good for girls from eleven to fourteen years of age when they are beginning to keep secrets from mother and to feel that mother is not quite as sympathetic as she might be. "The Apron String" in Laura E. Richard's "Golden Windows" is especially good for boys of that age when they begin to grow a bit restive under their mother's restraining hand.

"The Prominent Man" in the same collection is very appropriate for the small boy whose self importance is beginning to grow unbearable. "The Hunt for the Beautiful," by Raymond M. Alden, is an excellent tale for the child who has grown tired of home and wishes to go away and find something worth while; for the time when the grass on the next hill begins to look greener than that in his own dooryard. "The Vision of Anton the Clock-maker," by Walter A. Dyer, shows the child the need of a vision, of an ideal, if he wishes to make something of

his life and leave the world better for his having lived in it.

The ethical story is just as valuable and has just as important a place in the schoolroom as in the home. The whole group may not get the point in each story, but if two or three do, it is worth while. Then, too, there are leaders in every group. If you are able to make an impression upon the leaders, you have won the majority of your group. Do not be afraid to use the ethical story in the schoolroom; but beware of pointing the moral. As soon as you state your moral or try to draw out a statement from the child, he revolts. He will usually tell you that the story did not teach him anything. After you have told an ethical story, leave it. If the child is moved to give the moral of his own free will, very well; if not, you have not necessarily failed in your presentation, for your tale may have touched him in a manner that may show itself later in conduct, instead of calling forth an immediate response in words.

Biblical stories. No other book in the world holds such a wealth of stories of various types as the Bible, and no other stories hold more interest than the Biblical Stories if properly told. Consider for a moment the number of stories of boys in the Bible — they are not isolated stories, but trace the life of the character often from babyhood until death — a whole cycle of life. Take for intsance the story of Moses. The babyhood of Moses and his advent into the King's palace make a beautiful story, one which will appeal immediately to the boys and girls. A volume of

Bible Stories and Poems which is published by the Illustrated Bible Selections Commission, gives the stories from the Creation to the Captivity on the historical plan. The first story of Moses is given under the general heading, The Beginning of the Hebrew Nation, and is entitled: "A Foundling who Founded a Nation:" Exodus I, 22-11, 1-10. The rest of the cycle is given under the following titles:

(2) The Courage and Courtesy of Moses: Exodus II, 11-22. This includes the incident of Moses and the Egyption Slave Driver.

(3) Moses' Vacation Day: Exodus II, 23-25; III, 1-17. This includes the incident of the burning bush.

(4) Pharaoh Rejects Moses' Plea for His People: Exodus IV, 10-14, 29-31; Exodus V, 1-14.

(5) The Birthday of the Hebrew Nation. In which Pharaoh lets the Israelites Go: Exodus XII, 21-36, 41.

(6) Overthrow of the Egyptians in the Red Sea: Exodus XIII, 17, 18, 21; XIV, 9-16, 19-25, 28-30.

(7) Bread from Heaven: Exodus XV, 22-27; XVI, 1-5, 10-18.

(8) Victorious Battle with Amalekites: Exodus XVII.

(9) Jethro's Reform of the Government: Exodus XVIII, 8-24.

(10) The Hebrew Thanksgiving Day: Leviticus XVIII, 39-44; XXVI, 3-16.

(11) All's Love, Yet All's Law: Exodus XX, 1-17.

(12) Many Other Commandments Besides the Ten: Ex-

odus XXIII, 1-9, 3-19; Leviticus XIX, 9-17, 30-37; Deuteronomy X, 12-16.

(13) Moses Transfigured by the Vision of God: Exodus XXXIV, 29-34.

(14) Bezalel the Inspired Mechanic: Exodus XXXV, 30-35; XXXVI, 1; XL, 17, 34-38.

(15) Joshua and Caleb, the Fearless Scouts: Numbers XIII, 1-3, 25-28, 30-32; XIV, 1-4, 26-32.

(16) Laws of Kindness: Numbers XXI, 4-9; Deuteronomy XV, 7, 8, 10, 11; XXII, 1-4, 6, 7; XXIV, 14, 15, 19.

(17) Death of Moses and Call of Joshua: Deuteronomy XXXIV; Joshua I, 1-9.

This is a very workable cycle, as are all of those in the book.

The history of the Old Testament ought to be of intense interest to boys and girls of this age.

In the New Testament the problem is somewhat different. After the incident of Christ in the Temple at the age of twelve, we hear nothing concerning him until he is baptized by John the Baptist and begins his ministry. So there is a period in the life of Jesus of about eighteen years, during which time His development would be of great interest to children of this age, but we have to be content with the two verses which St. Luke gives us:

"And he went down with them and came to Nazareth and was subject unto them, but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart."

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and Man."

Beginning with the calling of the Four, after the baptism of Jesus by John the Baptist, the following cycle may be used very well:

1. Jesus calls the Four, Peter, Andrew, James and John: Mark I, 16-20; Luke V, 1-11; Matthew IV, 18-22.

2. Jesus the Physician: Matthew VIII, 1-17; Mark I, 21-45; Luke IV, 31-44.

3. The Call of Matthew: Matthew IX, 9-13; Mark II, 13-17; Luke V, 27-32.

4. The Man at Bethesda Pool: John V, 1-19.

5. Disciples Gathering Grain: Matthew XII, 1-9; Mark II, 23-28; Luke VI, 1-6.

6. The Man with the Withered Hand: Matthew XII, 9-14; Mark III, 1-6; Luke VI, 6-11.

7. Choosing the Twelve: Mark III, 13-19; Luke VI, 12-19.

8. Sermon on the Mount: Matthew V, 1-20; Luke VI, 20-49.

9. The Centurion's Servant Healed: Matthew VIII, 5-13; Luke VII, 1-10.

10. Raising the Widow's Son: Luke VII, 11-16.

11. Jesus at the House of Simon the Pharisee: Luke VII, 36-50; Mark XIV, 1-9.

12. Stilling the Tempest: Luke VIII, 22-26; Mark IV, 35-41.

13. Jarius' Daughter Raised from the Dead: Luke VIII, 40-42, 49-56.

14. Christ Gives Power to Heal Disease to His Apostles: Luke IX, 1-6.

15. Christ Feeds the Five Thousand and Walks on the Sea: Matthew XIV, 14-34; Luke IX, 11-17; John VI, 1-21.

16. Christ's Transfiguration: Mark IX, 1-9; Matthew XVII, 1-9.

17. Seventy Disciples Sent Forth: Luke X, 1-37.

18. Christ at the Home of Mary and Martha: Luke X, 37-42; John XII, 1-8.

19. Christ Teaches the Disciples to Pray: Luke XI, 1-13; Matthew VI, 5-15.

20. Parables:

The Parable of the Sower: Luke VIII, 4-21; Mark IV.

The Parable of the Marriage Supper: Luke XIV, 1-24.

The Parable of the Lost Sheep: Luke XV, 1-10.

The Parable of the Prodigal Son: Luke XV, 11-32.

The Parable of the Unjust Steward: Luke XVI, 1-13.

The Parable of the Ten Pieces of Money: Luke XIX, 1-27.

The Parable of the Vineyard: Luke XX, 1-26; Mark XII, 1-17.

The Parable of the Ten Virgins: Matthew XXV, 1-13.

21. Healing of the Ten Lepers: Luke XVII, 11-19.

22. Christ Foretells His Death: Luke XVIII, 28-34.

Passion Week:

1. Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem: Mark XI, 1-11; Luke XIX, 29-48.

2. The Last Supper: Luke XXII, 1-39; John XIII; Mark XIV, 1-31; Matthew XXVI, 17-35.
3. Christ in the Garden: Luke XXII, 39-54; John XVIII, 1-15; Mark XIV, 32-42; Matthew XXVI, 35-46.
4. Judas Betrays Jesus: Matthew XXVI, 14-16; Mark XIX, 42-46; Matthew XXVI, 47-54.
5. Peter Denies Christ: Luke XXII, 54-62; John XVIII, 15-37; Mark XIV, 66-72; Matthew XXVI, 69-75.
6. Christ Before Pilate: Mark XV, 1-19; Matthew XXVII, 11-31; Luke XXIII, 1-26; John XVIII, 28-40; John XIX, 1-16.
7. Christ Crucified: Luke XXIII, 26-56; John XIX, 17-42; Mark XV, 20-47; Matthew XXVI, 30-66.
8. The Resurrection: Luke XXIV, 1-34; John XX, 1-18; Matthew XXVIII, 28; Mark XVI, 1-8.
9. Christ Shows Himself to His Friends: John XX, 19-31; Mark XVI, 9-20; Luke XXIV, 35-53.

The life of Peter makes a good story cycle. The fact that Peter was so impetuous and had such a struggle with himself in order to do the right thing makes him seem more human and in many ways appeals more to boys and girls than the stories of Jesus the Divine.

The life of Paul makes another interesting story sequence.

In telling Bible stories, retain the Biblical language

wherever possible. However, do not sacrifice the climax of your story in order to do this. Do not drag out your story unnecessarily. Tell it simply and plainly and an interested audience will be assured.

Isaac, the Child of Promise

There lived in the land near Hebron a patriarch named Abraham, and his wife, Sarah. They were old and had no children, and Abraham, fearing that he might die and have no sons to bear his name, prayed that this might not be. God heard his prayer and called him out into the night and bade him look up into the heavens lighted by the myriad of stars. Then God made a promise to Abraham, saying: "Look now toward heaven and tell the stars if thou be able to number them. As the stars in multitude, so shall be thy descendants."

After many years a son came into the home of Abraham and Sarah, and they called his name Isaac, meaning laughter. He was a child of promise and the hope of the house of Israel.

When Isaac was thirteen years old, God appeared to Abraham in a dream, saying: "Take now thy son, thine own son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee up into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

Abraham arose early the next morning, and taking Isaac, his son, and two of his servants, and an ass to bear their burdens, he cut wood for the offering and journeyed

toward the place of which God had told him. After traveling for three days, Abraham saw the place where God had commanded him to go, and leaving his servants and the ass at the foot of the hill, he bound the wood to the back of Isaac and with his knife in his hand he started to the top of the hill. Then Isaac said to his father, "Father, you have often taken me with you when you have gone to make an offering unto the Lord, but always you have carried a young lamb or kid to offer on the altar before the Lord. Now you carry none. Where is the sacrifice with which you will do homage to-day?"

Surely these words must have wrung the heart of Abraham, but he answered without hesitation, "My son, the Lord will provide."

When they reached the top of the hill, Abraham built an altar with the stones which he found there, and laid the wood carefully in place. Then he turned, and without a word, bound his son as he was wont to do with the lambs which he sacrificed, and Isaac uttered no other word of surprise or protest. Abraham laid his son upon the altar, and with the knife raised above his heart, he lifted his eyes toward heaven. Just then a voice cried to Abraham; and God, who had been watching the struggle of the old man whom he had seen fit to try, said to him: "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld the offer of thy son, thine only son, from me."

Abraham looked around and saw a young ram entangled

by the horns in the bushes near by. He quickly caught it, unbound his son, Isaac, and put the young ram in his stead. And now God spoke to Abraham a second time, saying: "Because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld from me thy son, thine only son, I will bless thee and multiply thy descendants as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the seashore, and in thy descendants shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice."

Abraham and his son then went down to the foot of the hill and with their two servants and their ass journeyed to Beersheba, their home, and Isaac lived with his parents and grew strong in body and mind.

—Retold by Nellie Margaret Statler.

Isaac and Rebekah

Abraham was growing old, and he knew that his days were numbered. He wished to see his son Isaac happily married before he died, and so he called to him one of his stewards and bade him go into the land of Mesopotamia, to the city of Nahor, which was his own land, and there find a wife for Isaac; for he did not wish his son to marry a woman of Canaan. The steward started out upon the journey to the city of Nahor with ten camels. When he came to the walls of the city, he waited by the well to give his camels a drink; and as he waited, he prayed that God would point out to him the maiden who should be the wife of Isaac.

There came to the well to draw water that evening, a

beautiful woman, whose manner was as pleasing as her face was comely. The steward asked for water and she held down her pitcher that he might drink from it. After this she went back and drew water for the camels. Then, as was the custom in that country, the steward gave presents to the maiden, gold and jewels, and said, "Whose daughter art thou?"

She replied, "I am Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Nahor. We have plenty of room for you to lodge with us this night." She ran ahead and told her brother of the stranger, and the brother Laban, coming forth to meet the visitor, brought him into the house, and set food and drink before him.

But the steward said, "Before I eat I must tell you why I came to the city of Nahor. I am the servant of Abraham, who went forth from this land many years ago into the land of Canaan. The Lord has blest Abraham with broad pastures and rich, and now he has herds and flocks on all the hills, and treasures of jewels and fine gold and silver in his treasure chests, and many camels to bear his burdens and servants to do his bidding. I am come into his own land to find a wife for his only son, Isaac; for he does not wish his son to marry with any of the Canaanite women. Now, as I came to the well of your city, the daughter of this house, Rebekah, came to the well where I stood and gave me to drink, both me and my camels. The Lord has put it into my heart that she is the one who should be the wife of my master's son.

The father and brother of Rebekah considered the

matter and then both said, " You may take her to be the wife of thy master's son." And they ate and drank together that night, and the steward spent the night in the house of Bethuel.

The next morning the steward began to make preparations to return to his master. He wished to take Rebekah with him, but the mother of Rebekah desired that she should not go in such great haste. They called Rebekah to them and her father said to her, " Wilt thou go at this time with this man? "

" I will go," replied Rebekah. And thus she and her maidens went with the steward of Abraham upon the camels which he had brought for them. As they neared the home of Abraham, they saw Isaac walking in the field in meditation, for it was near evening.

Rebekah said to the steward, " Who is he who walks in the field? "

" It is Isaac, the son of Abraham," the steward made answer.

Rebekah dismounted from her camel, and drawing her veil over her face, went to him. The steward told Isaac all the things that had passed. When Isaac looked upon Rebekah he loved her, and she became his wife, and they lived happily together in the land of Beersheba.

—Retold by Nellie Margaret Statler.

Isaac and His Sons

There were born unto Isaac and Rebekah twin sons, and they named the elder Esau, and the younger, Jacob. As

the boys grew to manhood, Esau became a famous hunter, but Jacob liked best to stay at home. Now Isaac loved Esau more than Jacob, for he was very fond of the venison that his elder son brought him from the hunt. It pleased him well that Esau was the elder of the two and the one who would inherit a double portion of his estate, in the end. But Rebekah loved Jacob the better.

Now it happened one day, when Esau returned from hunting, he found his brother Jacob making a very tempting broth, and being very hungry, he asked his brother for some of the broth. Jacob was exceedingly selfish and cunning, and so he said to his brother, "Sell me your birthright and I will give you some of the savory pottage."

Esau replied, "What good will the birthright do me if I should die of hunger? Give me the pottage." And thus Esau sold his birthright to his brother for a mess of pottage.

When Isaac grew old, his eyes became dim, and he knew his children only by feeling of their hands and necks; for Esau's hands and neck were hairy, while Jacob's were smooth. At one time Isaac called to him his elder son, saying, "Go thou into the forest; take thy bow and arrow and bring me some venison. Cook for me some of the meat I love, and I shall bless thee before I die." And Esau did as his father bade him.

It happened that Rebekah overheard Isaac's command to his elder son. She called Jacob to her and told him of his father's command to his brother, and said, "Go out into the field and kill two good kids, and I will make from them

the meat which your father loves, and you shall go in unto your father, and he shall give you the blessing which belongs to your brother."

But Jacob replied, " My father will know me, for he will feel my hands and neck and find them smooth."

" Leave all that to me," replied his mother.

Jacob did as his mother bade him, and Rebekah prepared the meat which Isaac loved. Then she put the skins of the kids upon the hands and neck of her favorite son and sent him in unto his father. And Isaac said unto him, " Who art thou? "

Jacob replied, " I am Esau, your elder son."

" Come nearer that I may feel thy neck and hands."

Jacob went nearer, and Isaac said, " The voice is that of Jacob, but the hands and neck are those of Esau."

Isaac ate of the meat which Jacob had brought him; and then he blessed him with the blessing of the eldest born: " God give thee," he prayed, " of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine. Let the people serve thee and the nations bow down to thee. Be Lord over thy brethren; and cursed be everyone that curseth thee, and blessed be everyone that blesseth thee."

Then came Esau in from the forest, and prepared a dish of savory venison and brought it in to his father. Isaac asked, " Who art thou? "

" I am Esau, thy first born son," answered his son. Then Isaac knew that he had blessed Jacob, and he was sore distressed.

When Esau heard what had happened, he was very angry

and begged Isaac to bless him. Isaac blessed him, but he could not give to him what he had already given unto Jacob.

Esau made threats to kill Jacob. But Rebekah heard the threats which Esau had made, and for safety she sent Jacob to her own land, to her brother Laban. Jacob told his father, Isaac, that he was going to the land of his mother to get him a wife, even as his grandfather Abraham had sent to that land for a woman of his own people for his son's wife. And Isaac was content, and blessed his son; for he was still strongly displeased concerning Esau's marriage with a woman of Canaan.

In time Jacob was punished for his wrongdoing, but in the end all the blessings that were promised came to him, and he became the father of a noble family. The fullest blessing of all came after many years, for it was into the family of one of his descendants that the Christ was born.

—*Retold by Nellie Margaret Statler.*

Deborah

So long as Joshua lived and was their leader, the Israelites walked in the paths of righteousness and prospered. But Joshua had not been dead many years before they forgot the promises they had given to the Lord and began to make friends with the Canaanites who dwelt near them and to invite them to their homes. The Israelites even came to permit their sons to marry the daughters of the Canaanites and their daughters to become the wives of their heathen enemies. Soon the children of Israel were wor-

shipping idols even as the Canaanites did. And then once more the Lord withdrew his favor from his people. Again and again they called upon Jehovah in their distress, and the God of their fathers would forgive their waywardness and show mercy unto them. But soon they would forget his goodness and would forsake the paths of their God.

At last it came to pass that Jehovah allowed his people to be subdued at the hand of Jabin, the king of Canaan, and the Israelites again called to Jehovah for aid. Now in those days there dwelt under the palm tree which shaded the tomb of Deborah, the nurse of Rebekah, a prophetess who bore the name of Deborah also. The hosts of Jabin, king of the Canaanites, were led by Sisera, and these were bringing terror to the hearts of Israel. The woes of her countrymen brought sorrow to the prophetess Deborah as the news came to her there by the sacred tomb. To deliver her people she called a certain Barak to command the hosts of Israel, and he answered her call with these words: "If thou wilt go with me and watch the conflict, I will do even as thou biddest me."

Deborah promised that she would go with him, and Barak made preparations to collect his army. When the people heard the good news concerning the gathering of the men of war, a new hope stirred in their breasts. Barak gathered together a host of ten thousand men and with Deborah led them to the slopes of Mount Tabor. From this hill Deborah watched the advancing army in the plain below.

Sisera, having had news of the movements of the Israel-

ites, had gathered a great army, and in addition to his foot soldiers, he had provided himself with nine hundred chariots of iron and many horsemen. When he saw the handful of Barak's men, he urged his own host forward with a cry of triumph; for how could those ten thousand stand against his mighty army?

As Deborah watched the advance of the two armies toward each other, she cried out in the hearing of the leaders of Israel, "Up, Barak! is not the Lord gone out before thee?" And the army of Barak rushed down the mountain slope to meet the Canaanites on the plain below.

Suddenly a great storm arose, and the hail and rain beat into the faces of the advancing host of Sisera, and so great was the downpour of the rain that the river Kishon was swollen until it flooded all the plain. The land became a marsh, and the heavy chariots of iron began to cut up the sodden field, and the horses floundered in the bog. Sisera, seeing that his enemy was undisturbed by the storm, for the rain and hail beat only upon their backs, jumped from his own high chariot and fled away on foot. The army of the Canaanites was put to confusion, and those of its men who were not swallowed up by the river Kishon were slain by the men of Israel.

But Barak followed Sisera, the fleeing commander, closely until he came to the tent of Heber. There Jael, Heber's wife, met Barak at the tent door. She drew back the curtain of the tent and said to Barak, "Behold, here is he whom ye seek." Barak entered, and to his great surprise, there he found Sisera stretched upon the tent

floor dead. Then Jael said to the Israelite, "This one whom thine eyes behold, Sisera the Canaanite, came to my tent demanding rest and refreshment. He bade me stand at the doorway, and if any man should come and ask if any one was hidden within, I must answer 'Nay.' When he had drunk the milk which I brought for him, he fell into a sleep, and as he lay sleeping I slew him."

There was great rejoicing among the children of Israel because the Lord had again shown them favor and had overthrown their enemies. And Deborah and Barak made a chant of victory, praising God for His goodness to His people in delivering them out of the hands of the men of Canaan.

"Hear, O ye kings; give ear, O ye princes;
I, even I, will sing unto Jehovah;
I will sing praise to Jehovah, the God of Israel."

And after this great victory of Deborah and Barak, the dwellers in the land of Israel had rest from war for forty years, remembering the goodness of Jehovah.

—*Retold by Nellie Margaret Statler.*

Ruth and Naomi

Now there was living in the land of Moab a certain man named Elimelech and his wife Naomi and his two sons, Mahlon and Chilion. This family had come out of Bethlehem-Judah, in the year of the famine, and they continued to live in the land of Moab. One day Elimeleck

fell sick and died, and Naomi was left with her two sons who had married Moabitish women, one named Orpah and the other named Ruth.

They lived happily together in the land of Moab for ten years, and then Mahlon and Chilion sickened and died.

Naomi, being left alone, for none of her people dwelt in that land, and hearing that there was again plenty in the land of Judah, left the land of her adoption and returned to the home of her own people. And with her went her two daughters-in-law. When they came unto the borders of the land of Judah, Naomi bade them farewell, saying, "Return, O my daughters, to your own land, and there the Lord grant you long life and happiness."

But they answered, "Surely we may return with thee to thine own land."

Naomi, weeping, kissed them, saying, "Nay, return to thine own people."

Orpah kissed her mother-in-law and turned her face toward Moab, but Ruth tarried.

"See, thy sister-in-law is returning to her own people and her own gods. Do thou likewise," insisted Naomi.

But Ruth answered Naomi with the most beautiful pledge of constancy and fidelity ever uttered: "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and

there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

So the two journeyed together to Bethlehem. And when they entered the city, the people hailed the old woman as Naomi.

"But," she said, "call me Naomi no longer, for Naomi means *gracious,* but rather, Mara, which means *bitter,* for the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me."

So Naomi and her daughter-in-law, Ruth, dwelt together in the land of Judah. And it was the beginning of the barley harvest; and Ruth went out into the fields and gleaned after the reapers. It so happened that she entered the field of a certain Boaz, a man of wealth, who was of the family of Elimelech, the husband of Naomi. And Boaz, seeing Ruth, said to his servants, "Who is the maiden who follows the reapers?"

And the men answered, "She is the Moabitish woman who has come out of Moab with her mother-in-law, Naomi. She asked that she might glean after the reapers."

Boaz said to his men: "Allow her to glean among the sheaves if she will, and do not reproach her. Sometimes let fall a handful that she may gather." The men did as they were bidden.

Then Boaz went to Ruth, "Welcome daughter," he said, "thou art welcome to glean in my fields. Go not into any other man's field. Glean among the sheaves, and when thou art thirsty, drink from the water which is brought for my men, and when thou art weary, rest thyself in my house."

Ruth gleaned all day, and at nightfall she had about three measures of barley. And she took it home to her mother-in-law and told her all that had befallen her that day. Naomi told her that Boaz was a kinsman of her husband and bade her do whatever Boaz told her. Thus Ruth and Naomi lived together in the land of Judah.

Boaz, seeing how faithful and kind the maiden was to Naomi, loved her. He bought all of the land which Elimelech had owned before he had gone into the land of Moab, and after a time found favor in the eyes of Ruth the Moabitess and married her.

In time a son was born to them, and Naomi's cup of happiness was full as she held the child in her arms. And Naomi became a nurse to the child. They called the child's name Obed, meaning worshiper. He became the father of Jesse, the father of David.

Thus Naomi found happiness in the land of Judah with her daughter-in-law, Ruth, from the land of the Moabites.

—Retold by Nellie Margaret Statler.

David and Jonathan

In making the acquaintance of the people who lived in Biblical times, we find that they were very human, very much like the people of to-day. They had their joys and sorrows, their enemies and friends — true friends and those who proved false. One of the most noted friendships in the Bible is that of David and Jonathan.

Jonathan's father, Saul, was King of Israel, and by the right of birth, Jonathan would be the next king. When

David as a youth slew the Giant Goliath and delivered the Israelites from the hands of the Philistines, Jonathan admired the shepherd lad very much, and as he grew to know him better, loved him as a brother, and the two pledged eternal friendship. As a token of his friendship, Jonathan gave to David his sword, robe and girdle. At that time, when Jonathan did not know that David was anointed of God to fill the place which by birth belonged to the son of Saul, there was nothing unusual about the friendship which the two youths formed. Later, when Saul came to realize that it was David who, according to the prophecy, should take his place, he made no attempt to conceal his genuine hatred of the youth and made numerous attempts to slay David. Still, Jonathan remained true to his old friend.

Saul feared David, and commanded his servants and all his household to slay him if they had a chance. But Jonathan went to David and told him of his father's command, and said, " Hide yourself until morning, and I will go and speak well of you to my father, Saul."

Jonathan went to his father, and told him of the many things which David had done for the kingdom and asked Saul why he should be killed. And Saul commanded that David should not be slain. So David came to the house of Saul again. There was another war with the Philistines, and once more David led the Israelitish hosts to victory. When Saul heard the cries of rejoicing among the people and the women singing, " Saul hath slain his thousands, but David hath slain his ten thousands," he hardened his

heart against David, for he was exceedingly jealous, and he sought to kill the young man.

But David escaped and fled, and Jonathan found him and asked him what he could do for him. David answered, "I shall hide myself in this field for three days. This is the beginning of the month, and I am expected to eat at the king's table. If he question you concerning me, say that I asked leave to go to Bethlehem, for there is now a yearly sacrifice for all my family. If Saul be angry, we may be certain that he plans evil against me, but who will there be to tell me?"

Jonathan answered, "Come with me into the field." And they went. Then he explained his purpose. He said, "After I have discovered my father's feeling toward you, I shall come on the third day, and shall bring a boy with me, and I shall shoot three arrows. If my father means no harm toward you, I shall say to the boy, "The arrows are on this side, take them!" But if he plans evil against you, I shall say, "The arrows are beyond thee, make haste to flee!" So the two friends parted.

The first night when David did not come to his table, Saul said nothing; but the second night, when David's place was again empty, he said to his son, Jonathan, "What has become of your friend, David?"

Jonathan made answer, "He asked leave to go to Bethlehem to a feast of his family."

Then Saul was very angry. So the next morning Jonathan took a small lad out into the field with him, and he shot at the mark upon which the two friends had agreed

—shot three arrows. He said to the lad, "Run and get the arrows which I shoot. Is not the arrow beyond you? Make haste I tell you." The lad brought the arrows to Jonathan, and he sent him back to the city with them.

When the boy was gone, David came forth. The two friends, vowing eternal friendship, parted, and Jonathan returned to the city.

Jonathan and his father Saul were both killed in battle while warring against the Philistines. David was sorely grieved when he heard of the death of his friend. He also forgot how cruel Saul had been to him, and mourned alike over the death of Jonathan and Saul, saying, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high place, how are the mighty fallen. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. They were swifter than eagles. They were stronger than lions. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished."

And David became King over Israel.

—*Retold by Nellie Margaret Statler.*

Queen Esther and the Feast of Purim

In the dim days, more than twenty-five hundred years ago, there dwelt with the Israelites who were captives by the river of Babylon, an orphan Jewess in the house of her uncle Mordecai. Now, her uncle, because of his uprightness and wisdom, had been chosen from among the captive people as an officer of rank in the court of the King Ahasuerus.

There came a time when the king sent his messengers out over the kingdom to summon into his presence the most beautiful and the best of the maidens of the land. One of these, the one who should be most pleasing to the king, was to be chosen as his wife. Many young women were brought by their kinsmen or by the king's officers, and among these Mordecai brought and presented before the king, Esther, his niece, charging her not to make known the fact that she was of the captive people and that he was her uncle. Esther proved to be the most pleasing of all the maidens who were brought before the king, and was chosen as his queen.

In time it came to pass that Mordecai, sitting at the gate of the city, overheard two of the chamberlains plotting against the life of the king Ahasuerus. This he told to Esther, his niece, when he spoke his daily words of council to her that day, and she reported it to the king. These guilty officers were hanged and a record made of the service rendered by Mordecai the Jew.

The king had appointed Haman to be honored above all the princes and had commanded that every man should do him homage when he passed in the street. But Mordecai would bow to no man and would do homage to none but Jehovah. This aroused Haman's anger against Mordecai and all his race. To avenge this slight he went into the presence of the king and said: "There are dwelling in thy province, O king, a people who disregard thy laws and thy person. Now, I pray thee, let it be commanded that upon a certain day every Jew shall be put to death."

When the matter had been fully set before the king by the wily Haman, the king gave his assent; and the law was written and sealed with the king's seal and sent out to all the princes by messengers from Haman. Mordecai was amazed when the message was read in his hearing. He arrayed himself in sackcloth and ashes and went and sat at the king's gate till he could send tidings of the cruel decree to Queen Esther. He begged her to make supplication to the king for her people.

Esther directed her uncle to gather all the Jews together and to fast and pray for three days. "And I and my maidens," she said, "will do even as ye do. I will go into the presence of the king, then, even though that be contrary to the law. If the king extend his scepter toward me and pardon my transgression, I will plead for my people. If the king be angry with me, I shall die for my presumption. But what of that; if I perish, I perish for my kindred."

At the end of the three days Esther did as she had promised. The king was gracious and stretched out his golden scepter toward her and inquired: "Why comest thou, Esther? What is thy request? It shall be granted even if it be the half of my kingdom."

Then Esther answered, "If it please thee, O King, come thou and bring Haman to the feast that I have prepared for thee."

When the time had come for the feast both the king and Haman were there. They enjoyed the fair feast spread

before them by Esther the queen, and at the end gladly promised to come again on the day following.

As Haman passed out of the palace he saw Mordecai sitting at the gate in sackcloth and ashes, and Mordecai refused to bow down to him. When he had come to his home he called a council of his friends and told them of Mordecai's actions. "But," he said, "I am in high favor with the King and Queen, for have I not this day been asked to dine with them? And I have another invitation for the morrow."

His friends said to him, "Only the gallows is a fit place for such a man as Mordecai. Cause a gallows to be made and to-morrow speak to the king about it." The advice pleased Haman greatly.

That night the king could not sleep, and he bade his servants bring to him the book of the chronicles of his kingdom and he found therein recorded the plot of his two wicked chamberlains, and how Mordecai had told him of the thing. He asked what honor had been done to Mordecai. When he found that no honor had been shown the man, he sent for Haman and said, "What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor?"

Haman, thinking he had found favor in the eyes of the king, answered, "Let royal apparel be brought, and the man clothed therein. Set him upon one of the royal horses, place a crown upon his head, and bring him through the streets of the city."

Then the king said, "Do thou as thou hast said even to Mordecai the Jew who sitteth at the gate."

Haman was much afraid, for he had caused the gallows to be built for Mordecai. But he did as he was bidden; and after Mordecai had come to the king's gate clothed in royal raiment, Haman hastened to his home and told his friends of all that had passed. And his friends told him that only evil could come out of the thing for him. Then the messengers came to conduct Haman to the banquet which Esther had prepared.

On the second day, as on the first, the king asked Esther what she desired, and Esther made answer, "If it please thee, O king, grant my petition and save me and my people, for we have been sold, and we are to be utterly destroyed."

The king asked, "Who hath sold thee, and by whose hands are ye to perish?"

Esther answered, "Our enemy, this wicked Haman." And the king went out into the garden to ponder these things in his heart. As he entered the palace again, one of his chamberlains said to him, "Behold the gallows, which Haman commanded to be made for Mordecai."

The king commanded that they hang the wicked Haman on that very gallows. And on the same day the king gave Haman's position and house to Mordecai, and the king gave the ring, which he had taken from Haman, to Mordecai.

And again did Esther speak before the king, and she found favor in his sight, and after touching the golden sceptre which he held out to her, fell down on her knees before him, begging him to undo the mischief which the

edict written by the wicked Haman would do to her people. But the king replied, "What is written is written, and cannot be revoked."

But the king called Mordecai to him and caused him to send messages throughout the whole kingdom, directing that when the thirteenth day of the twelfth month should be at hand whereupon all the Jews were to be killed, that the Jews should be permitted to gather together and defend themselves by destroying all those who sought to harm them, and to take their goods unto themselves.

When the thirteenth day of the twelfth month was at hand, the Jews killed many of the Persians who sought to destroy them, but they touched not the spoil. The fourteenth day they made one of feasting and gladness. And they caused that day to be set aside each year as one of feasting, and it was called the Feast of Purim, for Haman had cast "Pur" or lot against the Jews to destroy them, but the good Queen Esther made supplication to King Ahasuerus to save them. And the decree of the Feast of Purim was confirmed by Esther and written in the book of the records of the chronicles of the Medes and the Persians.

—*Retold by Nellie Margaret Statler.*

The Prodigal Son

Jesus tried to teach the Jews that Jehovah, their God, was a kind and just Father and that he looked upon them very much as if they were his children, although they were grown-up men and women. He taught them that God rejoiced in their joys and grieved over their sorrows. One

day he was trying to make it clear to his hearers that, while Jehovah was displeased with those who did wrong, he was as ready to forgive those who turned away from their sins as a father whose son had forsaken his wicked life and had come home with a confession of his unworthiness and a determination to change his ways. To make this plain to them he told this story:

"A certain man had two sons," he began, speaking earnestly, but quietly and deliberately to the multitude that had gathered about him in the open space on the hillside. "And the younger of them said to the father, 'Father, could you not give me now the portion of thy estate that will in time fall to me?' And the father was willing and so divided unto his sons all that he owned, giving to the elder the permanent property, and to the younger, in money, about half as much as the value of the portion which was to be held by the elder — as was the custom.

"And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country. There he wasted all that he had in riotous living. Now, when he had foolishly spent all, there arose a mighty famine in the land; and he began to be in want. Then he thought that he could call upon the companions with whom he had associated while he was wasting his money. But now that they had stripped him of all that he had, they deserted him.

At last in desperation he went and hired himself to a citizen of that land to do any kind of menial service. The farmer sent the once rich young man into his fields to herd and feed his swine. You can imagine how degraded

he felt. He had been accustomed to the best in food and raiment. And now he had fallen to the very lowest place a proud young Jew could imagine — a swineherd's. All day long he must toil to keep before these animals, regarded by all Jews as unclean beasts, a plentiful supply of pods of the Carob tree. The swine had all they could eat, but he was so hungry that he would fain have eaten his fill of the coarse foods that the swine devoured. But no man gave unto him.

Reflecting upon his sad state and his own folly that had brought him to what he was, he began to see what a fool he had been. His better nature triumphed, and he came to himself and said: "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I must perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me one of thy hired servants.'"

Then he arose and journeyed from that far country back to his native land. And while he was yet afar off, the father, who had been hoping for his son's return, and watching for him, saw him coming and was moved with compassion. He ran to meet the young man and fell on his neck and kissed him. But the son remembered how low he had fallen and how foolish he had been, and said unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy son."

But the father would not have it so. As soon as they were near enough to the house, he called the servants.

"Bring forth quickly," he commanded, "the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring the fatted calf and kill it. Let us eat and make merry; for this my son was as if dead to me, and now that he has come home, he is alive again. He was lost and now is found."

All the household began to rejoice and make merry. Everyone was glad with the aged father because of the return and repentance of the wayward son. But a few began to wonder how the elder son would take it, when he came in from the distant fields.

When the elder son approached the house near the close of the day, he was astonished at the sounds of music and dancing. He called to him one of the servants and inquired what these things might be. The servant said, "Thy brother has come home; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound."

Now, the elder son was angry when he heard this, and would not go in to join the merry-makers. But the father came out to him and entreated him. Still angry, he answered and said to his father, "Lo, these many years have I served thee, and I have never transgressed a single commandment of thine. And yet thou never gavest me so much as kid with which I might make merry with my friends. But when this thy son came, the one who has wasted all that thou gavest him, and wasted it, too, in foolish and sinful living, thou killedst for him the fatted calf, the best we have."

"My son," explained the father with great patience,

" thou art ever with me, and all that I have will come into thy possession when I am gone. Now thy brother has come home. He was to me as if dead, and now he is alive again. He was lost, and now he is found. It was meet that we make merry and be glad."

And now the elder brother saw how just his father had been to him and how generous and forgiving to the younger son, and he, too, was glad. Then with his father he went in and welcomed his brother home and joined the rest in making merry with feasting and music and dancing.

—*Retold by Nellie Margaret Statler.*

Helping the Master *

Where were all the people going? Such crowds passed quickly through the streets, talking earnestly about something.

" Haste thee, Sarah, or we may be too late to see the wonderful things! "

" Tell us again, Samuel, what saw ye the Great One do? "

" When we find him, think you that he will help our Rachel? "

So they talked, as men, women and children passed down the street.

The whole town seemed to be interested in this strange journey. A little lad broke through the crowd and pushed open the door of a small house.

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"Mother, may I go? Wilt thou give me some lunch? All the town goes to-day out to the edge of the desert to see such wonderful things!"

The mother looked lovingly into her boy's eager face.

"Yes, my son; see, here is thy lunch, fresh barley bread, and fish just caught from the lake. Take thy basket, and God go with thee."

A long, hot, dusty walk, but what of that? The wonderful things were to come.

"On top of that grassy slope, see you that knot of men? There he is."

The crowd pressed eagerly on, and such a strange crowd. The blind stretched out their hands to be led. The deaf kept eyes fixed on the hill. Those who carried dear ones in litters took up anew their heavy burden. The lame pressed painfully forward. The lepers followed afar off.

Hush! through the clear air comes the music of His voice.

"Come unto Me, come unto Me ye weary and heavy laden," and the burdened crowd passed on up the hill.

Right in the front ran our little lad, full of a boy's delight in the wonders to be seen and heard. At the side of the "Great One" he stood; he joined with delight in the shouts of joy as the blind first opened their eyes to the glorious light, the deaf answered the questions of their friends, the lame rose to their feet, leaping and walking, the sick took up their beds and walked, and the lepers bowed to the ground at the feet of the "Great One," and rose clean and whole.

Oh! the gladness of rejoicing, the tears of happiness on the faces of friends and loved ones!

And then the stories the "Great One" told — of the birds and the flowers, the animals and the jewels. Earnestly the little lad listened and wondered.

Hour after hour passed. Finally the "Great One" turned to his special friends.

"I have compassion on the multitude — give them to eat!"

"Give them to eat!"

"Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not enough that each may have a mouthful!"

At these words the lad, eager to help, to give all he had, stretched out his little lunch basket that his mother had given him.

One of the special friends named Andrew stopped and opened the basket.

"Master," he called, "there is a little lad here who hath five barley loaves and two small fishes."

"But," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders, "what are they amongst so many?"

The "Great One" smiled down on the little lad, and He turned with outstretched hand.

"Bring them hither to Me."

Was it possible his poor little offering would be accepted?

With a radiant face the lad laid down his basket at the feet of the Master.

"Bid the men sit down," the quiet voice commanded.

Like a large flock of birds the great company settled down upon the grassy hillside. Fifty, and fifty, and fifty; in row after row. Men, women, and little children, crowds of little children.

Closely our little lad watched to see what the "Great One" would do. What could He do, even He, with five little rolls and two tiny fish, hardly enough for one hungry boy.

The hands of the "Great One" were outstretched, raised to heaven. Every head was bowed, and a deep silence passed through that great company; for a blessing was asked from God above over the little lad's bread and fish.

And then what a marvelous wonder took place! Basket after basket was filled and handed to the special friends! Back and forth they went, up and down the rows of people, urging every one to take all he required.

When a basket was empty, back went the carrier to the "Great One," and again it was filled!

Could it be possible? Five small loaves and two wee fish?

With joy the little lad helped carry back and forth the baskets. Over and over he kept repeating, "My lunch enough for five thousand people!" His little heart beat so fast with joy and pride that he could hardly breathe. For was he not permitted to help the "Great One!"

Had not his missionary offering — all he had to give — been accepted and magnified a thousand fold!

"Gather up all the fragments; let nothing be lost."

And again the baskets, this time full of broken pieces, were laid at the feet of the "Great One."

The people bowed their heads in awe and wonder, and then leaped to their feet shouting, "This is the prophet, the 'Great One;' let us make Him our King!"

But the Master had disappeared.

"And oh! Mother," exclaimed our lad that night, as he told the wonderful story, "He allowed me to help Him, He accepted my offering, and I am only a little boy."

—*Eveleen Harrison.*

Saul's Journey to Damascus

There lived in Jerusalem a young man of Tarsus named Saul, who was well versed in the knowledge of the law of the land. If he lived at the present time, he would be called a lawyer. Now there were certain people living at that time who did all they could to make life unbearable for the followers of Jesus. A man named Stephen, who had been preaching the doctrines of the Christ, had been stoned by some of these people, and Saul had stood by and held the garments of the men who stoned Stephen to death.

Now Saul had heard that a great many of these Nazarenes, or followers of Jesus, had gone to the city of Damascus in Syria, and he resolved to drive them from their refuge. Having gathered together his attendants and having received papers from the governor authorizing him to

persecute the Nazarenes and make prisoners of them, he set out on his journey.

Damascus was a long way from Jerusalem — a hundred and forty miles. Saul was anxious to arrive in Damascus in as short a time as possible, so that he might begin his persecutions of the Nazarenes. The road was rough and the noonday sun extremely hot, but Saul insisted that his party should push on, even though they were very weary.

They were nearing Damascus. They could see the trees in the orchards laden with fruit. And then an exceedingly bright light shone upon their path. The sun seemed bright no longer. The whole party fell upon their faces on the ground, but to Saul the light meant something more. He heard a voice out of the brightness, which said to him again and again, " Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? "

Saul answered, " Who art thou, Lord? " And the voice replied, " I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest! "

Then the heavens opened, and Saul saw the Christ standing at the right hand of God. Saul asked in great humility, " What shall I do, Lord? " And from above these words came to him, " Arise, and go into Damascus, and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do."

That was all. The bright light disappeared and only the hot beams of the noonday sun remained, and there only a short distance away lay Damascus, cool and serene. All remained the same except Saul. The Light which had opened the eyes of his soul had blinded the eyes of his

body. He arose in obedience to the command, but he could not see the cooling shade of Damascus which had beckoned to him so invitingly a few moments before. One of his attendants had to lead him by the hand; and thus he entered Damascus, a changed man, whose arrogant authority over the Nazarenes had vanished completely. For three days Saul remained thus, doing nothing, but thinking.

Now there lived in Damascus a disciple of the Christ named Ananias. Ananias had a vision, and in it he heard the voice of the Lord calling to him and saying, "Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus. For behold he prayeth and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in and putting his hand on him that he might receive his sight."

Ananias made answer, "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to Thy saints in Jerusalem, and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call upon Thy Name."

But the voice answered and said, "Go thy way, for he is a chosen vessel unto Me to bear My name before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel, for I will shew him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake."

Ananias did as the voice had commanded, even though he could not understand Saul's change of heart. Saul himself tells us of Ananias' visit to him: "He said unto me, 'Brother Saul! receive thy sight!' And the same hour I looked upon him. And he said, 'The God of our Fathers

hath chosen thee that thou shouldst hear the Voice of His Mouth, for thou shalt be His witness unto all men, of what thou hast seen and heard. And now, why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptized! Wash away thy sins and call on the name of the Lord!"

After Saul had been baptized, he spent many days in Damascus learning from the disciples. Then he went into the temple and boldly preached the doctrines of the Christ. Great was the astonishment of the people, for they could hardly believe that this was the same man who had started from Jerusalem to persecute the Nazarenes in Damascus.

And after his transformation Saul changed his name to Paul, so that nothing should be left to remind him of his old life. And after this Paul endured many persecutions for the sake of the Master whom he had first persecuted.

—*Retold by Nellie Margaret Statler.*

CHAPTER IV

USES OF THE STORY IN THE SCHOOLROOM

One of the best schoolroom uses of the story is to stimulate in the child a love and appreciation for good literature. Following closely the love of legendary tales, we find the child enjoying, if given a taste for them, the historical novels of Scott and the adventure stories of Stevenson. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" is a favorite with seventh and eighth grade children. Then a little later some of Dicken's stories will be read with great enjoyment. If a single incident from any of these stories is told, the children may be stimulated to read the rest of the story for themselves in order to satisfy themselves concerning the fate of a certain character or the outcome of the story.

If a cycle of stories is to be used, the oral telling may be used as the foundation for the English lesson. From the story let the child select one theme or thread for his composition lesson and write a paragraph. Let him write a character sketch of David Copperfield, Aunt Betsy Trotwood, or John Ridd. Other devices for making English material out of the stories will suggest themselves. A young writer may get his first inspiration through contact with an author he admires and loves.

The story which follows was written by a seventh grade

boy and printed in " The Worry Knot," a paper published monthly by the seventh and eighth grade children of the Colorado State Teachers' College Training School. This paper is printed by the boys of the seventh grade printing class and edited by the girls of the seventh and eighth grades.

A Trip Into the Rocky Mountains *

It was early in the morning. The birds were singing, the river roaring in front of the cabin, and the pure air of the mountains rustled the aspens. The smell of the pines and cedars, which grew in abundance on the mountains, was in the air. The trickling of the spring was heard as it wound its way through the grove of aspens and willows which grew near.

From out of the aspens there came the merry chick-a-dee-dee, and the harsh mew of the catbird.

I jumped up and shivering put on my clothes. Then I ran out and built the fire in the little wood stove, and while mother was cooking breakfast I took my fishing pole apart and got ready for a trip over the mountain to a river called the Laramie. I ate a hurried breakfast and started out. I walked down to the fence, climbed over it, and started up the road.

After I had gone about a mile I turned away from the road and started up the mountain, and after a while I struck the trail. It was a trail made by men who were

* This story is one of a number of original stories inspired by Enos Mills' book, " Wild Life in the Rockies."

making a tunnel to run water from the Laramie into the Poudre. The trail was used by them before it was finished to go from one end to the other. The tunnel was now finished and the trail nearly forgotten.

After I had gone about two miles up, I came to the top and stopped to rest. I had about three more miles to walk on the top (which was a long level stretch after you had gone up) and then go down on the other side, which was almost impassable.

After I had rested awhile, I started again and came to the tall pines. These were not more than a foot at the base, but about one hundred feet straight up.

As I went through these, the big gray squirrels chattered from the tops of the trees, and a little cotton-tail hopped up and scurried away in front of me.

Then I came all at once upon an old logging camp that had been there for more than sixty years, and except for the sod roofs that had fallen in was none the worse for wear. I went closer to the logging camp to make an examination. There were six cabins — one big long one for the dining room. It had a large table made of logs, in the center, and a large fireplace. These cabins were made all of wood, even the fireplaces, and for nails they used wooden pegs. The logging men were very skillful with the axe, and everything was hewn out of logs.

I entered one of the smaller cabins which, like the other four, had been used as a bunk house. Each had a wooden fireplace and wooden bunks nailed against the walls one over the other. All the nails and everything were wooden.

In the last of these cabins that I went into I saw a porcupine scramble.

I started on my way after eating some huckleberries which grew near and taking a drink from the stream which ran by the cabins.

The way now was thickly covered with high flowers and weeds, and more than once I stumbled over the roots hidden by them. I walked until I came to an opening where a brook ran, and ate my lunch. As I was eating I heard a whir-rr come from some pines and at once I knew it was grouse. I got on my hands and knees and crept stealthily forward through the pines, when all at once I parted the bushes and there in front of me was a fine male grouse.

He was standing on a stump. Every once in a while he would utter a shrill chirp, stretch his neck and look around; then he would beat his wings against the stump. So fast would his wings go that you could not see them. All at once he hopped down and out of sight. I got up and ran along, when suddenly the old male and three others whirred up and flew away.

Then I started again and came to some marshy land where the deer came to feed, as I could see by the numerous fresh tracks which were printed in the soft mud. Some were the tracks of a large buck and the others tracks of a doe and a fawn. Part of the way it was so muddy you had to walk the log, and if you slipped you would fall in the water and mud up to your knees. After I had passed this, I saw ahead of me the end of the top of the mountain. When I got there the view alone was worth coming for.

Down below was the Laramie river, running snake-like through the many willows that nearly covered the valley. Above, away on the other side above timberline, rose the great snowy range up to the clouds. On the right you could look into Wyoming. It seemed far away, and it was over a hundred miles. On the left was the Laramie river and the snowy range running farther and farther into the Rockies.

But now came the proposition of going down. It was very steep, so steep that when you descended, you touch the part behind you with your shoulders.

I came soon to large boulders where I had to jump from one to another. At last I reached the bottom and put my pole together. While I was doing this a little martin ran over a fallen pine, stood up on his hind feet, and watched me with interest. He had probably never seen man before, for they are usually very timid and are easily frightened. This little animal is very scarce, for they are killed for the fur. It had the appearance of the weasel, but was not quite so long and slender. Its face was not so shrewd and blood-thirsty as the weasel's, but it was a very pretty animal. Its color was brown, with a white vest, and it was very quick. As I stood looking at it, it went so quickly that I did not see it go.

Then I went up stream until I came to some large pools or beaver dams. I walked out on one of these and made a cast. As my fly floated down stream there was a flash, jerk, and there was a good-sized Eastern Brook on the bank. After killing it I cast again with no results.

Then I drew out more line and cast farther out. There was another flash, but I did not pull soon enough, and the fish was lost. I cast again and again, but with no results, and was going toward the bank when my pole was almost jerked out of my hand, and after a fight I landed the largest one I caught that day. After I had caught a number of fish I unjointed my pole and started up again. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon.

This time when I reached the middle of the top of the mountain where the tall pines were, I turned to my left and went away from the path. I followed along the top of the mountain in the very wilderness, where only animals, probably, had been before; then I turned down the mountain again and came to the bottom about a quarter of a mile from the cabin.

I reached the cabin just as the sun was setting over the mountain I had just climbed, making the sky a brilliant red and reflecting cloud to cloud, and opened the door to find a hot supper waiting for me and a cheerful fire in the fireplace. —*Lawrence Clark.*

Story-telling is a failure if the teller receives no response from the children. This is true of any story or kind of story that you may tell. If the tale is told merely for fun, you feel that your efforts have been in vain if your audience has not followed you closely enough to see the humor, or if your tale has failed to relax your audience.

Let us turn for a moment to the more serious stories, taking for example, " The Vision of Anton the Clock

Maker.'' What is the object in telling this story to older children? It is a good story for them to know. Yes, but to be more specific, the child in the seventh or eighth grade may be having dreams and visions of what he wishes to do when he goes out into the world. Maybe he has been laughed at by some of the older members of the family; maybe he has been too timid even to voice his hopes. Would the experience of Anton have any place in the life of that child? Most certainly it would. In the first place he could see what the vision did for the clockmaker, and in turn how it benefited the whole community. Then, also, the listener could rightly assume that the teller believed her tale, and that he had found a friend who would not laugh at his dreams and ambitions in the future.

The story of '' Merry Twinkle and the Dwarf,'' a different type of story, which would appeal to children in about the fifth or sixth grade, is a good story to tell when these children begin to feel that money is the most important thing in the world. This is a fairy story, and the children realize that it is not true, but the truth which it portrays is presented in such a manner that the child takes the truth for what it is worth to him. For how much would you sell your smile, your happy disposition, and your ability to make other people happy?

The children should be encouraged to retell stories which have been told to them; they should prepare stories of their own selection to tell for the rest of the class.

So much for the appeal of the story to individuals. In the schoolroom the problem is usually that of keeping the

whole group interested. How can we utilize the story and gain response from the social whole? A very interesting and instructive way of utilizing the story is in dramatization. While preparing this kind of work the child receives training in (1) organization of material, for he must have the story well in mind and the points must be in logical order before he even begins his work; (2) in self-expression; (3) in composition. In working out a piece of dramatization the child is given practice in both bodily and mental expression. The teacher may direct the dramatization of a certain story or group of stories, but each child should be encouraged to contribute something to the composition of the whole. The different speeches may be considered as to their merits while the dramatization is in the course of construction. Or each child may be allowed to write his own version, after which the best parts in each pupil's work should be selected and put together to make the one whole. The objection to the former plan is that the work is apt to fall to two or three pupils. An objection to the second plan might be that the dramatization made up from the versions of perhaps twenty people would not be quite so smooth or well organized as the other. However, the fact that each child has had something to do with the production overbalances the objection to the second plan.

After the dramatization has been completed, the presentation offers a variety of work for both the boys and the girls. Besides those people who interpret the play, the boys are given a chance to conduct or manage the stage setting

and scenery. Much of the scenery has to be constructed. This scene-making and stage carpentry provide interesting and useful work for pupils in manual training. The girls are given an opportunity to make costumes. Most of the work is left to the children. Their suggestions are followed wherever possible.

The piece following is the dramatization contributed by Wilma Hamilton in the sixth grade for the presentation of the story of the Landing of the Pilgrims and the Courtship of John Alden and Priscilla. The dramatization is the work of a child and is here presented as she wrote it. To work it over and refine it would defeat our present purpose, which is to show what children actually do in dramatizing a story, and not to idealize it beyond the range of possibility.

The Landing of the Pilgrims

SCENE I

Scenery: Trees, a large rock, Indians peering at the Pilgrims from behind trees.

Characters: Miles Standish, John Alden, Elder Brewster, Governor Carver and other men, women.

Elder Brewster. Let us now give thanks to God, my people, for bringing us safely to land. (All kneel down and pray.) (Men begin building fires. Women help to bring things, such as food and clothing, from the ship.)

Miles Standish. Come, my friends, let us now go and look for a place to build our homes.

First Man. Oh, yes, let's do. We might get warmed up by walking. Come on. (Men leave.)

First Maiden. Oh, how cold it is.

Second Maiden. Yes, and to arrive in the new world on such a day.

Elder Brewster. Yes, yes, my children, but God has willed it that way.

Curtain

SCENE II

Treaty with Indians

Time: The next spring.

Scenery: Homes of white men. Women washing clothes, and children playing games together.

(A dusky stranger named Samoset, an Indian, enters the village.)

Samoset. Welcome, Englishmen. A heap big chief living at Mount Hope to come here after me to see you; he good chief, Massasoit, he want peace. (Indian goes. The Pilgrims then hear wild whooping and yelling. They see in the far distance Indians approaching.)

Third Maiden (shading her eyes with her hands). Oh, I think he is coming now. See! (She points in direction of approaching Indians.)

Fourth Maiden. What if they are hostile to us?

Pilgrim Man. Perhaps it is the chief. Don't you remember what Samoset said about his coming for peace.

(He shades his eyes.) Why, yes, I do believe it is he. (Enter Massasoit and Indians.)

Pilgrims. Why, it's Massasoit. (Governor Carver and Massasoit smoke peace pipe.)

Governor Carver. Greetings, Massasoit.

Massasoit (grunts). Greetings. Me come for peace for fifty years. You agree?

Governor Carver. Yes, my friends, I agree. (Governor Carver and Massasoit shake hands.)

All Pilgrims. "Hurrah for Governor Carver and Massasoit!"

Curtain

SCENE III

Miles Standish and John Alden

Time: March.

Place: New World, America.

Scenery. Interior of house, chair, table, fireplace, weapons on wall, books on shelf, small stand, the table by window, with old-time ink bottle.

Stage Directions. (Miles Standish pacing floor. John Alden writing at desk. Miles stops walking.)

Miles S. John, see those weapons on the wall. See how they shine? See that breast plate? I have worn it for many years. They shine because I have cared for them myself and have had no other do it.

John A. Yes, Miles, the breastplate has saved you from

being killed many a time. (Miles takes book of Caesar down from shelf, reads awhile, and then shuts it.)

Miles S. Wasn't Caesar a wonderful man? Just think, he snatched a sword from one of his men, led the great army and won. (Standish goes on reading, suddenly gets up and goes to the door.) Over on yonder hill lies my wife, Rose. She was the first to die from the great disease we had. I don't think a man should live alone, John. I have something very important to tell you when you finish your writing.

John. Oh, I'm always ready to listen to you, Miles.

Miles. John, I want you to go to the maiden, Priscilla, and tell her I offer her the hand and heart of a soldier. I'm too much of a coward to do it myself.

John Alden. Yes, but one should always do things for himself; then they will always be done right and well.

Miles. Will you? (John Alden thinks for a minute, goes over to fireplace and gazes in and then turns to Miles.)

John. I will. (Goes to Miles and shakes hands; then turns and goes out the door.)

Curtain

SCENE IV

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA

Scenery: Interior of house, fireplace and spinning wheel, table with books on it, chair by spinning wheel, cat dozing by chair. Priscilla in chair spinning flax. Priscilla sing-

ing out of psalm book and petting cat every once in awhile.
(Enter John Alden, who bows low to Priscilla.)

John. Good morning, Priscilla.

Priscilla. Good morning, John.

John. I have come a wooing. (Ahem.) (Pause.) My friend, Miles Standish, wishes to (ahem) marry you.

Priscilla. And sent you?

John. Yes, you know he is such a brave man, and so kind. If he were not in the village, we would have been captured by the Indians long ago; and I am sure you would like —.

Priscilla (interrupts). Why don't you speak for yourself, John?

John A. Oh, I, why, I must be going. You see.—Good-bye. (Priscilla laughs and begins to sing. John goes.)

Curtain

SCENE V

SAME AS SCENE III

(Enter John Alden.)

Miles S. Why, John, you have been gone a long time. Come and sit down and tell me all that has happened.

John A. When I told Priscilla your message, she asked why you had sent me. Then I told her you were so brave and kind, but she said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Miles S. (jumping up in anger). Ah, John, you have betrayed me. There shall be nothing but hatred between us from now on.

Messenger (entering). Captain, the Indians are coming.

Miles S. (puts on armor and leaves without saying good-bye to John Alden.)

Curtain

SCENE VI

Fight with the Indians

Scenery: Trees and rocks.

Characters: Miles Standish and Pilgrim men, Indians. Indians peering from behind trees.

Indian. Give us furs and powder.

Miles S. No, we'll give you this Bible.

Indian. Ah, I can see by the fiery eyes of the captain that he is angry, but Watawamat is not afraid. No. See this dagger? I have another at home just like it.

Second Indian. Yes, by and by it shall see, it shall eat, but it shall speak not. You are the mighty captain sent to destroy us. You are a little man. You should work with the women.

Miles. (Angrily jumps forth and kills the two Indians.)

Third Indian. Ah, the Indians call you a little man. Yes, but yet you have been big enough to lay these speechless before you.

Curtain

SCENE VII

WEDDING OF PRISCILLA AND JOHN. RETURN OF MILES S.

Scenery: Interior of church. Elder Brewster marrying Priscilla and John Alden.

Characters: Pilgrims, Elder Brewster, Priscilla and John Alden, Miles Standish.

Pilgrim Maiden. Congratulations, Priscilla.

Pilgrim Man. Congratulations, John.

(All shake hands with John and Priscilla.)

(Enter Miles Standish. All start and look at Miles S. He steps forth and lays his hand on John.)

Miles S. Congratulations, John and Priscilla. Forgive me. One should do things for himself and not have others do them for him; then he would most likely get what he seeks. (All cheer and start off stage.) Now we shall have a feast, shall we not my friends?

Maiden. Yes, let's do.

All. Yes, Hurray for John Alden and Priscilla, and also for Miles Standish.

Curtain

End.

SAINT NICHOLAS *

Of all the saints that little children love is there any one to compare with Santa Claus? The very sound of his name has magic in it, and calls up visions of well-filled stockings,

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with the presents we particularly want peeping over the top, or hanging out at the side, too big to go into the largest sock. Besides, there is something so mysterious and exciting about Santa Claus, for no one seems to have ever seen him. But we picture him to ourselves as an old man with a white beard, whose favorite way of coming into our rooms is down the chimney, bringing gifts for the good children and punishments for the bad.

Yet this Santa Claus, in whose name the presents come to us at Christmas time, is a very real saint, and we can learn a great deal about him, only we must remember that his true name is Saint Nicholas. Perhaps the little children, who used to talk of him long ago, found Saint Nicholas too difficult to say, and so called him their dear Santa Claus. But we learn, as we grow older, that Nicholas is his true name, and that he is a real person who lived long years ago, far away in the East.

The father and mother of Nicholas were noble and very rich, but what they wanted most of all was to have a son.

They thought there was no one like their boy. But alas, while he was still a child, a terrible plague swept over the country, and his father and mother died, leaving him quite alone.

All the great riches which his father had possessed were left to Nicholas, and among other things he inherited three bars of gold. These golden bars were his greatest treasure, and he thought more of them than all the other riches he possessed.

Now in the town where Nicholas lived there dwelt a

nobleman with three daughters. They had once been very rich, but great misfortunes had overtaken the father, and now they were all so poor they had scarcely enough to live upon.

At last a day came when there was not even bread enough to eat, and the daughters said to their father:

"Let us go out into the streets and beg, or do anything to get a little money, that we may not starve."

But the father answered:

"Not to-night. I cannot bear to think of it. Wait at least until to-morrow. Something may happen to save my daughters from such disgrace."

Now, just as they were talking together, Nicholas happened to be passing, and as the window was open he heard all that the poor father said. He tried to plan how it would be possible to help them. He knew they would be much too proud to take money from him, so he had to think of some other way. Then he remembered his golden bars, and that very night he took one of them and went secretly to the nobleman's house, hoping to give the treasure without letting the father or daughers know who brought it.

To his joy Nicholas discovered that a little window had been left open, and by standing on tiptoe he could just reach it. So he lifted the golden bar and slipped it through the window, never waiting to hear what became of it, lest one should see him. (And now do you see the reason why the visits of Santa Claus are so mysterious?)

Inside the house the poor father sat sorrowfully watching, while his children slept. Suddenly something fell at

his feet, and to his amazement and joy, he found it was a bar of pure gold.

"My child," he cried, as he showed his eldest daughter the shining gold, "God has heard my prayer and has sent this from heaven. Now we shall have enough and to spare. Call your sisters that we may rejoice together, and I will go instantly and change this treasure."

The precious golden bar was soon sold to a money-changer, who gave so much for it that the family was able to live in comfort and have all that they needed. And not only was there enough to live upon, but so much was over that the father gave his eldest daughter a large dowry, and very soon she was happily married.

When Nicholas saw how much happiness his golden bar had brought to the poor nobleman, he determined that the second daughter should have a dowry too. So he went as before and found the little window again open, and was able to throw in the second golden bar as he had done the first. This time the father was dreaming happily, and did not find the treasure until he awoke in the morning. Soon afterwards the second daughter had her dowry and was married too.

The father now began to think that, after all, it was not usual for golden bars to fall from heaven, and he wondered if by any chance human hands had placed them in his room. The more he thought of it the stranger it seemed, and he made up his mind to keep watch every night, in case another golden bar should be sent as a portion for his youngest daughter.

And so when Nicholas went the third time and dropped the last bar through the little window, the father came quickly out, and before Nicholas had time to hide, caught him by his cloak.

"O Nicholas," he cried, "is it thou who hast helped us in our need? Why didst thou hide thyself?" And then he fell on his knees and began to kiss the hands that had helped him so graciously.

But Nicholas bade him stand up and give thanks to God instead, warning him to tell no one the story of the golden bars.

This was only one of the many kind acts Nicholas loved to do, and it was no wonder that he was beloved by all who knew him.

Soon afterwards Nicholas made up his mind to enter God's service as a priest. He longed above all things to leave the world and live as a hermit in the desert, but God came to him in a vision and told him he must stay in the crowded cities and do his work among the people. Still his desire to see the deserts and the hermits who lived there was so great that he went off on a journey to Egypt and the Holy Land. But remembering what God had bade him do, he did not stay there, but returned to his own country.

On the way home, a terrific storm arose, and it seemed as if the ship he was in must be lost. The sailors could do nothing, and great waves dashed over the deck, filling the ship with water. But just as all had given up hope, Nicholas knelt and prayed to God to save them, and immediately a calm fell upon the angry sea.

Thus Nicholas returned home in safety, and went to live in the city of Myra. His ways were so quiet and humble that no one knew much about him, until it came to pass one day that the Archbishop of Myra died. Then all the priests met to choose another archbishop, and it was made known to them by a sign from heaven that the first man who should enter the church next morning should be the bishop whom God had chosen.

Now Nicholas used to spend most of his nights in prayer and always went very early to church, so next morning just as the sun was rising and the bells were beginning to ring for the early mass, he was seen coming up to the church door and was the first to enter. As he knelt down quietly to say his prayers as usual, what was his surprise to meet a company of priests who hailed him as their new archbishop, chosen by God to be their leader and guide. So Nicholas was made Archbishop of Myra, to the joy of all in the city who knew and loved him.

Not long after this a terrible famine swept over the land. Nicholas, as a good bishop should, felt the suffering of his people as if it were his own, and did all he could to help them.

He knew that they must have corn or they would die, so he went to the harbor where two ships lay filled with grain, and asked the captains if they would sell him their cargo. They told the bishop they would willingly do so, but it was already sold to merchants of another country and they dared not sell it over again.

"Take no thought of that," said Nicholas, "only sell

me some of thy corn for my starving people, and I promise thee that there shall be nought wanting when thou shalt arrive at thy journey's end."

The captains believed in the bishop's promise and gave him as much corn as he asked. And behold! when they came to deliver their cargo to the owners, there was not a bag lacking.

There were two men in Myra who had been unjustly condemned to death, and it was told the bishop how greatly they stood in need of his help. The executioner was just about to raise his sword, when Nicholas seized his arm and wrenched the sword away. Then he set the poor prisoners free and told the judge that, if he dared to deal so unjustly again, the wrath of heaven and of the Bishop of Myra would descend upon him.

There are many other stories told about the good bishop. Like his Master, he ever went about doing good; and when he died, there were a great many legends told about him, for the people loved to believe that their bishop still cared for them and would come to their aid. We do not know whether all these legends are true, but they show how much Saint Nicholas was loved and honored even after his death, and how every one believed in his power to help them.

—*Amy Steedman.*

Saint Nicholas and the Nobleman's Son

Here is one of the stories which all children who love Saint Nicholas will like to hear.

There was once a nobleman who had no children and

longed for a son above everything else in the world. Night and day he prayed to Saint Nicholas that he would grant him his request, and at last a son was born. He was a beautiful child, and the father was so delighted and so grateful to the saint who had listened to his prayers that, every year on the child's birthday, he made a great feast in honour of Saint Nicholas and a grand service was held in the church.

Now the Evil One grew very angry each year when this happened, for it made many people go to church and honor the good saint, neither of which things pleased the Evil One at all. So each year he tried to think of some plan that would put an end to these rejoicings, and he decided at last that if only he could do some evil to the child, the parents would blame Saint Nicholas and all would be well.

It happened just then to be the boy's sixth birthday, and a greater feast than ever was being held. It was late in the afternoon, and the gardener, the porter and all the servants were away keeping holiday too. So no one noticed a curious-looking pilgrim who came and sat close to the great iron gates which led into the courtyard. He had on the ordinary robe of a poor pilgrim, but the hood was drawn so far over his face that nothing but a dark shadow could be seen inside. And indeed that was as well, for this pilgrim was a demon in disguise, and his wicked, black face would have frightened any one who saw it. He could not enter the courtyard, for the great gates were always kept locked, and, as you know, the porter was away that day, feasting with all the other servants.

But, before very long, the little boy grew weary of his birthday feast, and having had all he wanted, he begged to be allowed to go to play in the garden. His parents knew that the gardener always looked after him there, so they told him he might go. They forgot that the gardener was not there just then.

The child played happily alone for some time and then wandered into the courtyard, and looking out of the gate saw a poor pilgrim resting there.

"What are you doing here?" asked the child, "and why do you sit so still?"

"I am a poor pilgrim," answered the demon, trying to make his harsh voice sound as gentle as possible, "and I have come all the way from Rome. I am resting here because I am so weary and footsore and have had nothing to eat all day."

"I will let you in and take you to my father," said the child; "this is my birthday, and no one must go hungry to-day."

But the demon pretended he was too weak to walk, and begged the boy to bring some food out to him.

Then the child ran back to the banquet hall in a great hurry and said to his father:

"O father, there is a poor pilgrim from Rome sitting outside our gate, and he is so hungry. May I take him some of my birthday feast?"

The father was very much pleased to think that his son should care for the poor and wish to be kind, so he willingly

gave his permission and told one of the servants to give the child all that he wanted.

Then as the demon sat eating the good things, he began to question the boy and tried to find out all that he could about him.

"Do you often play in the garden?" he asked.

"Oh yes," said the child, "I play there whenever I may, for in the midst of the lawn there is a beautiful fountain, and the gardener makes me boats to sail on the water."

"Will he make you one to-day?" asked the demon quickly.

"He is not here to-day," answered the child, "for this is a holiday for every one and I am quite alone."

Then the demon rose to his feet slowly and said he felt so much better after the good food, that he thought he could walk a little, and would like very much to come in and see the beautiful garden and the fountain he had heard about.

So the child climbed up and with great difficulty drew back the bolts. The great gates swung open and the demon walked in.

As they went along together towards the fountain, the child held out his little hand to lead the pilgrim, but even the demon shrank from touching anything so pure and innocent, and folded his arms under his robe, so that the child could only hold by a fold of his cloak.

"What strange kind of feet you have," said the child as they walked along; "they look as if they belonged to an animal."

"Yes, they are curious," said the demon, "but it is just the way they are made."

Then the child began to notice the demon's hands, which were even more strange than his feet, and just like the paws of a bear. But he was too courteous to say anything about them, when he had already mentioned the feet.

Just then they came to the fountain, and with a sudden movement the demon threw back his hood and showed his dreadful face. And before the child could scream he was seized by those hairy hands and thrown into the water.

But just at that moment the gardener was returning to his work and saw from a distance what had happened. He ran as fast as he could, but he only got to the fountain in time to see the demon vanish, while the child's body was floating on the water. Very quickly he drew him out and carried him, all dripping wet, up to the castle, where they tried to bring him back to life. But alas! it all seemed of no use, he neither moved nor breathed; and the day that had begun with such rejoicing ended in the bitterest woe. The poor parents were heartbroken, but they did not quite lose hope and prayed earnestly to Saint Nicholas, who had given them the child, that he would restore their boy to them again.

As they prayed by the side of the little bed where the body of the child lay, they thought something moved, and to their joy and surprise the boy opened his eyes and sat up, and in a short time was as well as ever.

They asked him eagerly what had happened, and he told them all about the pilgrim with the queer feet and hands,

who had gone with him to the fountain and had then thrown back his hood and shown his terrible face. After that he could remember nothing until he found himself in a beautiful garden, where the loveliest flowers grew. There were lilies like white stars, and roses far more beautiful than any he had ever seen in his own garden, and the leaves of the trees shone like silver and gold. It was all so beautiful that for a while he forgot about his home, and when he did remember and tried to find his way back, he grew bewildered and did not know in what direction to turn. As he was looking about, an old man came down the garden path and smiled so kindly upon him that he trusted him at once. This old man was dressed in the robes of a bishop, and had a long white beard and the sweetest old face the child had ever seen.

"Art thou searching for the way home?" the old man asked. "Dost thou wish to leave this beautiful garden and go back to thy father and mother?"

"I want to go home," said the child, with a sob in his voice, "but I cannot find the way, and I am, oh, so tired of searching for it!"

Then the old man stooped down and lifted him in his arms, and the child laid his head on the old man's shoulder, and, weary with his wanderings, fell fast asleep and remembered nothing more till he woke up in his own little bed.

Then the parents knew that Saint Nicholas had heard their prayers and had gone to fetch the child from the Heavenly Garden and brought him back to them.

So they were more grateful to the old saint than ever,

and they loved and honored him even more than they had done before; which was all the reward the demon got for his wicked doings.

That is one of the many stories told after the death of Saint Nicholas, and it ever helped and comforted his people to think that, though they could no longer see him, he would love and protect them still.

Young maidens in need of help remembered the story of the golden bars and felt sure the good saint would not let them want. Sailors tossing on the stormy waves thought of that storm which had sunk to rest at the prayer of Saint Nicholas. Poor prisoners with no one to take their part were comforted by the thought of those other prisoners whom he had saved. And little children perhaps have remembered him most of all, for when the happy Christmas time draws near, who is so much in their thoughts as Saint Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as they call him? Perhaps they are a little inclined to think of him as some good magician who comes to fill their stockings with gifts, but they should never forget that he was the kind bishop, who, in olden days, loved to make the little ones happy. There are some who think that even now he watches over and protects little children, and for that reason he is called their patron saint.

—*Amy Steedman.*

The Emperor's Vision *

It happened at the time when Augustus was Emperor in Rome and Herod was King in Jerusalem.

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It was then that a very great and holy night sank down over the earth. It was the darkest night that anyone had ever seen. One could have believed that the whole earth had fallen into a cellar-vault. It was impossible to distinguish water from land, and one could not find one's way on the most familiar road. And it couldn't be otherwise, for not a ray of light came from heaven. All the stars stayed at home in their own houses, and the fair moon held her face averted.

The silence and stillness were as profound as the darkness. The rivers stood still in their courses, the wind did not stir, and even the aspen leaves had ceased to quiver. Had anyone walked along the seashore, he would have found that the waves no longer dashed upon the sands; and had one wandered in the desert, the sand would not have crunched under one's feet. Everything was as motionless as if turned to stone, so as not to disturb the holy night. The grass was afraid to grow, the dew could not fall, and the flowers dared not exhale their perfume.

On this night the wild beasts did not seek their prey, the serpents did not sting, and the dogs did not bark. And what was even more glorious, inanimate things would have been unwilling to disturb the night's sanctity, lending themselves to an evil deed. No false key could have picked a lock, and no knife could possibly have drawn a drop of blood.

In Rome, during this very night, a small company of people came from the Emperor's palace at the Palatine

and took the path across the Forum which led to the Capitol. During the day just ended the Senators had asked the Emperor if he had any objections to their erecting a temple to him on Rome's sacred hill. But Augustus had not immediately given his consent. He did not know whether the gods would be pleased if he should own a temple next to theirs, and he had replied that first he wished to ascertain their will in the matter by offering a nocturnal sacrifice to his genius. It was he who, accompanied by a few trusted friends, was on his way to perform this sacrifice.

Augustus let them carry him in his litter, for he was old, and it was an effort for him to climb the long stairs leading to the Capitol. He himself held the cage with the doves for the sacrifice. No priests or soldiers or senators accompanied him, only his nearest friends. Torch-bearers walked in front of him in order to light the way in the night darkness, and behind him followed the slaves, who carried the tripod, the knives, the charcoal, the sacred fire, and all the other things needed for the sacrifice.

On the way the Emperor chatted gaily with his faithful followers, and therefore none of them noticed the infinite silence and stillness of the night. Only when they had reached the highest point of the Capitol Hill and the vacant spot upon which they contemplated erecting the temple did it dawn upon them that something unusual was taking place.

It could not be a night like all others, for up on the

very edge of the cliff they saw the most remarkable being! At first they thought it was an old distorted olive-trunk; later they imagined that an ancient stone figure from the temple of Jupiter had wandered out on the cliff. Finally it was apparent to them that it could be only the old sibyl.

Anything so aged, so weather-beaten, and so giant-like in stature they had never seen. This old woman was awe-inspiring! If the Emperor had not been present, they would all have fled to their homes.

"It is she," they whispered to each other, "who has lived as many years as there are sand-grains on her native shores. Why has she come out from her cave just to-night? What does she foretell for the Emperor and the Empire — she, who writes her prophecies on the leaves of the trees and knows that the wind will carry the words of the oracle to the person for whom they are intended?"

They were so terrified that they would have dropped on their knees with their foreheads pressed against the earth had the sibyl stirred. But she sat as still as though she were lifeless. Crouching upon the outermost edge of the cliff, and shading her eyes with her hand, she peered out into the night. She sat there as if she had gone up on the hill that she might see more clearly something that was happening far away. *She* could see things on a night like this!

At that moment the Emperor and all his retinue marked how profound the darkness was. None of them could see a hand's breadth in front of him. And what stillness!

What silence! Not even the Tiber's hollow murmur could they hear. The air seemed to suffocate them; cold sweat broke out on their foreheads; and their hands were numb and powerless. They feared that some dreadful disaster was impending.

But no one cared to show that he was afraid, and everyone told the Emperor that this was a good omen. All nature held its breath to greet a new god.

They counseled Augustus to hurry with the sacrifice, and said that the old sibyl had evidently come out of her cave to greet his genius.

But the truth was that the old sibyl was so absorbed in a vision that she did not even know that Augustus had come up to the Capitol. She was transported in spirit to a far-distant land, where she imagined that she was wandering over a great plain. In the darkness she stubbed her foot continually against something, which she believed to be grass-tufts. She stooped down and felt with her hand. No, it was not grass, but sheep. She was walking between great sleeping flocks of sheep.

Then she noticed the shepherds' fire. It burned in the middle of the field, and she groped her way to it. The shepherds lay asleep by the fire, and beside them were the long, spiked staves with which they defended their flocks from wild beasts. But the little animals with the glittering eyes and the bushy tails that stole up to the fire, were they not jackals? And yet the shepherds did not fling their staves at them, the dogs continued to sleep, the sheep did

not flee, and the wild animals lay down to rest beside the human beings.

This the sibyl saw, but she knew nothing of what was being enacted on the hill back of her. She did not know that there they were raising an altar, lighting charcoal and strewing incense, and that the Emperor took one of the doves from the cage to sacrifice it. But his hands were so benumbed that he could not hold the bird. With one stroke of the wing it freed itself and disappeared into the night darkness.

When this happened, the courtiers glanced suspiciously at the old sibyl. They believed it was she who caused the misfortune.

Could they know that all the while the sibyl thought herself standing beside the shepherds' fire, and that she listened to a faint sound which came trembling through the dead-still night? She heard it long before she marked that it did not come from the earth, but from the sky. At last she raised her head; then she saw light, shimmering forms glide forward in the darkness. They were little flocks of angels, who, singing joyously and apparently searching, flew back and forth above the wide plain.

While the sibyl was listening to the angel song, the Emperor was making preparation for a new sacrifice. He washed his hands, cleansed the altar, and took up the other dove. And, although he exerted his full strength to hold it fast, the dove's slippery body slid from his hand, and the bird swung itself up into the impenetrable night.

The Emperor was appalled! He fell upon his knees and prayed to his genius. He implored him for strength to avert the disasters which this night seemed to foreshadow.

Nor did the sibyl hear any of this either. She was listening with her whole soul to the angel song, which grew louder and louder. At last it became so powerful that it awakened the shepherds. They raised themselves on their elbows and saw shining hosts of silver-white angels move in the darkness in long, swaying lines, like migratory birds. Some held lutes and cymbals in their hands; others held zithers and harps, and their song rang out as merry as child laughter, and as care-free as the lark's trill. When the shepherds heard this they rose up to go to the mountain city, where they lived, to tell of the miracle.

They groped their way forward on a narrow, winding path, and the sibyl followed them. Suddenly it grew light up there on the mountain; a big, clear star kindled right over it, and the city on the mountain summit glittered like silver in the starlight. All the fluttering angel throngs hastened thither, shouting for joy, and the shepherds hurried so that they almost ran. When they reached the city, they found that the angels had assembled over a low stable near the city gate. It was a wretched structure, with a roof of straw and the naked cliff for a back wall. Over it hung the Star, and hither flocked more and more angels. Some seated themselves on the straw roof or alighted upon the steep mountain-wall back of the house; others, again, held themselves in the air on outspread wings, and hovered

over it. High, high up, the air was illuminated by the shining wings.

The instant the Star kindled over the mountain city all Nature awoke, and the men who stood upon Capitol Hill could not help seeing it. They felt refreshed by the caressing winds which traveled through space. Delicious perfumes streamed up about them; trees swayed; the Tiber began to murmur; the stars twinkled, and suddenly the moon stood out in the sky and lit up the world. And out of the clouds the two doves came circling down and lighted upon the Emperor's shoulders.

When this miracle happened, Augustus rose, proud and happy, but his friends and his slaves fell on their knees.

"Hail, Caesar!" they cried. "Thy genius hath answered thee. Thou art the god who shall be worshiped on Capitol Hill!"

And this cry of homage, which the men in their transport gave as a tribute to the Emperor, was so loud that the old sibyl heard it. It waked her from her visions. She rose from her place on the edge of the cliff and came down among the people. It was as if a dark cloud had risen from the abyss and rushed down the mountain height. She was terrifying in her extreme age! Coarse hair hung in matted tangles around her head, her joints were enlarged, and the dark skin, hard as the bark of a tree, covered her body with furrow upon furrow.

Potent and awe-inspiring, she advanced toward the Emperor. With one hand she clutched his wrist, with the other she pointed toward the distant East.

"Look!" she commanded, and the Emperor raised his eyes and saw. The vaulted heavens opened before his eyes, and his glance traveled to the distant Orient. He saw a lowly stable behind a steep rock wall, and in the open doorway a few shepherds kneeling. Within the stable he saw a young mother on her knees before a little child, who lay upon a bundle of straw on the floor.

And the sibyl's big, knotty fingers pointed toward the poor babe. "Hail, Caesar!" cried the sibyl, in a burst of scornful laughter. "There is the god who shall be worshiped on Capitol Hill!"

Then Augustus shrank back from her, as from a maniac. But upon the sibyl fell the mighty spirit of prophecy. Her dim eyes began to burn, her hands were stretched toward heaven, her voice was so changed that it seemed not to be her own, but rang out with such resonance and power that it could have been heard over the whole world. And she uttered words which she appeared to be reading among the stars.

"Upon Capitol Hill shall the redeemer of the world be worshiped — *Christ* — but not frail mortals."

When she had said this she strode past the terror-stricken men, walked slowly down the mountain, and disappeared.

But, on the following day, Augustus strictly forbade the people to raise any temple to him on Capitol Hill. In place of it he built a sanctuary to the new-born God-Child, and called it Heaven's Altar — Ara Coeli.

—*Selma Lagerlöf.*

Blind Bartimaeus *

(A Christmas Story)

Blind Bartimaeus was not his real name — of course not. In the first place, he had not always been blind. Until the night he rushed into neighbor Tyne's burning house and rescued a child from death, his eyes had been bright, clear, and far-seeing. When, after weeks of agony, he once more came out among his neighbors, he was blind indeed, but not yet Bartimaeus. That came later, and this is the manner of its coming.

One Sunday morning Father Anthony told his people the story of Blind Bartimaeus in words so simple and withal so eloquent that every heart was touched. To the blind man Father Anthony's words brought a special message of hope and cheer. As he left the church, after the service, his mind still full of the beautiful old story, he stumbled against some of the people lingering about the door. Whereupon, a heedless boy who had seen him, called to his fellows, "Step out of the way. Here comes Blind Bartimaeus!" All within hearing turned upon the boy with words of reproof, reproach or anger — all but the blind man. "Nay, scold not the lad," he said. "It is a good name. Was not Blind Bartimaeus healed by the Christ? Who knows but the boy's words carry a good omen? Perhaps I, too, shall have my blindness lightened by the Master." So ever after the people of the village

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called him "Blind Bartimaeus," not in mocking, but in reverence, hoping in their simple hearts that the Master would indeed open the blind eyes.

All this happened when he was a young man. The years passed until at the time of this story he had nearly reached the allotted three score years and ten. Still he was Blind Bartimaeus and still he looked for the coming of the Great Physician.

Early one morning a strange, wild figure entered the little village. Although it was winter, and the ground was white with snow, his feet were but partly covered with a pair of old grass sandals. His clothes, if so they might be called, were simply a number of undressed skins of wild animals. His head was bare, and his long, matted, white hair and beard streamed out in the wind. Holding his right hand aloft, he walked swiftly towards the little church, shouting as he went, "A message! A message!"

"It is the holy man, the hermit Job," whispered the people with wondering faces. "What message can he bear?"

Dropping their work they hastened to the church, and by the time the hermit had mounted the stone steps and stood ready to speak, everyone in the village — even Blind Bartimaeus — stood on the ground below ready to hear the message. Father Anthony, the good old priest, alone stood on the steps with the hermit, but back and nearer the church door. Hermit Job raised his hand, and a dead silence fell upon the waiting people as he began to speak. "Last night while all the earth slept, I kept vigil in yon-

der forest. For seven days and seven nights I had kept the vigil, fasting and praying without ceasing that Christ would once more visit the world and judge his people. Too weak to stand, I lay with my face to the ground and moaned, 'How long, O Lord, how long must thy people wait?' Then suddenly there shone around me a most wondrous, dazzling light and I looked up and beheld an angel, clothed in white, standing before me. And as I gazed, speechless with awe, the vision spake and said, 'Job, thy prayer hath been heard, and thy desire shall be granted. At Christmas-tide the Master will again visit the world and judge His children. Arise, eat and drink, and go into the village beyond and make known His coming to the people, that they may have all things ready and meet to receive Him. Be ye His messenger.' Then faded the vision and I was left alone."

For a full minute after the hermit had ended, the people stood breathless, then they began to question him eagerly.

"Where shall we most fittingly receive Him?" "How shall we prepare for His coming?" "When will—"

"Ask me not," interrupted the hermit, "I cannot say. I delivered unto you the message as I received it. More I cannot do." Descending the steps he swept his long arm from side to side, clearing a way for himself. Passing through the lane thus formed he made his way back to the forest.

The people stood in silence watching the tall figure till it faded from their sight; then they returned to the making of their plans for the great day.

"The wise men of yore prepared gifts for the Christ," said one old man. "Should we not do likewise?"

"That is a good thought," answered another. "Let us prepare the best gift we can."

"Where shall we bring our gifts?" asked one.

"Here to the church. Is it not His house?" replied the oldest man in the village. "What place could be more fitting?"

"Let each bring his gift here and leave it secretly," said the miser. "Then none need feel cast down if his gift be not as fine as others, for no one will know what another brings." This he said, not because he had pity on the poor man who could bring but a small gift, but because he sought thus to hide the meanness of the gift he thought to offer.

"Not so, not so, I say. Let each man bear his own gift. Then shall the Master see who has used his talent most wisely." Thus spake the richest man in the village, for he wanted his good works to be seen and praised of all men.

So it came to pass that after much talking it was decided that every man should bring his gift to the church on Christmas morning and there await the coming of the Master.

While the people talked and planned, good Father Anthony looked down upon them with eyes full of kindness and love, but he refused to take any part in the discussion. Before leaving the church the people knelt for

his blessing, and as he dismissed them, the good priest said, "Remember, my children, that it is written, 'Only the pure in heart shall see God.' Ye have more than gifts to prepare." But the people were so eager to get to their homes and think of their gifts that they hardly heeded the words of Father Anthony.

For days there was nothing talked of but the great and wonderful news the hermit had brought and the gifts each was preparing. The sad truth must be told — this season, that should have been full of joy and gladness, was a time of bitterness and striving, each man eager to outdo his neighbor and prepare a finer gift. Only one man went on in his usual way. This was Blind Bartimaeus. When asked what gift he would bring, he always answered, "The best that I have; perchance a loaf or two of barley bread and a little honey."

Then his neighbors forgot Blind Bartimaeus' affliction and his brave, cheerful life and mocked him, saying,

"Great gifts, these, to bring to the Master!"

"Aye," answered the blind man, "they are small and most unworthy, but He scorned not the loaves and fishes in the desert, but used them to His honor and glory; so perhaps He may even accept my humble offering, knowing that it is my best and that I give it freely from my heart."

. . . . . .

On Christmas Eve, just as the dusk was closing down, a beggar boy entered the village. His clothes were worn and ragged, and his little feet were bare. He shivered in

the cold blast. He was hungry, wayworn and weary. The first house on the street was the rich man's. Here the boy stopped and asked for food and shelter.

"Come to-morrow," answered the rich man, not unkindly, "to-night I am too busy getting ready my Christmas gifts to attend to anything else."

The next house was the miser's. Here the boy was ordered off with threats and angry words, for the miser was so torn between the desire to save his possessions and the desire to out-do the rich man in his gift that he was cross and fretful.

So from house to house wandered the child, but no one had time to listen to his story or relieve his distress. To be sure, after sending the boy away, Neighbor Tyne's heart pricked him, and he went again to his door to call the beggar boy back, but he saw him enter the little cottage of Blind Bartimaeus, and knew that all was well with the child.

. . . . . .

Christmas morning broke bright and clear, and at the ringing of the bell the people gathered in the church, bringing their gifts with them. Good Father Anthony looked at them with a shadow on his face, for he saw plainly that the gifts were not brought for love of the Master, but for the glory of men. Blind Bartimaeus was the last man to enter the church, and he came with empty hands.

"What means this?" cried his neighbors. "Where is your gift? What will you do when the Master comes?"

"The Master has come and I — I, Blind Bartimaeus, have seen him with these eyes."

"Has come? You have seen him? What mean ye?" cried the people, closing around the blind man.

Father Anthony stepped to the side of Blind Bartimaeus, and, taking his hand, said, "Stand back, my children, and let the man tell his story."

"I had prepared my gift — two barley loaves and a little honey," began the blind man, "and had it ready to bring here to-day. Last night as I sat at my fireside dreaming of the great joy to come, I heard a timid knock at my door. I opened it and there stood a poor child almost perishing for want of food and warmth. For a moment I hardened my heart against his plea for help. I had nothing in the house but the Master's gift — and, O my friends, if ye only knew what that meant to me! For fifty years I had waited for the coming of the Master. For weeks I had been telling myself that if my gift found favor in His sight, He might, indeed, open my blind eyes. How could I part with my gift — perhaps my only chance of healing — to an unknown beggar boy! But when I placed my hand on the little ragged jacket and felt the child shiver, I could withhold the gift no longer. I bade the lad throw aside his wet clothing and wrapped him in my cloak and fed him. After his meal, as he sat on my knee before the fire and I felt the soft little body now comforted and warm, within my arms, a great joy and peace crept into my heart, for, friends, I have been lonely ever, and I said softly, 'Wilt stay with me always and be eyes

to old Blind Bartimaeus, my lad?' 'Aye,' he whispered, and lifted his hand and touched my eyelids with his little fingers and, as he did so, methought I heard a voice saying, 'Look up, Blind Bartimaeus,' and I looked up and behold, I saw, and my poor little room was filled with a wondrous light, and in the midst of the light stood a vision all glorious, and I knew it was the Master, for none other could have such loving, pitying eyes! And the Vision Glorious pointed to the child in my arms and said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me;' and lo, while the voice still sounded in mine ears, the vision vanished, but I heard the most wonderful music as of a choir invisible singing:

'Blessed are they, whose thoughts in deeds find wing,
Whose hands the gifts of love and mercy bring,
And in his lowliest children see their king.

'Blessed are they who hear the Master plead
In every cry of sorrow or of need,
Lo, to their hearts the Lord has come indeed.'

"Then all was dark and still again. But in my heart was music and joy, for in my arms I held a little child, whose arms clasped my neck, and I — even I — Blind Bartimaeus, had seen the Lord."

The people had listened in breathless silence while the story was being told, and then with a sob, the rich man spoke: "Here, neighbor, take my gift. It is for the boy.

Verily, ye only have shown the true spirit of Christ. Take the gift in his name.''

Others followed and left their gifts at the feet of Bartimaeus and Father Anthony to be used for the Master's poor. Only the miser hugged his gift closer and said, "Nonsense! The blind man deceives ye. Think ye the Master would visit his poor dwelling? I tell ye he but dreamed the story.''

"Nay, not so,'' said Father Anthony. "'Twas no dream. Well, ye all know that the promise is that the pure in heart shall see God. Blind Bartimaeus hath looked upon the Vision Glorious — Blind Bartimaeus hath seen the Christ.'' —*Catherine Twiner Bryce.*

The Worker in Sandal-wood *

It was the only wood of that kind which had ever been seen in Terminaison. Pierre L'Oreillard brought it into the workshop one morning, a small, heavy bundle wrapped in sacking, and then in burlap, and then in fine soft cloths. He laid it on a pile of shavings, and unwrapped it carefully; and a dim sweetness filled the dark shed and hung heavily in the thin winter sunbeams.

Pierre L'Oreillard rubbed the wood respectfully with his knobby fingers. "It is sandal-wood,'' he explained to Hyacinthe, pride of knowledge making him expansive, "a most precious wood that grows in warm countries, thou

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great goblin. Smell it, *imbecile*. It is sweeter than cedar. It is to make a cabinet for the old Madame at the big house. Thy great hands shall smooth the wood, *nigaud*, and I, I, Pierre the cabinet-maker, shall render it beautiful.'' Then he went out, locking the door behind him.

When he was gone Hyacinthe laid down his plane, blew his stiff fingers, and shambled slowly over to the wood. He was a great clumsy boy of fourteen, dark-faced, very slow of speech, dull-eyed, and uncared for. He was clumsy because it is impossible to move gracefully when you are growing very big and fast on quite insufficient food; he was dull-eyed because all eyes met his unlovingly; uncared for, because none knew the beauty of his soul. But his heavy young hands could carve simple things like flowers and birds and beasts to perfection.

Hyacinthe knew that the making of the cabinet would fall to him, as most of the other work did. He also touched the strange, sweet wood, and at last laid his cheek against it, while the fragrance caught his breath. "How it is beautiful!'' said Hyacinthe, and for a moment his eyes glowed and he was happy. Then the light passed, and with bent head he shuffled back to his bench through a foam of white shavings curling almost to his knees.

" Madame perhaps will want the cabinet next week, for that is Christmas,'' said Hyacinthe, and fell to work harder than ever, though it was so cold in the shed that his breath hung like a little silver cloud and the steel stung his hands.

Brandy was good at the Cinq Chateaux and Pierre

L'Oreillard gave Hyacinthe plenty of directions, but no further help with his cabinet.

"That is to be finished for Madame on the festival, *gros escargot,*" said he, cuffing Hyacinthe's ears furiously; "finished, and with a prettiness about the corners, hearest thou, *ourson?* I suffer from a delicacy of the constitution and a little feebleness in the legs on these days, so that I cannot handle the tools. I must leave this work to thee, *gasheur.* See it is done properly. And stand up and touch a hand to thy cap when I address thee, great slow-worm."

"Yes, monsieur," said Hyacinthe wearily.

It is hard, when you do all the work, to be cuffed into the bargain; and fourteen is not very old. He went to work on the cabinet with slow, exquisite skill; but on the eve of Noël he was still at work, and the cabinet unfinished. It meant a thrashing from Pierre if the morrow came and found it still unfinished, and Pierre's thrashings were cruel. But it was growing into a thing of perfection under his slow hands, and Hyacinthe would not hurry over it.

"Then work on it all night, and show it to me all completed in the morning, or thy bones shall mourn thine idleness," said Pierre with a flicker of his little eyes. And he shut Hyacinthe into the workshop with a smoky lamp, his tools, and the sandal-wood cabinet.

It was nothing unusual. The boy had often been left before to finish a piece of work overnight while Pierre went off to his brandies. But this was Christmas Eve, and he was very tired. The cold crept into the shed, until even

the scent of the sandal-wood could not make him dream himself warm, and the roof cracked sullenly in the frost. There came upon Hyacinthe one of those awful, hopeless despairs that children know. It seemed to be a living presence that caught up his soul and crushed it in black hands. "In all the world, nothing!" said he, staring at the dull flame; "no place, no heart, no love! O kind God, is there a place, a love for me in another world?"

Hyacinthe even looked at the chisel in his hand, and thought that by a touch of that he might lose it all, all, and be at peace, somewhere not far from God; only it was forbidden. Then came the tears, and great sobs that sickened and deafened him, so that he scarcely heard the gentle rattling of the latch.

"I see you are working late, comrade. May I come in?" said a strange voice.

Hyacinthe brushed his ragged sleeve across his eyes, and opened the door wider with a little nod to the other to enter. As the stranger turned within the door, smiling at Hyacinthe and shaking some snow from his fur cap, he did not seem more than sixteen or so.

"It is very cold outside," he said; "there is a big oak tree on the edge of the fields that has split in the frost and frightened all the little squirrels asleep there. Next year it will make an even better home for them. And see what I found close by!" He opened his fingers, and showed Hyacinthe a little sparrow lying unruffled in his palm.

"*Pauvrette!*" said the dull Hyacinthe. "*Pauvrette!* Is it then dead?" He touched it with a gentle forefinger.

"No," answered the strange boy, "it is not dead. We will put it here among the shavings, not far from the lamp, and it will be well by morning."

He smiled at Hyacinthe again, and the shambling lad felt dimly as if the scent of the sandal-wood had deepened, and the lamp burned clearer. But the stranger's eyes were only quiet, quiet.

"Have you come far?" asked Hyacinthe. "It is a bad season for traveling, and the wolves are out in the woods"

"A long way," said the other; "a long, long way. I heard a child cry--"

"There is no child here," answered Hyacinthe, shaking his head. "But if you have come far you must be cold and hungry, and I have no food nor fire. At the Cinq Chateaux you will find both."

The stranger looked at him again with those quiet eyes, and Hyacinthe fancied his face was familiar. "I will stay here," he said. "You are very late at work and you are unhappy."

"Why, as to that," answered Hyacinthe, rubbing again at his cheeks and ashamed of his tears, "most of us are sad at one time or another, the good God knows. Stay here and welcome if it pleases you; and you may take a share of my bed, though it is no more than a pile of balsam boughs and an old blanket in the loft. But I must work at this cabinet, for the drawer must be finished and the handles put on and these corners carved, all by the holy morning; or my wages will be paid with a stick."

"You have a hard master," put in the other boy, "if he would pay you with blows upon the feast of Noël."

"He is hard enough," said Hyacinthe; "but once he gave me a dinner of sausages and white wine, and once, in the summer, melons. If my eyes will stay open, I will finish this by morning, but indeed I am sleepy. Stay with me an hour or so, comrade, and talk to me of your wanderings, so that the time may pass more quickly."

"I will tell you of the country where I was a child," answered the stranger.

And while Hyacinthe worked, he told of sunshine and dust; of the shadows of vine-leaves on the flat white walls of a house; of rosy doves on the flat roof; of the flowers that come out in the spring, crimson and blue, and the white cyclamen, the myrtle and almond; until Hyacinthe's slow fingers ceased working, and his sleepy eyes blinked wonderingly.

"See what you have done, comrade," he said at last; "you have told of such pretty things that I have done no work for an hour. And now the cabinet will never be finished, and I shall be beaten."

"Let me help you," smiled the other; "I also was bred a carpenter."

At first Hyacinthe would not, fearing to trust the sweet wood out of his own hands. But at length he allowed the stranger to fit in one of the little drawers. And so deftly was the work done that Hyacinthe pounded his fists on the bench in admiration. "You have a pretty knack," he cried; "it seemed as if you did but hold the drawer in

your hands a moment, and hey! ho! it jumped into its place!"

"Let me fit in the other little drawers, while you go and rest a while," said the wanderer. So Hyacinthe curled up among the shavings, and the stranger fell to work upon the little cabinet of sandal-wood.

Hyacinthe lay among the shavings in the sweetness of the sandal-wood, and was very tired. He thought of the country where the stranger had been a boy. All the time through these pictures, as through a painted veil, he was aware of that other boy with the quiet eyes, at work upon the cabinet, smoothing, fitting, polishing. "He does better work than I," thought Hyacinthe; but he was not jealous. And again he thought, "It is growing towards morning. In a little while I will get up and help him." But he did not, for the dream of warmth and the smell of the sandal-wood held him in a sweet drowse. Also he said that he thought the stranger was singing as he worked, for there seemed to be a sense of some music in the shed, though he could not tell whether it came from the other boy's lips, or from the shabby old tools as he used them, or from the stars. "The stars are much paler," thought Hyacinthe, "and soon it will be morning, and the corners are not carved yet. I must get up and help this kind one in a little moment. Only I am so tired, and the music and the sweetness seem to wrap me and fold me close, so that I may not move."

He lay without moving, and behind the forest there shone a pale glow of some indescribable color that was neither

green nor blue, while in Terminaison the church bells began to ring. "Day will soon be here," thought Hyacinthe, immovable in that deep dream of his, "and with day will come Monsieur L'Oreillard and his stick. I must get up and help, for even yet the corners are not carved."

But he did not get up. Instead, he saw the stranger look at him again, smiling as if he loved him, and lay his brown finger lightly upon the four empty corners of the cabinet. And Hyacinthe saw the little squares of reddish wood ripple and heave and break, as little clouds when the wind goes through the sky. And out of them thrust forth the little birds, and after them the lilies, for a moment living, but even while Hyacinthe looked growing hard and reddish-brown and setting back into the sweet wood. Then the stranger smiled again, and laid all the tools neatly in order, and, opening the door quietly, went away into the woods.

Hyacinthe lay still among the shavings for a long time, and then he crept slowly to the door. The sun, not yet risen, sent his first beams upon the delicate mist of frost afloat beneath the trees, and so all the world was aflame with splendid gold. Far away down the road a dim figure seemed to move amid the glory, but the glow and splendor were such that Hyacinthe was blinded. His breath came sharply as the glow beat in great waves on the wretched shed, on the foam of shavings, on the cabinet with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners.

He was too pure of heart to feel afraid. But, "Blessed be the Lord," whispered Hyacinthe, clasping his slow hands,

" for He hath visited and redeemed his people. But who will believe? "

Then the sun of Christ's day rose gloriously, and the little sparrow came from his nest among the shavings and shook his wings to the light.

—*Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.*

Madam Cecropia

An Easter Story

" It seems strange that Carl has not returned from his errand." The mother looked into her husband's work-room anxiously. " There's a thunder cloud coming up, and the child went without a coat."

" He has probably found some 'specimen' and has stopped to watch it. If it begins to rain, he will run in somewhere for shelter," her husband assured her. But at the same time he went out upon the front porch with her to watch for the coming of their ten-year-old boy.

After a clap of thunder and a short silence the autumn shower began to come down sharply; and then they saw him coming very leisurely up the avenue, in his blue waist and overalls, and taking his wetting as a matter of course.

" Why, boy! " his mother called, " hurry in and change your clothes. Aren't you wet through? "

" Yes," replied Carl, " but, mother, see what I've found."

He reached deep down in his overalls pocket and drew forth in his bare hands a great, fat, smooth-bodied cater-

pillar three inches long — light green with yellow prickles along the back and four red knobs down his neck, and with short, clinging legs.

"The horrid thing!" exclaimed his mother. But the father, remembering that worms and caterpillars had not been abhorrent to him when he was a boy, persuaded Carl to deposit his treasure in a thread-box till he could be put into dry clothes.

Then Carl looked it over with great care and gave it as his opinion that, as the creature was so large and sluggish and had been found crawling on the ground, it was ready to make its cocoon and die. Meanwhile Neal, the boy of six, had been watching his older brother and taking in all that was said as from an oracle.

After the shower the two boys went and gathered leaves of lilac, and apple, and soft maple, hoping to find the food the worm needed. These they placed in the open box, and then set it on the wide window ledge of their room.

The next day Neal was first to look in at their new possession. "Oh, Carl!" he called in very real distress, "he's gone! The big worm is gone!"

The mother overheard and imagined the "creature" loose and crawling over the pillows; but she had learned to rely upon Carl in all these matters. Soon she heard him assuring Neal. "It can't be very far away, Neal. Oh, here it is on this maple twig I pinned to the window curtain."

"And, oh, Carl, it's not pretty any more! It's tangled in spider webs." There it was with its head and the fore

part of its body raised from the leaf, moving the head deliberately to and fro, the body partly enmeshed in what seemed a tangle of filmy, cream-colored gauze. Carl knew in part what this meant, but decided not to tell Neal till the miracle was finished.

Two or three times during the day they looked in and watched the caterpillar for a while, until it had completely wrapped itself from sight. Within a few days a dull brownish-gray cocoon an inch through and about three inches long was completely finished and fastened firmly to the twig by the window casing.

"Isn't it strange, mother," said Carl when all signs of life had disappeared in the cocoon, "that any animal should know enough to bury itself, and that it should spin its own grave clothes out of its own silk, just like the cloths in the mummy case we saw in the museum. I wonder if we should keep it if it would last as long as that Egyptian mummy did."

His mother was surprised. She thought he knew what it all meant. But evidently it seemed to him that his beautiful worm had lived its life and had had a fitting burial.

"Let's take it out and bury it just as we did puppy Fluff when the automobile ran over her," suggested Neal.

But Carl demurred. "Maybe we will in the spring when the ground is warm again. But it will soon be winter now."

"All right, Carl, we'll bury it when the flowers come again in the spring," assented Neal.

Then winter came, other matters interested the boys, and the cocoon on the window casing was almost forgotten. Like many another familiar object in a room it would have been missed if it had been removed, but being present and a part of the family picture, it was unnoticed.

With the opening of spring the details of the Easter story came to Neal for the first time. It was a mystery. Fluffy had not come back after she was buried. He had not known anything to come back. And yet that very morning his teacher had told how Jesus had come out of the tomb and was not dead any more. "And," Carl added, "when Jesus came back, he could do things that he could not do before he was dead."

"Yes," said Neal, "he could go about as if he had wings."

"Maybe father and I can help you to understand this when you grow a little older," said the mother.

"Our teacher told us about plants going on after they seemed dead," continued Carl, calling through the open door to his mother, "and she showed us bulbs coming out as new daffodils, and maple seeds springing up in little shoots; but that isn't the same. They're plants. They're different."

Just then Neal remembered the cocoon. "Carl," he began, "don't you think it is warm enough now to bury the big cocoon?"

"Maybe," assented Carl. "Let's look at it anyway."

"Why, Neal, the thing's empty!" he exclaimed.

"There's a hole in one end. Who has meddled with it, do you think?"

"Oh, look, look, Carl! on the curtain!"

"Neal, Neal!" cried Carl with delight, as he caught sight of the great moth slowly airing and unfolding her magnificent reddish-brown wings with the dark 'eye' in the outer edge of the upper and the white 'moon' glowing on the lower one, "that's a cecropia — Samia Cecropia is the name Son Carter calls her; and his father says that Madam Cecropia is the very finest lady in Butterfly Land. Mother, isn't she a beauty? Call Father."

"And she came out of our cocoon," marveled Neal. "When she wound herself up, she was a big, ugly worm; and now just look at her!"

Carl's mother reminded him of his wish to see something in the animal world come back to life.

"That's so," said Carl, after thinking a moment. "She looked dead in her mummy case; but she has come out; and look how much finer than she was in her other life."

"And the wings, Carl," Neal reminded.

"Yes, and Easter, too," added Carl. "Just think!"

—*Allen Cross.*

THE HOME-MADE FLAG *

What is the first Fourth of July you remember, Harry? Eighteen-seventy six? The Centennial Fourth. We were

* Reprinted by courtesy of the publisher from "Bamboo: Tales of the Orient-Born." By Lyon Sharman (Paul Elder and Company, 1914).

small boys then, weren't we? Let me see: I was six years old; and you were four? Strange, how much older I felt than you, just because you found "centennial" hard to pronounce. And yet you had talked Chinese from baby-hood, eh, Harry? But there was no word in Chinese so hard as "centennial," was there?

Do you remember the little purple-covered book with the Constitution of the United States printed in it? In the back of that book on a large sheet like a folding map, was a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence. You and I thumbed and tore that sheet, and decided that none of the great men could write so well as our mother. But we got the idea clearly that the Declaration of Independence and a war called the Revolution, made the beginning of the United States of America, and we were always eager to hear about America. You and I had more than one discussion in the Chinese language about America, the country we had never seen; where father lived when he was a boy; where we had uncles and cousins and aunts and one grandmother; America which was somehow different from China, and said to be better.

One day father had been reading a new number of some magazine — Scribner's, I think — and we had been climbing over him, asking questions about the pictures. Then he told us that in America, in a city called Philadelphia (a place just about as big as the Chinese city we were living in) they were planning to have a celebration of the hundredth birthday of the Declaration of Independence, and that a hundredth birthday was called a Centennial.

Thousands of people were going to the celebration from all parts of the United States, and Aunt Margaret herself was going.

Why weren't they going to have a Centennial celebration in China so that we could go? The question gave father an idea.

"We will have a celebration . . . on the Fourth of July . . . at our house. We'll put up a pole in the yard and fly the American flag." After a moment he added: "Run and ask your mother whether we have a flag."

Just think of it, Harry! Except in pictures you and I had never seen the American flag! And I was six years old! Queer, isn't it, that when missionaries pack their trunks for a foreign land, they so often forget to put in a flag? It isn't because they are the least bit unpatriotic; others of them besides father fought in the Civil War. I suppose that it didn't occur to our parents that they wouldn't always see the old flag just the same as at home. But when they discovered that their children were growing up without a star-spangled banner, it gave them a shock. I remember yet how emphatically father said, "Well, I declare!" when we brought back word from mother that we had no flag. "Perhaps we can borrow one," he said. But we could not. There must have been at least twenty Americans, adults and children, living in that Chinese city, and among them all there was not to be found an American flag. Doubtless flags can be bought now in Shanghai; they could not be purchased in China in those

days. There was no way for us to get a flag in time for the Fourth of July, except to make it.

So mother bought some pieces of Chinese cotton in white and red and dark blue, and for days her spare time was spent in making a jolly big flag. Do you remember our puzzle-map of the United States? Someone had sent it to us. Not a bad idea, either! It was dissected into blocks by the state boundaries. We had put it together often, like any other puzzle. While mother sewed the thirteen red and white stripes of the flag, we learned the names of the thirteen original colonies, hunted them out and fitted them together. The blue square with the stars took mother the longest time to make. There were so many stars, Harry —but not nearly so many as there are now. Each star had to be cut with five points, so mother insisted. Do you recall what a knack mother had at cutting five-pointed stars? It's really quite a trick. I remember how I tried it over and over again with pieces of paper. My stars always came out lop-sided. It took mother a long while to stitch all those stars neatly on the blue square; and we had plenty of time to pick out a state for each star and build up our puzzle-map. One of the stars was for Ohio. It was our particular star, and the Ohio of the puzzle-map grew familiar and very badly thumbed. That was where our grandmother and uncles and aunts and cousins lived. We would go there sometime ourselves!

When the flag was finished, it seemed to us very big and splendid. The Stars and Stripes! Do you know, Harry, often when I hear those words, I get to thinking of

the hours of patient cutting and putting together of our first flag. But I believe it was worth our mother's while, for every stitch seemed to fasten in our hearts sentiment for America. It made us love the United States as we can never love any other country, Harry.

Tell me: Do you remember any fire-crackers connected with that Fourth of July? I don't either; and fire-crackers are so common in China. I remember the annual hubbub of fire-crackers at the Chinese New Year. And you remember, don't you, the time when a lot of the Chinese notables came to our compound to nail a complimentary inscription over the gate, because of the good work father had done in the mission hospital? Then they made speeches and fired fire-crackers. But I don't think we had any fire-crackers that Fourth of July. Perhaps we thought they were too Chinese to introduce into our American Fourth.

I believe every American in that big city, man, woman, and child, came to our celebration of the Centennial. But that was not many. Do you think there were more than twenty-five, counting the children? There were three American missions, and only a family or two at each mission. Most of them came in sedan chairs which were put down at our front gate. I recall how you and I listened for every thumping of the big knocker on the gate, and how we ran down the walk to see who it was the gate-keeper admitted to the compound.

The parlor looked quite pretty that day. Mother had taste in putting flowers about a room; and Chinese vases make even flowers look prettier. In the center of the room

hung "1876," done in orange leaves on a base of cardboard; I watched mother do it. Years afterwards she used to tell how old Dr. Gray of the Southern Mission took her pleasantly to task for putting up "1876;" why not "1776?" That was the important date. Mother made excuses for her stupidity. But when the dining-room doors were opened, there hung "1776" in green figures over the table. Mother never lost her relish for that little joke on old Dr. Gray.

I suppose we ate such a dinner as children do on their great occasions. Do you remember anything about that dinner, Harry? The one thing I remember is ice-cream. It was the first time I had ever tasted ice-cream. I've often wondered how mother got the ice in July in a Chinese city; but ice-cream we had. I didn't like it; it gave me a queer pain in my head!

The best part of our Centennial celebration came after dinner. Carefully laid away in a place known to you and me, was the American flag. The bamboo pole was already planted in the front yard. The grown people and the children all went out of doors, and you and I, Harry, carried out the flag. Father helped us run it up the pole, where it flapped splendidly. All the men and boys took off their hats, and one of the ladies sang "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Do you know, Harry, I wish I had that flag now — with the seams up and down the stripes, and its stitched-on stars. I suppose when we came to the United States on father's furlough, it was given to some other American children.

If American flags continued to be scarce in China, it must have worn to a rag long ago. But, Harry, if we could have it now, we would cherish it as veterans do the battle-flags of their regiment. —*Lyon Sharman.*

How June Found Massa Linkum *

June laid down her knives upon the scrubbing board, and stole softly out into the yard. Madame Joilet was taking a nap upstairs, and, for a few minutes at least, the coast seemed to be quite clear.

Who was June? and who was Madame Joilet?

June was a little girl who had lived in Richmond ever since she could remember, who had never been outside of the city's boundaries, and who had a vague idea that the North lay just above the Chickahominy River and the Gulf of Mexico about a mile below the James. She could not tell A from Z, nor the figure 1 from 40.

Somebody asked June once how old she was.

" 'Spect I's a hundred — dunno," she said gravely.

Exactly how old she was nobody knew. She was not tall enough to be more than seven, but her face was like the face of a little old woman. It was a queer little face, with thick lips and low forehead, and great mournful eyes. There was something strange about those eyes. Whenever they looked at one, they seemed to cry right out, as if they had a voice. But no one in Richmond cared about that. Nobody cared about June at all. If she broke a teacup

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or spilled a mug of coffee, she had her ears boxed, or was shut up in a terrible dark cellar, where the rats were as large as kittens. If she tried to sing a little, in her sorrowful, smothered way, over her work, Madame Joilet shook her for making so much noise. When she stopped, she scolded her for being sulky. She had not half enough to eat, nor half enough to wear. What was worse than that, she had nobody to kiss, and nobody in all the wide world to care whether she lived or died, except a half-starved kitten that lived in the woodshed. For June was black, and a slave; and this French woman, Madame Joilet, was her mistress.

That there had been a war, June gathered from old Creline, who told her ghost stories. What it was all about, she did not know. Madame Joilet said some terrible giants, called Yankees, were coming down to eat up all the little black girls in Richmond. Creline said that the Yankees were the Messiah's people, and were coming to set the negroes free.

Now, this morning, Creline had whispered mysteriously to June, as she went up the street to sell some eggs for Madame Joilet, that Massa Linkum was coming that very day. June knew nothing about those grand, immortal words of his which had made every slave in Richmond free; it had never entered Madame Joilet's plan that she should know.

While her mistress was safely asleep upstairs, she had stolen out to watch for the wonderful sight. She was

standing there on tiptoe on the fence, in her little ragged dress, with the black kitten in her arms, when a great crowd turned a corner, tossed up a cloud of dust, and swept up the street. There were armed soldiers with glittering uniforms, and there were flags flying, and merry voices shouting, and huzzas and blessings distinct upon the air. There were long lines of dusky faces upturned, and wet with happy tears. There were angry faces, too, scowling from windows, and lurking in dark corners.

June stood still, and held her breath to look, and saw in the midst of it all, a tall man dressed in black. He had a thin, white face, sad-eyed and kindly and quiet, and he was bowing and smiling to the people on either side.

"God bress yer, Massa Linkum, God bress yer!" shouted the happy voices. June laughed outright for glee, and lifted up her little thin voice and cried, 'Bress yer, Massa Linkum!" with the rest, and knew no more than the kitty what she did it for.

The great man turned, and saw June standing alone in the sunlight, the fresh wind blowing her ragged dress, her little black shoulders just reaching to the top of the fence, her wide-open, mournful eyes, and the kitten squeezed in her arms. And he looked right at her, oh, so kindly; and and gave her a smile all to herself — one of his rare smiles, with a bit of a quiver in it — and bowed, and was gone.

"Take me 'long wid yer, Massa Linkum, Massa Linkum!" called poor June faintly. But no one heard her; and the crowd swept on, and June's voice broke into a

cry, and the hot tears came, and she laid her face down on Hungry to hide them. You see, in all her life, no one had ever looked so at June before.

"June, June, come here!" called a sharp voice from the house. But June was sobbing so hard she did not hear.

"Venez ici — vite, vite! June! Voila! The little nigger will be the death of me. She tears my heart. June, vite, I say!"

June started, and jumped down from the fence, and ran into the house with great frightened eyes.

"I just didn't mean to, noways, missus. I want to see Massa Linkum, an' he look at me, an' I done forget ebery-ting. O missus, don't beat me dis yere time, an' I'll neber —"

But Madame Joilet interrupted her with a box on the ear, and dragged her upstairs. There was a terrible look on Madame's face. Just what happened upstairs, I have not the heart to tell you.

That night, June was crouched, sobbing and bruised, behind the kitchen stove, when Creline came in on an errand for her mistress. Madame Joilet was obliged to leave the room for a few minutes, and the two were alone together. June crawled out from behind the stove. "I see him — I see Massa Linkum, Creline."

"De Lord bress him foreber'n eber. Amen!" exclaimed Creline fervently, throwing up her old thin hands.

"Creline, what's he done gone come down here fur? Am he de Messiah?"

"Bress yer soul, chile! don' ye know better'n *dat* ar?"

"Don' know nuffin," said June sullenly. "Neber knows nuffin; 'spects I neber's gwine to. Can' go out in de road to fine out — she beat me. Can' ask nuffin — she jest gib me a push down cellar. O Creline, der's *sech* rats down dar now — dar is!"

"Yer poor critter!" said Creline, with great contempt for her ignorance. "Why, Massa Linkum, eberybody knows 'bout he. He's done gone made we free — whole heap on we."

"Free!" echoed June, with puzzled eyes.

"Laws, yes, chile; 'pears like yer's drefful stupid. Yer don' b'long — " Creline lowered her voice to a mysterious whisper, and looked carefully at the closed door — "yer don' b'long to Missus Jully no more dan she b'long to you, an' dat's de trufe now, 'case Massa Linkum say so — God bress him!"

Just then Madame Joilet came back.

"What's that you're talking about?" she said sharply.

"June was jes' sayin' what a heap she tink ob you, missus," said Creline with a grave face.

June lay awake a long time that night, thinking about Massa Linkum, and the wonderful news Creline had brought, and wondering when Madame Joilet would tell her that she was free.

But many days passed, and Madame said nothing about it. Creline's son had left his master and gone North. Creline herself had asked and obtained scanty wages for her work. A little girl, not a quarter of a mile away, whose name June had often heard, had just found her

father, who had been sold away from her years ago, and had come into Richmond with the Yankee soldiers. But nothing had happened to June. She was whipped and scolded and threatened and frightened and shaken just as she had been ever since she could remember. She was kept shut up like a prisoner in the house, with Madame Joilet's cold gray eyes forever on her, and her sharp voice forever in her ear. And still not a word was said about Massa Linkum and the beautiful freedom he had given to all such as little June, and not a word did June dare to say.

But June *thought*. Madame Joilet could not help that. If Madame had known just what June was thinking, she would have tried hard to help it.

Well, so the days passed, and the weeks, and still Madame said not a word, and June worked and cried. But June had not done all her thinking for nothing.

One night Creline was going by the house, when June called to her softly through the fence.

"Creline!"

"What's de matter?" said Creline, who was in a great hurry.

"I's gwine to fine Massa Linkum — don' yer tell nobody."

"Law's a massy, what a young un dat ar chile is!" said Creline, thinking that June had just waked up from a dream, and forthwith forgetting all about her.

Madame Joilet always locked June in her room, which was nothing but a closet with a window in it, and a heap

of rags for a bed. On this particular night she turned the key as usual, and then went to her own room at the other end of the house, where she was soon soundly asleep.

About eleven o'clock, when all the house was still, the window of June's closet softly opened. There was a roofed doorway just underneath it, with an old grape-vine trellis running up one side of it. A little dark figure stepped out timidly on the narrow, steep roof, clinging with its hands to keep its balance, and then down upon the trellis, down which it began to crawl slowly. The trellis creaked and shook and cracked, but it held on, and June held on, and dropped softly down, gasping and terrified at what she had done, all in a little heap on the grass below.

She lay there a moment perfectly still. She could not catch her breath at first, and she trembled so that she could not move.

Then she crept along on tiptoe to the woodshed. She could not go without Hungry. She went in, and called in a faint whisper. The kitten knew her, dark as it was, and ran out from the woodpile with a joyful mew, to rub itself against her dress.

"We's gwine to fine Massa Linkum, you an' me, bof two togeder," said June.

"Pur! pur-r-r!" said Hungry, as if she were quite content; and June took her up in her arms, and laughed softly.

She went out of the woodshed and out of the yard, hushing the soft laugh on her lips, and holding her breath as she passed under her mistress' window. She had heard

Creline say that Massa Linkum had gone back to the North; so she walked up the street a little way, and then she turned aside into the vacant squares and unpaved roads, and so out into the fields where no one could see her.

It was very still and very dark. The great trees stood up like giants against the sky, and the wind howled hoarsely through them.

"I reckon 'tain't on'y little ways, Hungry," she said with a shiver; "we'll git dar 'fore long. Don' be 'fraid."

"Pur! pur-r-r!" said Hungry, nestling her head in warmly under June's arm.

"'Spect *you* lub me, Hungry — 'spect you does!"

And then June laughed softly once more. What would Massa Linkum say to the kitty?

So she folded her arms tightly over Hungry's soft fur, and trudged away into the woods. She never once doubted, in that foolish little trusting heart of hers, that he would be glad to see her, and Hungry too.

So on and away, deep into the woods and swamps, she trudged cheerily; and she sang low to Hungry, and Hungry purred to her. The night passed on and the stars grew pale, the woods deepened and thickened, the swamps were cold and wet, the brambles scratched her hands and feet.

"It's jes' ober here little ways, Hungry," trying to laugh. "We'll fine him purty soon. I's terrible tired an' — sleepy, Hungry."

She sat down there on a heap of leaves to rest, and laid her head down upon her arm, and Hungry mewed a little and curled up in her neck. The next she knew, the sun

was shning. She jumped up frightened and puzzled, and then she remembered where she was, and began to think of breakfast. But there were no berries but the poisonous dog-wood, and nothing to be seen but leaves and grass and bushes.

About noon they came to a bit of a brook. June scooped up the water in her hands, and Hungry lapped it with her pink tongue.

"I didn't 'spect it was so fur," groaned poor June. "But don't yer be 'feared now, Hungry. 'Pears like we'll fine him berry soon."

The sun went down, and the twilight came. No supper, and no sign of Massa Linkum yet. "We'll fine him, Hungry, sure, to-morrer. He'll jes' open de door and' let us right in, he will; an' he'll hab breakfas' all ready an' waitin'; 'pears like he'll hab a dish ob milk up in de corner for you now — tink o' dat ar, Hungry!" and then the poor little voice that tried to be so brave broke down into a great sob. "Ef I on'y jes' had one little mouthful now, Hungry! — on'y one!"

So another night passed, and another morning came. A faint noise woke June from her uneasy sleep, when the sun was hardly up. It was Hungry, purring loudly at her ear. A plump young robin lay quivering between her paws. She laid the poor creature down by June's face, looking proudly from June to it, saying as plainly as words could say, "Here's a fine breakfast. I got it on purpose for you.

But June turned away her eyes and moaned; and Hun-

gry, in great perplexity, made away with the robin herself.

Presently June crawled feebly to her feet, and pushed on through the brambles. The kitten, purring in her arms, looked so happy and contented with her breakfast that the child cried out at the sight of it in sudden pain.

"O, I tought we'd git dar 'fore now, an' I tought he'd jes' be so glad to see us!" — and then presently, "He jes' look so kinder smilin' right out ob his eyes, Hungry!"

A bitter wind blew from the east that day, and before noon the rain was falling, dreary and chilly and sharp. It soaked June's feet and ragged dress, and pelted in her face.

Just as the early twilight fell from the leaden sky, she tripped over a little stone, fell weakly to the ground, and lay still.

But somehow June felt neither troubled nor afraid. She lay there with her face upturned to the pelting rain, watching it patter from leaf to leaf, listening to the chirp of the birds in the nests, listening to the crying of the wind. She liked the sound. She should like to lie there all night and listen to it; and then in the morning they would go on and find him — in the morning; it would come very soon.

The twilight deepened, and the night came on. The rain fell faster, and the sharp wind cried aloud.

"It's bery cold," said June sleepily, and turned her face over to hide it on the kitten's warm, soft fur. "Goo' night, Hungry. We'll git dar to-morrer. We's mos' dar, Hungry.

The rain fell faster, and the sharp wind cried aloud. The kitten woke from a nap, and purred for her to stir and speak; but June said nothing more.

Still the rain fell, and the wind cried; and the long night and the storm and the darkness passed, and the morning came.

Hungry stirred under June's arm, and licked her face, and mewed piteously at her ear. But June's arm lay still, and June said no word.

Somewhere, in a land where there was never slave and never mistress, and where there were no more hungry days and frightened nights, little June was laughing softly, and had found some one to love her at last. And so she did not find Massa Linkum after all? Ah! — who would have guessed it? To that place where June had gone, where there are no masters and no slaves, he had gone before her.

And don't I suppose his was the first face she saw, as she passed through the storm and the night to that waiting, beautiful place? And don't I suppose he smiled as he had smiled before, and led her gently to that other Face, of which poor little June had known nothing in all her life? Of course I do. —*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

CHAPTER V

STORIES AND PICTURE STUDY

Picture study usually implies nothing more than looking at pictures for mere entertainment, or with more advanced students an examination of masterpieces for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the technique of the artist. The story-teller makes no use of the second of these methods of approach, but an extended use of the first. Pictures entertain, but each masterpiece has an additional interest in the story that is associated with it. A picture is the starting point for many an interesting narrative. The child may learn the story back of the picture, and something of the life and work of the artist who painted it. And, like stories, pictures may be selected and arranged in an ordered sequence, so as to set forth the significant events in a life or in an epic.

Perhaps the most beautiful and complete picture story one could arrange is that of the life of Christ, as shown in the pictures of the masters.

What follows is a tentative list, which may be supplemented with other pictures, if you wish the cycle to be longer. All of these pictures may be purchased from the Perry Picture Co.

The Annunciation.	*Plockhorst.*
The Holy Night.	*Correggio.*
Adoration of the Magi.	*Da Fabriano.*
Sistine Madonna.	*Raphael.*
Madonna of the Chair.	*Raphael.*
Mother and Child.	*Bodenhausen.*
Flight into Egypt.	*Dürer.*
Repose in Egypt.	*Van Dyck.*
Worship of the Wise Men.	*Hofmann.*
In the Temple with the Doctors.	*Hofmann.*
Christ and the Doctors.	*Hofmann.*
Christ Blessing Little Children.	*Hofmann.*
Driving out the Money Changers.	*Hofmann.*
Anointing Jesus' Feet.	*Hofmann.*
Teaching from a Boat.	*Hofmann.*
Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.	*Hofmann.*
Kiss of Judas.	*Geiger.*
Descent from the Cross.	*Rubens.*
Christ before Pilate.	*Munkacsy.*
The Resurrection.	*Naack.*
The Three Marys at the Tomb.	*Spurgenberg.*
Easter Morning.	*Plockhorst.*
Holy Women at the Tomb.	*Ender.*
Easter Morning.	*Hofmann.*

The children should become familiar with at least fifteen or twenty masters. Of the Italian masters we might take: Leonardo Da Vinci (1452-1519), Michael Angelo (1475-1564), Titian (1477-1576), Raphael (1483-1520), Correggio (1494-1534) and Guido Reni (1575-1642). They should know something about the life of each one. Leonardo Da Vinci's great strength, both of mind and body, should be noted.

A story should be made of the following incident of the Master Verrocchio and his pupil.

Verrocchio commanded his pupil to paint in one of the

angel heads in a picture which he was hastily finishing. Seeing that his pupil could paint it better than he could have done, he hastily burned his brushes and palette and declared that he would never paint again.

The two Da Vinci pictures that are best known, and of which the most should be made, are The Last Supper and Mona Lisa.

Michael Angelo and Raphael might be studied together, for they were the leading artists of Rome and Florence in the sixteenth century. Michael Angelo loved architecture and sculpture better than painting, but at the command of the Pope he was obliged to drop the mallet and chisel to take up the brush, and adorn the ceiling of the Sistine chapel, though he told the Pope that this should be the work of the painter, Raphael.

Like Michael Angelo, Raphael was a sculptor and architect also, but we know him best as a painter. Look for a moment at two of his Madonnas, the Madonna della Sedia, or Madonna of the Chair, and the Sistine Madonna, perhaps the last picture of the Holy Family ever painted by a master artist. There is a beautiful story associated with the Madonna of the Chair.

There was an old hermit who had but two friends, one a young girl named Mary, the daughter of a vine dresser, and the other an old oak tree which stood near his hut. A terrible storm destroyed the old man's hut, and he was compelled to find a refuge in the tree. Mary took him to her home and cared for him. The oak tree was cut down, and casks were made from the wood. Before the

old man died, he prayed that both of his friends might always be remembered. Mary was afterward married and became the mother of two beautiful children. One day the painter Raphael passed her home and saw Mary and her two children in her garden. He took the top of one of the casks standing near by (which happened to be one of the casks made from the hermit's oak tree) and sketched the group upon it. He carried it home and from this painted the Madonna della Sedia. The old hermit's prayer was answered.

The Sistine Madonna is named for St. Sixtus. The left hand figure gives us the feeling of a divine moment in the lives of the people pictured. Perhaps one reason for this lies in the ethereal setting of the picture. The Madonna is standing upon and being lifted up by the clouds. St. Sixtus is looking in adoration upon the Mother and child, while St. Barbara upon the right is gazing down upon earth. The two cherubs at the bottom complete the unity of the picture.

While Michael Angelo and Raphael were working in Rome and Florence, Titian was working in Venice. The Venetian pictures were notable for their brilliant coloring, while perfection of line was of secondary importance. When Titian accepted the invitation of the Pope to come to Rome, Michael Angelo visited him in his studio. Michael Angelo admired the wonderful coloring of the Venetian painter, but deplored the fact that he could not draw better. The Roman painters believed that the secret of good art was in correct lines, while the Ventians thought more of

coloring. Titian's picture of St. Christopher is a wonderful representation of the old legend of the giant carrying the Christ child across the stream. The legend doubtless is familiar to all.

Correggio's life and works differ from any other Italian artist we have considered. He was never placed under any great painter, but studied in an art school in Mantua. Correggio's Holy Night is familiar to all of us. The holy light radiates from the child in Mary's arms and lights up the mother's face. At the left side are the figures of a shepherdess and two shepherds. The woman shades her face from the light with one hand, while with the other she holds her offering — two doves in a basket — for the Christ child. In the background is Joseph with the ass. Day is just breaking, as is indicated by the faint light in the East. Above circles an angelic choir. Correggio was very fond of painting cherubs, angels, and children.

Guido Reni should be included in our list because he is the creator of the Aurora. This picture and the story it portrays should be known by every grammar grade child. How this picture enriches the old Greek stories! Aurora, the Goddess of the Dawn, is opening the gates of the morning for her brother Apollo, the sun god. Below is the earth wrapped in darkness. Apollo, in his chariot drawn by his impatient steeds, is surrounded by the hours in the form of graceful maidens.

There are two Spanish artists with whom the children should be familiar: Velasquez (1599-1660) and Murillo (1617-1682). Velasquez was court painter for Philip IV.

At the age of twenty-three his teacher advised him to leave Seville, his birthplace, and go to Madrid. He wished to see the King, but did not until some time later on his second visit. When the King saw one of Velasquez's portraits, he sat for a portrait himself. So delighted was he with the finished picture that he kept Velasquez with him, fitting up a studio for the young painter in his palace.

Soon Velasquez and his family were settled in Madrid. It was Rubens, the great Flemish artist, when on a visit to Madrid, who told Velasquez of the great masterpieces of Italian art.

Velasquez immediately asked for permission to go to Italy and see the masterpieces of these artists. After some argument Philip gave the wished-for permission, but exacted a promise from the artist that he would return to the Spanish court. In eighteen months the painter was called back by the impatient King. He continued to paint court pictures in Madrid until the end of his days. The court of King Philip IV is made familiar to us thru the pictures of Velasquez.

Murillo's works differ very much from the Spanish master we have been considering. His subjects were usually children or religious subjects. He painted peasant children, while Velasquez depicted the children of the court. His conceptions were more imaginary, while those of Velasquez were true to life. We might say that Velasquez depicted realistic truth, while Murillo depicted symbolical truth. His Saint Anthony of Padua, the story of whose life Murillo was very fond, won for him the title " The

Painter of Heaven.'' Murillo's Madonnas are very beautiful.

While Velasquez was painting royalty in the court of King Philip in Spain, Van Dyck, the Flemish painter, was performing a similar service for King Charles I of England. He had been summoned to England as court painter. Anthony Van Dyck had studied with the famous Rubens, and was considered his best pupil.

We do not wish to pass Dutch Art without knowing at least one or two artists. Let us take Rembrandt, the painter of people, and Paul Potter, the painter of animals. In Rembrandt's work we are particularly drawn to the strong faces which he portrays. Paul Potter began his study of animal life very early, and at the age of fourteen he was able to paint with great success the animals he loved. His picture, The Bull, is one of his best.

Of the English artists, let us consider Reynolds (1723-1792), Turner (1775-1851) and Landseer (1802-1873). Reynolds held the first place in the realm of portrait painters. Some of his pictures of children remind us very much of Murillo's children. He had the happy faculty of catching their attitudes while in play. Reynolds' child pictures are particularly fascinating to children, and their imaginations often run riot in interpreting these pictures. One little lady of nine years, upon seeing Age of Innocence for the first time exclaimed, " Oh! she must be looking straight into fairyland.''

Turner was a lover of color and never cared particularly for correct form.

Landseer, the animal painter, who has been called "The Animal Story-teller of the Victorian Age," is a great favorite with children. Each of his dog pictures, for which he is famous, tells a story.

The French painters whom we wish to introduce to the children would certainly include Troyon (1810-1865), who received his inspiration as an animal painter from Paul Potter's pictures. He is considered one of the best painters of sheep and oxen. Corot (1796-1875) loved landscapes. His trees and foliage are distinctive. Children like his nature pictures. The two peasant painters, Millet (1814-1875), and Breton (b. 1827) should be studied together, so that their lives, their ideas, and their general effects may be compared. After a sixth grade class had been looking at the pictures of Millet and Breton, one child volunteered his impressions of the works of the two painters in some such words as these: "Millet's people look like real working people, and Breton's look like city folks dressed up to look like people who worked in the field." How true was that remark! Here certainly was a fine opportunity to give this class some of the facts of the lives of these two painters.

Rosa Bonheur, who was the lover and painter of animals, is a favorite with the children. Her pictures, too, are stories of animals. What small boy has not wished for a horse like the Noble Charger?

Of the American artists, our children should know something of the work of Whistler and Sargent.

This list of artists is merely suggestive. There are

many more who contributed much to the world of art. The most familiar, and those whose subjects would appeal most to the childish mind, have determined the selection. Lack of space forbade considering these artists and their work more at length. The many little incidents which may be told about their lives should not be omitted when these artists are presented to the children. For example, take the story that is told of Landseer when he was presented to the King of Portugal. The King said, " Mr. Landseer, I am delighted to make your acquaintance. I am so fond of beasts." If the children forget Landseer for a time, this incident will recall him to their memories. Miss Amy Foote, of the State Teachers' College of Colorado, has made picture study very attractive for her group of sixth grade children by using the following plan. In order to gain the interest of the children, several pictures by the same artist were shown them and then a little bit of the life of the artist, or some of his characteristics were given in an attractive manner. These pictures were placed where the children could see them, and others by the same artist, every day or two. The children began to ask questions and became very much interested in both the painter and the pictures. Gradually some of the technique of the work was considered — unity, balance, rhythmical lines, and atmosphere. These technical matters were not given to the children all at once. Unity was introduced to the class in the picture, The Return to the Farm, by Tryon, in the following manner: " Which cow do you think Troyon liked best? Why? " The pupils agreed upon the white

cow, but the second question brought forth a variety of answers, the majority of which contributed something worth while to the subject under discussion. Then the teacher showed how every picture had its center of interest —a unit toward which all other figures and lines in the picture pointed. "Men like Millet and Corot," she said, "did not have any great difficulty in arranging the figures and lines in their pictures. But those men who were court painters like Van Dyck, who painted the children of King Charles and many other royal groups, had difficulty. I wonder why? Immediately several hands went up, and one small boy answered excitedly, "Because they'd all wanted to be the unity."

Some of Millet's pictures show balance very effectively. For instance, cover up the small figure of the horse and rider in the background on the right-hand side in The Gleaners, by Millet. Show the picture to the class. Determine whether or not they feel that something is gone. The same may be done with The Woman Churning. Cover the doorway and the chicken entering the house. Here you can also introduce atmosphere. The glimpse that you caught through the door gave distance to the picture, thus creating a third dimension. Draw from the children the various ways of showing atmosphere, such as the employment of light and shade, more detail, and the use of subdued landscapes and figures appearing in the background.

The children in this grade finally asked how they might get copies of pictures for themselves. They were delighted when they found out that very good copies could be had

for a cent apiece. Each one asked for a Perry Picture Catalogue. They then decided to take up the artists according to Nationality, beginning with the Italian Masters. Then they began to look for contemporaries in other countries. So the class really planned the work themselves. However, they were fortunate in having very efficient directing. Each child sent for the three or four pictures which he liked best. Finally each one made a collection of his favorite pictures. The plan of studying two or three pictures of an artist carefully and placing numerous others where the child could see them was continued throughout the year, and whenever the picture represented a legend or had some interesting bit of story connected with it, that was given to the children in narrative form. The year's work proved very profitable and also developed a new interest for the children.

The pictures which illustrate a story would naturally be the first ones used in the story hour. The picture reading which is so apt to be abused should be used with care. If the whole story which the teacher extracts laboriously from the child by means of questions is fictitious, the child will not remember that teacher very kindly. However, if a picture suggests something to the child, and he has spontaneously given his own interpretation, why not allow his imagination some freedom? One person may see much more in a picture than another. We could not really say that the little girl in Age of Innocence is looking into fairyland, nor can we say positively that she is not; and if those childish eyes see fairyland, why not leave them both

in fairyland? If the child has a rude awakening some day, still she will never regret the days she and Reynolds' picture-child spent in the land of fairies.

Miss Estelle Hurll in her delightful little book entitled "How to Show Pictures to Children," tells us of the use of picture posing. This is well worth a trial in any school-room.

A list of pictures which may be used purely as illustrative material in the story hour is appended:

1. *Leonardo da Vinci.*
   The Last Supper.

2. *Titian.*
   The Tribute Money.
   Saint Christopher.

3. *Raphael.*
   School of Athens.
   Saint Peter in Prison.
   Saint Catherine.
   Saint Cecilia.
   Sistine Madonna.
      (Stories of Saint Barbara and Saint Sixtus may be used with this picture.)
   The Transfiguration.
   Madonna of the Chair.

4. *Correggio.*
   Holy Night.
   Repose in Egypt.
   Marriage of Saint Catherine.

5. *Guido Reni.*
   Saint Michael and the Dragon.
   Aurora.

6. *Rubens.*
   Descent from the Cross.

7. *Van Dyck.*
   Portrait of Charles I.
   Children of Charles I.
   Baby Stuart.

8. *Velasquez.*
   Prince Balthazar.
   Portrait of Aesop.

9. *Murillo.*
   Saint Anthony of Padua.
   Christ Feeding the Multitude.
   Saint John and the Lamb.
   Saint Francis of Assisi.

10. *Rembrandt.*
   Christ Blessing the Little Children.
   Sacrifice of Abraham.

11. *Reynolds.*
   Angel Heads.
   The Infant Samuel.

12. *Turner.*
   Dido Building Carthage.
   Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus.

13. *Millet.*
   The Angelus.

Christ in the Temple

Hoffman has painted a wonderful picture called, "Christ Among the Doctors."

The Jewish law required that every man attend three feasts a year in Jerusalem: Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles. Now when Jesus was twelve years old he went with his parents, Mary and Joseph, to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Passover. The feast, as you doubtless know,

was always kept in memory of the time when Pharaoh would not allow the Children of Israel to leave Egypt, and God sent the Angel of Death to take the eldest born in the homes of all the Egyptians. The angel passed over the homes of the Israelites, which were marked with a cross of the blood of a lamb. Very likely Jesus had gone to Jerusalem with his parents before, but this was a notable journey, for in the eyes of the Jewish Law he ceased to be a child at the age of twelve and became subject to the law.

When the seven days of feasting were over, the people started homeward. Mary could not find her son; but since there were a great many people from Nazareth, she and Joseph supposed that he was with some of their kinsmen or friends. They usually started home at night to avoid the heat of the day; so it would be doubly hard to find anyone in the caravan. The next day Mary searched among her friends and relatives, and not finding Jesus with them, she and Joseph turned back to Jerusalem to look for him. They searched everywhere, and finally on the third day found him in the Temple listening to the teachings of the rabbis and doctors. He not only listened but asked questions also. His questions showed marvelous understanding, and the learned doctors were very much surprised. Here, indeed, was a most unusual child.

This is the incident which Hoffman takes for his great painting. Notice the earnest expression upon the face of the boy; how he is looking straight into the eyes of the old rabbi who is evidently expounding passages of the law.

We can imagine that he has just asked a question concerning a passage of the scripture, for his left hand is pointing to the book, which is open in the lap of the rabbi. Perhaps the rabbi to the right of the one seated is explaining a passage, for he holds his hand as tho expounding the scriptures. The old rabbi leaning upon his staff looks with admiration upon the youth, while the one leaning upon the table looks rather sceptically upon him, as though he wondered whether or not it was well for one of his years to be so wise in his understanding of the Holy Books.

Upon such a scene as this Mary enters, and perhaps being tired and worried, she asks her son, "Why hast thou thus dealt with us?" And he answers her, "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" What more natural than that finding himself alone in Jerusalem he should go to the Temple, which was God His Father's house? We are told that he then returned home with them and was subject to them, growing in stature and in the knowledge of the Lord.

—*Nellie Margaret Statler.*

The Story of Saint Christopher *

Once upon a time, a long time ago, beyond the seas, there lived a boy named Christopher. As he grew up he was unusually strong and giant-like. He drove the cattle to field and lived in the mountains and on the plans. Being

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alone much of his time, he had little opportunity for play or sport with other children; and when he came home, his parents did not play with him or entertain him, and so he sought recreation where he could find it in other places. He was full of energy, and his parents frequently scolded him. This drove him off to himself in bad moods. On one occasion he tied the cows' tails together, just to hear them bellow. On another occasion he set fire to a forest, all in sport, because he had no one to join him in better things. His stepmother scolded him and punished him so that he would frequently go away alone or join bad companions in mischief. Finally, one day, quarreling with a man, he killed him, because of his greater strength.

Fearing to return home, he wandered in strange lands, sometimes working for his living, and sometimes living on what was given him. Wherever he went people admired his broad shoulders and manly form, for he was giant-like in size.

One day he heard of the Emperor of Germany, who was king and the mightiest man in all the world. As Christopher admired and worshiped strength, he wanted to see and to serve the Emperor. At last, after long journeys, he came and stood before the German Emperor and offered his services. The Emperor was at that time waging wars for his kingdom, and when he saw Christopher, giant-like and strong, he admired him and readily accepted his services, taking him along as a body guard. Christopher was delighted, and threw his whole strength into the service of the Emperor, and did many wonderful deeds.

So strong was Christopher that frequently he would bear on his shoulders great logs, and place them across gullies and ravines, to build a bridge for the army to pass over. The Emperor frequently talked with him and encouraged him, all of which immensely pleased Christopher, for he thought, "I have at last found him who is most worthy of worship and service."

But on one occasion as the Emperor was riding near a forest, Christopher noticed that the Emperor made the sign of the cross and turned aside from the dark forest and went in another direction. Christopher said to the Emperor, "Why did you turn back from the forest?"

The Emperor said, "The devil lives in that forest, and I fear him."

"What," said Christopher, "afraid? I thought that you were afraid of nothing!"

But the Emperor said, "This demon of darkness is very strong, and I fear him."

Then Christopher said, "If you are afraid, I wish to leave your service and join myself to the devil; because I do not want to serve any but the strongest." Whereupon the Emperor paid Christopher his wages and reluctantly parted with him.

Christopher turned his face toward the dark forest, plunged into its depths, and finally found a black altar, whereon the devil had sacrified the bodies of people. Hard by he found the devil and offered his services to him. Right gladly the devil took him into his fellowship, and straightway took him out upon his forays of deviltry and

mischief. But one day they came along by a hill in an Eastern land. On the top of the hill there stood three crosses. The devil turned aside as if in fear. Christopher was quick to notice this. He said to the devil, " Why are you afraid? "

Then the devil said, " On that middle cross was crucified a man who is greater than I, and I fear him."

" What," Christopher said, " you afraid? Why, then, I am done with you; I want to serve him who is not afraid."

And so he parted from the devil; and as he went away, the devil laughed and mocked him. Christopher wandered a long time, inquiring here and there for the man who had died upon the cross. Finally, one day he found a priest, who lived in a cave that opened upon a beautiful river. Tired, footsore, and weary, he sat down at the invitation of the priest, who brought him refreshing water from the spring and gave him food. After he had rested a moment, he said to the priest, " Can you tell me about the man who died on the cross? " for Christopher had never heard of this man until the devil had told him.

" Yes," said the priest, " right gladly will I tell you the story of his life."

Then the priest told Christopher how the man of Galilee had lived, and toiled, and suffered to make the world better, and how he had been crucified, dead, and had risen again. The story was a new and beautiful one to Christopher. The wonder of it! The priest told him that

though this man was dead, his spirit was still in the world to make the world better. Then Christopher said to the priest, "He is the one that I wish to serve. How can I serve him?" Then the priest said, "You see this river? There is no bridge for the people to cross; it is wide and at times dangerous. If you would serve him, help those who try to cross the river. You are tall, with broad shoulders and mighty strength. Day after day people as they travel through this land come to this river, but cannot cross. You can help them across, and in that way you will serve him who, though dead, still lives."

That pleased Christopher so much that he built a house of logs and boughs by the river's side, and when people came to the river he would wade through the water, take them on his shoulders and bear them across. Years passed by; Christopher grew gray in the service of humanity and his Master. Those who saw him day after day admired him and looked for him, and he became a friend of all the country, loved by all.

One dark night when Christopher lay upon his bed, he heard someone calling, like the voice of a child, "Oh, Christopher, kind, good Christopher, come and help me across!"

Christopher arose from his bed and seizing his great staff, waded through the water until he reached the other side of the river; but there he found no one; all was silent save the ripple and murmur of the waves along

the river's margin. "Strange," he said, "I thought I heard some one calling."

After looking all around, he said: "I must have been mistaken," and waded back through the water to the other side of the river and lay down upon his couch again. But soon thereafter he heard the same voice calling: "Oh, Christopher, kind, good Christopher, come and help me across!"

"Strange," said Christopher to himself, "some one must be there." And seizing his staff he again crossed the river.

But no one could he find; all was silent. Above his head the stars shone and he said to himself, "Strange it is that I cannot find him who called me."

He went across the river and lay down upon his bed again. He had not been lying there long before he heard the voice calling him a third time: "Oh! Christopher, kind, good Christopher, come and help me across!"

Christopher sat upon his bed — he was troubled. "Strange," he said, "some one calls me, and yet I cannot find him." But again seizing his staff, he said: "I will make one more trip." When he reached the other side of the river, there he saw a little boy, and he said, "My little man, where were you? Twice I crossed the river to find you."

The little boy said, "I was here."

And then Christopher bent low and took the little man upon his shoulders and waded through the water, but the

boy grew heavier until he seemed as heavy as a man. When Christopher reached the other side and put him down, and turned to look to see why what seemed to be a little child should be so heavy — lo! he was more than a child. There stood in his presence a man young in appearance, with a shining face, and he said to Christopher, "I am he whom you serve; bury your staff, and after a certain number of days buds will appear thereon." Then he disappeared, vanishing as a mist, or as a shadow, though Christopher saw not. He went and lay down upon his couch and slept in great peace of mind and body.

Years passed. Christopher was still beloved by all the people and faithful to his work, but his days were numbered. Though somewhat feeble, he still bore the people on his shoulders across the river. One dark, stormy night, when the wind roared through the tree tops, and the rain fell, Christopher, lying upon his bed, heard a voice call. He tried to rise and answer; he did go in response to the voice, but it was his spirit only that went; the last call had come to him.

The next morning the storm was gone and the sky was blue. People came to cross the river and called as usual to Christopher, but there was no response. They thought perhaps he was asleep and went to the cottage. There they found him — asleep, but it was the long sleep. And a smile was on his face. Because of his service to the people they afterwards called him Saint Christopher.

—*Richard Thomas Wyche.*

CHAPTER VI

STORIES FOR BOY SCOUTS AND CAMPFIRE GIRLS

While the activities of Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls are quite largely physical and in the open, there is a place for stories, and there are many stories exactly suited to their needs. When groups of boys and girls are in camp, there is a natural story-hour around the fire after supper. And even at home while the scouts and girls are getting their training, stories form one of the most impressive means of emphasizing the lessons of these organizations. There are stories especially suited to impress the points of the Scout Law, and others applicable to the Law of the Campfire. Where Sunday afternoon meetings of these organizations are held, frequently the first part of the afternoon is given over to segregated meetings of the two groups, but the last half hour is devoted to a joint meeting of both boys and girls. The oral story is the best means of entertaining and instructing in such a meeting of the two groups. Suitable stories may be found in abundance for this story-hour.

What immediately follows is a statement of the points in the Scout Law, with the titles of some stories which may be told in the evening gatherings of the Scouts while they are being instructed in the law. While only a story

or two is mentioned here, the titles will suggest the type that is suitable for such groups. The Scout Master will have no trouble in finding other stories to impress each point in the law.

The Scout Law

1. A Scout Is Trustworthy.

"The Knights of the Silver Shield,"
by *Raymond McDonald Alden*, in "Why the Chimes Rang."

"The Story of a Forest Fire,"
by *Raymond S. Spears.*

2. A Scout Is Loyal.

"The Ride of Paul Revere,"
by *Emelyn Newcomb Partridge* and *George Everett Partridge*, in "Story Telling in Home and School."

"Saint Martin,"
by *Amy Steedman*, in "In God's Garden."

3. A Scout Is Helpful.

"The Happy Prince,"
by *Oscar Wilde.*

4. A Scout Is Friendly.

"The Selfish Giant,"
by *Oscar Wilde.*

"A Christmas Carol,"
by *Charles Dickens.*

5. A Scout Is Courteous.

"Hans and the Wonderful Flower,"
adapted by *Carolyn S. Bailey*, in "For the Children's Hour."

"The Miracle of Love,"
by *Iola Gertrude Waller*, in the *Storytellers' Magazine*, November, 1913.

"The Legend of the Dipper,"
adapted by *Carolyn S. Bailey*, in "For the Children's Hour."

6. A Scout Is Kind.

"The Wheat Field,"
by *Laura E. Richards*, in "The Golden Windows."

"The King of the Golden River,"
by *John Ruskin*.

7. A Scout Is Obedient.

"Christ Among the Doctors,"
from "*The New Testament.*"

"The Christmas Thorn of Glastonbury,"
by *Frances Jenkins Olcott*, in "Good Stories for Great Holidays."

8. A Scout Is Cheerful.

"The Flower Magician,"
by *Mary H. Wade*, in "The Wonder Workers."

"Old Pipes and the Dryad,"
by *Franklin R. Stockton*.

9. A Scout Is Thrifty.

"The Ears of Wheat,"
The Brothers Grimm, in "German Household Tales."

10. A Scout Is Brave.

"The Little Hero of Harlem,"
by *Sara Cone Bryant,* in "Best Stories to Tell to Children."

"Two Hero Stories of the Civil War,"
by *Ben La Bree,* adapted by *Frances J. Olcott,* in "Good Stories for Great Holidays."

11. A Scout Is Clean.

"The Choice of Hercules,"
by Xenophon, adapted by *Frances J. Olcott,* in "Good Stories for Great Holidays."

12. A Scout Is Reverent.

"The Boy Abraham,"
by *E. N. and G. E. Partridge,* in "Story Telling in Home and School."

"The Master of the Harvest,"
by *Margaret Gatty,* in "Parables from Nature."

The following stories may be used in a similar way to impress the points in the Law of the Campfire:

THE LAW OF THE CAMPFIRE

1. Seek Beauty.

"The Great Stone Face,"
by Nathaniel Hawthorne, adapted by *Carolyn S. Bailey,* in "For the Story Teller."

"The Minstrel's Song,"
by *Maud Lindsay*, in "Mother Stories."
"The Hunt for the Beautiful,"
by *Raymond McDonald Alden*, in "Why the Chimes Rang."

2. Give Service.

"Where Love Is, There God Is Also,"
by *Count Lyof N. Tolstoy*.
"The Mansion,"
by *Henry Van Dyke*, in "The Blue Flower."

3. Pursue Knowledge.

"Giant Energy and Fairy Skill,"
by *Maud Lindsay*, in "Mother Stories."
"The Boy who Discovered the Spring,"
by *Raymond McDonald Alden*, in "Why the Chimes Rang."
"From a Far Country,"
by *Laura E. Richards*, in "The Golden Windows."

4. Be Trustworthy.

"The Bamboo Cutter's Daughter,"
by *Teresa Peirce Williston*, in "Japanese Fairy Tales." Second series.
"The Wedding Guests,"
by *Laura E. Richards*, in "The Golden Windows."

5. Hold on to Health.

"Florence Nightingale,"
by *Laura E. Richards*.

6. Glorify Work.

"The Star Child,"
by *Oscar Wilde,* in "The Happy Prince and Other Fairy Tales."

"The Vision of Anton the Clockmaker,"
by *Walter A. Dyer.*

7. Be Happy.

"Merry Twinkle and the Dwarf,"
by *Allen Cross.*

"The Bluebird,"
retold by *Georgene Faulkner* in the *Storytellers' Magazine,* March, 1915.

"The Stone Cutter,"
from *Andrew Lang's* "Crimson Fairy Book," in *Edna Lyman's* "Story Telling, What to Tell and How to Tell It."

Other ethical stories which have been used to impress a lesson or to hold up an ideal are indicated below:

1. To teach harmony in work:

"The Ship that Found Herself,"
by *Rudyard Kipling.*

"The Palace Made by Music,"
by *Raymond McDonald Alden,* in "Why the Chimes Rang."

2. To teach the value of keeping the door of your heart open:

"The Closing Door,"
by *Maud Lindsay.*

"The Apron String,"
by *Laura E. Richards*, in "The Golden Windows."
"The Lost Word,"
by *Henry Van Dyke*, in "The Blue Flower."

One of the pleasantest and most instructive series of stories which may be given to these two groups of children together is the Holy Grail Series. Most of the children know something about King Arthur and his Round Table. Beginning with their knowledge of these legends, a story-teller may arouse an interest in a closer study of the Story of the Grail by using some such series of stories as the following:

1. A short history of the Grail and its meaning.
2. The Christmas Thorn of Glastonbury.
3. The Vision of Sir Launfal. *James Russell Lowell.* (Adapted.)
4. The Holy Grail. *Alfred Tennyson*, in "Idylls of the King."
5. The Story of Lohengrin, in "Stories of Great Musicians," by *Scobey and Horne.*
6. The Story of Parsifal. "Wagner Opera Stories," by *Grace E. Barber.*

If possible use some of Wagner's opera music with these last two stories. Close this cycle with an exhibition of copies of the pictures of "The Quest of the Holy Grail," by Abbey, which form the famous mural frieze in the Boston Public Library. Curtis and Cameron pub-

lish an interpretation of these pictures by Ferris Greenslet. The volume contains copies of the pictures also.

The Pictures Interpreted

I. The first picture is The Vision of the Grail, which depicts the nun, with whom Galahad as an infant has been placed, kneeling while she holds the infant from her so that he may see the vision of the angel holding the covered grail. A white dove hovers above the angel holding in its beak a golden censer. The child is holding his hands toward the grail.

II. The Oath of Knighthood.

Galahad has just finished his night's vigil in the chapel, and now at daybreak the nuns have brought to him two of the bravest knights of King Arthur's Round Table, Sir Launcelot and Sir Bors, who kneel and buckle his spurs upon his feet, while Galahad kneels upon a higher stair next to the altar and takes his vow of knighthood.

III. The Round Table of King Arthur.

Here Galahad is being led to the Round Table of King Arthur by a veiled figure, whom we may suppose to be Joseph of Arimathea. The figure leads the youth to the one vacant seat, the Siège Perilous. Above hovers the Angel of the Grail, and round about is the angelic host. Arthur, the King, is standing, and behind the throne crouches the jester.

IV. The Departure.

The Knights have vowed to leave King Arthur's court

at Camelot and go out into the world to seek the Holy Grail. In this picture we see the knights kneeling to receive the blessing of the holy bishop.

V. The Castle of the Grail.

Galahad has had many and varied experiences, and has finally come to the castle of the Grail, where the King Amfortas, because of a grievous sin, is no longer permitted to look upon the Grail. He is suffering from a wound which can be healed only by the sight of the Grail. In this picture we see Galahad standing beside the couch upon which King Amfortas lies. There is passing before Galahad's eyes a procession — first a maiden carrying the Holy Grail, veiled; then a second maiden bearing the head of a man, on a charger; then two knights carrying high above their heads seven-branched candlesticks, and last of all, a knight with a spear dripping blood from its point. Galahad sees but asks no questions; for he remembers the advice of Gurnemanz, the worldly adviser whom he had met in his travels, "Think much, and speak little." For him this course is unwise, but he does not know that till later.

VI. The Loathly Damsel.

Here we see the damsel who takes the same part in this story as Kundry, the temptress of Parsifal in the tale of that name. Galahad has left the Castle of the Grail, not realizing his weakness of the night before. He has dismounted from his horse, and it is from this loathly damsel, mounted upon a yellow mule, bearing the crowned head of a king in one hand, and attended by a mounted

maiden and one on foot who carried a scourge in her hand, that Galahad heard with curses his fault of the night before, and how he might have healed the poor king by questioning the meaning of the strange procession which he had been permitted to view. Galahad kneels in sorrow as the damsel and her escorts pass on.

VII. The Seven Sins.

After the loathly damsel had gone her way, Galahad determined to right some wrong in the world. He advanced to the Castle of the Maidens, whose virtuous inmates are held prisoners by the seven deadly sins. When Galahad attempted to enter the gate of the outer wall, he was met by the seven brothers, who deny him entrance. In this picture we see our guileless youth in the act of conquering the seven deadly sins. Notice that he has only four more to subdue. How small he looks in comparison with his foes and what a difference between his sword and the four large spears which are pointed toward him!

VIII. The Key to the Castle.

When Galahad has passed through the outer wall after his encounter with the Seven Deadly Sins, he meets an old man, who holds out to him the key to the castle. Galahad kneels with bared head, showing such respect for the old man as he believes is due him. We see in the picture Galahad with helmet cast aside, kneeling to the old man as the keeper holds out the key to him.

IX. The Castle of the Maidens.

Galahad takes the key offered to him by the old keeper,

and enters the castle, where he is received joyously by the captives. We see him here, doing homage to each one of the maidens, as becomes a gallant knight. He has cast his faithful sword, shield, and helmet upon the floor and is greeting each lady in turn.

X. Blanchefleur.

Blanchefleur is the maiden whom Gurnemanz upon his death bed had made Galahad promise to marry, but on the wedding morning Galahad saw again the vision of the Grail, and realized with that vision that he must either give up Blanchefleur or the hope of finding the Grail. After a struggle with his soul he takes leave of his bride with her blessing upon him, and carrying in his hand one of her white roses.

XI. The Death of Amfortas.

Galahad returns to the Castle of the Grail and finds the King, Amfortas, dying. He is permitted once more to see the strange procession; and this time he turns to the dying King and asks: "What ails thee, O King? What mean these strange things?" Then they behold the vision of the veiled Grail. Amfortas tells Galahad the meaning of the strange things which he has seen, of his sacred commission, and of his sin and punishment. He tells Galahad how he has waited for him, Galahad the pure youth, who could free him from this living death. Then, as we see in the picture, the angel descends from heaven, and bears away the Grail and with it the soul of Amfortas.

XII. Galahad the Deliverer.

Galahad listens to the strange voice which has been

directing him, and once more obeys its command. He makes ready to go on a journey in Solomon's ship to a city called Sarras. In the picture we see our hero mounted upon a white steed, going down to the ship. Many people are out to see him as he rides by. In the foreground kneels a woman, whom we may imagine to be the loathly damsel, freed from her loathsome mission in life by the goodness of Galahad. In the background we see the ship at anchor awaiting its royal passenger.

XIII. Solomon's Ship.

Galahad does not go upon this journey alone, for in the ship we find Sir Percival and Sir Bors, who have decided to cast their lot with Sir Galahad. In the prow of the ship sits the Angel of the Grail, bearing his precious burden, the Holy Grail, veiled in white samite.

XIV. The City of Sarras.

To this city Solomon's ship bore the three knights with their heavenly companion. Here we see the shield and the spear of Galahad across the city wall. Towers and turrets rise above the walls. The three knights did many good deeds in this strange city, healing the sick and ministering unto them. The king of Sarras at last became angry with these strange sojourners, and so cast them into prison. Here the dove which so often appeared with the Grail, ministered unto their physical needs, and the vision of the Grail unto their spiritual wants. Ere long the king fell ill. He pardoned his knightly prisoners, hoping that they might cure him. They were not able to do this; but the monarch died in peace, happy that

these good men had pardoned him for his injustice toward them. Galahad was then chosen king by the people of Sarras.

XV. The Golden Tree.

Galahad ruled in Sarras for a year and a day. Upon a hill near the castle he was building a golden tree. Every morning and evening he went up to the hill and prayed and added more gold and gems to the tree. At the end of a year the tree was complete. The next day he went up to the hill to worship. Suddenly there appeared to him a company of angels and with them Joseph of Arimathea in a white robe, holding high above his head the Holy Grail, unveiled. Galahad fell upon his knees and cast his crown and sceptre upon the ground. We see him with his face upturned in adoration toward the Holy Grail. The angelic host stands behind the golden tree. Joseph of Arimathea stands in front of the tree, and the light from the unveiled Grail throws a radiance over the whole scene. Legend tells us that Galahad vanished from the earth, and a hand from heaven reached down and took the Holy Grail, and that, since that day, neither Galahad nor the Grail has ever been seen upon this earth.

Where Love Is, There God Is Also

In a certain city dwelt Martin Avdyeeich, the cobbler. He lived in a cellar, a wretched little hole with a single window. The window looked up towards the street, and through it Martin could just see the passers-by. While

Martin was still a journeyman his wife had died; but his wife had left him a little boy — Kapitoshka — three years old. No sooner had the little one begun to grow up and be a help and a joy to his father's heart than a sickness fell upon Kapitoshka. The little one took to his bed, lay there in a raging fever for a week, and then died. Martin buried his son in despair — so desperate was he that he began to murmur again God. Such disgust of life overcame him that he more than once begged God that he might die; and he reproached God for taking not him, an old man, but his darling, his only son, instead. And after that Avdyeeich left off going to church.

And, lo! one day there came to Avdyeeich an aged peasant-pilgrim. Avdyeeich fell a-talking with him, and began to complain of his great sorrow. "As for living any longer, thou man of God," said he, "I desire it not. Would only that I might die! That is my sole prayer to God. I am now a man who has no hope."

And the old man said to him: "Thy speech, Martin, is not good. How shall we judge the doings of God? God's judgments are not our thoughts. It is because thou wouldst fain have lived for thy own delight that thou dost now despair."

"But what then is a man to live for?" asked Avdyeeich.

And the old man answered: "For God, Martin!"

Martin was silent for a moment, and then he said: "And how must one live for God?"

"Buy the Gospels and read; there thou wilt find out how to live for God."

These words made the heart of Avdyeeich burn within him, and he went the same day and bought for himself a New Testament printed in very large type, and began to read.

Avdyeeich set out with the determination to read it only on holidays; but as he read, it did his heart so much good that he took to reading it every day. And the second time he read until all the kerosene in the lamp had burnt itself out, and for all that, he could not tear himself away from the book. And so it was every evening. And the more he read, the more clearly he understood what God wanted of him, and how it behooved him to live for God; and his heart grew lighter and lighter continually.

Henceforth the whole life of Avdyeeich was changed. Formerly, whenever he had a holiday, he would go to the tavern to drink tea, nor would he say "no" to a drop of brandy now and again. He had done with all that now. His life became quiet and joyful. With the morning light he sat down to his work, worked out his time, and then took down his lamp from the hook, placed it on the table, took down his book from the shelf, bent over it, and sat down to read.

It happened once that Martin was up reading till very late. He was reading St. Luke's Gospel. And he read all about how the woman who was a sinner anointed His feet and washed them with her tears, and how He justified

her. And so he came at last to the forty-fourth verse, and there he read these words, " And He turned to the woman and said to Simon, ' Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house; thou gavest Me no water for My feet; but she has washed My feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest Me no kiss, but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss My feet. Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint.' " Avdyeeich took off his glasses and laid them on the book, and fell a-thinking.

" So it is quite plain that I too have something of the Pharisee about me. Am I not always thinking of myself? Am I not always thinking of drinking tea, and keeping myself as warm and cozy as possible, without thinking at all about the guest? Simon thought about himself, but did not give the slightest thought to his guest. But who was his guest? The Lord Himself. And suppose he were to come to me, should I treat Him as the Pharisee did? "

And Avdyeeich leaned both his elbows on the table, and, without perceiving it, fell a-dozing.

" Martin! " — it was as the voice of some one close to his ear.

Martin started up from his nap. " Who's there? "

He turned round, he gazed at the door, but there was no one. Again he dozed off. Suddenly he heard quite plainly, " Martin, Martin, I say! Look to-morrow into the street. I am coming."

Martin awoke, rose from his chair, and began to rub

his eyes. He turned down the lamp and laid him down to rest.

At dawn next day Avdyeeich arose, prayed to God and sat him down by his window to work.

Martin sits at the window and looks as much at his window as at his work; and whenever a strange pair of boots passes by, he bends forward and looks out of the window, so as to see the face as well as the feet of the passers-by. There passed close to the window an old soldier, one of Nicholas' veterans, in tattered old boots, with a shovel in his hands. Stepanuich stopped before Avdyeeich's window to sweep away the snow. Avdyeeich cast a glance at him, and then went on working as before.

"I'm not growing sager as I grow older," thought Avdyeeich, with some self-contempt. "I make up my mind that Christ is coming to me, and, lo! 'tis only Stepanuich clearing away the snow.

"The old man is very much broken," thought Avdyeeich to himself. "It is quite plain that he has scarcely strength enough to scrape away the snow. Suppose I make him drink a little tea! Avdyeeich put down his awl, got up, placed the samovar on the table, put some tea in it, and tapped on the window with his fingers. Avdyeeich beckoned to him, and then went and opened the door.

"Come in and warm yourself a bit," cried he. "You're a bit chilled, eh?"

"Christ requite you! Yes, and all my bones ache too," said Stepanuich.

"Come in and sit down," said Avdyeeich. "Here, take a cup of tea."

And Avdyeeich filled two cups, and gave one to his guest; and as Avdyeeich drank his cup, he could not help glancing at the window from time to time.

"Dost thou expect any one?" asked his guest.

"Do I expect any one? Well, honestly, I hardly know. I am expecting, and I am not expecting; and there's a word which has burnt itself right into my heart. Whether it was a vision or no, I know not. Look now, my brother! I was reading yesterday about our little Father Christ, how he suffered, how He came on earth. Hast thou heard of Him, eh?"

"I have heard, I have heard," replied Stepanuich, "but we poor ignorant ones know not our letters."

"Anyhow, I was reading about this very thing — how He came down upon earth. I was reading how He went to the Pharisee, and how the Pharisee did not receive Him at all. Thus I thought; and so, about yesternight, little brother mine, I read that very thing, and bethought me how the Honorable did not receive our little Father Christ honorably. But suppose, I thought, if He came to one like me — would I receive Him? Simon at any rate did not receive Him at all. Thus I thought, and so thinking, fell asleep. I fell asleep, I say, little brother mine, and I heard my name called. I started up. A voice was whispering at my very ear. 'Look out to-morrow!' it

said, 'I am coming.' And so it befell me twice. Now look! wouldst thou believe it? The idea stuck to me — I scold myself for my folly, and yet I look for Him, our little Father, Christ!"

Stepanuich shook his head and said nothing, but he drank his cup dry and put it aside. Then Avdyeeich took up the cup and filled it again.

"Drink some more. 'Twill do thee good."

"I thank thee, Martin Avdyeeich," said he. "I have fared well at thy hands, and thou hast refreshed me both in body and soul."

"Thou wilt show me a kindness by coming again. I am so glad to have a guest," said Avdyeeich. Stepanuich departed, and Martin poured out the last drop of tea, drank it, washed up, and again sat down by the window to work.

Then there came alongside the window a woman in worsted stockings and rustic shoes; and as she was passing by, she stopped short in front of the partition wall. Avdyeeich looked up at her from his window, and he saw that the woman was a stranger and poorly clad, and that she had a little child with her. She was leaning up against the wall with her back to the wind, and tried to wrap the child up, but she had nothing to wrap it up with. The woman wore summer clothes, and thin enough they were. And from out of his corner Avdyeeich heard the child crying and the woman trying to comfort it, but she could not. Then Avdyeeich got up, went out of the

door and on to the steps, and cried, "My good woman! my good woman!"

The woman heard him and turned round.

"Why dost thou stand out in the cold there with the child? Come inside!"

The woman was amazed. What she saw was an old fellow in an apron and with glasses on his nose calling to her. She came towards him.

They went down the steps together. The old man led the woman to the bed. "There," said he, "sit down, gossip, nearer to the stove, and warm and feed thy little one . . ."

He went to the table and got some bread and a dish. "Sit down and have something to eat, gossip," said he, "and I will sit down a little with the youngster. I have had children of my own, and know how to manage them."

The woman crossed herself, sat down at the table, and began to eat, and Avdyeeich sat down on the bed with the child. Avdyeeich smacked his lips at him again and again, but his lack of teeth made it a clumsy joke at best. And all the time the child never left off shrieking. Then Avdyeeich hit upon the idea of shaking his finger at him; so he snapped his fingers up and down, backwards and forwards, right in front of the child's mouth. And the child stared at the finger and was silent, and presently it began to laugh. And Avdyeeich was delighted. But the woman went on eating, and told him who she was and whence she came.

"I am a soldier's wife," she said: "It is now three months since I have been drifting about without any fixed resting-place. I have eaten away my all. But, God be praised! our landlady has compassion on us, and gives us shelter for Christ's sake. But for that I don't know how we could live through it all."

Avdyeeich sighed, and said, "And have you no warm clothes?"

"Ah, kind friend! this is indeed warm-clothes time, but yesterday I pawned away my last shawl for two grivenki."

The woman went to the bed and took up the child, but Avdyeeich stood up, went to the wall cupboard, rummaged about a bit, and then brought back with him an old jacket.

"Look!" said he, "'tis a shabby thing, 'tis true, but it will do to wrap up in."

The woman looked at the old jacket; then she gazed at the old man, and, taking the jacket, fell a-weeping.

Then the woman said: "Christ requite thee, dear little father! It is plain that it was He who sent me by thy window."

Avdyeeich smiled slightly, and said: "Yes, He must have done it, for I looked not out of the window in vain, dear gossip!"

The woman went away. Avdyeeich ate up the remainder of the cabbage soup, washed up, and again sat down to work. He worked on and on, but he did not forget the window; and whenever the window was dark-

ened, he immediately looked up to see who was passing. Acquaintances passed, strangers passed, but there was no one in particular.

But now Avdyeeich saw how, right in front of his window, an old woman, a huckster, had taken her stand. She carried a basket of apples. Not many now remained; she had evidently sold them nearly all. Across her shoulder she carried a sack full of shavings. It was plain that the sack was straining her shoulder. She wanted to shift it on to the other shoulder; so she rested the sack on the pavement, placed the apple-basket on a small post, and set about shaking down the shavings in the sack. Now, while she was shaking down the sack, an urchin in a ragged cap suddenly turned up, goodness knows from whence, grabbed at one of the apples in the basket, and would have made off with it, but the wary old woman turned quickly round and gripped the youth by the sleeve. The lad fought and tried to tear himself loose, but the old woman seized him with both hands, knocked his hat off, and tugged hard at his hair. The lad howled, and the woman reviled him. Avdyeeich did not stop to put away his awl, but pitched it on the floor, rushed into the courtyard, and in his haste stumbled on the steps and dropped his glasses. Avdyeeich ran out into the street. The old woman was tugging at the lad's hair and wanted to drag him off to the police, while the boy fought and kicked.

"I didn't take it," said he. "What are you whacking me for? Let me go!"

Avdyeeich came up and tried to part them. He seized the lad by the arm and said: "Let him go, little mother! Forgive him for Christ's sake!"

"I'll forgive him so that he sha'n't forget the taste of fresh birch-rods."

Avdyeeich began to entreat with the old woman.

"Let him go, little mother; he will not do so any more."

The old woman let him go. The lad would have bolted, but Avdyeeich held him fast.

"Beg the little mother's pardon," said he, "and don't do such things any more. I saw thee take them."

Then the lad began to cry and beg pardon.

"Well, that's all right! And now, there's an apple for thee." And Avdyeeich took one out of the basket and gave it to the boy. "I'll pay thee for it, little mother," he said to the old woman.

"Thou wilt ruin them that way, the blackguards," said the old woman.

"Oh, little mother, little mother!" cried Avdyeeich, "that is our way of looking at things; but it is not God's way. If we ought to be whipped so for the sake of one apple, what do we deserve for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

"God bade us forgive," said Avdyeeich; "otherwise He will not forgive us. We must forgive everyone, especially the thoughtless."

The old woman shook her head and sighed.

Now just as she was about to hoist the sack on to her shoulder, the lad rushed forward and said:

"Give it here, and I'll carry it for thee, granny! It is all in my way."

The old woman shook her head, but she did put the sack on the lad's shoulder.

And so they trudged down the street together, side by side. And the old woman forgot to ask Avdyeeich for the money for the apple.

Avdyeeich followed them with his eyes till they were out of sight; then he turned homewards. "I see it is time to light up," thought he; so he trimmed his little lamp, lighted it, and again sat down to work. He finished one boot completely, turned it round and inspected it. "Good!" he cried. He put away his tools, swept up the cuttings, removed the brushes and tips, put away the awl, took down the lamp, placed it on the table, and took down the Gospels from the shelf. He wanted to find the passage where he had last evening placed a strip of morocco leather by way of a marker, but he lit upon another place. And just as Avdyeeich opened the Gospel, he recollected his dream of yesterday evening. Then a voice whispered in his ear:

"Martin! Martin! dost thou not know me?"

"Who art thou?" cried Avdyeeich.

"'Tis I," cried the voice, "lo, 'tis I!" And forth from the dark corner stepped Stepanuich. He smiled, and it was as though a little cloud were breaking, and he was gone.

"It is I!" cried the voice, and forth from the corner stepped a woman with a little child; and the woman smiled and the child laughed, and they also disappeared.

"And it is I!" cried the voice, and the old woman and the lad with the apple stepped forth, and both of them smiled, and they also disappeared.

And the heart of Avdyeeich was glad. He crossed himself, put on his glasses, and began to read the Gospels at the place where he had opened them. And at the top of the page he read these words: "And I was an hungred and athirst, and ye gave Me to drink. I was a stranger, and ye took Me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read this: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

And Avdyeeich understood that his dream had not deceived him, and that the Saviour had really come to him that day, and he had really received Him.

—*Count Lyof N. Tolstoy.*

Old Pipes and the Dryad *

For many, many years Old Pipes had been employed by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills.

But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. It is true that every afternoon he sat upon the rock and played upon his pipes; but the cattle did not hear him. He had grown old, and his breath

* First published 1888.

was feeble. The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley, were heard no more; and twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. The cows, and sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before; but this was because two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use; so they paid him his little salary every month, and said nothing about the two boys and the girl.

One afternoon, at the end of the month, when Old Pipes had finished his piping, he took his stout staff and went down the hill to the village to receive the money for his month's work.

When the Chief Villager had paid him, and he had talked a little with some of his friends, Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had gone a short distance up the hillside, he became very tired, and sat down upon a stone. He had not been sitting there half a minute, when along came two boys and a girl.

"Children," said Old Pipes, "I'm very tired to-night, and I don't believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you to help me."

"We will do that," said the boys and the girl, quite cheerfully. Old Pipes gave each of the three children a copper coin, and then they sat down for a few minutes' rest before starting back to the village.

"I'm sorry that I tired you so much," said Old Pipes.

"Oh, that would not have tired us," said one of the

boys, " if we had not been so far to-day after the cows, and the sheep, and the goats."

" Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats! " exclaimed Old Pipes. " What do you mean by that? "

The girl, who stood behind the old man, shook her head, but the boy did not notice her, and promptly answered Old Pipes.

" Why, you see, good sir," said he, " that as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening to drive them down from the mountain, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it."

" How long have you been doing this? " asked the old man.

The girl shook her head and clapped her hand on her mouth as before, but the boy went on.

" I think it is about a year now," he said, " since the people first felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes. Goodnight, sir."

The three children then went down the hill, the girl scolding the boy all the way home. Old Pipes stood silent a few moments and then he went into his cottage.

" Mother," he shouted, " did you hear what those children said? "

" Children! " exclaimed the old woman; " I did not hear them."

Then Old Pipes told his mother — shouting very loudly to make her hear.

" Nonsense! " cried his mother. " I'm sure you've

piped as well as you could, and no more can be expected. And what are we to do without the money? ”

“ I don't know,” said Old Pipes; “ but I'm going down to the village to pay it back.”

When he had gone about half way the old man sat down to rest, leaning his back against a great oak tree. As he did so, he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice said:

“ Let me out! let me out! ”

Old Pipes instantly forgot that he was tired, and sprang to his feet. “ This must be a Dryad tree! ” he exclaimed. “ If it is, I'll let her out.”

He closely examined the trunk of the tree, which stood in the full moonlight. “ If I see that key,” he said, “ I shall surely turn it.” Before long he found a piece of bark standing out from the tree, which looked to him very much like the handle of a key. He took hold of it, and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so, a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open, and a beautiful Dryad stepped quickly out.

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her. “ Oh, lovely! lovely! ” she exclaimed. “ How long it is since I have seen anything like this! ” And then, turning to Old Pipes, she said: “ How good of you to let me out! I am so happy, and so thankful, that I must kiss you, you dear old man! ” And she kissed him on both cheeks.

“ You don't know how doleful it is to be shut up so long in a tree. It's ever so long since I've been let out.

People so seldom come this way; and when they do come at the right time, they either don't hear me, or they are frightened and run away. What can I do for you, to show you how grateful I am?"

"If you wish to do something for me, you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village. I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Chief Villager and tell him that Old Pipes cannot receive pay for the services which he does not perform. It is now more than a year that I have not been able to make the cattle hear me when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until to-night; but now that I know it, I cannot keep the money, and so I send it back." And, handing the little bag to the Dryad, he bade her good-night, and turned toward his cottage.

"Good-night," said the Dryad. "And I thank you over and over and over again, you good old man!"

Old Pipes walked toward his home, very glad to be saved the fatigue of going all the way down to the village and back again. When he reached home his mother was surprised to see him returning so soon.

When Old Pipes left the Dryad, she did not go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand, and thought about what she had heard. "This is a good and honest old man," she said; "and it is a shame that he should lose this money. I am going to take the money back to him." She did not start immediately, because there were so many beautiful things to look at; but after awhile she went up to the cottage, and,

finding Old Pipes asleep in his chair, she slipped the little bag into his coat pocket, and silently sped away.

The next day old Pipes told his mother that he would go up the mountain and cut some wood. He worked all the morning, and when he came back he did not feel at all tired, and he had a very good appetite for his dinner.

Now, Old Pipes knew a good deal about Dryads; but there was one thing which, although he had heard, he had forgotten. This was, that a kiss from a Dryad made a person ten years younger.

He had been kissed twice by the Dryad, once on each cheek, and he therefore felt as vigorous and active as when he was a hale man of fifty.

In the course of the afternoon, Old Pipes, for the first time that day, put his hand in his coat pocket, and there, to his amazement, he found the little bag of money. "Well, well!" he exclaimed, "I am stupid, indeed! I really thought that I had seen a Dryad. But the Chief Villager shall have the money. I shall not take it to him to-day, but to-morrow I wish to go to the village to see some of my old friends, and then I shall give up the money."

Toward the close of the afternoon, Old Pipes, as had been his custom for so many years, took his pipes from the shelf on which they lay, and went out to the rock in front of the cottage.

"What are you going to do?" cried his mother. "If you will not consent to be paid, why do you pipe?"

"I am going to pipe for my own pleasure," said her son.

When the good man began to play upon his favorite instrument, he was astonished at the sound that came from it. The beautiful notes of the pipes sounded clear and strong down into the valley, and spread over the hills, and up the sides of the mountain beyond; while, after a little interval, an echo came back from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley.

The merry notes were heard in the village below, and the people were much astonished thereby. "Why, who can be blowing the pipes of Old Pipes?" they said. But, as they were all very busy, no one went up to see.

The next morning Old Pipes started down to the village with his money, and on the way he met the Dryad. "Oh, ho!" he cried, "is that you? Why, I thought my letting you out of the tree was nothing but a dream."

"A dream!" cried the Dryad; "if you only knew how happy you have made me, you would not think it merely a dream. And has it not benefited you? Do you not feel happier? Yesterday I heard you playing beautifully on your pipes."

"Yes, yes," cried he. "I did not understand it before, but I see it all now. I have really grown younger. I thank you, I thank you, good Dryad, from the bottom of my heart. It was the finding of the money in my pocket that made me think it was a dream."

"Oh, I put it in when you were asleep," she said,

laughing, " because I thought you ought to keep it. Good-bye, kind, honest man. May you live long, and be as happy as I am now."

Old Pipes was greatly delighted when he understood that he was really a younger man; but that made no difference about the money, and he kept on his way to the village. As soon as he reached it, he was eagerly questioned as to who had been playing his pipes the evening before; and when the people heard that it was himself, they were very much surprised. Thereupon, Old Pipes told what had happened to him. The Chief Villager refused to take his money; and although Old Pipes said that he had not earned it, everyone present insisted that, as he would now play on his pipes as before, he should lose nothing because, for a time, he was unable to perform his duty.

So Old Pipes was obliged to keep his money, and after an hour or two spent in conversation with his friends he returned to his cottage.

There was one person, however, who was not pleased with what had happened to Old Pipes. This was an Echo-Dwarf who lived on the hills across the valley. It was his work to echo back the notes of the pipes whenever they could be heard.

A great many other Echo-dwarfs lived on these hills. But there was only one who could send back the strong notes of the pipes of Old Pipes, and this had been his sole duty for many years. But when the old man grew feeble, and the notes of his pipes could not be heard on the oppo-

site hills, this Echo-dwarf had nothing to do; and he spent his time in delightful idleness; and he slept so much and grew so fat that it made his companions laugh to see him walk.

On the afternoon on which, after so long an interval, the sound of the pipes was heard on the echo hills, this dwarf was fast asleep behind a rock. As soon as the first notes reached them, some of his companions ran to wake him up. Rolling to his feet, he echoed back the merry tune of Old Pipes. The Echo-dwarf was very angry. He had supposed, of course, that the pipe-playing had ceased forever. He was so much disturbed that he made up his mind to go and try to find out how long this was to last. When he had crossed the valley and had gone some distance into the woods on the hillside, he stopped to rest, and in a few minutes the Dryad came tripping along.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the dwarf; "what are you doing here? and how did you get out of your tree?"

"Doing!" cried the Dryad. "I was let out of my tree by the good old man who plays the pipes to call the cattle down from the mountain. And it makes me happier to think that I have been of service to him. I gave him two kisses of gratitude, and now he is young enough to play his pipes as well as ever."

The Echo-dwarf stepped forward, his face pale with passion. "Am I to believe," he said, "that you are the cause of this great evil that has come upon me? What have I ever done to you that you should have condemned

me for years and years to echo back the notes of those wretched pipes? ''

At this the Dryad laughed loudly.

" What a funny little fellow you are! '' she said. " Fie upon you, Echo-dwarf! You are lazy and selfish, that is what is the matter with you. Go home and learn to be just and generous; and then, perhaps, you may be happy. Good-bye.''

" Insolent creature! '' shouted the dwarf, as he shook his fat little fist at her. " I'll make you suffer for this.''

Each day, from early morning till it was time for him to go back to his duties upon the rocky hillside, he searched the woods for her. He intended, if he met her, to pretend to be very sorry for what he had said, and he thought he might be able to play a trick upon her which would avenge him well.

One day, while thus wandering among the trees, he met Old Pipes. The Echo-dwarf did not generally care to see or speak to ordinary people; but now he was so anxious to find the object of his search that he stopped and asked Old Pipes if he had seen the Dryad.

" No,'' he said, " I have been looking everywhere for her.''

" You,'' cried the dwarf, " what do you wish with her? ''

Old Pipes then told what the Dryad had done for him.

When the Echo-dwarf heard that this was the man whose pipes he was obliged to echo back every day, he would have slain him on the spot, had he been able; but,

as he was not able, he merely ground his teeth and listened to the rest of the story.

"I am looking for the Dryad to ask her to make my mother younger, as she made me," continued Old Pipes.

The eyes of the Echo-dwarf glistened.

"Your idea is a good one," he said to Old Pipes, "and it does you honor. But you should know that a Dryad can make no person younger but one who lets her out of her tree. All you need do is to find the Dryad, tell her what you want, and request her to step into her tree and bring your mother to the tree; she will open it, and everything will be as you wish. Is not this a good plan?"

"Excellent!" cried Old Pipes; "and I will go instantly and search more diligently for the Dryad."

"Take me with you," said the Echo-dwarf.

Before long they came to the great oak tree in which the Dryad had lived, and at a distance they saw that beautiful creature herself coming toward them.

"How excellently well everything happens!" said the dwarf. "Put me down, and I will go."

Old Pipes put the Echo-dwarf upon the ground, but the little rogue did not go away. He hid himself between some low, mossy rocks, and he was so much like them in color that you would not have noticed him if you had been looking straight at him.

When the Dryad came up, Old Pipes lost no time in telling her about his mother, and what he wished her to do.

"Do you really wish me to go into my tree again?" she said. "It is not at all necessary, for I could make your mother younger at any time if she would give me the opportunity. I cannot imagine what put this idea into your head. Did you think of it yourself?"

"No," answered Old Pipes. "A little dwarf whom I met in the woods proposed it to me."

"Oh!" cried the Dryad, "it is the scheme of that vile Echo-dwarf — your enemy and mine. Where is he?"

"I think he has gone away," said Old Pipes.

"No, he has not," said the Dryad, whose quick eyes perceived the Echo-dwarf among the rocks. "There he is. Seize him and drag him out, I beg of you."

Old Pipes saw the dwarf as soon as he was pointed out to him; and running to the rocks, he caught the little fellow by the arm and pulled him out.

"Now, then," cried the Dryad, who had opened the door of the great oak, "just stick him in there, and we will shut him up."

Old Pipes thrust the Echo-dwarf into the tree; the Dryad pushed the door shut; there was a clicking sound of bark and wood, and no one would have noticed that the big oak had ever had an opening in it.

"There," said the Dryad; "now we need not be afraid of him. And I assure you, my good piper, that I shall be very glad to make your mother younger as soon as I can."

And then, the Dryad at his side, Old Pipes hurried to his cottage. But when he mentioned the matter to his

mother, the old woman became very angry indeed. She did not believe in Dryads.

As the summer days went on, Old Pipes' mother grew feebler and feebler. "Alas! alas!" she said, "the time has come when I am too old to work. My son will have to hire some one to come here and cook his meals, make his bed, and mend his clothes. Alas! alas! I had hoped that as long as I lived I should be able to do these things. But it is not so. I have grown utterly worthless, and someone else must prepare the dinner for my son. I wonder where he is." And tottering to the door, she went outside to look for him. She did not feel able to stand, and reaching the rustic chair, she sank into it, quite exhausted, and soon fell asleep.

The Dryad, who had often come to the cottage, stepped up quietly behind the old woman and gently kissed her on each cheek, and then as quietly disappeared.

In a few minutes the mother of Old Pipes awoke, and looking up at the sun, she exclaimed: "Why, it is almost dinner-time! My son will be here directly, and I am not ready for him."

"How a little sleep does refresh one," she said to herself, as she was bustling about. The moment Old Pipes saw his mother, he knew that the Dryad had been there; but, while he felt as happy as a king, he was too wise to say anything about her.

The summer days went on and passed away, the leaves were falling from the trees, and the air was becoming cold.

"Nature has ceased to be lovely," said the Dryad, "and the night winds chill me. It is time for me to go back into my comfortable quarters in the great oak. But first I must pay another visit to the cottage of Old Pipes."

She found the piper and his mother sitting side by side on the rock in front of the door.

"How happy they look, sitting there together," said the Dryad; "and I don't believe it will do them a bit of harm to be still younger." And moving quietly up behind them, she first kissed Old Pipes on his cheek and then kissed his mother.

Old Pipes, who had stopped playing, knew what it was, but he did not move, and said nothing. His mother, thinking that her son had kissed her, turned to him with a smile and kissed him in return. And then she arose and went into the cottage, a vigorous woman of sixty, followed by her son, erect and happy, and twenty years younger than herself.

The Dryad sped away to the woods, shrugging her shoulders as she felt the cool evening wind.

When she reached the great oak, she turned the key and opened the door. "Come out," she said to the Echo-dwarf, who sat blinking within. "Winter is coming on, and I want the comfortable shelter of my tree for myself. The cattle have come down from the mountain for the last time this year, the pipes will no longer sound, and you can go to your rocks and have a holiday until next spring."

Upon hearing these words, the dwarf skipped quickly out, and the Dryad entered the tree and pulled the door shut after her. "Now, then," she said to herself, "he can break off the key if he likes. It does not matter to me. Another will grow out next spring. And although the good piper made me no promise, I know that when the warm days arrive next year, he will come and let me out again."

The Echo-dwarf did not stop to break the key of the tree. He was too happy to be released to think of anything else, and he hastened as fast as he could to his home on the rocky hillside.

The Dryad was not mistaken when she trusted in the piper. When the warm days came again he went to the oak tree to let her out. But, to his sorrow, and surprise, he found the great tree lying upon the ground. A winter storm had blown it down, and it lay with its trunk shattered and split. And what became of the Dryad no one ever knew.

—*From Frank R. Stockton's "The Bee Man Of-Orn."*

The Story of a Forest Fire *

For more than six week no rain had fallen along the southwest side of the Adirondacks. The ground was parched. In every direction from Seaberry Settlement fires had been burning through the forest, but as yet the valley of the West Canada had escaped.

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But one night a careless man threw a burning match into a brush-heap. When morning came the west wind, blowing up the valley, was ash-laden and warm with the fire that was coming eastward toward the settlement in a line a mile wide.

Soon after daybreak Lem Lawson met the fire on his way to Noblesborough, and warned the settlement of its danger. One man hastened to Noblesborough for the fire-warden; two went up the West Canada to the lumber camps. The rest of the male population, including boys, hastened down the main road to an old log trail.

It was hoped the fire might be stopped at the opening the road afforded.

With hoes and shovels the men dug a trench through the loam to the sand, scattering the dirt over the leaves toward the fire. When the first flames came along, they redoubled their efforts amid the flying sparks and suffocating smoke, but without avail. The sparks and great pieces of flaming birch curls carried the flames over the road into the woods beyond the men, fairly surrounding them with fire.

The men could only go before it, pausing now and then to throw dirt on a spark. Those who lived in the settlement glanced from side to side, wondering if the fire would cross the brook, where they now determined to make another and the last possible stand.

The settlement was built along the brink of a steep side-hill. The bed of the stream was only a few feet wide — chiefly sand-bar and dry boulders at this time — and be-

yond it, toward the fire, was a flat, or bottom, sixty rods wide, averaging not two feet above the bed of the brook.

Should the fire cross the brook, it would climb the hill and burn the buildings. Then it would sweep across the narrow fields of grass, or go round the ends of the settlement clearing into the "big woods."

One of the fire-fighters was Will Borson, son of the man who had thrown the match, and as he fought with his hoe along the road he heard the men on each side of him cursing his father by name for his carelessness. More than once these men turned on Will, and told him he ought to put that fire out, since his father was to blame for it.

Will did his best. Sparks burned holes in his shirt; a flare of sheet fire from a brush-heap singed his eyelashes and the hair over his forehead. When old Ike Frazier cried out, "It's no use here any more, boys!" Will was the last one to duck his head and run for the road up the creek to the settlement.

Half a dozen men were detailed to go to the houses and help the women carry the furniture and other household goods out in the fields to the watering-troughs; the rest hastened to the brook and scattered along it, and threw water on the brush at the edge, hoping the flames would be deadened when they came.

Among them worked Will Borson, thinking with all his might and looking up and down the creek as if the dry gray boulders, with the scant thread of water oozing down among them, would give him some inspiration.

The width of the stream was only a few feet on an average, and twenty feet at the widest pools, over which the flames and sparks would quickly jump.

The fire reached the flat at the foot of the ridge and came toward the brook in jumps. The men worked faster than ever with their ten-quart pails. Old Ike Frazier glanced up the stream, and saw Will leaning on his hoe-handle, doing nothing.

"Hi, there!" yelled the man. "Get to work!"

"You tell the men they want to be looking out!" Will called back. "Something'll happen pretty quick!" With that he dropped his hoe and went climbing up the side-hill toward his home at the top. Mrs. Borson was just piling the last of her bedding on the wagon when she saw Will coming toward her. He unhitched the horse from the wagon, and had the harness scattered on the ground before his mother could control herself enough to cry:

"Those things'll be burned here! What are you taking the horse for — we — we —"

Then she sank to the ground and cried, while Will's younger brothers and sisters joined in.

Will did not stop to say anything, but leaped to the back of the horse, and away he went up to the road, to the amazement of those who were taking their goods from the houses. But he was soon in the woods above the settlement and out of sight of every one.

He was headed for the dam. He had thought to open the little sluice at the bottom of it, which would add to

the volume of the water in the stream — raise it a foot, perhaps.

He reached the dam, and prying at the gate, opened the way. A stream of water two feet square shot from the bottom of the dam and went sloshing down among the rocks.

"That water'll help a lot," he thought. Then he heard the roar of the fire down the brook, and saw a huge, dull, brick-colored flash as a big hemlock went up in flame. The amount of water gushing from the gate of the dam seemed suddenly small and useless. It would not fill the brook bed. In a little shanty a hundred yards away were the quarrying tools used in getting out the stone for the Cardin house. To this Will ran with all his speed.

With an old ax that was behind the shanty he broke down the door. Inside he picked up a full twelve-pound box of dynamite, and bored a hole the size of his finger into one side. Then with a fuse and cap in one hand and the box under his arm, he hurried back to the dam.

He climbed down the ladder to the bottom of the dam, and fixing the fuse to the cap, ran it into the hole he had bored till it was well among the sawdust and sticks of dynamite. He cut the fuse to two minutes' length, and carried the box back among the big key logs that held the dam. He was soon ready. He jammed the box under water among beams where it would stick. A match started the fuse going, and then Will climbed the ladder and ran for safety.

In a few moments the explosion came. Will heard the beams in the gorge tumbling as the dam gave way, and the water behind was freed. Away it went, washing and pounding down the narrow ravine toward the low bottom.

The fire-fighters heard the explosion and paused, wondering, to listen. The next instant the roar of the water came to their ears, and the tremble caused by logs and boulders rolling with the flood was felt. Then every man understood what was done, for they had been log-drivers all their lives, and knew the signs of a loosed sluice-gate or of a broken jam.

They climbed the steep bank toward the buildings, to be above the flood-line, yelling warnings that were half cheers.

In a few moments the water was below the mouth of the gorge, and then it rushed over the low west bank of the brook and spread out on the wide flat where the fire was raging. For a minute clouds of steam and loud hissing marked the progress of the wave, and then the brush-heaps from edge to edge of the valley bottom were covered and the fire was drowned.

The fires left in the trees above the high-water mark and the flames back on the ridge still thrust and flared, but were unable to cross the wide, wet flood-belt. The settlement and the " big woods " beyond were saved.

Sol Cardin reached the settlement on the following day, and heard the story of the fire. In response to an offer from Will, he replied:

" No, my boy, you needn't pay for the dam by work-

ing or anything else. I'm in debt to you for saving my timber above the settlement, instead." Then he added, in a quiet way, characteristic of him, " It seems a pity if wit like yours doesn't get its full growth."

—*Raymond S. Spears.*

MERRY TWINKLE AND THE DWARF *

There was a dwarf who lived not long ago, in a corner of a strange country not more than a day's journey away. One needs only to set out toward the Twilight Westward and travel until he comes to the Deep Shadows. There he will find the bounds of the land of dwarfs; and if he knows just how to search and where to look, he may get a quiet peep at the Little People as they work or play, eat and drink and make merry in their own country.

The dwarf I am to tell you about was not the jolly, red-faced, long-bearded little man you would be likely to meet in almost any quiet, early-evening ramble in that country. They are happy little fellows, always smiling with good humor and sometimes laughing aloud. This dwarf's face was wrinkled; his back was bent; he seemed to take no pleasure in anything; and he was in every way as sad as any dwarf in the whole country of the Twilight Westward.

But before I tell you what was the matter with him, I want you to know about the little girl who lived not far from the land of dwarfs, for, of course, there is a little girl in the story.

* Reprinted from the *Storytellers' Magazine*, June, 1913

Her mother was a widow who lived in a mite of a house in the edge of a grove of fine oak trees there on the borders of Twilight Westward. Her name was Mrs. Trinkel, and her children were George and Mary and Alice. George, a stout, hearty lad of twelve, helped his mother a great deal as she worked to make a living for her little family. Alice was a sweet child of six. Merry Twinkle, as she was called because of her cheery smile, was ten. She was not very pretty, but everyone became so fond of her that at last her real name was forgotten.

Mary's best dress was just clean, blue gingham, and her shoes were not bright and new; but her smile made everybody forget that she did not have pretty clothes. She was nearly always happy; but sometimes when she went to play with other children, and saw what pretty clothes and playthings they had, it almost made her cry.

One afternoon as she was on her way home from a children's party, she kept thinking of all the pretty clothes the other children had, and then of her own poor ones. Two tears were just ready for a race down her cheeks when she came to the crossroads. She was just about to sit down on a big stone and have a good cry, when she noticed someone else already sitting there. She was so much astonished to see who it was that she forgot all about crying.

It was no one in his world but the sad dwarf, and he was surely a sorry little figure as he sat there upon the big stone. His wrinkled little face looked very woe-begone, and there may have been two tears in his eyes

ready for a race, but the road down his cheeks was so rough that they were discouraged and did not start.

Merry Twinkle was not at all frightened at the dwarf, for he was so small that he could not have caught her if he tried; and then he did not look as if he wanted to harm anyone. In fact, he seemed so troubled and sad that the little girl really wanted to help him. She just stopped and spoke kindly to him, and when she did that, she forgot her own troubles and her smiles came back again.

"Good evening, Mr. Dwarf," she said; and he said, "Good evening" to her as pleasantly as he could when he was feeling so bad.

"Are you in some kind of trouble, that makes you look so sad, or is that the way you always look?" the little girl asked.

"I am in trouble. I was not always sad as I am now."

"Tell me about it, Mr. Dwarf and I will see if there is not some way for me to help you," said Merry Twinkle kindly.

"I will tell you," he replied, "but I shall have to go back to the beginning of my story, so you will understand all about it.

"I am not used to telling stories," he began, "but I suppose I must first tell you my name and where I live."

"Yes," said Merry Twinkle, "that's the way a story begins."

"Well, I am called the Golden Dwarf, and my home is yonder in the Twilight Westward. I am rich now, but I

was once very poor and had to work long and hard before I became rich. It was while I was at work that my trouble began."

"I am called the Golden Dwarf because I have always worked with gold to make all manner of fine things of it. The place where I worked was all dark except where it was lighted by the fire of my forge, in which I heated the bright, yellow gold. The forge blaze made a light place where I worked, but all back in the corners of the room it was dark, and there were Moving Shadows. I worked away very happily, until one day I thought of making a golden lining for my pocket. I was just finishing it and adjusting it, so that no matter how many gold coins I should take out one at a time, there would always be two left to clink together, when my fire began to die down, and it began to grow so dark that I could not see my work very well. I had to look very closely, and that brought my face very near the hot coals. The fire was so hot that I was afraid my smile would get scorched; so I just took it off and laid it back in one corner among the Moving Shadows."

"You took off your smile?"

"Yes, and just as I got the lining arranged so that a new gold piece would always come into the pocket when I took one out, an Evil Genius crept in among the Moving Shadows and stole my smile away."

Here the Golden Dwarf sighed, and paused to see if the quiet little girl heard; and when he saw that she was eager for every word, he went on.

"That was a great many years ago. I did not miss my smile very much at first, because I was too busy taking gold pieces out of my pocket and listening for the clink of the new ones as they came in. I took them out one at a time until I had enough to buy all the country between the Flowing River and the Purple Hills. I have everything now that I want except my smile; but, since I have lost that, I have grown old and thin and wrinkled. I am afraid that I can never again be fat and jolly, as a dwarf should be, until I find my smile again. I am miserable without it, but I have searched for it high and low, and I cannot find a trace of it."

"Poor little old Dwarf," said Merry Twinkle. "I should like to help you, but I don't see how I am to do it."

"Well," said Golden Dwarf, "I have watched you many days, and have learned that on account of your cheery smile the people call you Merry Twinkle. I saw you pass this afternoon, and I noticed what a fine smile you were wearing."

"But this is my own smile, Mr. Dwarf."

"Yes," he continued sadly, "I know it is yours; but when I saw that your shoes were not shining and new, and that you wore just a clean, blue gingham dress, I knew then that you were poor; so I thought that you might like to sell your smile if you could get a good price for it."

Merry Twinkle looked at the Dwarf and just then began to think how funny her big cheery smile would look upon his wrinkled little face; so she just had to laugh at the

thought of it. Then she told the dwarf that her smile would be too big for such a little fellow.

"Oh," said Golden Dwarf, "as for that, I think you are right; but I am sure I could get used to the smile by wearing it a little while at a time until I grow fat and round-faced and jolly enough to fit it."

Merry Twinkle thought of all the useful and pretty things she could buy for herself and her mother and the other children, if she sold the smile; so, at last, she agreed to let the Golden Dwarf have it. He promised that he would pay her for it by giving her anything she might ask. She could ask for but one thing each day, but as surely as asked for, the thing she wanted would come at twilight. She had only to make a wish at the time of sunrise, he said, and then wait till sunset to get the thing she wanted; for in the twilight she could always find his gift behind the big stone at the cross-roads.

When the bargain was finished, Merry Twinkle took off her smile and gave it to the Golden Dwarf. He was certainly an odd figure as he trudged off down the road toward his own country.

The big smile did not fit on his face. It was so loose that it kept slipping off, and he had to put it back several times in the first few minutes. It was the first smile the Golden Dwarf had owned in a long time; so he was determined to wear it even if it did feel awkward, and make him seem more foolish than jolly. Merry Twinkle was very sober without her smile and did not feel at all natural; but when she thought of the many fine things she could

get for her mother and George and Alice, she was sure she would feel better about her bargain in a little while.

When she got home, she found her mother sitting on the doorstep in the twilight, resting after her hard work of the day. The little girl walked up to her mother and sat down beside her before she began to speak.

"Mother," she said soberly, "I met a dwarf down at the cross-roads and sold him my smile. Now you will not have to work so hard any more, for now I can get anything I want for all of us just for the wishing."

"Oh Mary," exclaimed the mother, when she noticed that her little daughter's smile was gone. "I am afraid that you have made a very bad bargain! I do not mind the work I have to do for you when you are so happy about the house; but I can't take any of these fine things you are to get when I see your face sad and without your merry twinkle. The people will forget that name for you now.

* * * * * * * *

Mary went to all the children's parties now and wore prettier clothes than any of her playmates, but no one called her Merry Twinkle any more. When the children played or laughed or danced, all she could do was to sit silently by, or tell them that she did not feel well, or make some other excuse to keep out of the games. She knew that if she played and did not laugh, the other children would see that she really had no smile any more. She became selfish. Her fine clothes did not make her look pretty, for she did not have a happy face to go with them.

At last she became tired of her bargain with the Golden Dwarf and decided to wish for her smile at the next sunrise.

She did not feel sure that the Dwarf would send it back to her, and she thought that he might even be angry with her when she wished for it. He might refuse to send the smile back, and even stop sending the beautiful things she wanted as well. She knew, though, that without her smile she would not look half so sad in her simple dress as she did in all the pretty clothes which the dwarf had sent her. She could hardly wait for the twilight the day she wished for her smile. As soon as the sun had set she started down the road. When she came to the crossing she saw the dwarf himself sitting on the flat stone. The smile looked a little better on him than it did when he first began to wear it, but it did not fit very well yet.

"Good evening, Merry Twinkle," the Golden Dwarf began.

"Good evening, Mr. Dwarf," she responded soberly, "but nobody calls me that any more since my smile is gone."

"Then you've been unhappy with all the pretty things I sent, have you?"

"No," said Mary slowly, "I liked the things very well, but Mother is grieved, and will not take any of the gifts; and George and Alice are becoming greedy, and I am selfish now, so I just can't be happy without my smile."

"Too bad," said the dwarf kindly. "But is that all your troubles?"

"No, that is just the beginning. I am lonesome when the other children laugh and play and sing, and I cannot join them. I am afraid they will learn about the bargain I have made and will whisper to each other behind my back. "That's Mary Trinkel, the little girl who sold her smile. We used to call her Merry Twinkle."

"Well, well," sighed the dwarf, "I have not been happy myself. This smile is a good one, but it does not fit me. The other dwarfs laugh when I put it on, and say that I am too little for the smile I wear. It's too bad that I got so busy while making the golden lining for my pocket that I forgot my own smile and let the Evil Genius carry it away. I think now that I could never wear any smile comfortably but one of my own." "You have always been good to me," he went on, "and I should always like to send you anything you want; but there is a law in the Land of Twilight Westward which declares that no one may send anything out of the country until it has been paid for. I'll tell you what I'll do though," he added quickly, looking up in a pleased way as he thought of it. "While I can't send you nice things out of our country, I can make your wants so few that you will always be happy and satisfied with what you have."

"When I get my smile back," said Mary, "I am sure I shall be pleased with what I have, even though I have only the old shoes and my clean, blue gingham dress."

Then the dwarf took off the smile and gave it to the little girl, and she put it on and was happy again. In her joy she began to feel sorry for the little old fellow,

who looked as thin and bent and pitiable after he had taken off the misfit smile as he did the first time she saw him. Indeed, she was so sorry for him that she just stooped down with her own sweet smile on her lips and gave him such a hearty kiss that a little smile all his own began to come around his mouth. It grew very fast, and in a very few minutes he had a full-grown smile which came from the little start Mary had left on his lips of her own free will. When the smile had grown to its full size, the little dwarf himself began to grow, and it was not long until he stood before Mary Trinkle just such a smiling, round-faced, jolly little man as a Golden Dwarf should be.

He was so surprised and happy that for a moment he forgot about his promise to the little girl; then it came back to him, and he said, "Now, Merry Twinkle, everyone will call you that again, for you are now just as sweet and smiling as ever you were; you must run home and make your mother happy again with your smile. I will see that you are always satisfied with what you have so long as you wear it."

Merry Twinkle thanked the dwarf and turned into the road that led to her mother's cottage. The dwarf sat on the stone until she was nearly out of sight in the coming darkness. The sound of a happy little song came to him as he started down the road toward the Twilight Westward, smiling with a smile of his very own.

—*Allen Cross.*

The Vision of Anton, the Clock-Maker *

Once upon a time there lived a near-sighted and obscure clock-maker in an ancient town in Flanders. It was in 1400 and something, at about the time when new continents were being discovered, and old continents were being ransacked for whatever might serve to enrich the life of Europe. We call it the period of the Renaissance; and this is the story of the Renaissance of Anton, the Flemish Clock-Maker.

Anton was apprentice to an old craftsman who made clocks to help very rich people to know the time of day. No one but the rich could afford to buy clocks in those days; so the old clock-maker needed but one assistant. They were crude clocks with but one hand, but they served the purpose. Anton, however, had a soul in his body, and he became very tired of bending eternally over his work bench, making one-handed clocks for people he didn't know. His was not a restless sort of soul, but a starved one, and it didn't know how to show Anton the way to better things

So Anton decided to find out for himself. As he went about the streets of a Sunday, he heard of the good gray monks that lived beyond the hill. He was told that they were wise and kind, and that they made sure of their entrance into Heaven by many prayers and much fasting. They were so good that they had time enough left from their prayers to engage in scholarly pursuits. In short, they

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lived an ideal kind of existence and one that Anton thought would satisfy the cravings of his soul.

So one day Anton left the old clock-maker and journeyed over the hill to the monastery of the good gray monks. They took him in as a lay brother and set him to weeding the garden; but soon they learned that he was skilled with tools, and they gave him the task of building the new altar in the chapel.

When the altar was nearly finished, the abbot of the monastery came to Anton and said: "My son, I perceive that thou hast much cunning. Canst thou carve a legend for the front of the altar?"

"I can, Father," said Anton.

So the abbot sought for a legend that would fit the space on the front of the altar, and after much searching he brought to Anton this:

"Where there is no Vision, the people perish."

Anton accordingly selected a piece of hard, close-grained oak, and began to carve the legend. Now Anton possessed enough of the craftsman's soul to make him strive to carve the legend well, and he spent many days and took infinite pains. And as he worked he said the words over and over to himself:

"Where there is no Vision, the people perish."

He found himself wondering what these words meant; and as he carved, his perplexity grew upon him. At last he could contain himself no longer, and he went to the abbot.

"Holy Father," said he, "I am much troubled to know the meaning of the words thou hast given me to carve."

Now the abbot had selected the legend without great thought. It sounded well, and it was the right length. So he made answer lightly.

"Those, my son, are the words of a Wise Man of old. They refer to that divine guidance which saves men's souls, and which comes only through prayer and fasting."

But Anton had prayed and fasted, and no Vision had come to him. He asked his brother monks to explain the words to him, but they could not satisfy him, and Anton nearly went mad in the endeavor to understand.

When the carving was complete and the altar finished, Anton found no more work that interested him. He looked about him, and saw the monks feasting and fasting, praying and working, but he could not discover to what purpose.

"If it be true that without a Vision the people perish," he said to himself, "shall we not all perish? Not even the good gray monks have a Vision. They know not what a Vision is.

So gradually he became dissatisfied with the monotonous life of the good gray monks, and their tiresome prayers and fastings to save their souls, until at last he could stand it no longer, and, never having taken the vows, he left the monastery.

It was then that he bethought himself of the old clockmaker for whom he had worked in the town. He remembered how wise he was, and he sought the familiar shop.

The old clock-maker was glad of the return of so good a workman, and he received him joyfully. Then Anton told his story — how he had longed for something to satisfy his soul, how he had failed to find it even among the good gray monks, and how the words of the legend had perplexed him.

Then spake the wise old clock-maker.

"A Vision," quoth he, "is something good and lofty and desirable which the soul may see, and having not, may reach forth to obtain. Without a Vision the body may live, but the soul is starved. It is death in life. Men may eat, and drink, and sleep, and laugh, and work, and quarrel, and beget children, and die, but all to no purpose. They might as well die in the first place, and so the Wise Man saith, 'Without a Vision, the people perish.'"

"And what may I do to get a Vision, that I may live?" asked Anton.

"He that seeketh, findeth," replied the clock-maker.

"Where shall I seek?" asked Anton.

"At thine own work-bench," was the answer. "Thou hast been to the monastery of the good gray monks and found no Vision there. Thou may'st travel the world over, and no Vision will reward thy search. Look within thy heart, Anton, even into its hidden corners. Whatsoever thou findest that is good and worthy, examine it. Thus wilt thou find thy Vision. Do thy daily work, Anton, and let thy Vision find thee working. Then shalt thou be ready to receive it, and the meaning of thy life and work will be made clear to thee."

Anton marveled at the words of the wise old man, and pondered them in his heart as he went back to work at his bench. And every day he talked with the old clock-maker, and strove to learn, until at last the light broke in upon him, and he understood. For the meaning of the legend appears only through much thought and self-examination.

A day came when the old clock-maker arose no more from his bed, and Anton took his place as master of the shop.

"Now," he said, "I will see if I can find a way to work with a Vision, for I know it is better than to work without one."

Every Sunday he went through the market place and talked with his fellow townsmen. He found that there were many things good and lofty and desirable that were lacking in their lives, but he could discover no way to supply them. His soul was reaching forth, but it had not yet laid hold on a Vision.

One day in his shop, however, a Vision came to him. It was a little Vision, to be sure, but it was a beginning.

"I cannot give bread to all the poor, or bring happiness to the miserable," he said. "I know only how to make clocks. So I will make a clock for the people, that they may have what only the rich may buy."

So he set to work and built a huge clock, with two hands, like one he had seen that came from the South. Its face was two cubits across, and it was fashioned to run in all weathers. Beneath the face he carved and painted a legend:

"Where there is no Vision, the people perish." In twelve months the clock was done, and he received per-

mission to place it on the tower in the market place, where all men might see it and read the time of day. Many came and saw, and learned to tell the time from the figures on the dial, and the clock became famous throughout Flanders.

But there were many in the country-side who seldom came to the town, and so never were benefited by the clock, and it occurred to Anton one day that the reason for this was that the roads were so poor. He was now a man of substance and influence in the town; so he went to the burgomaster and told him that he would like to build better roads for the country people to use in coming to town. It took him a long time to make the fat burgomaster see this Vision, but at last he succeeded, and the upshot of the matter was that in a few years there were fine, smooth roads running in all directions.

Anton's fame spread throughout Flanders, and to make a long story short, the King at last sent for him and made him a counselor at the royal palace. This gave him a chance to broaden his Vision. He saw a greater and happier Flanders, with the people prosperous in trade and industry and art, and when he died, full of years and honor, he left Flanders a better place because of his Vision. Anton the Clock-Maker was one who did not live in vain.

—*Walter A. Dyer.*

The Closing Door *

There was once a little girl (her best and sweetest name was Little Daughter), who had a dear little room, all her own, which was full of treasures, and was as lovely as love could make it.

You never could imagine, no matter how you tried, a room more beautiful than hers; for it was white and shining from the snowy floor to the ceiling, which looked as if it might have been made of a fleecy cloud. The curtains at the windows were like the petals of a lily, and the little bed was like swan's down.

There were white pansies, too, that bloomed in the windows, and a dove whose voice was sweet as music; and among her treasures she had a string of pearls which she was to wear about her neck when the king of the country sent for her, as he had promised to do some day.

This string of pearls grew longer and more beautiful as the little girl grew older, for a new pearl was given her as soon as she waked up each morning; and every one was a gift from this king, who bade her keep them fair.

Her mother helped her to take care of them and of all the other beautiful things in her room. Every morning, after the new pearl was slipped on the string, they would set the room in order; and every evening they would look over the treasures and enjoy them together, while they carefully wiped away any specks of dust that had gotten in during the day and made the room less lovely.

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There were several doors and windows, which the little girl could open and shut just as she pleased, in this room; but there was one door which was always open, and that was the one which led into her mother's room.

No matter what Little Daughter was doing she was happier if her mother was near; and although she sometimes ran away into her own room and played by herself, she always bounded out at her mother's first call, and sprang into her mother's arms, gladder than ever to be with her because she had been away.

Now one day when the little girl was playing alone, she had a visitor who came in without knocking and who seemed, at first, very much out of place in the shining white room, for he was a goblin and as black as a lump of coal. He had not been there more than a very few minutes, however, before nearly everything in the room began to look more like him and less like the driven snow; and although the little girl thought that he was very strange and ugly when she first saw him, she soon grew used to him, and found him an entertaining playfellow.

She wanted to call her mother to see him; but he said: "Oh! no; we are having such a nice time together, and she's busy, you know." So the little girl did not call; and the mother, who was making a dress of fine lace for her darling, did not dream that a goblin was in the little white room.

The goblin did not make any noise, you know, for he tip-toed all the time, as if he were afraid; and if he heard a sound he would jump. But he was a merry goblin, and

he amused the little girl so much that she did not notice the change in her dear room.

The curtains grew dingy, the floor dusty, and the ceiling looked as if it might have been made of a rain cloud; but the child played on, and got out all her treasures to show to her visitor.

The pansies drooped and faded, the white dove hid its head beneath its wing and moaned; and the last pearl on the precious string grew dark when the goblin touched it with his smutty fingers.

"Oh, dear me," said the little girl when she saw this, "I must call my mother; for these are the pearls that I must wear to the king's court, when he sends for me."

"Never mind," said the goblin, "we can wash it, and if it isn't just as white as before, what difference does it make about one pearl?"

"But mother says that they all must be as fair as the morning," insisted the little girl, ready to cry. "And what will she say when she sees this one?"

"You shut the door, then," said the goblin, pointing to the door that had never been closed, "and I'll wash the pearl." So the little girl ran to close the door, and the goblin began to rub the pearl; but it only seemed to grow darker. Now the door had been open so long that it was hard to move, and it creaked on its hinges as the little girl tried to close it. When the mother heard this she looked up to see what was the matter. She had been thinking about the dress which she was making; but when she saw the closing door, her heart stood still with fear;

for she knew that if it once closed tight she might never be able to open it again.

She dropped her fine laces and ran towards the door, calling, "Little Daughter! Little Daughter! Where are you?" and she reached out her hands to stop the door. But as soon as the little girl heard that loving voice she answered:

"Mother, oh! Mother! I need you so! my pearl is turning black and everything is wrong!" and, flinging the door wide open, she ran into her mother's arms.

When the two went together into the little room, the goblin had gone. The pansies now bloomed again, and the white dove cooed in peace; but there was much work for the mother and daughter, and they rubbed and scrubbed and washed and swept and dusted, till the room was so beautiful that you would not have known that a goblin had been there — except for the one pearl, which was a little blue always, even when the king was ready for Little Daughter to come to his court, although that was not until she was a very old woman.

As for the door, it was never closed again; for Little Daughter and her mother put two golden hearts against it and nothing in this world could have shut it then.

—*Maud Lindsay.*

The Selfish Giant

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the giant came back. He had been to visit his friend, the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing there?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.

TRESPASSERS
WILL BE
PROSECUTED

He was a very selfish giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used

to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. "How happy we were there," they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it, as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower puts its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down. "This is a delightful spot," he said; "we must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in gray, and his breath was like ice.

"I can not understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The

Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene; only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not

reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all around it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground forever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant strode up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found

the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

"But where is your little companion?" he said; "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure to come here to-morrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. "How I should like to see him!" he used to say.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more; so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said; "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvelous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden; to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

—*Oscar Wilde.*

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