

Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 17, April 26, 1914 eBook

Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 17, April 26, 1914

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DEW DROPS

Vol. 37. No. 17. *Weekly.*

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING CO., ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

George E. Cook, editor.

April 26, 1914.

AMONG THE ROCKS

By Margaret E. Hays

The tide was low, and a dark line of rocks showed up clearly in the still water.

“I wonder what those rocks are really like,” said Toby rising slowly from his seat.

“It looks almost as if we could paddle out to them,” said his twin sister Nancy, as she pushed her red curls under her sun-bonnet.

“I vote we try!” exclaimed Toby, seizing her by the arm. “We can go out a long way at low tide—it’s all so flat.”

“I’m sure lots of ships must have been wrecked on the rocks,” added Nancy. “Perhaps we shall find some treasure.”



The next moment they were hurrying off.

On and on they paddled, till the water was well above their knees. Then a few minutes more, and Toby laid his hand on a rock.

“I don’t see any sign of wrecks!” said Nancy, looking about.

For a few minutes they stood, then Nancy caught sight of the boat.

“Oh, there’s the wreck! Why, it’s only a little boat.”

“Of course it is! What else did you think? It’s really some life boat that has been put off from a wreck, and it may be full of treasures!”

Cautiously they worked their way to it, panting with excitement. What were they about to discover?

“See,” said Toby breathlessly, “the anchor rope had broken and caught among the rocks! I wonder we never saw the boat here at high tide—it would be visible then!”

“I hope—oh!” Nancy’s voice was full of disappointment.

“What?”

“Why, it’s only Rowan’s old Lily! It isn’t a wreck at all! It was on the beach this morning!”

The children stood looking blankly at the boat.

“There’s something moving!”

There was something queer about the “wreck” after all!

Half-frightened, and hanging on to Toby’s arm, Nancy peeped over into the boat, and the next moment she shrieked in alarm, and something sprang out of the locker and clung to her neck!

“Oh—h!” Nancy pulled at the clinging creature in terror, but Toby was bent with laughter!



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“Stop it, Nan! It’s only a kitten!” he cried, as soon as he could speak.

It was true! A poor, shivering little tabby kitten was cuddling into Nancy’s neck, mewling with terror!

“Oh, the little darling!” she exclaimed. “How frightened it must have been! I wonder whose kitten it is?”

[Illustration: “How frightened it must have been! I wonder whose kitten it is?”]

“If we can’t find out I should think we might keep it ourselves.”

“Wouldn’t it be lovely to have a kittie of our own?”

“I’m afraid we ought to ask a few people first,” said Toby sadly. “There’s old Rowan. Shall we go and tell him about the boat?”

Old Rowan was looking gloomily out to sea, and never noticed the twins till they stood before him.

“Please, Mr. Rowan,” said Toby, “we’ve found your boat.”

“Found my boat?” asked the old man absently.

“Yes, the Lily. She’s out there among the rocks.”

“Is she? Ay, she got adrift at high tide. I’d better go after her at once.” But Rowan didn’t seem much interested in his boat!

“Me—ew!” A furry ball suddenly sprang onto the fishermen’s shoulder, purring delightedly!

“Hullo!” Rowan was now quite wide awake, and stared around him. “Where did you come from, Bunch?”

“We found her in the boat—do you know whose she is?” asked Nancy, and even Toby looked anxious.

“Ay, that I do! My little grandchild has been breaking her heart all day over Bunch. She’s a cripple, you see. Miss, and the kitten’s company for her. It must have followed me to the shore this morning and gone to sleep on the nets. Matty will glad to find it!”

“Shall we take Bunch home to her?” asked Nancy, sighing at the thought of parting with her treasure-trove.

“It would be real kind. Miss.”



She was glad she had offered, when she saw poor Matty's face beam at the sight of her only playmate.

A QUEER SNAKE.

By Mary E.Q. Brush.

It was the Dalton children's first year in Florida. They enjoyed the sunshine, the balmy air and fragrant flowers very much. There was only one thing to mar their pleasure and that was their dread of snakes.

Tilly, the little colored girl who used to play with them sometimes, had big stories to tell.

"Dar's rattlers in de pine woods, hidin' on de sunny sides of stumps: and dar's a pow'ful sight o' moccasins down amonst de water-hyacinths near de bayou. Youse bettah look out, honey, or dey'll cotch youalls, shuah!"

Mabel, Tom, Hetty and Charlie talked the matter over very seriously, almost solemnly.

"Do you s'pose they'll crawl into the house?" Hetty said, her eyes large and round with fearful anticipations.

Tom shook his head gravely.

"No telling! I heard a missionary from India say once how those awful cobras in that country used to drop right down from the ceiling."

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Mabel drew a long breath.

“My stars! I’d hate to wake up in the morning and find a snake near my pillow!”

“Guess we’d better keep a good lookout,” was Charlie’s emphatic suggestion.

One day when papa and mamma and little Hal went in the launch across the river to see the new orange grove, and the children were left alone save for old Uncle Pomp who was hoeing in the truck patch, something happened that made quite a scare. Hetty went into mamma’s room for a spool of white thread, and when she came out there was a frightened look on her face.

“Oh, there’s a snake on mamma’s bed!” she exclaimed.

Tom and Charlie sprang up so suddenly from their game of parchesi that counters and disks fell to the floor.

Then all four children hurried to the door of mamma’s room and peeped cautiously in. It was not very light in the room for the window shades had been pulled partly down to shut out the glare of the noonday sun, but sure enough, it could be seen very plainly that there was something on the bed—a half-coiled, bluish-green snake with brown stripes.

Mabel uttered a scream.

“It squirms—I saw it!” she cried.

“No you didn’t either,” said Tom. “You just thought so, because you’re so scared. But it is a snake, sure enough and it’s asleep. Guess we’d better not arouse it.”

“Somebody ought to kill it,” Hetty whispered, her teeth chattering. “One of yon boys’d better get Uncle Pomp; have him bring his hoe or something.”

“I’ll go,” said Charlie quickly.

“Let’s all go,” suggested Mabel.

Tom hesitated a little. He was the bravest of the lot, though the youngest.

“Say, somebody ought to stay and watch that snake; if it crawls down, we want to know where he goes to. I’ll stay—only get Uncle Pomp soon’s you can.”

But the children couldn’t find the old darkey. So the children came trooping back to the house. But when they peeped into mamma’s room again, there was no snake on the bed! Nor was there any Tom to be seen!



“Shucks! I knew he wasn’t as brave as he pretended to be—you see he’s deserted!” growled Charlie.

[Illustration: “You see, he’s deserted.”]

Just then there was a chuckle from the other side of the bed and up popped Tommy who had been crouching on the floor there. And if you’ll believe it, there was the reptile that had so scared the children around his neck!

“It wasn’t a snake at all!” Tom cried, grinning. “See, it’s only little Hal’s necktie, that old blue and green, bias-cut silk thing that sort of twists up. Weren’t we silly geese though!”

RAINDROPS.

Little Pit and Little Pat
Come out in stormy weather;
They chase each other down the pane
And then run off together.

TOODLES’ MISHAP.



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By Aston Moore.

Toodles was dreadfully meddlesome. He could not leave things alone. If you took the slippers away from him, he tried to eat the mat. If you put the mat outside the door, he tore the corner of the tablecloth. And when the cloth was folded up, he sharpened his teeth on the legs of the table.

One evening he learned a lesson which made him a better dog. He was shut in the kitchen, to keep him out of mischief. The plates and dishes were on the shelves out of reach. There was no carpet on the floor. And his sharp teeth could not do much harm to the plain deal legs of the chairs and table.

But there was a lighted candle in a tall brass candlestick upon the table. Toodles scrambled onto a chair, jumped to the table, and tried to bite the candlestick. He could not break or tear it, but he soon knocked it over, and the candle rolled to the floor, where it lay burning in a pool of grease. Toodles ran to play with the candle. Next moment, he was racing round the room, screaming with pain and fright. He had burned his paw.

[Illustration: Toodles.]

If he is mischievous now, you have only to show him a lighted candle. It makes him quiet and good at once.

THE DOOR OF SPRING.

By Helen M. Richardson.

April unlocks the door of spring,
And soon you'll hear a robin sing.
A bluebird perched upon a tree
Will woo his mate. Perchance you'll see
An early redwing, if you go
Down to the swamp where catkins grow.
For April warden is, of all
The things that went to sleep, last fall.

Just where the field mouse and the toad
Have burrowed; where, beside the road,
The grasshopper and katydid
All winter have been safely hid;
And when the bumblebee will come
A-booming back with pleasant hum?
April can tell you, for 'tis she
Opens the door that sets them free.



ADOPTING A GRANDMOTHER.

By Mary Starr Coney.

“Oh, Eloise! Where are you going?” Marjorie Blake rushed down the steps as she caught sight of her friend dressed in her very best clothes and carrying a small valise.

“Guess where! It’s the best place in the whole world!”

“Away on the train?” questioned Marjorie eagerly.

“Of course. My grandma doesn’t live here. Goodness! I told you!” laughed Eloise.
“Would you have guessed?”

“No, for I didn’t know you had a grandma.”

“Why, of course, I have! Haven’t you?”

“No, Eloise.”

“How awful!” Eloise dropped the valise in her dismay. “Why, Fannie Green has two. I’ve only one, but she is the sweetest, beautifulest grandma you ever saw. I’m awfully sorry you haven’t got one. But here comes mamma, so good-by.”



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After Eloise had gone away, Marjorie walked slowly back to the house. She had never felt the loss of a grandmother before, but now it weighed heavily upon her.

“If grandmas are so nice, it does seem as if I ought to have one,” she said to herself, “specially as some little girls have two!” Marjorie sat down on the steps and with heavy heart thought over the situation.

At last a plan suggested itself and she sprang to her feet.

“When Aunt Mary didn’t have any little girl and wanted one; she went to an orphan asylum and adopted one. Why can’t I adopt a grandma?” Marjorie asked herself excitedly. “I never heard of an asylum of grandmas, but that doesn’t matter! I want only one, and surely somewhere there must be one for me.”

The child looked across the street. The family in the third house were strangers who had moved in a few days before. Marjorie was playing in the yard when they came, and she remembered seeing an old lady go into the house. There weren’t any children over there, she knew, for she had watched eagerly for some to appear, but none had. Maybe she could get this old lady to be her grandma.

The little girl rushed across the street and rang the door bell. Then her heart began a loud beating. S’pose the old lady shouldn’t want to be adopted and should act cross? The child had half a minute to run away before anyone came to the door. But that would be cowardly and Marjorie detested a coward, so she decided to stand her ground.

At last the door opened, and Marjorie looked up eagerly, into the face of a kind grandmotherly looking old lady standing there.

“Good-morning!” The old lady smiled invitingly at the child, who stood there with flushed cheeks and happy brown eyes. “Did you want something of me, dear?”

“Yes’m,” replied Marjorie, catching her breath, “I want to adopt you!”

“To adopt me! Why, dear child, what do you mean?”

“I want to adopt you for my grandma. You see, I haven’t even one grandma and some little girls have two. I don’t think that’s fair, do you?”

“No, really that doesn’t seem fair,” answered the old lady, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

“I’m lonesome without a grandma, and I thought maybe you hadn’t any grand-children, or even if you had some, p’raps you wouldn’t mind having one more. So I came over to adopt you—that is—if you please!”



Quickly the twinkle left the old lady's eyes and she put her arm close around Marjorie. "You dear child!" she exclaimed, "of course you can adopt me. I haven't a grandchild in the whole world but even if there were a dozen of them, I'd still have room in my heart for you!"

"We cannot be free from unkind words unless we are free from unkind feelings."

THE FIVE CASTAWAYS.

By Coe Hayne.

When Lena Stuart sprained her ankle the doctor told her that she could not walk on it for at least ten days.



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“Just think, mamma, ten whole days!” she cried in despair.

“But the time will pass quickly if you make up your mind to be cheerful,” said Mother Stuart.

“But I cannot go to the picnic to-morrow,” said Lena sadly. “And just think! it was a picnic that I helped to plan for.”

“But you can watch the children as they play their games on the island,” said Mother Stuart.

“Why, sure enough!” exclaimed Lena. “I can see them as they cross in Cousin Rob’s boat, right from our front windows. I hadn’t thought of that.”

Just then a fine black spaniel ran up to Lena and pushed his nose against her hand.

“And I have you, Waggy, to keep me company,” said Lena more cheerfully as she stroked the silky ears of the dog. “And, mamma, isn’t it lucky that I taught Waggy to go to the post office for the mail and to the market for meat?”

“Very lucky for me,” laughed Mother Stuart. “That will save me a few extra steps.”

Waggy had learned his lessons well. When he went to the meat market he always carried a covered tin pail in which to carry home the meat, and when he went to the post office, he was given a big leather wallet in which to carry the letters.

The following afternoon Mrs. Stuart had an engagement with her dentist and was compelled to leave Lena alone with Waggy. A kind neighbor had lent Lena a wheel-chair so that she could travel from one part of the house to the other. At two o’clock she began to watch for the picnickers and at last saw them—five in all—run down the hill and get into her Cousin Rob’s boat and row out to the pretty island in the middle of the river. Everyone knew that Cousin Rob was a good boatman and so fathers and mothers did not worry when their sons and daughters went on the water with him.

But on this day Rob was a little careless about pulling the boat up far enough upon the island after all had landed. While the merry party was on the other side of the island the boat floated away. Then to make matters worse the sky suddenly became overcast with clouds telling of the storm that was coming.

Lena saw what happened to the boat and presently she saw the five picnickers hurrying toward the spot where they had left the boat. She could imagine how they felt when they saw their boat floating down stream.

“What can they do!” lamented Lena. “They will be soaked sure and perhaps the river will rise and sweep them away.”



In hard storms Lena had seen the water rise quickly and hide all of the island except the bushes that grew upon it.

Lena could not telephone for help for there was no telephone in the house. But she put her mind to work and thought of a way to rescue the castaways.

“Come, Waggy,” she called to her spaniel. “You must go to the market.”

Lena wrote a message on a piece of paper and put it into the pail which Waggy always carried when he went to the meat market.



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“Mr. Jones,” wrote Lena, “please send somebody to the island near our house. Rob’s boat has floated away and five friends of mine can’t get off the island. There’s a big storm coming. Please be quick!”

Waggy took the note in his pail to the butcher thinking of course that he was going to be given some meat to carry home. But he was surprised to see Mr. Jones hurry away toward the river.

A little later Lena was overjoyed to see five very wet and draggled friends of hers coming into her house to wait until the storm was over.

[Illustration: Lena was overjoyed to see five wet and draggled friends of hers coming into her house.]

ON ACCOUNT OF THE BUNNIES.

By Emma C. Dowd.

Pauline looked through the picket fence and scowled.

“Oh, those poor little rabbits!” she whispered to herself. “I don’t believe that boy has fed them this morning. And now he’s gone off to play ball. It is a shame!” She glanced under the grape arbor, where some chickweed was growing luxuriantly, and for a minute she hesitated. The next, she was down among the chickweed, pulling it up by the handful.

She approached the fence again, looked cautiously around, to make sure nobody was in sight, and then thrust the green stuff between the pickets.

That first time of Pauline’s feeding the rabbits was followed by a second and a third, and finally it came to be a common thing for her to peer through the fence to see if they were supplied with food, and if not to carry them a good meal.

One morning Pauline was feeding them with celery tips, and, having become a bit careless, stopped to see them enjoy their feast. When she looked up she was disconcerted to see their owner watching her—only a few feet away.

“I beg your pardon,” she began, hesitatingly, “but I just thought I’d bring your rabbits a little celery.” And she turned to go.

[Illustration: John discovers Pauline feeding his rabbits.]

“Oh—I say—wait a minute!” he returned, as her foot touched the fence. “So it’s you that’s been feeding them, is it? The fact is, I—forgot, you know.”



“I did feel sorry to see them hungry,” confessed Pauline; “and I love pets.”

“Say, you may have a couple of ’em, if you want,” he said generously.

“And I’ll help you fix a pen,” he added.

“Oh, thank you! I’d like them ever so much!” beamed Pauline. And there was the beginning of a firm friendship between the small neighbors.

Pauline was to be satisfied with no such little makeshift as John gave his own pets. Only the biggest sized dry-goods box would do for the house itself, and the yard that he helped to fence off with wire netting made him look disgustedly upon the tiny space allotted to the bunnies on his side of the pickets.

When at last, Pauline’s rabbits were in their new quarters. John gazed at them thoughtfully.



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“Say!” he suddenly burst out. “I’m going to have just such a place for mine—big yard and all!”

“Oh, and I’ll help you!” cried Pauline.

The new pen brought about other improvements. Tangled weeds and rubbish heaps seemed most unsuitable surroundings for so dainty a little maid as Pauline Randall; so John cut down the weeds and mowed the grass. He raked up the brush and rags and tin cans. Pauline gave him slips from her own geraniums, and he made a flower bed to put them in.

“Mother says she’s awfully glad you fed my rabbits,” he confided to Pauline, one day, “for if you hadn’t our yard would probably be the same old place it has been for all these years.”

Pauline looked up from the baby bunny she was petting. “I’m glad, too,” she smiled. “If I hadn’t, we might never have been friends.”

SERVING THE QUEEN.

By Mary E. Jackson.

“Once upon a time, there was a brave little worker bee, who lived in a big hive. She was strong and willing, and was ready to do anything. And what do you think was the only thing required of her? She and a dozen other bees were placed at the door of the hive, and were told to keep their wings in motion, so as to send a steady current of air into the inner cells of the hive where the queen was. The little worker bee was disappointed, for she had wished to do some great service for her queen.

“She could see other workers hurrying about and doing such important tasks! Some were making wax, and building the comb inside the hive; others were providing food for the young bees, and still others were feeding honey to the queen herself!

“Day by day the little worker grew more discontented, until one day the queen sent a message to the tireless workers at the doorway. ‘Tell them,’ she said, ‘that they are doing me a wondrous service. Without the air they are sending me, I could never live.’

“When the little worker heard this message, she took courage, and her wings whirred as never before.”

—*Selected.*

Our lesson.—For April 26.



* * * * *

Prepared by Marguerite Cook.

* * * * *

Title.—The Lost Sheep and the Lost Coin.—Luke 15:1-10.

Golden Text.—There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke 15:10.

Golden Text for Beginners.—God is love.—1 John 4:8.

Truth.—There is joy in heaven over every sinner saved.

1. The poor and sinful liked to hear Jesus talk.
2. The Pharisees and scribes found fault with Jesus because he let such people come near him, and even ate with them.

[Illustration]

3. Jesus said that if a man had a hundred sheep and lost one, he would leave the ninety-nine safe in the fold and go to find the lost one.



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[Illustration]

4. When he found the sheep he would carry it home with joy.
5. He would ask his friends to rejoice with him.

[Illustration]

6. Jesus said that one sinner saved causes great joy in heaven.

[Illustration]

7. If a woman had ten pieces of money and lost one, she would bring a light and sweep the house, and search until she found the lost piece.
8. When she found it she would want every one to be glad too, and would call in her neighbors to rejoice with her.
9. Jesus said the angels rejoice over one sinner saved from sin.
10. Jesus loves to find and save sinners.

* * * * *

Questions.

What is the Golden Text?

What is the Truth?

1. Who liked to hear Jesus talk?
2. Why did the Pharisees and scribes find fault?
3. If a man lost a sheep what would he do?
4. What would he do when he found it?
5. What would he ask his friends to do?
6. What did Jesus say would cause joy in heaven?
7. If a woman lost a piece of money, what would she do?
8. What would she do when she found it?



9. Over what do the angels rejoice?

10. What does Jesus love to do?

* * * * *

Lesson hymn.

Tune.—"Jesus loves me, this I know," omitting chorus (E flat).

When from him we wander far,
Jesus seeks us where we are;
If we will obey his voice,
Angels will o'er us rejoice.

* * * * *

Title of Lesson for May 3.

The Prodigal Son (Temperance Lesson).—Luke 15:11-32.

* * * * *

Golden Text for May 3.

I will arise and go to my father.—Luke 15:18.

* * * * *

Beginners Golden Text for May 3.

God is love.—1 John 4:8.

+-----+
| |
| Knowledge Box |
| |
+-----+

The First Safety-pin.

This is the way it came about. There was a little boy, by the name of Harrison, who lived across the ocean in England, and because his mother was busy with other work he often had to take care of his baby brother. Very often the baby cried, but instead of scolding him, or calling to his mother, that he couldn't do anything with the baby, Harrison would try and find out what it was that made him cry. And very often he found that it was because a pin was pricking him.



Now Harrison was not only patient with the baby, but he thought there might be some way the pins could be bent so there would be no danger of their pricking. He tried and tried for a long time to bend the pins so they would be safe, but every time he failed. One day his father, who was a blacksmith, asked him what he was doing. Harrison told him that he was trying to bend a pin so it could not prick the baby.



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“That is a good idea,” said his rather. “I will see what I can do.” For his father knew that what would help his own baby would help all other babies. So he, too, tried, and at last he made the safety-pin that is in use all over the world. And though it was the father who finally made it, the thought came to him from Harrison, and his thought grew from the unselfish wish to made his baby brother comfortable. So we can truly say that it was to a little boy, and to a little boy’s kind thought, that we owe the invention of the safety-pin.

—Adele E. Thompson.

+-----+
| |
| Thoughts for Mothers |
| |
+-----+

Good Reading.

The habit of good reading once acquired will be of inestimable value to a child all his life. Great care should be exercised at first that a taste for good literature be not spoiled by an earlier perusal of the more trashy stories so easily obtained.

See that the children have at hand the right kind of books. If they get their books at a public library it is well to exercise a little oversight over what is chosen.

Most librarians are always glad to talk with mothers and give a list of the best books for children according to their ages. More personal attention is likely to be given your children, too, if a talk has been had with the librarian. Children sometimes draw out books presumably for their parents which are not exactly suited to their own needs. Also having a list of children’s books yourself, you can always have a book ready to suggest. It is wise not to say much about the books of which you disapprove lest you implant the desire for the forbidden and mysterious. It is better to suggest good books than to censor bad ones.

Reading aloud with the children from the best class of books is a splendid way to cultivate a desire for them. It is often enjoyable to read together what to read alone might seem a little heavy.

Some children will need no urging to read, but on the other hand will be so fond of reading as to interfere with proper exercise and outdoor play. Books on nature subjects will be good for these children for if they become interested and learn to love the things of outdoors this in itself will act as an antidote for over-bookishness.



Best and most important of all is to teach them a love and appreciation of the Bible. It is our greatest literature, our truest guide to all that is good in life. In it is a never-ending source of pleasure and inspiration.

IN THE WOODS.

In the woods the leaves are green,
In the woods a golden sheen
Falls upon the flowers;
In the woods the robin gay
Sings a happy roundelay,
Perched in bloomy bowers.



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In the woods the squirrel flits
High among the trees, or sits
 Basking in the light;
In the woods I love to lie,
Gazing at the blue, blue sky
 With its clouds so bright.

—*Lew Ward.*

[Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second Class Mail Matter.]

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