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SELECTION AND ADAPTATION
OF EXTRA-BIBLICAL STORIES
FOR USE IN CHRISTIAN EDUCATION OF
CHINESE GIRLS OF INTERMEDIATE AGE

By

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Dedicated to
MRS. DJOU MING I
and
MISS DJANG HSIANG LAN
Master Story Tellers

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CHAPTER I
INTRODUCTION

SELECTION AND ADAPTATION OF EXTRA-BIBLICAL
STORIES FOR USE IN CHRISTIAN EDUCATION OF CHINESE
GIRLS OF INTERMEDIATE AGE

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

A. The Problem

Everyone recognizes the power of the story in development of character, but a story often falls wide of its mark before inattentive and bored listeners, not only because it may not be well told, but also because it may not be selected and adapted to meet the special needs and interests of the group to whom it is presented. Thus fairy stories are loved by children from six to eight years of age, whereas within a few more years, boys and girls become very matter of fact and demand "true" stories. The problem of this thesis, therefore, is to find those extra-Biblical stories which would make a special appeal to Chinese girls of intermediate age (twelve to fourteen years) and be vital in promoting growth of Christian character in their lives.

B. Significance of the Problem

Story telling has been used as a teaching method by all races from the dawn of history to the present time. The power of the story to transform character for better or for worse is universally recognized. Moreover, people whose work is with young people of intermediate age feel that at this stage the pupil is in

a most favorable psychological condition to profit from the use of many stories.¹ As the girl is immature, this is a strategic time for determining future life habits, attitudes, and patterns. The girl needs guidance and standards for moral conduct, but such guidance should develop judgment and leave her free to make her own choices. Therefore the story through its indirect approach, is of the greatest value, as it does not attempt to force the personality by a show of authority which the young girl often resents. It is evident that the story may play a very important part in the character development taking place at this time. But Christian educators in China have difficulty in finding enough good stories for this special age group. There are more stories for the lower age levels. Therefore it is important that search be made for more stories to fit the intermediate age.

C. Method of Procedure

Standards for selecting stories will first be determined and then methods will be studied for adapting them to fit into a Chinese background in order that they may appeal to Chinese girls. Then a sample story will be examined in detail to show reasons for its selection and methods of adaptation. Following this, lists will be made of stories chosen on the basis of the above standards, and conclusions drawn which may come to light in the course of the study.

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1. Cf., Frank M. McKibben: Intermediate Method in the Church School, p.148.

D. Sources of Materials

In developing standards for the selection of stories, books have been consulted dealing with the adolescent girl, with aims of religious education, and with story telling. Methods of adaptation have been developed from the writer's experience with telling stories to Chinese girls. Stories have been selected from books and periodicals and from story files kept by Miss Mildred Owen, Miss Hulda Niebuhr, and the Girl's Work Department of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York City.

CHAPTER II

STANDARDS FOR SELECTION AND ADAPTATION OF STORIES FOR CHINESE GIRLS OF INTERMEDIATE AGE

CHAPTER II

STANDARDS FOR SELECTION AND ADAPTATION OF STORIES FOR CHINESE GIRLS OF INTERMEDIATE AGE

A. Introduction

In determining standards for selection of stories for use in Christian education of Chinese girls of intermediate age, at least four factors must be considered; namely, the needs of Chinese girls of this age, aims of Christian education for this specific group, the characteristics of a good story, and the possibility of adaptation to give the story a real appeal to Chinese listeners. These factors will be considered in turn.

B. Standards Determined by the Characteristics and Needs of Chinese Girls of Intermediate Age

Chinese girls do not differ greatly from other girls in their development. Therefore in general, the needs of any girl ranging in age from twelve to fourteen years of age will be considered. This age is characterized by immaturity in spite of a surging new life caused by rapid physical and mental development with religious awakening. A new self-consciousness manifests itself in many ways and the growing girl shows new interests in the world about her, which is especially evident in an increasing social consciousness. Chinese girls also have some needs growing out of their special interests.

1. Needs Due to Immaturity.

Because the young girl is immature and yet nearing maturity, every essential element of Christian character should be introduced at this time.¹ Girls should be helped by stories to realize that now is the time they are laying foundations for their whole future life. Therefore stories portraying the following character traits should be used from time to time.² (This list is suggestive, but not comprehensive.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Truthfulness | 2. Kindness |
| 3. Neatness | 4. Industry and diligence |
| 5. Politeness and courtesy | 6. Honesty |
| 7. Loyalty (personal, group, and institutional) | 8. Unselfishness |
| 9. Feeling of brotherhood toward all, regardless of race or class | 10. Willingness to serve in home, school, church, and in larger social units |
| 11. Patience | 12. Contentment |
| 13. Modesty | 14. Humility |
| 15. Poise | 16. Purity |
| 17. Sympathy | 18. Courage and bravery (Especially moral courage to stand alone when necessary) |
| 19. Cheerfulness | 20. Love |
| 21. Gratitude | 22. Faith |
| 23. Sincerity | 24. Patriotism |
| 25. Cooperation | 26. Forbearance |
| 27. Self-control | 28. Devotion to purpose |
| 29. Thoughtfulness of elders | 30. Protection of the younger and weaker |
| 31. Keeping promises and pledges | 32. Faithfulness to duty |
| 33. Overcoming envy and jealousy | 34. Willingness to forgive |

2. Needs Growing out of the New Life Caused by the Rapid Physical

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1. Cf., Mary E. Moxcey: *Girlhood and Character*, p.155.

2. Cf., Cynthia Pearl Maus: *Youth and Story Telling*, pp. 19-24.

and Mental Growth and the Accompanying Religious Awakening.

a. A Vital Religious Life.

The religious awakening which comes at this period of life should be satisfied by a vital religion. Therefore stories are needed which feature an active, creative, truly abundant life growing out of one's religion. As the girl needs to establish unity in her own personality in order to attain "peace within", she needs stories of people who have achieved such unity through loyalty to Christ. In this connection, stories of spiritual conflict over sin and temptation and stories showing a triumphant, happy spirit, even in disappointment, are helpful.¹

b. Satisfaction of the New Self-consciousness and Solution of the Problems Caused by It.

Needs growing out of the new self-consciousness are many.² First, the girl wants to make the most of herself and consequently, stories of special appeal are those telling of achievement through creative effort by persons of high ideals who overcame difficulties and finished their tasks. Therefore biography is very useful for girls of this age. Second, stories are needed which portray ideal family relationships, because at this

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1. Cf., Mary E. Moxcey: Girlhood and Character, pp.138,139.
Cf., Oskar Kupky: The Religious Development of Adolescents, p.110.
2. Cf., Grace Loucks Elliot: Understanding the Adolescent Girl, pp.32, 46-49.
Cf., Winifred Richmond: The Adolescent Girl, p.60.
Cf., Mary E. Moxcey: Girlhood and Character, pp.103,121.
Cf., Wm. S. and Lena K. Sadler: Piloting Modern Youth, p.36.
Cf., Lawrence A. Averill: Adolescence, pp.90,92.

time, the girl is probably trying to assert independence of her family, and needs help in making adjustments. Third, she needs stories which will develop an appreciation of what she owes to the older generation, because she is apt to feel that anything new is better than the old and that her reform efforts are sadly needed. Fourth, although girls of this age often revolt against authority, they need stories which will help them realize that God's laws are sure and dependable whether in the realm of nature or of morals and that punishment is certain if laws are broken. Thus obedience is necessary. Fifth, at this age with its new self-consciousness, the girl needs stories which will direct her thought toward a future vocation. She should be made to think concerning what things are most worth while, what contribution she may make toward the welfare of others, and what God's will may be concerning her life.

c. Satisfaction of New Interests in the World Especially Those Arising from a New Social Consciousness.¹

Stories should also be chosen which will help the girl to meet needs growing out of new interests in the world and a new social consciousness. Such stories should help her understand the principles of true friendship, to establish happy, wholesome relations with the opposite sex, and to see the ideal of a happily married home life. In these days when old social customs concerning marriage and relations between the sexes are breaking down in China, it is especially important that the Chinese girl should have

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1. Cf., Grace Loucks Elliot: Understanding the Adolescent Girl, p.105.
Cf., Mary E. Moxcey: Girlhood and Character, p.118,121.

ideals of a Christian home. Some stories should also help her newly awakened social consciousness and altruism to see how she might serve society to advance the common good.

3. Needs Growing out of Special Interests of Chinese Girls.

The above discussion applies in general to girls of intermediate age, but in addition there are a few special interests of Chinese girls which need to be considered--namely, their strong patriotism and their passion for an education. Some stories should be specially chosen for their appeal to these interests.

C. Standards Determined by Aims of Christian Education for Chinese Girls of Intermediate Age

1. Major Objectives.

The aims of Christian education for Chinese girls are similar to those for the intermediate age elsewhere with perhaps a little more emphasis on the responsibilities of Christians as patriotic citizens in reconstructing the nation according to Christian principles. These aims might be stated briefly as follows:¹

(a) To foster a consciousness of God as a reality in human experience, and to feel a sense of loving, personal relationship to him.

(b) To develop such an understanding and appreciation of the personality, life, and teaching of Jesus as will lead to

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1. Cf., Lucile Desjardins; Teaching Intermediates, pp.18,19.
Cf., International Council of Religious Education; Christian Education To-day, pp. 16,17.

experience of him as Saviour, Lord, and Friend, and to expression of loyalty to him and his cause in daily life and conduct.

(c) To foster a progressive and continuous development of Christlike character.

(d) To widen circles of friendship to include all peoples, thus leading to a sense of responsibility for presenting Jesus Christ to all men, everywhere, and a growing concern for the attainment of the Christian ideal of universal brotherhood and social righteousness in China's national life and in the world.

(e) To develop the ability and disposition to participate in the organized society of Christians--the Church.

(f) To develop an appreciation of the meaning and importance of the Christian family, and the ability and disposition to participate in and contribute constructively to the life of this primary social group.

(g) To lead into a Christian interpretation of life and the universe; the ability to see in it God's purpose and plan; a life philosophy built on this interpretation.

(h) To effect the assimilation of the best religious experience of the race, preeminently that recorded in the Bible, as effective guidance to present experience.

2. Areas of Experience Which Should be Touched.

Areas of experience which should be touched by Christian education include religious activities; health; educational activ-

ities; economic life; vocational preparation; citizenship; recreation; sex, parenthood, and family life; general group life; ~~general group life~~; friendship; and aesthetic interests.¹ Therefore stories should be selected which will help attain the above aims of Christian education in the areas of life specified.

D. Standards Determined by the Characteristics of
Any Good Story

The characteristics of any good story are as follows:²

1. General Characteristics.

(a) The story must have a definite purpose, clearly comprehended, but incorporated as an integrate part of a well-defined plot which vitalizes it and thus quickens moral insight and understanding. No extraneous statements of purpose should be made.

(b) The story must have dramatic interest or struggle and conflict.

(c) The characters must be sufficiently life-like to stimulate emotional response in the hearers of the story and there must be a clear contrast between good and bad characters,

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1. Cf., International Council of Religious Education: International Curriculum Guide, Book III, pp.54-59.
2. Cf., Katherine D. Cather: Religious Education through Story Telling, pp.59-63, 68-71.
Cf., Sara Cone Bryant: How to Tell Stories to Children, pp.46-57.
Cf., Margaret White Eggleston: Use of the Story in Religious Education, (Revised) pp.22-31.
Cf., E. P. St. John: Stories and Story Telling in Moral and Religious Education, pp.32-38.

avoiding "goody-good" characters.

(d) Life must be portrayed truthfully and with sincerity.

2. Characteristics of Story Structure.

(a) The beginning must be interesting, even in the opening sentence. Conflict should appear at the start and characters should appear in action, introducing time, place, atmosphere, and concept of issues involved.

(b) The body of the story must move rapidly with action, one incident following another in rapid succession and each incident contributing to or causing that which succeeds it. Each incident should present a distinct picture to the imagination and interest must grow steadily and rapidly toward the climax.

(c) The climax must be stirring with interest reaching its pinnacle. The solution is given and the conflict is won or lost. The climax must contain no extraneous matter.

(d) The conclusion must be satisfying, and must speedily follow the climax, disposing of the characters in a natural and satisfying manner, but not too abruptly. It should contain no moralizing or other extraneous matter.

E. Methods of Adapting Stories for Chinese Girls

Stories from sources outside Chinese literature are often valuable because of their universal appeal, but this value may be

greatly lessened if the story is not given a Chinese flavor through adaptation. Adaptation may be made along the following lines.

1. Changing the Background of the Story to Make It Fit into Chinese Modes of Life.

The background of some stories should be changed, but this does not apply to all stories. In some cases the portrayal of modes of life in other countries gives them an added interest. Biographical stories cannot be changed. But many times a story will make a much greater appeal if given a Chinese flavor. Types of homes, food, and clothing should all be carefully studied. Thus an American house with lawn might be changed to a Chinese house built round a court yard. A story centering around a girl's hat would not seem vital to Chinese girls because usually they do not wear hats. Such a story might be made to center round a Chinese girl's long silk coat. A story involving the service of American food had better be changed to portray the taking of food with chopsticks from a bowl.

2. Elimination or Explanation of Materials Foreign or Unintelligible to Chinese Girls.

It is impossible to give some stories a Chinese flavor through simple adaptation. Some things are so foreign to Chinese life that they must be eliminated or at least explained. Some stories must not be used at all. Many explanations may be due in biographical stories. Thus Lincoln splitting rails and working arithmetic problems before the fireplace, would both need explanation as it would be difficult for many Chinese to conceive of wood being so plentiful that fences could be made of it, or to visualize

an open fireplace since they do not heat their houses in this way.

3. Substitution of Chinese Names for People and Places in Certain Types of Life-Situation Stories.

Certain types of life-situation stories may be given a Chinese flavor by the substitution of Chinese names for people and places. Thus a story teaching honesty through the experiences of Mary and Alice, living in New York and Philadelphia, might be changed to Mei Li and Ling Ru living in Shanghai and Nanking. Or a story featuring problems in a girls' camp in New England might be changed to a Chinese Y. W. C. A. camp near Hangchow. Of course before any changes are made in print, the source of any story material should be acknowledged, and permission received from the author.

From the foregoing it is evident that adaptation is possible if the heart of a story is not affected thereby.

F. Summary of Standards for Evaluating and Adapting Stories for Christian Education of Chinese Girls of Intermediate Age

From the preceding discussion, it has been shown that any story selected for our purpose must meet the special needs of Chinese girls of intermediate age, help to attain the aims of Christian education for this group, have the characteristics of a good story in general, and in some cases lend itself to changes which will impart the necessary Chinese flavor. The following outline may help to make these points clear.

Summary of Standards for Evaluating and Adapting Stories for
the Christian Education of Chinese Girls of Intermediate Age

1. The Message of the Story.

(a) The story must meet some special need of the Chinese girl of intermediate age.

(b) The purpose of the story must coincide with one of the aims of Christian education for Chinese girls of intermediate age.

(c) The purpose of the story must be clear but incorporated as an integral part of a well-defined plot which vitalizes it and thus quickens moral insight and understanding.

2. General Characteristics.

(a) Dramatic interest or struggle and conflict must be present.

(b) Characters must be lifelike and contrast good and evil.

(c) Life must be portrayed truthfully and with sincerity.

(d) Stories for girls of intermediate age should usually be realistic rather than fanciful and may cover

(1) Biography, travel, adventure

(2) Life situations of real people

(3) Fiction which rings true to life

3. Structure of the Story.

(a) The beginning must be interesting.

- (b) The body must move rapidly with action.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying.

4. Possibility of Story Being Given Chinese Flavor to Make It Seem Real to Chinese Girls.

- (a) The background should be studied for possible and desirable changes.
- (b) Elimination or explanation of materials foreign or unintelligible to Chinese girls must be considered.
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names must be considered.

CHAPTER III

DETAILED EXAMINATION AND ADAPTATION OF SAMPLE STORIES

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DETAILED EXAMINATION AND ADAPTATION OF SAMPLE STORIES

A. Introduction

As an illustration of factors to be considered in selecting a story and of certain changes to be made to give Chinese flavor, two stories will be tested by the standards set up in Chapter II.¹

The first story selected for examination and adaptation is "The Palace Beautiful" by Erma Sams as published by the Woman's Press in a booklet entitled "A Triangle of Stories." The second story to be critically tested is "The Man Who Made Himself a Painter", an unpublished adaptation from the life of Michel Angelo, by Constance L. Warren. These two stories were selected for special emphasis in this chapter in order that principles of selection and adaptation might be illustrated both for the imaginary story and for biographical material. In each case the original story will be given in full; then will follow a comparison between points in the story and the standards set up in Chapter II. Suggested changes as mentioned under "Adaptation for Chinese Flavor", will be indicated by numerical reference signs in the story itself, and will be specifically stated in the comparison.

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1. Ante. p. 15, 16.

B. Examination and Adaptation of
"The Palace Beautiful"¹

1. The Story in Its Original Form.

Once upon a time there were three princesses, who by some strange turn of fortune were seeking a home. All were young and fair, and with the hopefulness of youth looked forward to the future to bring them all that their hearts desired.

As their wanderings brought them one day to the edge of a deep wood, the Princess Decella⁴ suddenly exclaimed in a loud whisper, "See! Is not that the Queen of the Fairies yonder, on the white lily beneath the oak?"

"It is surely none other!" cried the Princess Terra⁴ and the Princess Excelsa⁴ together.

The radiant little creature on the bending lily bowed and smiled and beckoned to the three princesses; then, summoning a great golden butterfly that had rested for a moment on a twig of the oak, she mounted and rode away into the forest, still beckoning with her wand, while the princesses followed wonderingly.

Deeper and deeper into the wood they went, past twinkling waterfalls through forest glades bedecked with the sweetest blossoms of early summer. At last the butterfly steed lighted on the stem of a fragrant wild rose near three gray towers, all covered alike with graceful vines and surrounded with gardens of newly springing green. Then for the first time the fairy queen addressed the princesses, speaking in a silvery tone that reminded them of liquid bird-songs mingled with the music of sparkling fountains.

"Princesses Terra⁴, Decella⁴, Excelsa⁴," she said, "the King of the Wood wishes to give you each a beautiful palace. But while some one is preparing them for you, the King is giving you these pleasant towers to dwell in. Follow me, and I will show you what they are like and give you his message regarding them, for upon your use of them depend the gifts he wishes to bestow." And again the golden butterfly with his tiny rider led the way.

As they approached the nearest tower, the door opened of its own accord, and the princesses gasped with pleasure at sight of the luxurious room within. Silken couches, velvety carpets, downy cushions, inviting easy chairs met their weary eyes, and every com-

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fort one could wish. There were few windows and these few very small and narrow and placed high in the wall, but mirrors were hung everywhere, which caught the light and filled the room with brightness.

The butterfly perched on a slender fern that rose from a crystal vase on a jeweled table, and the fairy spoke again.

"You will find this a very comfortable part of your tower," she began; then, noticing the three joyous faces as the princesses exclaimed together over the elegance of the room, she paused, and a look of pain came over her face. When she spoke again it was as if silver chimes filled the room and plainly echoed the words again and again. "But beware of making this room your world."

The princesses, after the music had died away, stood thoughtfully pondering what the words might mean, and the fairy gazed at the fair young faces during a moment of silence. Then with an air of one who has much business before her, she waved her wand toward a door in one corner which immediately opened, disclosing a dark cellar-way.¹

"Here is a most useful portion of your tower," the silvery voice began again. "There will be many things which you will want to tuck away out of sight and shut the door upon; then the draught will draw them into the furnace¹ and they will trouble you no more. Remember that this cellar¹ is made for your convenience, so that the rest of your house may not be spoiled with the things you will need to put away, but--beware of going down into the dark with them"

Again the silvery chime, the impressive echo and the thoughtful silence; then slowly the princesses followed the butterfly steed up a narrow, winding stairway into a room much more plainly furnished than the one below. The couches were harder and the chairs straighter, and neither picture nor mirror hung upon the wall. But there were broad windows upon every side, and through the open casement came the fresh summer breeze; and even in the few moments they lingered there, each princess straightened up to her full height and felt as if she had grown just a bit taller. The fairy smiled as she saw this. "That is good," she said. "Already the broader vision has begun its work."¹

Upon the table that stood in the center of the room lay a single volume, lettered in gold, and with a sweep of her wand directing the attention of the princesses to the book, the fairy guide spoke again. "Here you will find the King's own suggestions for beautifying your towers. It will please him much if you will study this volume carefully and follow its teachings faithfully. And if you should wish to send him any message, or to ask for further instruction or further understanding to the instructions given here, a white dove will wait at your window each day, to carry your message; and you need not fear to send the King word of all that is in your

heart to say, for he loves every one of his subjects as a father loves his children, and he is interested in the minutest plan of the very least of them."

At this time the butterfly had rested on a spray of the vine that climbed the tower and peeped across the sill of the open window. Now he poised his wings for a long flight, while the fairy spoke her parting word. "See that you make the most of your towers," she said. "They are so exactly alike that it matters not which each chooses, but it matters absolutely how each uses the tower of her choice. There will be others about you--friends, teachers, helpers--but the towers are your own and no one but yourselves can make any change in them. And now, farewell. Remember, the King's messenger will come every day."

There was a moment's pause, and the princesses thought she had finished, but once more the silvery voice was heard saying: "This is the most important piece of counsel I have to give you. Do not forget it. Learn to dwell in your upper room."

The fairy was carried off by the butterfly on the breeze; but the room still rang with the echoes of the silver chimes, repeating the parting message over and over and over: "Learn to dwell in your upper room. Learn to dwell in your upper room."

As the music slowly died away, the three princesses stood gazing out of the open window whence the butterfly had disappeared, when suddenly, as they gazed, a vision rose before their eyes, drawing nearer, and growing brighter² as it came, until each princess could discern the splendid domes² of the royal castle, and close beside it the slender, golden minarets³ of a palace so fair that each caught her breath in rapture as she realized that the beautiful vision was the foregleam of the King's gift to her.

Then the vision faded, leaving the three young wistful faces still glorified with its radiance, and glowing with the earnest resolve to study the King's instructions and diligently heed every warning.

The princesses entered at once upon their new possessions with eager plans as to what they should do to improve and beautify their towers. They all found it true as the fairy had said--that the cellar¹ was a most convenient place in which to stow things away. The Princess Excelsa⁴ soon learned that if she had an unkind thought of another, or if she heard a story of malice or slander, she could easily put it down into the dark and shut the door upon it; but often when she had put away there an untidy habit, or a suggestion of evil, she found herself obliged to shut the door hard, and even occasionally to lock it and to run away quickly and interest herself in something else, lest she should be tempted to go down into the dark for a moment just to see once more how the thing looked.

The Princess Terra⁴ was not often so tempted, for she was an easy-going sort of person who hated unpleasant things and who was only too glad to thrust anything disagreeable into her cellar-way¹ and shut the door upon it.

Of the three, it was the Princess Decella⁴ who made the most constant use of her cellar.¹ There were so many things she wanted to hide away that the door was very likely to be left ajar for greater convenience, and so that she could easily take one last little peep at the things she knew she ought to thrust away and forget. Many thoughts came to her of which she was ashamed--creations of her own mind which it was so hard to get away from that after awhile she began going just a little way into the dark passage-way with them, leaving the door open so that she could easily slip back again, but still clinging to them lest the draught should sweep them into the furnace¹ before she was quite ready to part with them. One morning, having slept late and not feeling in the mood for combing her hair, she thought she heard someone coming. Quickly she opened the cellar¹ door, and almost before she realized it, she was in the cellar¹ and the door had blown shut behind her.

At first she was startled, as she recalled the fairy's warning; but as her eyes became accustomed to the dim light, and nothing happened, she told herself it was not so bad a place after all. No doubt the fairy was thinking only of the danger of taking cold from the furnace draught¹, and perhaps it would be bad for some--but not for a healthy person like herself.

After that it was easy, when she felt especially lazy, to take her untidy self into the cellar¹ until she was ready to make herself presentable. Sometimes she took with her a book that she did not quite like to have anyone know she was reading. Many times, too, she took things there that she had not fairly earned, or jewels she had borrowed secretly and meant to restore. Sometimes she took a doubtful habit there to indulge herself in, telling herself that if she knew it to be really wrong, she would go away and shut the door upon it; but as she didn't feel quite sure, well, she could stay with it awhile and nobody need know.

And so it came about that she went into her cellar¹ more and more often, until at last she forgot the fairy's warning entirely; and finally she became so deeply interested in the things she placed there that she fell into the habit of sometimes even carrying her breakfast there, or her lunch, and occasionally she even spent the day there.

It was not that the Princess Decella had any idea of living in her cellar¹. Oh no! The thought would have horrified her. She still enjoyed her luxurious living room. She even went, though more and more seldom, to the top story of her tower, and whenever she mounted the stairs and breathed a whiff of the breezes fresh from the

clover field or the honeysuckle vine, she resolved to come oftener to the upper room. Occasionally she opened the book to look at the King's instructions, but as they seemed a little difficult to understand without a careful study, she always told herself that later on when she had more time, she would really begin to put her mind upon them and make a business of studying them. As for the white dove that came each day to the upper window, the princess felt ashamed to send any message to the King until she had begun to follow his instructions. Besides, there seemed to be no message to send even if she had wanted to send one.

There were so many, many things to look after in her cellar¹, however, that the princess at last did really begin to live there, even if she hadn't meant to. And as she began living there, the cellar¹ began to grow larger, and the luxurious apartment and the upper room grew smaller and smaller. Months went by, then years and other years, and the change kept steadily on until there was nothing left at last of the Princess Decella's tower but a cave in the ground, surrounded by thistles and brambles, for the graceful vines and the newly sown garden had been neglected until thorns had sprung up and choked everything that had given such promise of beauty when Decella had first beheld her tower.

As her tower changed, the princess changed too. The draught¹ and the poisonous gases¹ from the cellar¹ in time impaired her health, immune as she felt herself to be. She grew old long before her time, as those who live in their cellars¹ do. The soil of the walls clung to her hands and her gown, and she grew shriveled and wrinkled, like a potato that has been in the dark too long. Her hair became matted and her dress untidy, and you never would have guessed that she was a princess at all.

The Princess Terra⁴ entered upon her life in the tower with great aspirations. She spent hours upon the downy couch thinking of the wonderful things she would do by and by, and sometimes when she climbed the steep stairway into the upper room she admitted to herself that she was even happier here than in the elegance of her comfortable room below, and at these times she resolved that some time she would spend more time here and see what could be done to beautify the apartment, and that she would take time to see all that was to be seen from the wide window. She read the King's instructions for a while, but as she always looked them over hastily without setting her mind on them to discern their deep meaning, they soon passed out of her remembrance. And as she felt that she had no message in which the King could possibly be interested, she failed to watch for and never even saw the little white dove at the upper window.

The princess found it so much easier to begin her day by settling down with a story book or a basket of luscious fruit or a box of sweetmeats than by climbing the winding stair, that presently

all her days began that way. And when she had tired of these things she went each day into the wardrobe to array herself in the beautiful clothes she found there, and then she would stand before the mirrors and observe from every angle how exquisitely she was clothed. So the days sped by faster, and how much faster than she realized! They were so full of pleasant things to enjoy that she went into the upper room less and less often and finally ceased to go there at all. It was too much trouble to climb the stairs, just now, she said; there was plenty of time, and some other day she would turn over a new leaf and begin again.

After a while her living room began to grow smaller, and the windows became narrower. At first there had been room for a great many friends but as the walls narrowed there came at last to be room only for the Princess Terra⁴ herself. And as her apartment grew smaller, the top story shrank too, and at last became so tiny you would never know there had been a top story. Her couches, too, grew harder, and the silken coverings finally came to be only silken tatters. The vines and blossoms that had at first made her tower so attractive had dried up long ago, and her dwelling place now had the appearance of a deserted cabin set in a wilderness of desolation. The handbook provided by the King lay covered with dust in the tiny loft that had been the upper room, and the white dove had long since given up trying to find the upper window.

And as her tower changed, the princess changed, too. She grew coarse and ugly. Lines of discontent came into her face and deepened there, and selfishness set its uncomely mark upon her. The narrowing windows made the room so dark that she could scarcely see herself now in the mirrors, but of this she was secretly rather glad, for she was weary of always looking at her own puffy features which grew coarser and uglier each day; and as the beautiful garments had long ago grown shabby, and then shabbier and shabbier, the princess made such a picture at last that you would never have known she was a princess at all.

Meanwhile, all this time the Princess Exeelsa⁴ had been spending the passing years in her own tower. At first she, too, had spent much time in the living room of her lower floor; but as she realized one day that it was becoming harder and harder each time to mount the stairway to her top story, she determined that she would never let a day go by without at least visiting it. So each morning she ascended the narrow stairs and breathed for a while the free air, feeling herself enriched by her surroundings as her vision took in the views from her windows.

Far across the sunny plain she could see the winding river, the flowery meadow, the distant mountains. And day by day her power of vision increased, widening the horizon to show her new beauties beyond.

Realizing, too, her own power to cultivate and develop her little corner of the great outdoors, she carefully trained and tended the vines about her door and the flowers in her garden, until her tower stood in such a setting of beauty that all who came through the wood stopped and marveled as they rounded the bend in the woodland road.

More than this, the princess beautified the apartment within with the glory she caught from without, and hung upon her walls the pink and golden sunrise, the purple shadows of the mountains, the radiant sunset, the restful vistas of shady forest dells. She filled the open casement with growing blossoms and the shelves below with many books, books that not only entertained but opened up other horizons still broader than those from her windows.

She found great delight in the study of the King's instructions, and she soon discovered that the more faithfully she carried them out, the lovelier grew her dwelling. If she found some instructions that were difficult to understand, she sent a little message to the King, by the snow-white dove that appeared each day at her window; and always there was a gracious reply, often in the words of the little volume itself, as one part of it threw light upon another. Each day, too, she sent a message of love and gratitude to the King for his kindly thought and care for her, and each day she received from him some message of encouragement or wisdom, always so freely given that at last she came to feel that she need never feel unequal to any task set her to do, so long as she had the King's wisdom and strength to lean upon. Indeed it was not long before she came to think of the King as a dear familiar friend to whom she might confide every thought, every plan, every aspiration of her life.

There were people, too, in the princess' life, for many people passed upon the woodland road that was fast becoming a highway, and daily the princess dropped upon them from her upper window a friendly smile, or a fragrant blossom, or a word of cheer. Often she invited the weary ones to rest upon the luxurious couches, or refreshed the hungry with luscious fruits and delicious sweetmeats, or beguiled the sad with an entrancing story, or clothed the ragged from her own abundant wardrobe, or led those who were fearful of having mistaken the way to the top of the winding stair showing them from the window where the road stretched away toward the city of the King. And always when thus shared, the silken coverings grew richer and fresher, the fruits more luscious, the clothing finer and more exquisite, and the stairs broader and easier until you could hardly realize you were climbing at all.

Now there came to be so many wonderful things to see and to learn and to enjoy in her upper room that the princess spent more and more of her time there, until at last, hardly realizing it herself, she began actually living there. And gradually the upper room changed, the couches growing softer, the chairs easier, the windows

even broader, the pictures more abundant and more lovely; and there were so many pictures, and so many friends coming in to enjoy her upper room with her, that the princess began to wonder what she was ever to do with all her possessions and all her friends. But as the number increased, the room itself increased; and as it widened, the lower story needed no longer for its comforts since the upper room now contained every comfort, broadened and adjusted itself to the upper room for a broad firm foundation, while the cellar¹ shrank away into a convenient little closet, where the door could still be shut upon whatever might hurt another or mar the beauty of the princess' tower.

Indeed, so beautiful did the Princess Excelsa's⁴ at last become that those going by took it for a royal palace. And the princess herself changed with her tower for somehow the loveliness upon which she had gazed for so long became reflected in her own countenance, and she grew each day more radiant with life and joy.

At last the day came when the King's messenger came through the wood looking for the princesses.

As his guide opened a way through the brambles that hid the cave where lived the Princess Decella⁴, an old hag appeared, with disheveled hair and wrinkled, shrunken face.

"This cannot be the Princess Decella⁴," cried the King's messenger in dismay.

"But I am the Princess Decella⁴," declared the woman as haughtily as she knew how to speak, "and you must be the King's messenger."

The stranger bowed his head.

"Then I demand the palace which the King promised," said Princess Decella⁴, who had never learned gentle manners in her cellar.¹

"Here stood the palace which the King wished to give you," replied the messenger sadly, pointing to the cave, "and this is what you have made of it; and you yourself have changed with it until you would never be content to dwell in any other."

He went on with the guide until they came to the door of a cabin set in a wilderness of dead and tangled underbrush. A dowdy woman clad in soiled and shabby finery answered his knock.

"I am looking for the Princess Terra⁴," he said.

"You must be the King's messenger," began the woman, regarding him keenly.

The stranger bowed his head.

"And I am the Princess Terra⁴," continued the woman, drawing herself up and speaking in as haughty a tone as she could command, "and so am entitled to the palace which the King promised."

"Here stood the palace which the King wished to give you," replied the messenger sadly, pointing to the cabin, "and this is what you have made of it; and you yourself have changed with it until you could never be content to dwell in any other."

At last the messenger and his guide came to the tower of the Princess Excelsa.⁴

"I am looking for the Princess Excelsa⁴," said the messenger to the beautiful woman who appeared in answer to his summons.

"That is my name," replied the princess, "can I do anything to serve you?"

"I am sent to serve you," was the response. "No doubt you received a message long ago saying that the King wished to give you a beautiful palace?"

"Yes," replied the princess, "but I feel that no palace could be a kinglier gift than this tower he has given me. I have lived in it so long and loved its beauties so dearly that I fear I could never be content to dwell in any other."

The messenger smiled. Those were the very words he himself had spoken to the other princesses.

"It is true," he replied. "This is the palace the King wishes to give you. You yourself have all along been the one who was preparing it. You have made it into a palace and you have changed with it until you could not be content to dwell in any other. And now the King wishes to transplant it to his own city, where you are to abide in his own presence. You need not fear that the outlook from your windows will be spoiled, however, for your tower is an enchanted one, and you can always see wonderful things from it, no matter how you are surrounded."

That night while the princess slept, the palace was gently removed to the city of the King, and when the Princess² awoke she looked out upon the shining towers and gleaming domes² of a great castle.

Then a strange thing happened, for as the sun rose, a bright morning mist mirrored back from the sky the beautiful city of the King, and as the princess gazed upon the wonderful reflection she recognized the picture as the same she had seen so long ago from

the upper window. There were the shining towers of the King's own splendid castle, whose splendor she could see even now just across the way; and close beside it were the slender, golden minarets³ of a palace so fair and beautiful that she stood enraptured at the sight. Yet somehow it seemed strangely familiar, and suddenly she recognized it as her own tower, the tower she had lived in so long, and with the recognition she knew that the vision of that far-off day was realized, and that she had not only entered into the possession of the King's promised gift, but that she was now at last to behold the King in his beauty and to dwell in his presence evermore.

2. Comparison of the Story with Standards Set Up.

The following form will be used in the examination and adaptation of each story, keeping, for the sake of compactness, to mere outline as much as possible. (In order to avoid confusion in cross reference to the summary of standards in Chapter II, and also in order to use Arabic numerals in reference to points in the story, the title numerals and letters used in the outline below are the same as those in the summary of Chapter II.)

1. Message.

(a) Special need-- Importance of realizing that each day's living is laying foundations for the future and therefore choosing the highest values is necessary.

(b) Aim of Christian education-- To help the pupil live as a Christian in all life situations, specifically, in overcoming temptation, in unselfish relationships with others, and in looking to God and the Bible for help in daily life. Areas of experience most vitally touched by the story include religious activities, citizenship, recreation, general group life, friendship, and aesthetic interests.

(c) Clearness of purpose in the plot-- Contrast of the three princesses as they fail or succeed in building their towers and receive punishment or reward accordingly.

2. General Characteristics.

(a) Dramatic interest-- Struggle to go to upper room; sinister atmosphere of the cellar; changes in life of the princesses as they obey or disobey the instructions.

(b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- The princesses react to their surroundings as normal young girls; strong contrast between the Princess Excelsa and the other two.

(c) Truthful portrayal of life-- The changing of character wrought in the princesses by their own actions is according to moral and spiritual laws.

(d) Realistic stories-- Although the story has fanciful touches, its implications are very real and true to life. It is really more of an allegory than a fairy story. Allegories can be used successfully with this age group if they illustrate truths from real life.

3. Structure.

(a) The beginning must be interesting-- Princesses are seeking a home.

(b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Each princess is tested in turn as to the use she makes of her upper room.

(c) The climax must be stirring with high interest -- The visit of the King's messenger brings great disappointment or great joy.

(d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- The princess who really used her upper room is rewarded. The other two princesses miss joy at the last because they did not obey the laws to attain it.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor-- The story should not be used without certain changes, but adaptation is easy. Suggested changes are as follows, the numerals in parentheses corresponding to the numerals in the story.

(a) Background.

(1) The cellar should be called simply an underground room and no mention should be made of a furnace, as the average Chinese girl knows nothing of this method of heating. "Damp air" may be substituted for "furnace draught" and "poisonous gases" in the places referring to the effect of the cellar on health.

(2) "Domes" should be changed to "curved roofs" to fit in with Chinese architecture.

(b) Elimination and explanation.

(3) No mention should be made of the minarets of the palace as these are foreign to Chinese architecture.

(c) Substitution of Chinese names.

(4) Chinese names for the princesses are suggested as follows:¹

Decella---- Ai Yin (Loving Concealment)

Terra----- Ai Yung (Loving Glory)

Excelsa---- Ai Djeng (Loving Truth)

C. Examination and Adaptation of
"The Man Who Made Himself a Painter"²

1. The Story in Its Original Form.

Michel had been working all day in the garden. Dinner time came and the hot noon day sun beat down upon his head, but he had no time for food or rest. His chisel seemed almost to fly, as he chipped away at the piece of yellow marble. Supper time came and still the boy was not hungry. The thing in his hands was no longer just a lump of stone, but the head of a queer old man with pointed ears and a wide grinning mouth. The sun was now setting and the boy leaned closer to his work as he gave the last careful polish to the face he had made. He was so interested in what he was doing that he did not hear the sound of footsteps on the gravel walk.

"Michel, my boy, you have been hard at work all day, and they tell me you have not eaten. You must be weak with hunger."

Michel started and jumped to his feet, as his wealthy guardian spoke. "But see, Maestro, see my marble faun.¹ Is he not worth the loss of two meals? Some day, Maestro Lorenzo, I mean to be a great sculptor, and all the world shall come to see my marble faun.¹"

More than twenty years passed, and Michel Angelo, now a man, was walking excitedly up and down a great Italian pier. He was directing some workmen who were carrying from a ship, blocks of marble so beautiful in their coloring, that people, hurrying along the wharf, stopped to look more closely, and to run their hands over the smooth hard surface of the lovely stone. To Michel Angelo, however, each one of these blocks of marble seemed just a shell covering up a human form that his genius and tools would soon bring to light. The dream

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1. Manual for Girls' Clubs (Published in Chinese by the Chinese National Y. W. C. A.), pp. 16, 17.
2. By Constance L. Warren (Contributed by Miss Hulda Nelbuhr).

of the boy in the garden was about to come true. The mighty Pope had promised Michel Angelo that he should make a huge tomb with scores of marble figures on it. Michel Angelo, himself, had taken eight months to choose this marble, the finest in all the world, and had seen it carefully packed away in the ship's hold for its journey to Italy. And at last it had come.

Soon the marble was piled high in his workshop, and the sculptor was at work. His helpers stood around watching, as the great figure grew from a block of lifeless marble. Every quick blow of Michel Angelo's powerful arm hit true, and he never seemed to tire. It was his great work- the thing he had been hoping and laboring for, ever since that day, so long ago, when he had carved his first marble figure in Lorenzo de Medici's garden.

Suddenly the door of the shop flew open, and a messenger of the Pope's rushed in.

"Michel Angelo, Buonarott², Pope Julius² requests your presence at his rooms, and, immediately."

Michel Angelo looked longingly at the half finished statue. Then he threw his chisel and hammer to the floor. "Watch the shop," he said to the helpers, and let no one see the statue. The Pope has called me, but I shall soon be back to work."

Little did the sculptor dream as he followed the messenger what important news awaited him. Fearlessly he came before the man whose word was law all over the world of that day. Calmly he waited for the Pope to speak.

"Michel Angelo, I have changed my mind. Why should I have my tomb made while I am still alive? The walls and ceiling of the Sistine Chapel are bare and ugly. Some of our other sculptors have told me that you could make them so lovely with painted pictures."

Now Michel Angelo's heart fell. Well he knew that these other men, jealous of his power, had chosen this way to ruin him. They knew that he had done little painting and that he must surely fail on such a task as this. But the Pope had spoken his will.

For a moment Michel Angelo stood with head bowed. He saw the dream of a life-time vanished. He saw his work and himself laughed at by men. He was a sculptor, not a painter. Better to run away and leave it all than to try to do the impossible. Just for a moment he held his head down as he thought of these things. Then he straightened himself, and looked the Pope squarely in the eye.

"I am not a painter, your Excellency, but if it be your desire, I will decorate the Sistine Chapel. And I shall show men that what Michel Angelo begins, he does not fail to do."

That night Michel Angelo did not sleep at all. All night he thought. What paintings would be great enough to fitly cover the high vaulted ceiling of the Chapel? What story was big enough to put in pictures on those walls? Before daybreak the idea came to him, and he hurried to the chapel to plan his work. First a great wooden scaffolding was built so that he could reach clear up to the dim barrel-shaped ceiling. Day after day, in the early morning Michel Angelo climbed to the top of the scaffolding, carrying his brushes and paints. Weeks passed and the painting was growing.

Then one night, there was a rainstorm, and the next morning found his weeks labor all faded and ruined from the dampness. Because he was not a painter he had not known just how to mix his paints. It was hard indeed to say now, "What Michel Angelo begins, he does not fail to do." But he took some lessons, beginner's lessons, and learned to mix his paints just right. Again the work began.

He had to lie on his back on the scaffolding to paint the ceiling. The light that came through the narrow windows was dim, and the paint often dripped down from the ceiling into his eyes, nearly blinding him. Only the Pope was allowed to watch the work, and he at last grew tired of looking up at the man, lying on his back painting away, tirelessly, patiently, throughout the days. Weeks went by, and months, and years, and still, every day this tall man climbed to his lonely work. His neck and eyes became so strained from working in such a strange position that when he wished to read in the evening he had to lie down and hold his book above his head.

People forgot that there was such a man as Michel Angelo. Even the Pope often forgot to pay him for his work and the artist's clothes became ragged, and his body thin from hunger. But still he went every day to the chapel.

It was just four and one half years since the day when Michel Angelo had thrown down his chisel and hammer, to go to see the Pope. Again he entered the Pope's rooms.

"The work is done, your Excellency, the scaffolding is down. To-morrow the Chapel can be opened that all may see my work."

Morning came and people passing through the streets were surprised to see the long-closed Chapel doors now open wide. Michel Angelo watched from a dark corner, as the first curious ones straggled in. For a while they looked around blindly until their eyes became accustomed to the dim light. Then some of them looked up and up into the far-away vaulted ceiling. The artist looked, as slowly their wondering eyes traveled from one end of the room to the other. Still unseen by them, he heard the first murmur.

"It is a miracle! No human hand could have done this wonderful thing."

And another voice--"Look! The whole history of the world from Adam to the blessed Jesus Christ is spread out before us in mighty pictures. Surely he who did this is the greatest painter this world shall ever know, and these the greatest paintings. How he must have loved his work! Surely he was born a painter."

And Michel Angelo, standing lonely and apart, felt a great joy.

"I wanted to be a sculptor, but I made myself a painter; what Michel Angelo begins, he does not fail to do."

2. Comparison of the Story with Standards Set up.
(Using tital numerals and letters to correspond with summary in Chapter II)

1. Message.

(a) Special needs-- Essential elements of Christian character which the intermediate girl needs to develop and which are stressed in the story are patience, self-control, industry and diligence, and devotion to purpose. The story also appeals because it tells of high achievement through creative effort.

(b) Aim of Christian education-- To help the pupil live as a Christian in all life-situations, specifically in situations demanding the virtues listed above. Areas of experience most vitally touched by the story include economic life, vocational preparation, and aesthetic interests.

(c) Clearness of purpose in the plot-- Michel Angelo overcomes all difficulties through his industry and devotion.

2. General Characteristics.

(a) Dramatic interest-- Great hopes of the sculptor dashed to pieces in a moment by the Pope's announcement; struggle in overcoming first failure and succeeding difficulties, culminating in acclaim of the people at last.

(b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- A story from real life; contrast between Michel Angelo and the artists who were jealous of him.

(c) Truthful portrayal of life-- A story from life.

(d) Realistic stories-- A biographical incident.

3. Structure.

(a) The beginning must be interesting-- Michel disdaining food and rest while intent on his sculpturing.

(b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Boyhood efforts followed rapidly by a great commission from the Pope. Then disappointment, struggle, and triumph in quick succession.

(c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Michel Angelo waiting for the reaction of the people to his work.

(d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- The artist's joy in his achievement.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor-- Suggested changes are as follows; the numerals in parentheses corresponding to the numerals in the story.

(a) Background-- As the story is biographical, the background should not be changed.

(b) Elimination or explanation-- Before the story is told some Chinese examples of stone sculpture should be recalled and the statement made that sculpture is also an important decorative art in the West, figures of bronze or stone often decorating buildings or parks, and even the inside of rooms in which people are buried. Michelangelo was a great sculptor and painter who lived in Italy over four hundred years ago, an age when some of the world's greatest art was produced. At that time the man who was at the head of the Christian Church was called the Pope. He had as much power as a king often has. The man who was Pope during Michelangelo's life wanted to erect a magnificent tomb for himself. He had a very beautiful church called the Sistine Chapel for his own private use, and he wanted this building decorated. This church is famous and can be seen in Rome to-day. (If possible a picture of it should be shown.) Another Italian man in the story is Lorenzo de Medici, who was famous in history and was the guardian of Michelangelo when he was a young boy.

(1) "Faun" should be eliminated, as Chinese are not familiar with western mythology and the term is not necessary to the story. "Marble statue" may be substituted for it.

(2) "Buonarott" and "Julius" should be eliminated, as these names are not necessary to the story. The other Italian names will be hard enough for Chinese girls to master without adding unnecessarily to them.

(c) Substitution of Chinese names-- If a reliable dictionary gives Chinese translations of the proper names in the story, these may be mentioned. Even if Chinese names are used, the Italian names should be taught also, as the girls should be familiar with them.

D. Summary

In this chapter an imaginary story and a biographical sketch have been tested by the standards set up in Chapter II in order to illustrate principles of story selection, and typical changes necessary in adaptation to give Chinese flavor. It is evident from the above comparisons that both "The Palace Beautiful" and "The Man Who Made Himself a Painter" meet the standards set in Chapter II so far as message, general characteristics, and structure are concerned. "The Palace Beautiful" may be made more effective to Chinese listeners by eliminating one term foreign to Chinese architecture, substituting three other terms for those used in the story, and by giving the princesses Chinese names which describe their personalities. "The Man Who Made Himself a Painter", being a biographical sketch, is not changed so far as background is concerned, but needs some preliminary explanation concerning the place of sculpture, the Pope, and the Sistine Chapel in the life

of the Italian people during the time of Michel Angelo. For purpose of simplification, the "marble faun" is called a "marble statue" and two proper names are eliminated. If the important proper names in the story have been translated into standard terms appearing in dictionaries, the Chinese translations could be given with the English names.

CHAPTER IV

STORIES CHOSEN ON THE BASIS OF STANDARDS SET UP IN
THIS THESIS

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A. Introduction

After reading many stories and biographies, twenty were selected to be tested like the samples in Chapter III.¹ In this chapter these twenty stories will be compared with the standards in order to show that they meet the requisites for use in Christian education of Chinese girls of intermediate age. Each story will be analyzed in detail to show how it meets specific needs of Chinese girls of intermediate age and also meets the aims of Christian education. Each story has special value in meeting only one or two of these needs and aims, but the message of the story often has concomitant values which meet the others listed. These concomitant values may be very important in the total impact of the story on the life of the girl. The stories are arranged according to their special values in meeting specific needs listed in Chapter II.² The "Comparison with Standards" in abbreviated form for each story follows in this chapter. Reference numerals in the body of a story do not refer to footnotes, but to adaptations suggested in the "Comparison with Standards", in the same manner as described in Chapter III.³ In order to keep the title numerals and letters of the form "Comparison with Standards"

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1. Ante, pp. 18 ff.

2. Ante, pp. 5-9.

3. Ante, pp. 18.

the same as in Chapter II, the titles of groups of the stories will not be numbered. The twenty stories in full are in the appendix. Some additional good stories which could not be included because of lack of space, will be listed with the twenty stories under the appropriate headings.

B. Comparison of Stories with Standards Set Up

Stories of Truthfulness and Honesty

The Necklace of Truth¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Truthfulness.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To develop Christ-like character. Areas of experience touched are family life and general group life.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in plot-- The necklace always re-realed to others if the child wearing it were not telling the truth, thus causing much embarrassment.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Change in the necklace whenever Coralie deviated from the truth; her embarrassment; and the amusement of her schoolmates.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- Coralie and her schoolmates seem very real.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- The story portrays life truthfully.

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- (d) Realistic stories-- Although a fairy story, it is allegorical in nature, and illustrates a vital truth for living.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- A little girl telling lies!
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Visit to Merlin; presentation of the necklace; lying to the classmates and dramatic change in necklace.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Coralie's lies as to the reason she continues to wear the necklace.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Coralie learns to tell the truth.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background
 - (1) Change "apron" to "fan". A Chinese woman would not be wearing an "apron" under the circumstances.
 - (2) Change "a negro coachman with his hair powdered" to "a coachman with a long silk gown".
 - (3) Change "footman" to "servants".
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- None needed.
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names
 - (4) Coralie and Merlin should both be given Chinese names.

Jade¹

1. Message

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1. Appendix, pp. 104.

- (a) Special needs-- Truthfulness; industry and diligence; honesty; patience.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To develop Christ-like character. Areas of experience touched are economic life, vocational preparation, and aesthetic interests.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in plot-- At considerable sacrifice to his pride, Moy Ling overcomes the temptation to pass off imperfect work as perfect.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- The jade bargaining; permission to carve the bracelet; ridicule of the neighbors; chipping of the flower on the last day; spiritual conflict and victory over temptation.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- The story seems to be one from life.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- The story seems true.
- (d) Realistic stories-- If not a true story, the author has made it seem true.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Moy Ling pictured as carving.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Buying of the jade; permission to carve a bracelet; neighbors ridicule as Moy Ling carves; chipped flower at the end; Moy Ling's lie; preparation for the feast.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Moy Ling's struggle and victory, resulting in showing the defect in the carving.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Father's praise and Moy Ling's peace of heart.

Additional Story of Truthfulness and Honesty

"The St. John's Fund" by Homer Greene in "The American Boy".
Reprinted in "Worship Programs and Stories for Young People" by Alice A. Bays.

Errata

Omitted Paragraph: Insert after the paragraph on "Structure" on page 43.

4. Adaptation for Chinese flavor

(a) Background-- No change needed.

(b) Elimination or explanation--

(1) Eliminate to end of paragraph. These sentences are for American listeners.

(2) Eliminate this paragraph.

(3) Eliminate this sentence.

(4) Eliminate this paragraph which is explanation for American listeners.

(5) Eliminate to end of paragraph.

(c) Substitution of Chinese names-- No change needed.

Stories of Kindness and Love

The Christ-Child's Guest¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Kindness; industry and diligence; feeling of brotherhood toward all; poise; courage and bravery; cheerfulness; love; gratitude; faith; cooperation; vital religious life; ideal family relationships; appreciation of older generation.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To love and trust God; to love Jesus Christ; to develop Christ-like character; to widen circles of friendship to include all people; to develop a Christian philosophy of life. Areas of experience touched by the story are religious activities, economic life, and family life.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in the plot-- Because the white family are kind to the wounded Indian boy, the Indian chief protects them and releases their father whom he has been holding as prisoner.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Preparation for Christmas in the face of illness of the mother, absence of the father, and possible Indian attacks; arrival of the wounded Indian boy; the care given him; coming of the Indians and their recognition of Papeto; arrival of the father.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- An incident from life.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- A real incident.
- (d) Realistic stories-- A real incident.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Jean calls to his sister.

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1. Appendix, p.108.

- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Preparations for Christmas; warning concerning the Indians; grandmother's story and preparation for the Christmas guest; arrival of Papeto; care of Papeto.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Arrival of the Indians, recognition of Papeto, and the placing of the white feather above the doorway.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Return of the father.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- A brief introductory statement should be made concerning the life of early American settlers, noting that many came from Europe, seeking religious freedom; that their houses were simple with open fireplaces, and that Indians were a great danger. Scalping knives and the use of the white feather of peace should be explained as well as tribal life with a chief. It should be noted that land could be procured simply by living on it, but that after claiming land in this manner, it could be lost again, if one did not remain on it for the length of time stated in the law. The story deals with French people. Their Christmas customs concerning the Yule log, the extra place for the Christmas guest, and placing a candle in the window, should also be explained.
 - (1) "Burghers of New Amesterdam" should be eliminated and "law" substituted for it.
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names-- The names of people may be used as they are or transliterated. Slight explanations should be made after two of the names as follows:
 - (2) Pipitan, an Indian friend.
 - (3) Powahaga, an Indian tribe.

How Rangasamy Got His Water¹

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1. Appendix, pp. 114.

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Unselfishness; protection of the younger and weaker.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To develop Christ-like character; to widen circles of friendship to include all people. Areas of experiences touched are recreation and general group life.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in plot-- Edward sacrifices his cake to help a younger boy out of his difficulty.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Necessity of getting water before ten; Rangasamy bullied by the big boys; Edward's tactful handling of the situation and sacrifice of the cakes.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- An actual incident. Contrast between Edward and the bullies.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- A real incident.
- (d) Realistic stories-- An incident from life.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Edwards starts off to buy some cake.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Rangasamy goes for water and meets Edward; Edward buys his cakes; finds Rangasamy being bullied; attempts to lure boys away by telling them interesting facts.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Edward's sacrifice of his cakes to lure the big boys away from the water faucet.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Rangasamy gets his water. The conclusion might be better if the stranger added a word of praise to Rangasamy and the story concluded with Edward's statement, "O, I go to school where we're taught to treat others as we'd like them to treat us".

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- In the introductory paragraph, attention should be drawn to the fact that public water faucets in some Chinese cities must be similar to those in India.
 - (1) Reference to Bombay should be eliminated. Location of the city is not important.
 - (2) The sentence concerning the reason for Edward's name should be omitted.
 - (3) This paragraph, beginning with the second sentence and including the first clause of the succeeding paragraph should be eliminated.
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names
 - (4) Edward may be transliterated into Chinese.
 - (5) Rangasamy may be transliterated into Chinese.

Additional Stories of Kindness and Love

"The Bishop and the Candlesticks", from "Worship Programs and Stories for Young People" by Alice A. Bays. Adapted from "Les Miserables" by Victor Hugo.

"The Quest for the Holy Grail", adapted from "The Vision of Sir Launfal" by Lowell. Contributed by Miss Hulda Niebuhr.

Stories of Unselfishness

Cabbages for Christmas¹

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1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Kindness; unselfishness; feeling of brotherhood toward all; sympathy; gratitude; vital religious life.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To develop Christ-like character. The areas of experience touched by the story are educational activities and economic life.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in plot-- Students finally give their Christmas money to a poor farm girl who found it on the ground after an accident in which her basket of cabbages is spilled out on the street.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Arrival of Christmas money from America; conflict between buying food for a Christmas feast for themselves or getting books for the school library; accident with the cabbages; money gone; its return; struggle to give the money to the poor girl.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- The schoolgirls are true to type.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- The incident is a truthful portrayal of life in a Chinese Christian school.
- (d) Realistic stories-- The story seems real whether it actually happened or not.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- A breathless schoolgirl calling excitedly to her classmates.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Arrival of the Christmas money; dispute concerning its use; the shopping tour; the accident; disappearance of the money; return of the cabbage-vender.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Money given to the cabbage vender.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Gratitude of the cabbage vender and her gift to the students.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

No changes needed.

Durer's "Praying Hands"¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Unselfishness; love; cooperation; gratitude; devotion to purpose; vital religious life; friendship.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To develop Christ-like character; to develop a Christian philosophy of life. Areas of experience touched are religious activities, economic life, vocational preparation, aesthetic interests, and friendship.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in plot-- Durer's friend after sacrificing his art career for Durer, continues to pray for him. Durer shows his gratitude by painting his friend's hands in prayer.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Struggle of the artists; Albert's success; tragedy of friend's failure; the prayer scene.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- A biographical incident.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- A story from life.
- (d) Realistic stories-- A biographical incident.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- In the first paragraph, conflict between the lad's ambition and family poverty. The opening sentence would be better if it pictured Albert painting and drawing. Then details as to birth and nationality might follow.

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- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Opportunity for study; struggle with poverty; plan for cooperation; Albert's success; friend's failure.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Friend praying for Albert.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Albert's gratitude and determination to paint "The Praying Hands".

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- None needed.
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names-- Standard Chinese translations of the proper names should be used with the English names.

Additional Stories of Unselfishness

"For Mother" from Stories for Special Days" by Margaret Eggleston.

"Mary Matthews' Missionary Package" from "Stories for Special Days" by Margaret Eggleston.

Stories of Devotion to Purpose

Singing Himself Free¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Industry and diligence; unselfishness; feeling of brotherhood toward all; willingness to serve; patience; cooperation; devotion to purpose; thoughtfulness of elders; high achievement; service to society; direction toward a future vocation; service to society; passion for education.

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- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To develop Christ-like character; to widen circles of friendship to include all people. Areas of experience touched are religious activities, economic life, vocational preparation, family life, and aesthetic interests.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in plot-- Struggle of Roland Hayes to become a great singer and his final success.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Struggles with poverty; the first solo-- awakening to the call of real music; struggles in Boston; the great Boston concert.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- Biographical sketch.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- From life.
- (d) Realistic stories-- Biography.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Boys and mother trudging along the road.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Search for school and work; Roland's factory work; the first solo; the awakening; Fiske University; struggles in Boston.
- (c) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Recognition as a great singer and Hayes' dedication of his life to help his race to make their contribution to human experience.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- Brief introductory statement as to the difficulties of negroes in America.
 - (1) Geographical names of this type may be eliminated. The story may be given a location simply by saying that they were journeying to a city where educational advantages would be better.

- (2) The names of the great singers may be omitted.
- (3) The name of the University may be omitted.
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names.
 - (4) The standard Chinese name for Boston should be used with the English name. Regular English names of the main characters in the story may be used.

The Jester's Sword¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Kindness; willingness to serve; sympathy; courage and bravery; cheerfulness; love; self-control; devotion to purpose; keeping promises and pledges; faithfulness to duty; vital religious life; inspiration for high achievement.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To love God and depend on Him for strength; Christ-like character; to develop a Christian philosophy of life. Areas of experience touched are religious activities and vocational preparation.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in plot-- Aldebaron sets out to do great deeds with his sword, but after his body is crippled, learns that it takes more courage to live a selfless life than to fight with his sword. To help people gain spiritual victories is the highest achievement. But the friar teaches that such achievement is only possible through reliance on God's power.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Contrast between Aldebaron's crippled body and his former physical prowess; his great spiritual struggle.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and

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evil. Aldebaron and the friar are life-like characters.

- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- The struggles and triumphs follow spiritual and moral laws.
- (d) Realistic stories-- An imaginary tale of heroic achievement which rings true to life.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Birth of a child and predictions of the astrologers.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Aldebaron's conquests; his crippling; his despair; meeting with the Jester; Aldebaron's struggle; the friar's lesson.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Aldebaron's triumph with the child and distraught man.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Aldebaron's radiant life and great honor at his death.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- A brief introductory statement should be made touching on the following points:

The light of the moon and planets is reflected from the sun.

The role of the astrologer in the Middle Ages in Europe.

The role of the knight.

The role of the friar.

The role of the Jester; his peculiar dress; comparison with the Chinese story teller. If possible show a picture of a Jester.

- (c) Substitution of Chinese Names
 - (1) A Chinese transliteration of Aldebaron should be used.
 - (2) The Jester should be called by some good Chi-

nese term interpreting his function.

Additional Stories of Devotion to Purpose

"I Will" from "Stories for Special Days" by Margaret Eggleston. (Story of Anna Howard Shaw)

"Janie's School Days" from "Fireside Stories for Girls in Their Teens" by Margaret Eggleston.

(Emphasizes devotion to purpose in securing an education)

Stories of Keeping Promises and Pledges

How a Boy Kept His Word¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Loyalty; unselfishness; courage; love; keeping promises and pledges; friendship.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To develop Christ-like character. The area of experience touched is friendship.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in the plot-- Damon takes the place of his friend, Pythias, in prison, while the latter visits his family before his execution. If Pythias does not return by a certain date, Damon will be executed in his place. After surmounting many difficulties, Pythias returns in time, thus keeping his word to his friend.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Arrest of Pythias; Damon takes his place in prison; Pythias goes home; struggles on the return journey; arrival at the last moment.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil--

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Story has foundation in a real incident. Contrast between the ruler and the two friends.

- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- A real incident.
- (d) Realistic stories-- A real incident.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Soldier sends for Pythias.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Pythias imprisoned and condemned to die; Damon takes his place; Pythias goes home for farewells; difficulties on return trip.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Arrival of Pythias just in time to save Damon.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Damon and Pythias both freed.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- None needed.
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names-- None needed.

Names may be used as they are. The standard translation of "Greek" should be used.

Stories of Faithfulness to Duty

Nahum Prince¹

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1. Message

- (a) Special Needs-- Willingness to serve both neighbors and country; patriotism; and faithfulness to duty. The story will make a special appeal to Chinese girls because of its stress on love of country.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To help the pupil live as a Christian in all life-situations, specifically in situations demanding the virtues listed above. Areas of experience most vitally touched by the story are citizenship and general group life.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in the plot-- Nahum, through faithfulness to duty and willingness to serve in common, every-day ways, gave more vital help to his country than if he had been a soldier.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Nahum bitterly disappointed because his lameness prevents him from fighting for his country; arrival of stranger soldiers while Nahum is helping the widow; urgency of the horseshoeing; final realization it was the General's horse.
- (b) Like-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- A story from real life.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- A story from life.
- (d) Realistic stories-- A story from life.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Boy watching his father and others go to join the army.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Effort to enlist in spite of lameness; rejection and disappointment; realization he must help villagers; chopping wood; shoeing the stranger's horse; chopping wood; return of the soldiers.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Nahum wondering whose horse he is shoeing and finally realizing it is the General's horse.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Report of victory

and Nahum's joy in his share in it.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- As the story relates an historical incident, the background should not be changed.
- (b) Elimination and explanation-- Before the story is told, a brief explanatory statement should be made to the effect that over a hundred and fifty years ago, the American colonies fought a war with England to gain their freedom. The story refers to an incident during the war.
 - (1) "Revolutionary" should be eliminated and references simply made to the war between the American colonies and England.
 - (2) "Lincoln" should be eliminated. Reference to the "General" is sufficient. Otherwise still more explanation is needed to avoid confusion with Abraham Lincoln.
 - (3) "New Hampshire" should be eliminated and "the State" substituted for it unless the girls have recently studied the geography of the U. S. A.
 - (4) "Bennington" should be eliminated and reference made simply to "the battle".
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names.
 - (5) The Widow Corliss should be given a transliterated Chinese name.

Jimmie Stand-By¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Willingness to serve; courage; and faithfulness to duty.

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1. Appendix, p.138.

- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To help the pupil live as a Christian in all life-situations, specifically in situations demanding the virtues listed above. This story also helps to widen circles of friendship by interesting the pupil in the people of Labrador. Areas of experience touched by the story include vocational preparation and general group life.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in the plot-- Jimmie stayed where Dr. Grenfel left him in bitter cold and with hungry dogs until a messenger found him.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Jimmie alone over night in the snow with hungry dogs; his efforts to feed the dogs; his illness and loss of a hand and foot.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- A story from real life.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- A story from life.
- (d) Realistic stories-- An incident from Dr. Grenfel's life.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Jimmie travelling over the snow.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Jimmie begins to drive Dr. Grenfel's sled; left alone; stands by; loses hand and foot.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Amputation of a foot and hand; but Dr. Grenfel's provision of a wooden leg and a hook for a hand.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Jimmie's new work and new name.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- As the story is biographical, the background should not be changed.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- A brief introductory

statement should be made concerning Dr. Grenfel's work and the manner of travel in Labrador, which should be located on a map if possible. Wild animal life of the region, with special mention of moose, should also be discussed.

(c) Substitution of Chinese names

- (1) Dr. Grenfel's Chinese name should be taught with his English name, and a good Chinese equivalent found for "stand-by" (Probably Kao-deh-dju-di). "Jimmie" and "Moore" may be used as they are.

The Patch of Blue¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Willingness to serve; thoughtfulness of elders; faithfulness to duty, with emphasis on the importance of giving one's best even though it may seem to be a small contribution.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To develop Christ-like character. Areas of experience touched are vocational preparation, family-life, and general group-life.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in plot-- Although Alice does her best, she feels her embroidered patch is not worthy of being sent to the princess. But later she learns her patch is essential to the completion of the quilt.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- The princess' illness; Alide's difficulties caused by responsibility for her grandmother; withholding the patch; princess' continued illness until the quilt was complete.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- Alice reacts as many a girl would.

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1. Appendix, pp.140.

- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- The story follows spiritual and moral laws.
- (d) Realistic stories-- The story is allegorical in nature, portraying a vital truth for living.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Children's love for the princess.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Devotion to the princess; her illness; plans for the patchwork quilt; Alice's difficulties; withholding the patch; journeying to the palace.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Meeting with the princess and beauty of the patch in the quilt.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- The princess' recovery and her love for Alice.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- A brief introductory statement as to what a patchwork quilt is like.
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names-- A Chinese girl's name which means princess should be substituted for "Alice".

Pierre's Part¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Industry and diligence; willingness to serve; cooperation; faithfulness to duty.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To develop Christ-like character. The areas of experience touched by the story are religious activities, vocational preparation,

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1. Appendix, pp. 143.

general group-life, and aesthetic interests.

- (c) Clearness of purpose in the plot-- Although Pierre feels his part in cutting the plain glass for a beautiful window is not nearly as interesting nor as important as the work done by others on the beautiful colored glass, he is faithful at his task and is astonished when the finished window is unveiled to find that his glass is radiant in the angel's wings and in the face of Jesus.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Pierre, a little envious of those who have the more interesting work; unveiling of the window.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- All the characters seem real.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- Reads like an actual experience in making a beautiful window.
- (d) Realistic stories-- Seems like an incident from life.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Much activity in the studio.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Pierre envies those who work with the colored glass, but continues his task faithfully; serves in many small ways; notices the small things which together make a beautiful world; unveiling of the window.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Pierre learns the importance of his glass in the window.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Words of Pierre, the master, and the priest on the meaning of it all.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- If possible at the beginning, some pictures of beautiful windows should be shown and a brief explanation given of how the work is done.

- (1) The names of the French workmen should be omitted. Simple references to them as "other workmen" is sufficient.
- (2) Omit "The window was a Jesse window, and"
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names--
 - (3) The Chinese equivalent of "Peter" may be used for Pierre.

Stories of Willingness to Forgive

The Lost Enemy¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Love; willingness to forgive.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To help the pupil live as a Christian in all life-situations, specifically in situations demanding the virtues mentioned above. Areas of experience most vitally touched by the story are economic life, general group life, and friendship.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in the plot-- Allen unhappy over quarrel with his best friend, but unwilling at first to take steps toward reconciliation, finally redeems friend's dog from being put in the pound, thus making both himself and his former "enemy" very happy.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Allen's unhappiness and inner conflict; excitement in the bakery; more inner conflict; redemption of the dog.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- Mark, Allen, the mother, and the baker are all life-like.

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1. Appendix, pp. 146.

- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- The actions of the boys, the baker, and the dogs are all true to life.
- (d) Realistic stories-- A "life situation" incident.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- The beginning of this story could be improved by starting out with conversation between Allen and his mother.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- From Allen's first inner conflict to the redemption of the dog, there is rapid action, featured by an angry baker and a troublesome dog.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Allen's redemption of the dog is just in time to save him.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Reconciliation between the boys.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

(a) Background--

- (1) As unlicensed dogs are not frequently put in "pounds" in China, it would be better to have the baker call the police to take care of a troublesome dog. The dog would probably be killed if the baker were influential enough to make the police pay attention to Spindle's destructive tendencies.
- (2) Although the Chinese are beginning to use all kinds of Western style baked goods, a big cake with pink and white frosting would be more typical than a chocolate cake.

(b) Elimination or explanation-- None needed.

(c) Substitution of Chinese names.

- (3) All the characters in the story should be given ordinary Chinese names.

Stories of Vital Religious Life

A Chief's Revenge¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Willingness to serve; humility; love; forbearance; devotion to purpose; willingness to forgive; vital religious life; inspiration for high achievement; service to society.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To lead to commitment of life to Jesus Christ; to develop Christ-like character; to widen circles of friendship to include all people; to further love for the church; to develop a Christian philosophy of life. Areas of experience touched by the story are religious activities, economic life, and general group life.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in plot-- Lorakeng, in spite of being wrongfully deposed from his position as chief and deprived of his property, seeks no revenge because he is a Christian. Instead he builds a Christian Church and becomes a great Christian leader of his tribe.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Kobe's plot; slander against Lorakeng; the trial; Lorakeng robbed of all his property; building and dedication of the church.
- (b) Truthful portrayal of life-- A real incident.
- (c) Realistic stories-- A real incident.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- The new chief sitting for judgment.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- The plot; the slander; the trial; Lorakeng quiets his followers; Lorakeng dispossessed; building the new church.

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- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest--dedication of the new church.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Happiness of Lorakeng and his Christian ministry to his tribe.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- A brief introductory statement might be made concerning the primitive tribal life of some peoples in South Africa, and how they are under the rule of the British government.
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names-- The names of the people may be used as they are, or transliterated into Chinese.

St. Francis and the Three Robbers¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Kindness; unselfishness; feeling of brotherhood toward all; willingness to serve; sympathy; love; vital religious life.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To know and love God; to commit life to Jesus Christ; to develop Christ-like character; to widen circles of friendship to include all people; to develop a Christian philosophy of life. Areas of experience touched by the story are, religious activities and economic life.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in the plot-- A robber's life is changed as he realizes the love of God which touches him through the love of St. Francis in sending him food.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Despair of Uncle Nello after his mother's death; life as a robber; rejection by Brother

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1. Appendix, p.152.

Angelo; surprise when Brother Angelo brings food.

- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- A story from life. Contrast between the robbers and St. Francis.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- A story from life.
- (d) Realistic stories-- A story from life.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Contrast between a laughing boy and an old man.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Introduction through conversation; Uncle Nello joins robbers after death of his mother; haunting face of Brother Francis; hunger; rejection by Brother Angelo; Brother Angelo arrives with bag.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Opening of the bag of food which Brother Francis has sent.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Reform of the robbers.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- A brief introductory statement about St. Francis of Assisi and the Little Poor Men.
 - (1) "Monte Casale" should be eliminated and mention made only of a village in Italy.
 - (2) From "Down the street" to "Addio" should be revised, simply stating that, "A lad of twelve with a merry laughing face flung himself on the ground at the old man's feet."
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names-- The other proper names in the story should be used as they are, but the standard Chinese name for St. Francis should also be stated.

The Latchstring¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Faith; courage and bravery; poise, vital religious life; ideal home life.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To love and trust God; to develop Christ-like character; to widen circles of friendship to include all people; to develop Christian ideals of home life; to develop a Christian philosophy of life. Areas of experience touched by the story are religious activities and family life.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in the plot-- The Tylers in danger of Indian attack, decide their best protection is to trust God and leave their latchstring out as though they were friendly to all comers. They are called fool-hardy and one night pull the latchstring inside and fasten the door. But in the middle of the night, they decide to put it out again. Shortly Indians come, but leave them unmolested because of this evidence of their friendliness and trust in God.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Danger of Indian attack and divided opinion as to the best protection; fastening the latch; sleeplessness; putting the latchstring out; arrival and departure of the Indians.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- An incident from life.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- A real incident.
- (d) Realistic stories-- A real incident.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Perhaps the door should be barred.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Uncertainty

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as to the best course to take for the best protection; latching the door; anxiety and sleeplessness; putting the latchstring out again.

- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Arrival and departure of the Indians. Household unharmed.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- The Indian's statement.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- A brief introductory statement should be made concerning the danger from Indians to the pioneers in America and also about the primitive cabin with its fireplace and latch-string. The significance of the latter when kept outside should be stressed.
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names-- The characters may be introduced with their English names. Then the familiar Chinese Biblical translations of Mary and James used during the rest of the story.

The Packman's Wares¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Poise; courage and bravery; vital religious life.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To lead to commitment of life to Jesus Christ; to develop Christ-like character; to stimulate a love for the Bible. The area of experience touched by the story is religious activities.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in the plot-- A colporteur reads passages of Scripture to a brigand who is threatening his life. The passages have such a deep influence

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1. Appendix, pp.156.

on the brigand that he not only spares the colporteur, but also rescues him from a mob the following day and later is saved from his own evil life.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Colporteur threatened; builds fire to burn his books; reads to the brigand; rescued by the brigand.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- An incident from life. Strong contrast between the brigand and the colporteur.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- A true incident.
- (d) Realistic stories-- A true story.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Colporteur on a lonely road in brigand area.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Colporteur accused and threatened; builds fire; reads to brigand; brigand convinced of colporteur's innocence; colporteur sells books in market place.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Attack by the mob and rescue of the colporteur by the brigand.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- A brief introductory statement concerning the location of Sicily and the language spoken there.
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names-- The standard Chinese term for Sicily should be used with the English name.

Additional Stories of Vital Religious Life

"From Devil Priestess to Heroine" from "Tales of India" by Basil Mathews.

"God's Highwayman" from "Tales of India" by Basil Mathews.

"The Invincible Leader" from "The Children's Story Garden" compiled by a Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends", Anna P. Broomell, Chairman. (A peace story)

"The Man Who Disappeared" (Sadhu Sundar Singh) by J. Reason. Eagle Book No. 4.

"William Carey" by Jesse H. Baird in "Great Leaders of the Church", in Westminster Departmental Graded Materials for Intermediates in the Sunday-School, Vol. XXI, No. 4.

"John Calvin" by Jesse H. Baird in "Great Leaders of the Church", in Westminster Departmental Graded Materials for Intermediates in the Sunday-School, Vol. XXI, No. 4.

"The Greatest Thing in the World", adapted from "The Living Message", author unknown. Reprinted in "A Treasure Book of Treasures, The Use of Stories in Worship, Series III", compiled by the Program Committee of the National Girls' Work Board of the Religious Education Council of Canada. (A Tibetan missionary story)

"Courage in the Jungle" by Grace W. McGavran in "Missionary Stories to Tell", compiled by the Children's Committee of the Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada. (A story of an Indian boy braving the jungle to call a doctor for a sick friend)

Stories Helpful in Direction toward a Future Vocation

How Much Land Does a Man Need?¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Unselfishness; contentment; direction toward a future vocation. Story shows the futility of spending one's life only in increasing one's material possessions.
- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To develop Christ-like

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1. Appendix, pp.160.

character. Areas of experience touched are economic life and vocational preparation.

- (c) Clearness of purpose in plot-- Pahom's only aim in life is ever to acquire more land. He finally dies in his last great effort to add to his acreage and there needs then to be only enough for a grave.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Pahom's constant struggle to get more land climaxing in his last fatal race against time.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- Characters seem real.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- The story illustrates fundamental laws of life.
- (d) Realistic stories-- The story is realistic fiction or folk lore.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- Opens with conversation.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Pahom's moves are pictured in rapid succession as he ever tries to get more land.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Pahom's final struggle to race against the setting sun, ending in his death.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- The Russian background should be kept.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- An introductory statement that this is a Russian story and that in Russia there are great open lands to be cultivated.
 - (1) The number of acres should be stated as an equivalent number of Chinese "mow".
 - (2) The number of rubles should be stated as an equivalent number of Chinese dollars.

- (3) The number of shillings should be stated as an equivalent amount of Chinese money.

(c) Substitution of Chinese names.

- (4) "Pahom" should be transliterated into Chinese.
- (5) The dictionary Chinese terms for the geographical names should be used. If they have not been listed in the dictionary, they also may be transliterated.

Additional Stories Helpful in Direction toward a Future Vocation

"Its Mission" from "Stories for Special Days in the Church School" by Margaret Eggleston. Reprinted in "Worship Programs and Stories for Young People" by Alice A. Bays. (The story of a piece of glass in a beautiful window. Emphasizes the importance of each person making his special contribution.)

"Laughing Sky and White Willow" from "Alaska Picture Stories" by Florence C. Means. Reprinted in "Missionary Stories to Tell", compiled by the Children's Committee of the Missionary Education Movement. (An Alaskan Indian Story)

"The Whittler of Cremona" from "Boyhood Stories of Famous Men" by Katherine Dunlop Cather. Reprinted in "Worship Programs and Stories for Young People" by Alice A. Bays. (Emphasizes the development of one's special gifts)

Stories of Service to Friends and Society

For Margaret Knew¹

1. Message

- (a) Special needs-- Feeling of brotherhood toward all; devotion to purpose; vital religious life; inspiration for

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1. Appendix, pp.162.

high achievement; direction toward a future vocation; service to society; passion for education.

- (b) Aims of Christian Education-- To commit one's life to Christ and follow His leading; to develop Christ-like character; to widen circles of friendship to include all people. Areas of experience touched are religious activities, educational activities, and vocational preparation.
- (c) Clearness of purpose in plot-- Margaret does not feel any special need for an education until she feels a call to serve as a medical missionary. Then, at the age of twenty-two, she completes her primary school education and eventually finishes medical school. She becomes a noted doctor in India.

2. General Characteristics

- (a) Dramatic interest-- Conflict between Margaret's schooling and life on the boat; her rejection by the mission board because of lack of education; struggle to complete her education and attend medical school; great service in India; honored by King and Queen.
- (b) Life-like characters and contrast between good and evil-- A biographical sketch.
- (c) Truthful portrayal of life-- From life.
- (d) Realistic stories-- Biography.

3. Structure

- (a) The beginning must be interesting-- A little girl living on a boat.
- (b) The body must move rapidly with action-- Margaret's irregular school attendance; leaves school; becomes a milliner; joins church and wishes to become a missionary; rejection by mission board.
- (c) The climax must be stirring with high interest-- Margaret re-entering primary school and finally completing her medical education; accepted by mission board.
- (d) The conclusion must be satisfying-- Margaret's great service in India and recognition by the King and Queen.

4. Adaptation for Chinese Flavor

- (a) Background-- No change.
- (b) Elimination or explanation-- In an introductory statement, the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River could be located on a map, and Margaret's nationality made clear.
 - (1) It is not necessary to mention the name of the University.
 - (2) The English name of the medal should be omitted, simply stating in general the nature of the great honor Dr. Margaret McKellar received.
- (c) Substitution of Chinese names-- Standard Chinese names should be used for the places. "Margaret McKellar" should be taught in English.

Additional Stories of Service to Friends and Society

"From Philosophy to the Jungles" from "Worship Programs and Stories for Young People" by Alice A. Bays. Based on story "Oganga of the African Forest" by Hubert W. Peet in the "World Outlook". (The story of Albert Schweitzer)

"A Negro Moses" from "Adventures of Service" by D. M. Gill and A. M. Bullen. (The story of Booker T. Washington)

"Marjory's Gift" from "Stories for Special Days" by Margaret Eggleston.

"Robert Raikes" by Jesse H. Baird in "Great Leaders of the Church", in Westminster Departmental Graded Materials for Intermediates in the Sunday School, Vol. XXI, No. 4.

"The Road of the Loving Heart" by Margaret Eggleston. Reprinted in "A Treasure Book of Stories", compiled by the National Girls' Work Board of the Religious Education Council of Canada. (Story of Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa)

"The Curies Renounce Wealth" from "Madame Curie" by Eva Curie. Reprinted in "A Treasure Book of Treasures, The Use of Stories in Worship, Series III" compiled by the Program Committee of the National Girls' Work Board of the Religious Education Council of Canada.

"Three Knocks in the Night" by Katharine Scherer Cronk.

Leaflet published by the Women's Missionary Society of the United Lutheran Church in America.

C. Additional Lists of Stories

Two books which may be consulted for lists of additional stories are as follows:

"A Guide to Books and Stories for Christian Education" by Flodora Mellquist Pendleton, published by The School of Religious Education, Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Youth and Story-Telling", Pamphlet No. 10 of The Christian Quest Materials, published by the International Council of Religious Education, Chicago, Ill.

D. Summary

It is evident from the above study that a story is often valuable in meeting a number of needs and aims concomitantly. For this reason and as needs and aims often overlap, it is frequently difficult to decide how to classify a story. A summary of the field covered by these twenty stories is given in the following chapter.

So far as adaptation for Chinese flavor is concerned, it seemed wise to change the story background only in "The Necklace of Truth" and "The Lost Enemy". Neither changes in background nor elimination or explanation were necessary in "Cabbages for Christmas", "Durer's 'Praying Hands'", and "How a Boy Kept His Word". Elimination or explanation of certain terms or passages was necessary in

fifteen of the stories. It was suggested that Chinese names for people be substituted for the English names only in "The Necklace of Truth" and "The Lost Enemy". In case names of famous persons or places have been translated into Chinese, it was suggested that these standard Chinese names be used, whereas in most other cases, transliterations are advisable.

CHAPTER V
SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

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SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

This thesis has shown in detail the successive steps taken in the selection and adaptation of twenty-two extra-Biblical stories for Christian education of Chinese girls of intermediate age. It was recognized that before stories could be selected or adapted, a standard must be set up by which they could be measured. Four factors were considered in preparing the standard: first, the needs of Chinese girls of intermediate age; second, the aims of Christian education for girls of this age; third, the characteristics of a good story; and fourth, the methods by which a story could be given Chinese flavor to make it appeal to Chinese girls. A form was then prepared which summarized the results of this study, thus setting up standards which stories must meet to be selected. This form, "Comparison with Standards", was used first in comparing two sample stories with the standards it set up. Of these two stories, "The Palace Beautiful" was an allegorical fairy tale and "The Man Who Made Himself a Painter" was a biographical sketch. It was shown that so far as message, general characteristics, and structure are concerned, both stories meet the standards, and also with a few changes, both could be adapted to give the Chinese flavor necessary for real appeal to Chinese girls. Then in Chapter IV, twenty more stories were thus critically tested by the standards, and adaptations were suggested. It was shown that these twenty stories in addition to the two sample stories tested in Chapter

III meet the requisites necessary for Christian education of Chinese girls of intermediate age.

Certain interesting findings resulting from this study will be discussed below. These findings deal with the relation of the stories analyzed to the needs of Chinese intermediate girls, to the aims of Christian education, to areas of life experience which should be touched by Christian education, and to the principles suggested for adaptation to give Chinese flavor. Some findings also touch on reasons for eliminating many stories, some good story materials, and values received from making this study.

A. Relation of Needs to the Stories Analyzed in the Thesis

The following stories meet specific needs of the intermediate Chinese girl as listed in Chapter II.¹

1. Essential Elements of Christian Character:

Truthfulness	2 stories
"The Necklace of Truth"	
"Jade"	
Kindness	4 "
"The Jester's Sword"	
"Cabbages for Christmas"	
"St. Francis and the Three Robbers"	
"The Christ Child's Guest"	
Neatness	0 "

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1. Ante, pp. 5-9.

Industry and Diligence	5	Stories
"He Made Himself a Painter"		
"Singing Himself Free"		
"Jade"		
"Pierre's Part"		
"The Christ Child's Guest"		
Politeness and Courtesy	0	"
Honesty	1	"
"Jade"		
Loyalty	1	"
"How a Boy Kept His Word"		
Unselfishness	9	"
"The Palace Beautiful"		
"The Jester's Sword"		
"How Much Land Does a Man Need?"		
"Durer's 'Praying Hands'"		
"How Ragasamy Got His Water"		
"Singing Himself Free"		
"Cabbages for Christmas"		
"St. Francis and the Three Robbers"		
"How A Boy Kept His Word"		
Feeling of Brotherhood Toward All	5	"
"Singing Himself Free"		
"Cabbages for Christmas"		
"For Margaret Knew"		
"St. Francis and the Three Robbers"		
"The Christ Child's Guest"		
Willingness to Serve	11	"
"The Palace Beautiful"		
"Nahum Prince"		
"Jimmie Stand-by"		
"The Jester's Sword"		
"The Blue Patch"		
"For Margaret Knew"		
"Singing Himself Free"		
"A Chief's Revenge"		
"The Jester's Sword"		
"Pierre's Part"		
"St. Francis and the Three Robbers"		

Patience	3	Stories
"He Made Himself a Painter" "Singing Himself Free" "Jade"		
Contentment	1	"
"How Much Land Does a Man Need?"		
Modesty	0	"
Humility	1	"
"A Chief's Revenge"		
Poise	3	"
"The Packman's Wares" "The Latchstring" "The Christ-Child's Guest"		
Purity	0	"
Sympathy	3	"
"The Jester's Sword" "Cabbages for Christmas" "St. Francis and the Three Robbers"		
Courage and Bravery	6	"
"Jimmie Stand-by" "The Jester's Sword" "The Packman's Wares" "How a Boy Kept His Word" "The Latchstring" "The Christ Child's Guest"		
Cheerfulness	2	"
"The Jester's Sword" "The Christ Child's Guest"		
Love	7	"
"The Lost Enemy" "The Jester's Sword" "Dürer's 'Praying Hands'" "A Chief's Revenge" "St. Francis and the Three Robbers" "How a Boy Kept His Word" "The Christ Child's Guest"		

Gratitude	3 Stories
"Dürer's 'Praying Hands'"	
"Cabbages for Christmas"	
"The Christ Child's Guest"	
Faith	2 "
"The Latchstring"	
"The Christ Child's Guest"	
Sincerity	0 "
Patriotism	1 "
"Nahum Prince"	
Cooperation	4 "
"Dürer's 'Praying Hands'"	
"Singing Himself Free"	
"Pierre's Part"	
"The Christ Child's Guest"	
Forbearance	1 "
"A Chief's Revenge"	
Self-Control	2 "
"He Made Himself a Painter"	
"The Jester's Sword"	
Devotion to Purpose	6 "
"He Made Himself A Painter"	
"The Jester's Sword"	
"Dürer's 'Praying Hands'"	
"A Chief's Revenge"	
"For Margaret Knew"	
"Singing Himself Free"	
Thoughtfulness of Elders	2 "
"The Blue Patch"	
"Singing Himself Free"	
Protection of the Younger and Weaker	1 "
"How Rangasamy Got His Water"	

Keeping Promises and Pledges	2	Stories
"The Jester's Sword"		
"How a Boy Kept His Word"		
Faithfulness to Duty	5	"
"Nahum Prince"		
"Jimmie Stand-by"		
"The Jester's Sword"		
"The Blue Patch"		
"Pierre's Part"		
Overcoming Envy and Jealousy	0	"
Willingness to Forgive	2	"
"The Lost Enemy"		
"A Chief's Revenge"		
2. Vital Religious Life	10	"
"The Latchstring"		
"The Palace Beautiful"		
"The Jester's Sword"		
"Durer's 'Praying Hands'"		
"The Packman's Wares"		
"St. Francis and the Three Robbers"		
"The Christ Child's Guest"		
"For Margaret Knew"		
"Cabbages for Christmas"		
"A Chief's Revenge"		
3. Inspiration For High Achievement	6	"
"The Palace Beautiful"		
"He Made Himself a Painter"		
"The Jester's Sword"		
"For Margaret Knew"		
"Singing Himself Free"		
"A Chief's Revenge"		
4. Ideal Family Relationships (Present)	1	"
"The Christ Child's Guest"		
5. Appreciation of Older Generation	2	"

<p>"The Blue Patch" "The Christ Child's Guest"</p>	
6. Realization that Obedience to God's Laws is Necessary As They are Sure and Dependable	1 Story
<p>"The Palace Beautiful"</p>	
7. Direction Toward a Future Vocation	3 "
<p>"How Much Land Does a Man Need?" "For Margaret Knew" "Singing Himself Free"</p>	
8. Friendship	2 "
<p>"How a Boy Kept His Word" "Dürer's 'Praying Hands'"</p>	
9. Happy Relations With Boys	0 "
10. Ideal Home Life (future)	1 "
<p>"The Latchstring"</p>	
11. Service to Society	4 "
<p>"The Palace Beautiful" "Singing Himself Free" "For Margaret Knew" "A Chief's revenge"</p>	
12. Expression of Love For Country	1 "
<p>"Nahum Prince"</p>	
13. Satisfaction of Passion for Education	2 "
<p>"For Margaret Knew" "Singing Himself Free"</p>	

From the above list it is evident that the only needs for which no stories were found were neatness, politeness and courtesy;

modesty, purity, sincerity, overcoming jealousy and envy, and happy relations with boys. The needs for which more abundant story materials were found are as follows:

Willingness to Serve	11 Stories
Vital Religious Life	10 "
Unselfishness	9 "
Love	7 "
Courage and Bravery	6 "
Devotion to Purpose	6 "
Inspiration for High Achievement	6 "
Industry and Diligence	5 "
Feeling of Brotherhood Toward All	5 "
Faithfulness to Duty	5 "

B. Relation of Aims of Christian Education to the
Stories Analyzed in the Thesis

The following stories meet the aims of Christian Education as listed in Chapter II.¹ (The aims are stated here in condensed form)

1. To love, obey and trust God 5 Stories

"The Palace Beautiful"
"The Jester's Sword"
"The Latchstring"
"St. Francis and the Three Robbers"
"The Christ Child's Guest"

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1. Ante, pp. 9-10

2. To love Jesus Christ and commit one's life to Him 5 Stories

"The Christ Child's Guest"
"For Margaret Knew"
"The Packman's Wares"
"A Chief's Revenge"
"St. Francis and the Three Robbers"

3. To develop Christ-like character 21 "

"Cabbages for Christmas"
"A Chief's Revenge"
"The Packman's Wares"
"How a Boy Kept His Word"
"Nahum Prince"
"St. Francis and the Three Robbers"
"The Palace Beautiful"
"He Made Himself a Painter"
"The Latchstring"
"The Christ Child's Guest"
"Dürer's 'Praying Hands'"
"The Lost Enemy"
"Jimmie Stand-by"
"The Jester's Sword"
"The Blue Patch"
"The Necklace of Truth"
"How Much Land Does a Man Need?"
"How Ragasamy Got His Water"
"For Margaret Knew"
"Singing Himself Free"
"Jade"

4. To widen circles of friendship to include all people 8 "

"Jimmie Stand-by"
"How Ragasamy Got His Water"
"For Margaret Knew"
"The Latchstring"
"St. Francis and the Three Robbers"
"A Chief's Revenge"
"Singing Himself Free"
"The Christ Child's Guest"

5. To love the church 1 "

"A Chief's Revenge"

6. To develop an appreciation of the Christian family 2 Stories
- "The Latchstring"
"The Christ Child's Guest"
7. To develop a Christian philosophy of life 6 "
- "The Jester's Sword"
"Dürer's 'Praying Hands'"
"A Chief's Revenge"
"The Latchstring"
"St. Francis and the Three Robbers"
"The Christ Child's Guest"
8. To master and use the Bible in daily life 2 "
- "The Palace Beautiful"
"The Packman's Wares"

From the above study, it is clear that all of the aims of Christian Education have been met to a certain extent by the stories selected. However, more stories should be found which would foster a love for the church, develop an appreciation of the Christian family, and stimulate a mastery of and use of the Bible in daily life.

C. Relation of Areas of Experience to the
Stories Analyzed in the Thesis

The following stories touch areas of experience listed in Chapter II¹ as indicated below:

1. Religious Activities 11 Stories
- "The Christ Child's Guest"
"The Latchstring"

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1. Ante, pp. 10, 11

Religious Activities (Con't)

"Pierre's Part"
"St. Francis and the Three Robbers"
"The Palace Beautiful"
"The Jester's Sword"
"Dürer's 'Praying Hands'"
"For Margaret Knew"
"Singing Himself Free"
"A Chief's Revenge"
"The Packman's Wares"

2. Health 0 Stories

3. Educational Activities 2 "

"For Margaret Knew"
"Singing Himself Free"

4. Economic Life 9 "

"He Made Himself a Painter"
"The Christ Child's Guest"
"The Lost Enemy"
"How Much Land Does a Man Need?"
"Dürer's 'Praying Hands'"
"Singing Himself Free"
"Jade"
"A Chief's Revenge"
"St. Francis and the Three Robbers"

5. Vocational Preparation 10 "

"Pierre's Part"
"He Made Himself a Painter"
"Jimmie Stand-by"
"The Jester's Sword"
"The Blue Patch"
"How Much Land Does a Man Need?"
"Dürer's 'Praying Hands'"
"For Margaret Knew"
"Jade"

6. Citizenship 2 "

"The Palace Beautiful"
"Nahum Prince"

7. Recreation	2 Stories
"The Palace Beautiful" "How Ragasamy Got His Water"	
8. Sex, Parenthood, and Family Life	5 "
"The Blue Patch" "The Necklace of Truth" "Singing Himself Free" "The Latchstring" "The Christ Child's Guest"	
9. General Group Life	9 "
"The Palace Beautiful" "Nahum Prince" "The Lost Enemy" "Jimmie Stand-by" "The Blue Patch" "The Necklace of Truth" "How Ragasamy Got His Water" "A Chief's Revenge" "Pierre's Part"	
10. Friendship	3 "
"The Palace Beautiful" "The Lost Enemy" "How a Boy Kept His Word"	
11. Aesthetic Interests	5 "
"The Palace Beautiful" "He Made Himself a Painter" "Singing Himself Free" "Jade" "Pierre's Part"	

The above analysis reveals that religious activities, vocational preparation, economic life, and general group life were touched at some point by most of the stories. However, in some cases, there was no direct connection. On the other hand, no stories were found which dealt with health.

D. Relation of Methods of Adaptation to the Stories Analyzed in the Thesis

The following facts are evident from an analysis of the adaptation of the stories for Chinese flavor. "Cabbages for Christmas", a story of Chinese school life, required no adaptation, but "Jade", though also a Chinese story, required elimination of certain parts designed to adapt it to American listeners. Of the twenty-two stories analyzed in Chapter III and Chapter IV, background changes were made only in "The Necklace of Truth", "The Lost Enemy", and "The Palace Beautiful". Seventeen of the stories required elimination or explanation of words or passages which it might be difficult for Chinese girls to understand. Only three of the stories, "Cabbages for Christmas", "Dürer's 'Praying Hands'", and "How a Boy Kept His Word" required neither changes in background nor elimination or explanation. It was suggested that ordinary Chinese names be substituted for the names of the characters only in "The Necklace of Truth", "The Lost Enemy", and "The Palace Beautiful"; that in other cases the standard Chinese translation of the names of famous persons and places be used or the English names be transliterated or used without change. In a few cases the Chinese translation of the meaning of the name was suggested.

E. Reasons For Eliminating Many Stories

A great many stories and biographies were read and immediately eliminated. Reasons for not using these stories are as follows:

1. Some stories are too simple and child-like.
2. Stories designed to "sell" mission work to American children are often not suitable for Chinese girls.
3. Some stories suggest race superiority.
4. Many stories are too American in background, or deal with typical American problems such as treatment of foreigners within our boundaries.
5. Some very good stories are already in Chinese and very familiar to Chinese school girls.
6. Some materials might be very useful for a worship service, but still not suitable for this thesis as they lack real plot and story structure.
7. Some stories are entertaining, but do not meet specific needs of girls or the aims of Christian Education.
8. Much biographical material is not usable without selection, condensation, and adaptation. Descriptions should be lessened and action increased. Dramatic incidents should be selected. However, the chief difficulty is lack of unity, often because the biographer is describing many sides of a person's life. Those biographical sketches are best adapted for use, in which one controlling purpose is evident running through a person's life. Then a real story may be developed, leading up to the achievement of this purpose. Thus, the lives of Booker T. Washington and Roland Hayes may easily be turned into well-constructed stories.

F. Some Good Story Materials

Some good story materials are as follows: (for details see bibliography)

"Worship Programs and Stories for Young People" by Alice A. Bays.

"Missionary Stories to Tell", compiled by the Children's Committee of the Missionary Education Movement.

Graded Sunday-School Materials for Intermediates which deal with great Christian heroes. Some very good short biographical sketches were found in the Westminster Departmental Graded Materials.

"Eagle Books" distributed by the Missionary Education Movement. A series of missionary biographies which need adaptation, but contain much good material.

"The Children's Library of the Saints", edited by Guy W. Pearse, published by Richard Jackson, Ltd., in England. Good materials, but also need adaptation.

Student Volunteer Movement Series of Missionary Biographies need adaptation.

"Stories for Special Days", by Margaret Eggleston.

"Tales from India" by Basil Matthews. (One of a series of books published by the Friendship Press. All are good.)

There are many other helpful books, but the above proved their worth in this search for materials suitable for Chinese girls.

G. Values Received From Making This Study of Story Materials

The most important thing gained from this study is the collection of stories, and knowledge of further sources. The sense of what a good story is like has been developed, as well as ability to revise material to make it more effective and interesting. Sensitiveness has also been increased toward the elements in English stories which would lessen their appeal for Chinese listeners.

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APPENDIX

STORIES USED IN CHAPTER IV

THE NECKLACE OF TRUTH¹

There was once a little girl named Coralie⁴, who enjoyed telling lies. Her father and mother could not believe anything she said. It is a terrible thing for fathers and mothers not to be able to believe their children's words.

At last they took her to the enchanter Merlin⁴, who was the greatest friend of truth that ever lived. Little children who told lies were brought to him from everywhere, in order that he might cure them. The enchanter Merlin lived in a glass palace. Never in his whole life had he ever thought of making others believe what was not true.

Coralie hid her head under her mother's apron¹, and her father stood in front of her. They wanted her to be cured, but gently, without being hurt.

"Don't be afraid," said Merlin. "I do not hurt children in order to cure them. I am going to make Coralie a beautiful present, which I think will not displease her."

He opened a drawer and took from it a wonderful necklace of purple stones with a glittering diamond clasp. He put it on Coralie's neck and said to her father and mother, "Go, good people, and worry no more. Your daughter carries with her a sure guardian of truth."

Coralie was going away delighted at having a present instead of a punishment, when Merlin called her back.

"In a year I shall come for my necklace," he said. "Till that time I forbid you to take it off for a single instant. If you dare do so, woe be to you!"

"Oh!" said Coralie, I ask nothing better than to wear it always, it is so beautiful."

The day after Coralie got home she went to school, and as she had been absent a long time, the little girls crowded around her.

When they saw the necklace they cried, "Where did it come from? Where did you get it?"

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1. From "The Pilgrim Elementary Teacher." Adapted from "Home Fairy Tales" by Jean Mace.

Coralie knew that if she said, "From the enchanter Merlin," they would know why she went, so she said, "I was sick for a long time, and on getting well, my father and mother gave me this beautiful necklace."

A loud cry came from the children, for the diamonds in the clasp had turned to coarse glass.

"Yes, I have been sick, what are you making such a fuss about?"

At this second lie the purple stones became yellow and ugly, and the children cried out again.

Coralie was frightened. "I have been to the enchanter Merlin's," she said.

As she told the truth the necklace became as beautiful as before, but the shouts of laughter made her very much ashamed.

"You do wrong to laugh," she said, "for Merlin sent his carriage to meet us at the next town. You have no idea what a splendid carriage it was - six white horses, pink satin cushions with gold tassels, a negro coachman with his hair powdered, and three tall footmen³ behind. When we reached his palace, he met us and led us to the dining-room, where there was a table covered with things to eat that I will not name to you, because you never heard of them."

The laughter of the children broke out so loud that she stopped. She looked down. The necklace had become longer and longer, until it dragged on the ground.

"You are stretching the truth!" said the little girls.

"Well, I am. We really went on foot, and only stayed five minutes."

The necklace at once shortened to its usual size.

"And the necklace - the necklace - where did it come from?"

"He gave it to me without saying a word. Probably -"

She had not time to finish. The necklace grew shorter and shorter, till it choked her terribly.

"You are keeping part of the truth!" cried her schoolmates.

"He said - that I was - one of the greatest - liars in the world!"

The necklace became of its usual size. Coralie cried with pain and shame.

"That was why he gave me the necklace. He said that it was the guardian of truth."

Her friends were sorry for her, for they knew how they should feel in her place.

"You are very good," said one of them. "If I were in your place I should send back the necklace. It's handsome, but it's a great deal too troublesome. Why don't you take it off?"

Coralie was silent, but the stones began to dance up and down, making a terrible clatter.

"There is something that you have not told us," said the little girls, laughing at this strange dance.

"I like to wear it."

The stones danced and clattered more than ever.

"There is a reason which you are hiding from us," said the children.

"Well, since I can't hide anything from you, I will say that he forbade me to take it off, or something terrible would happen to me."

You can imagine that anybody wearing a necklace like that would have to keep to the truth. For the Necklace of Truth turned dull when Coralie did not tell the truth, it grew longer whenever she told more than the truth, it choked her when she hid part of the truth, and even when she kept silent instead of telling the truth it danced and clattered.

So Coralie gave up lying, and when she became used to telling the truth she found herself so happy that she hated lying and the necklace had nothing more to do.

Long before the year had passed Merlin came for his necklace, which he needed for another child who was untruthful. He knew that Coralie did not need it any longer.

No one can tell me what has become of the wonderful Necklace of Truth, though it is being hunted for. But if I were a child in the habit of telling lies, I should not feel sure that it might not some day be found again.

JADE¹

A Story of China

It had been a long time now since Moy Ling had first been allowed to use the tools for carving. Of course he did not make any designs--after all there are some limits to what a boy can do. So said his father. But his father was proud of him.

"Some day", he said to the other carvers, "some day my boy will be a great carver of jade".

But of course he did not say that before Moy Ling.

Now it was the time of the New Year and there was a great deal of business going on. All the men who had made enemies were making friends of those enemies. For in China the New Year, as you all must know, is the great time for wiping out old scores and starting anew.

There was excitement among the jade-carvers. A story was going around that the jade merchant had a great slab of jade to sell.

"It is as new green as the spring", they told each other, "and the green goes all the way through into the very heart of it".

"I shall make a bid", said Moy Ling's father, and Moy Ling's eyes grew big.

Ah, to work in jade--to feel the smoothness beneath your fingers--to carve delicately so that little flowers and stars and jewels stand out beneath your hands as if life itself had fashioned them there--that was Moy Ling's dream. Was it a funny dream for a boy? I do not pretend to know about such things.

"Father", he said, catching at his father's arm, "it is time that I went into the jade market".

"You may come", said Moy Ling's father, but his delight he hid as one hides precious things.

So Moy Ling went to the merchant's shop.

The jade was beautiful--far more beautiful than the merchant had said. It had come from Burma on a little boat and it was displayed in slabs before the dazzled eyes of the jade-workers.

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1. By Dorothy F. Mc Connell, from "Our World at Work", re-printed in Missionary Stories to Tell, pp. 76-81. (Compiled by the Children's Committee of the Missionary Education Movement of U.S. and Canada)

²Have you seen jade? Perhaps your mother has a bracelet or a pendant. Feel it and see how different it is from any other stone in the world. It is smooth to the touch, and cool and firm, and its color is the color of young apple trees before the dust comes.

Moy Ling stood before it and marvelled. One piece was more lovely than all the rest. He felt it was so, although he knew it had been quarried from the same place as the other slabs.

"Father! This is the piece!" That was what his heart said, but his tongue said nothing. ³Little Chinese boys do not give advice to their fathers.

Ah, but his father had stopped before it. No one could tell that that piece was his choice--no one but Moy Ling. But Moy Ling saw his father's eyes and he knew, and his heart sang within him.

⁴Now, you must know that jade is not bid for in the way you bid for things in this country. You do not say one hundred dollars, and your rival does not answer by saying one hundred and ten dollars. The Chinese--well, their ways are different. The auctioneer stands with his hands in his sleeves and each bidder rushes up to him and with finger-talk he taps on those hands beneath the sleeves what his bid may be. So, you see, no one but the auctioneer knows what each man bids, and no one but the auctioneer knows who has the highest bid. Did you ever make your fingers talk--one tap for no, two taps for yes? It is much the same system.

Would Moy Ling's father have the highest bid? Moy Ling prayed to all the gods and all the ancestors that he might. Already he knew what he would do. He would beg that he might carve a little bracelet for the tiniest lady's wrist. And he would carve it with little flowers--delicate, intricate little flowers that all ladies love.

The blood rushed to his face. The little shop seemed warm and stifling. How could the men stand there--careless, indifferent--while that piece of jade was being bid for?

"To Moy Sun!"

To his father! The smooth green stone would lodge in his own home. And, maybe, he might carve the bracelet!

Moy Ling's heart beat fast but he showed little of his excitement. Stolidly he watched them weigh the stone. Only his eyes were bright, and his fingers hot and eager beneath his sleeves.

Together they brought the stone home and discussed it. All day long other jade carvers came in to visit--to look and to

appraise.

"Surely, Moy Sun", they said to Moy Ling's father, "you have found a beautiful stone".

"Most honored father", he began, "for a long time now I have carved those things you have told me. But now I should like to be as a man. I should like to carve a small bracelet by myself--a small bracelet for a lady".

And the grown carvers laughed loudly. Ho! Here was Moy Ling--scarcely more than a boy--asking to be trusted with a whole bracelet. Oh, these boys! What next? But I scarcely need to tell you what they said. Older people talk like that of younger people in all countries.

"No!", said Moy Sun, "Ling has worked faithfully under my teaching. True, he is young, but his touch is light and his fingers have a strange cunning".

And both Moy Sun and Moy Ling had the feeling of pride in their hearts that comes to a good workman who loves his work.

So it came to pass that Moy Ling received his bit of the stone and it grew beneath his fingers. Round and smooth it grew, and the color was almost too beautiful to be borne. Sometimes the carving tools trembled in Moy Ling's hand. Then he laid them aside and went out to drink tea or talk with the boys in the street. Or, more often, to linger about another carver's shop.

"Well, Ling", one would say, "have you finished your bracelet?"

"More likely he has finished the stone".

And the laugh that followed would be high and shrill and cruel with doubt. But Moy Ling said nothing.

Soon the flowers began to blossom on the bracelet--little flowers that are never seen in this world but are always looked for.

"Every one perfect!" Moy Ling murmured to himself.

And each one grew as beautiful as the one before it. Finally there was only one more to be done, and Moy Ling was very weary. He had worked a long time. It is hard to make one perfect thing. It is far, far harder to make another like the first. And then, just as he was finishing, the tool slipped and the last little flower was chipped--oh, ever so slightly. Now, to repair the chip would mean that the whole flower must be recarved, and--well, you know how Moy Ling felt.

"Here, father", he said, "here is my bracelet. See, each flower is as fair as the other".

But he looked away as he said it.

Moy Sun looked with delight and surprise at the beauty of his son's handiwork, and then he called all the jade-carvers to his house.

"See the bracelet my son has made", he cried. "Each flower is as fair as the other".

And the jade carvers took it in their hands and turned it round and round before their eyes and no one saw the chipped flower.

"It is indeed a beautiful piece of work", they said. "It should like at the merchant's tomorrow when the foreigners come to buy".

"I shall give a feast", said Moy Sun, "because my son has taken time to do a thing perfectly".

But Moy Ling was unhappy. No longer did his first perfect flowers please him. He could no longer bear to look at his beautiful bracelet of green.

"But no one knows", he told himself, "no one can tell. Even the carvers themselves cannot tell. Who would know? The tiniest lady who slips it on her wrist would never guess".

And then another thought came to him.

"But I know!"

Sorrowfully he sent to his father.

"Father", he said, and his head was bent low, "they must not take my bracelet to the merchant's tomorrow. And you must not give me a feast".

His father stood wondering.

"See!"

With a blunt finger Moy Ling pointed out the chipped flower--so tiny it was that Moy Sun had to hold it close to his eyes to see. But Moy Sun loved his work, too, and he understood.

"No", he said, "it shall not go to the merchant's tomorrow. And I shall not give you a feast. But some day I will give you a feast--when you look upon your work and find it good!"

Moy Ling would have to spend many days on his little flower, but the sorrow was gone from his heart and the shame did not bend his head, for this is the highest joy that a workman may know--to look upon his work and find it good.

THE CHRIST CHILD'S GUEST¹

"Pierrette, Pierrette!" Jean Michaud called and his sister came out of the low-roofed farm house.

A bright-faced little maid was Pierrette, but she had over much care the kindly housewives of the settlement declared. But Pierrette never complained, though with her mother's illness the whole work of the house had fallen upon her. Indeed she would have scorned to grumble, for fifteen-year-old Jean was just as overworked as he tried valiantly to take his father's place in the household. Nearly six months ago, Joseph Michaud had gone out with several other house holders to see if, by means of hunting, the scanty supply of food could be supplemented. He had not returned, and his companions had come back with news of a fruitless search and vague rumors of restless Indians.

"Pierrette!" Jean called again and she ran to him, putting her finger to her lips.

"Hush!" The mother is sleeping so sweetly," she whispered. "She took the broth I made her and she seems really better to-day."

He dropped his voice obediently. "I am going to the woods for a yule log, little sister. I shall not be gone long, but the snow is falling so fast that we must have plenty of fuel. And it is Christmas Eve. If I can find a good yule log, we will light it to-night and make grandmother tell us tales of the old days in France."

Pierrette looked troubled. "There are the Indians, Jean. You will be careful? Goodman Roget passed this morning and he said that they are all astir again."

Jean was grave enough as he nodded. "I heard that too. But I shall be nowhere near them, Pierrette. I can find all the fuel I want within a mile. But I am worried. I am afraid it means that we may have to move into the village for safety, and then we would lose our grant, for the burghers of New Amsterdam make the condition that the owners must stay on the land."

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1. Adapted from story by Ivy Bolton in "Queen's Gardens" for Dec. 25, 1937. Published by the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education.

"I think then that we must stay here and risk the Indians," Pierrette returned resolutely. "God will take care of us, Jean. We came hither for his sake and he will not forsake his own."

"You are a brave maid, Pierrette, and we will bide by the house," he said as he trudged off, whistling as he reached the woods.

Pierrette ran into the house. Inside, grandmother raised a wrinkled face in welcome. "Mother is so much better," Pierrette said. "It is going to be a merry Christmas after all."

Grandmother smiled, "Forget not to set the extra place for the Christmas guest."

"I will not forget, though I fear me it will go unfilled to-night," Pierrette answered, as she went to open the door in answer to a knock. Goodman Roget, a kindly middle-aged farmer, stood there.

"The goodwife has sent you a sample of her baking, Pierrette," he said. "Is Jean within?"

"He has gone into the forest to get a yule log," Pierrette answered. "Shall I give him a message? And thank Goodwife Roget for this. I will bring the basket back myself to-morrow."

"Henri Rousseau came in just now," the farmer said gravely. "He is the most experienced of our scouts and he declares that the Powahags are in a warlike mood. We all feel uneasy about you here. You are the farthest farm on the outskirts and would meet the first attack. Tell Jean that if he will bring you in, we will provide shelter for you among us."

"I will tell him, but I think we shall have to stay," Pierrette answered, "else we should lose the grant. Surely God will care for us."

"One has no right to be foolhardy," the farmer answered gravely. "I judge you will be safe to-night, but I think to-morrow something should be done."

"I will tell Jean," said Pierrette quietly, but her chin was resolute. The grant so bravely won by her father should not be lost because of her fear.

With a sigh the farmer turned away. The fatherless household here was a care to the settlement and something must be done. He was afraid that Jean might prove obstinate; he was quite certain that it would not be easy to manage Pierrette.

The girl went back with the basket and her eyes grew happier as she took out pastries and cakes and a good bowl of soup for the invalid as well.

"We have kind neighbors, grandmother," she said.

"And we shall have a real Christmas feast," little sister Alys said. "O grandmother, surely God will not forget to send us the Christmas stranger to bring us a blessing on it."

"He does not forget us, little one." The wrinkled hand caressed the dark curls. "The Lord Christ ever remembers those who watch and wait for him."

"All is in readiness, now." Pierrette placed the waxen taper in the window. "While we wait for Jean and the greens, perhaps grandmother will tell us both the Christmas story and why we wait for the Christmas guest."

The child clapped her hands as she sat down on the low stool, while Pierrette took her knitting to the corner of the big settle. The old woman gazed at the flickering embers with a wistful smile.

"When the Lord Christ came to his own on Christmas, it was bitter winter time," she began. "In all the town of Bethlehem, there was no room for the King of kings. So his mother went knocking from door to door in vain. No one would shelter her, though holy Joseph begged again and again. But at last a little maidservant at the inn took pity on her and guided her to the stable just outside. And there God's son was born. The Christmas Guest came that night to the patient beasts in their stalls and to the faithful shepherds who watched their sheep on the hills. The great and noble ones thronging the town did not know that he was there. And, so says the old tale, each Christmas night the Lord Christ comes again in stranger guise, seeking shelter in the hearts and homes of those who love him. Sometimes he comes unseen by all; sometimes he comes in the poor and the stranger. And so we have our custom--- the old time one of France--- of setting a place for him at the Christmas table and of lighting a candle to guide him to our door. And when he comes his blessing enters with him and that blessing is peace."

"I wish that he would come. I would ask him to give us peace--- peace with the Indians so that we could be their friends," Pierrette said wistfully.

"But grandmother says he always comes to those who love him," said Alys. "And we love him and we have his place and the candle to guide him, so he must come to-night."

Pierrette stifled a little sigh. It was hard to keep a happy face just now. Last Christmas, her father had brought in the yule log and her mother had baked the Christmas cake and lighted the Christmas candle. This day was so different. But she pushed back her sad thoughts and her voice was cheery as she called her little

sister.

"We will finish making ready for him," she said. "Run and open the door, Alys. Here comes Jean. Oh, he has a wondrous yule log and he has brought greens too, so that we can deck the house! Come in, Jean; we will all get to work."

The boy was soon inside, blowing on his blue hands and rubbing them together in the grateful warmth. The fragrance of cedar and fir filled the room, and Pierrette took some of the best branches in to her mother.

"It is true about the Indians," Jean whispered to Pierrette when she returned to the kitchen. "I met Pipitan² and he told me that the Powahags³ are on the warpath."

The girl's face went white. She looked over at her grandmother and Alys.

"We must not frighten them," she whispered.

He nodded and went over to mend the fire. Pierrette went over to the window.

"The candle is all in readiness. Come and light it, grandmother," she called.

The old woman rose stiffly and came over, leaning on Jean's arm. She lighted the candle and the voices blended in the old Prayer:

"Holy Christ-child, born to-night,
Come and bless our candlelight.
Holy Christ-child come, we pray,
Bide with us upon this day.

"Bless the hearth, the food, the home;
Bless the wanderers that roam.
Come and bide with us, we pray;
Grant us peace this Christmas Day."

"I want a stranger to come," said Alys. "Do you not think that the Christ-child will send some one Pierrette?"

"Perhaps he will if one is roaming near us, Alys. And we know that he will come himself because we want him."

"And he will bring us peace," grandmother said smiling.

"God grant it," Jean whispered and Pierrette slipped her hand in his.

"He will keep us safely, Jean. Hark, what was that?"

He leaned forward listening. "It was a cry for help. Hold the light, Pierrette, and I will go and see."

She picked up the lantern and lighted it.. Then she stood in the doorway, holding the lantern high while Jean ran out. He came back in a few moments, bearing an Indian lad in his arms.

"He has hurt his foot," Jean explained. He has fainted with the pain."

Such a forlorn child as he was! Alys wrinkled her nose in disgust.

"He is so dirty. I thought it might be the Christmas stranger. I did not want an Indian."

"He is the Christmas stranger, Alys," Jean told her. "He has come out of the forest to us."

Pierrette held bandages while grandmother bound the bruised and sprained ankle with skilful hands. A cooling lotion was poured on it and the black eyes opened to view the strange surroundings with alarm. Pierrette patted his hand encouragingly.

"I wonder who he is," Jean said.

The lad spoke with unexpected clearness. "Papeto--son of chief--Razi--- Powahag," he said. "Lost in snow---hurt." He relapsed into a silence which no coaxing would persuade him to break. He consented, however, to be fed and seated in the vacant chair, and he ate ravenously of the food set before him. Alys wrinkled her nose again.

"He has no manners," she assured grandmother in a whisper.

"But he is the Christmas stranger and the guest of the Lord Christ," the old woman reminded her.

Alys drew nearer the Indian lad as they sat around the yule log. Grandmother leaned forward and took the stranger in her arms. Lulled by the warmth and her crooning voice he fell asleep. Pierrette washed the dishes and told Jean of Goodman Roget and his insistence upon their coming to the settlement.

"I met him myself," Jean said. "He was kind of course, but he said they all decided that we are not safe here. He said that you and I could have work, little sister, and that grandmother, mother, and Alys would be cared for by different folk."

"We must not break up the family," Pierrette said decidedly. "They cannot make us, Jean."

"I am afraid that they can," he said soberly. "But let us not cloud Christmas. Go and look after mother and then we will listen to grandmother's tales."

Pierrette went in to minister to the invalid. In a moment she was back, her cheeks as white as the snowflakes outside. She beckoned Jean and he joined her at her mother's window.

"Indians!" she whispered shakily. "Will they burn the house?"

Jean watched the stealthy forms coming nearer and nearer.

"They look as if they were tracking something," Pierrette said.

Jean drew a long breath. "That is what they are doing. Be brave, Pierrette! Come to the front door and hold the light."

Jean opened the door. "Chief Razi! Chief Razi!" he called.

A tall Indian in war dress came out of the woods. "Who calls Razi?" he asked.

"I do. I found Papeto. He is within," Jean answered.

With a quiet gesture the Indian motioned him aside and entered the house. The old woman raised startled eyes as the chief strode over to his son. Papeto stirred and woke. Razi touched the bandage. "You?" he asked grandmother and she nodded. The other Indians were gathering round the doorway. The firelight gleamed on scalping knives. Razi turned and drew a long white feather from his headdress. He hung it above the doorway. The other Indians glanced at it and turned away; the chief lifted his son in his arms.

"The wigwam of Razi was empty," he said. "Paleface saved Papeto. The paleface wigwam is empty too. Razi will not forget." He strode out into the forest. Pierrette sank down by grandmother in a burst of nervous tears.

"Do not cry!" Jean comforted her. "We are safe. No Indian will pass the feather of peace."

"The Christ-child sent his stranger," Pierrette told herself as she lay wakeful that night. "Dear Lord, make it possible for us to stay together and to be at peace."

She rose early, for there was much to do before she and Jean started to church. He came to help her. A knock sounded at the door. Jean opened it and gave a joyous cry. The girl turned to see the tall man holding Jean as if he would never let go.

"Father! Father! she cried.

It was Goodman Michaud indeed. "I never thought to get back alive," he told them as he sat with his wife's thin hand in his. "I was prisoner to the Powahag chief and Razi hates the palefaces. But Papeto is the apple of his eye. When the child was lost, he was frantic with grief. He told me you had saved the boy and bade me leave. Best of all, he is willing to make peace. You have done it, children!"

"It was not us." Pierrette shook her head. "Papeto saw the candle-light and cried out. It was the Christ-child who heard our prayer and blessed the hearth and blessed the home and sent us his own guest."

HOW RANGASAMY GOT HIS WATER¹

A Story of India

In India the people get their water from the public reservoirs. It is shut off at ten o'clock in the morning, so each family gets its daily supply before that time because it is not turned on again until late in the afternoon.

This is a story about Edward⁴ and the public water faucet. Edward lived in a city of India not very far from Bombay.¹ He was named Edward because he had been born on the birthday of the late king of England.²

On Saturday morning Edward arose with a desire for adventure. His mother gave him a chance to go in search of it by declaring that he might go into the city and buy some cake for a treat.

³He set off at once thinking of the interesting things he would see. ³There were the British soldiers who stood one on each side of the gate before the big house where the English judge lived. There were the oddly dressed foreigners in the streets too--- Americans, some of them. There were droves of camels and an elephant going to take part in a Hindu wedding.

As Edward watched these pass³, a little boy came rushing out of one of the houses. "Where are you going, sonny?" Edward asked.

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1. Condensed from "Here and There Stories" published by Missionary Education Department of the Congregational Education Society, Vol. 14, No. 18, contributed by Miss Hulda Niebuhr.

"For water," was the little fellow's answer. "And I must hurry, for it will be shut off soon. Mother is sick and cannot carry her jar, so I must get what I can," and Rangasamy swung the pail at his side with an air of great importance.

Edward went on to the store. After a time he came out of the shop holding tightly in his hands the precious cakes. His mouth watered as he thought of how good they looked and he walked briskly across the square.

He did not notice the unusual crowd about the faucet until the sound of crying caught his attention. Then he looked and saw a crowd of boys his own age capering around the faucet, and beyond them, crying lustily, his pail still empty, was Rangasamy.⁵ They had not let him get a drop! The teasing was great sport to the big boys and nobody but Rangasamy cared that the clock was almost at the stroke of ten.

Edward stopped and considered a minute. Single-handed he could not drive them off of course. Presently he thought of a plan and slipping in among the bullies and up to the faucet caught some of the water in his hand and drank it.

"Bah! it's warm!" he said to the nearest boy. "Wouldn't it be fun to live where water is always cold even when it stands in the sun!"

"Huh! where's that, I'd like to know?" the boy answered. He had never been in school and in southern India it is always very hot.

"Why in countries 'way up north!'" he said carelessly. "When it's very cold it gets so hard you can walk on it."

"Go on!" "How could it?" "That's not so," several of the boys answered. "How do you know?" asked one boy.

"A white man who came from there told me. And he says,"--- then Edward stopped. "But if you want to know the rest come around the corner where no one else can hear," he finished and started toward an alley.

The boys followed. But no, not all! Two of the bigger ones hesitated. They glanced at Rangasamy, who was watching his chance.

"The man who comes from America told me---" but still the two boys did not follow. "How could he get them away!" he thought. Then a new idea flew into Edward's mind. His heart seemed to thump down into his bare feet, but the idea stuck. And all in a second he knew that he would have to do it.

"They--- they keep awfully good cakes in that shop over there," he said, and he held out his treasures. "Want one?" Even the big boys came then.

Ten minutes later Edward walked back by the faucet. The clock had struck ten. Rangasamy, who had gotten his water just in time, was nowhere to be seen. The crowd of bullies had vanished and --- not a crumb of the precious cakes was left.

"Anyhow the little chap got his water," he muttered, "and his mother's sick. I don't care---"

"Hullo, boy!" called a stranger, who had watched unnoticed from a side street, "what made you bother about the little fellow?"

"Oh, I go to school where we're taught to treat others as we'd like them to treat us. It's the American Mission School," Edward explained.⁴

"I thought as much," said the stranger. "I went to that kind of school myself."

CABBAGES FOR CHRISTMAS¹

A Story of China

Seh Chong ran up the dormitory steps crying breathlessly, "My classmates, Oh, my classmates, quickly, come".

All the fifth grade juniors of that mission boarding school in China gathered around her.

"What is it?" Seh Chong's roommate begged, her own eyes sparkling. "Oh, Seh Chong, a letter from America?"

Seh Chong's brother had been studying there for two years. Often he sent back to China gifts for his sister from Cicily, a little American junior. Cicily told her classmates about Seh Chong, and Seh Chong had told her classmates about Cicily and her church school. Both groups felt well acquainted now.

Seh Chong, waving a slip of paper, found her voice.

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1. By Priscilla Holton Neff, from "Here and There", re-printed, pp. 93-98 in Missionary Stories to Tell, compiled by the Children's Committee of the Missionary Education Movement of the U. S. and Canada.

"From Cicily's class", she gulped; "it's a check for ten American dollars. Ten".

The juniors stared. No one spoke. No one could think of words big enough to say what ten dollars meant to them. They waited.

Seh Chong's voice was quivering. "It's for us; for Christmas. To spend any way we choose. Ourselves!"

"O-hi" It was her roommate. "We could have the most beautiful feast in the world--for ten dollars".

"Ten American dollars means almost twenty, Chinese count".

What a feast that would buy. Mouths watered, thinking of tender roast duck; platters of fish with thick mushroom sauce; sweet pastry; cookies shaped like the moon; and fruit--piles of tangerines and persimmons; roasted peanuts, cooked in sugar--oh!

"We could buy enough to share with the whole junior high school. That would be generous".

"We could decorate the hall, and surprise all the other classes".

Plans grew as big as mountains. Seh Chong fondled the check.

"Afterwards", she said, "I'll write to Cicily, and tell her about it".

Her roommate happened to look at the bookcases where moth-eaten reading books leaned against one another. She swallowed before she spoke.

"I'm sort of sorry I suggested a feast. I --don't think they'd like it, in America--knowing that we ate all that money".

"But it's ours, now--and it's for Christmas".

"Besides, if we invite the others, that's sharing, isn't it?"

"Mmmmmmmmm".

"Think what lots of books twenty dollars would buy, though".

That was a big thought, too. It began to grow, until a few minutes later, Seh Chong said, laughing, "Who cares about roast duck and peanuts? Buying books for our school library will be more fun. We can decorate the Christmas tree with them. What a surprise!"

Since this was Saturday afternoon, the school girls were allowed to go out on the streets, shopping. As soon as the juniors

were ready, they walked sedately through the gate, to the main street of Foochow city. They wore school uniforms. For all they walked quietly, people turned to look because these Christian girls seemed always so eager, their faces strangely radiant. The juniors themselves scarcely noticed people; they were too busy, planning what books to buy.

"Did our secretary give you money for the check, Seh Chong?"

Seh Chong patted an inside pocket. "It's quite safe in here", she assured them. "I put it way at the bottom, and my handkerchief is on top, to be sure".

The streets were jammed with hurrying people. Now that the new pavement was being laid, the confusion was worse than ever. Shop fronts had been torn down to make room. Ricksha coolies had no place to run. As for the load carriers, trotting by with swinging baskets of vegetables that hung from their bamboo poles, there was no room on the streets now for them.

"Here is the book shop", Seh Chong's room mate was saying. "Oh, look!"

Of course Seh Chong turned.

"You of the empty hands, move." The voice was harsh. But it was too late. Seh Chong had bumped against a vender, and knocked over a whole basket of cabbages. They spun around on the dirty street.

"O, how sorry I am", Seh Chong started to say, and stopped then, her heart torn and hurt. For the load carrier, whose basket she had upset, was a girl her own age--twelve years, perhaps. But she was as thin and haggard as an old woman. Her feet, though the day was cold, were bare, calloused from endless trotting. Her patched coat was only cotton. But worse than anything was the hardness in her voice. Seh Chong could only stare.

"Why do you knock over my cabbages?" the vender scolded loudly. "You have warm coats. You go to a good school. I must work hard to buy my rice. Can't you even look where you walk? All my cabbages--lost". The road was strewn with them.

Seh Chong's classmates, who had started into the shop, came out again. Her roommate touched her arm. "Come, Seh Chong", she whispered. "This is a cross one; she will gather a crowd".

But Seh Chong had bent over to pick up the cabbages. She was thinking. "This is Christmas--and that girl doesn't even know it. She won't have feasts or books--or anything. She'll work that day, the same as the rest". She had gathered three cabbages, before

she heard the load carrier shriek more shrilly than before.

"Don't you steal them", she cried.

Seh Chong was dropping them into the basket. "No," she said quietly, "I'm only picking them up for you. Wait a minute".

For the load carrier was edging away, half doubting, half angry still. She could not believe that Seh Chong was actually helping, until she saw her put more cabbages into the basket. It was a horrid task. The vegetables were dirty, and somewhat decayed. Their thick smell made Seh Chong ill. But she loaded them carefully. When she had finished, she felt in her pocket for her handkerchief. She stood wiping her hands and smiling. The load carrier stared. The juniors backed into the shop again.

"Good-by", Seh Chong said at last. "I'm sorry I was careless".

Even after she was in the shop, she kept hearing that harsh voice and seeing that hard face. She couldn't enjoy buying books because she was thinking of the load carrier who didn't know about Christmas. "If I could only do something", she thought, and put her hand in her pocket, absently. Instantly her face went white.

"Oh, Seh Chong", her roommate wailed, "is the money safe?"

Without answering, Seh Chong rushed back into the street, her classmates following. When she had reached for her handkerchief, the money had slipped out. Search was useless. How long would twenty dollars lie idle on that crowded street?

"Never mind", her roommate comforted, as they all stared at one another.

"But what shall I write to Cicily?" Seh Chong began to cry, and her roommates gathered close to protect her.

"You of the empty hands, move". It was the cabbage vender again, pushing herself into their midst. She stopped in front of Seh Chong, opening her thin fist to display the crumpled bills.

"Here", she said hoarsely, "I wanted to keep it--but you helped me. I came back".

Seh Chong was so surprised to see the money again that she couldn't find words. The load carrier went on. "I suppose", she said, "twenty dollars means something to you, too. It would buy my rice", she sighed, "for six months, almost". She turned as if to free herself from the circle. Quickly, Seh Chong looked around at her classmates. What she saw on their faces made her run forward and draw the load carrier back into the school group. She held out the money again.

"Here", she cried, "please take it. It was given us--and we want you to have it for Christmas--for Christ's birthday".

The load carrier looked at the money. Her fingers twitched.

Seh Chong forced the hand shut, with the money inside it. The load carrier was speaking slowly.

"I knew you were Jesus persons", she said. "Your faces look happy. But I didn't know being a Jesus person would make you do this".

A policeman was coming up to see why a crowd was blocking the street. Seh Chong said hurriedly, "Won't you come to our school, some day soon, and hear more?"

The vender nodded, her hand still trembling.

Seh Chong and her classmates walked slowly back through the school gate. They said nothing to the rest of the school about their American gift. "I wish we had asked her where she lived", Seh Chong said once.

On Christmas morning, it was her roommate who came running up the steps. "Quickly", she cried, "come to the gate. We have a gift".

Seh Chong ran along with the other juniors. At the gate all of them stood still and stared at a bamboo basket over-flowing with clean white cabbages. A bright red card, fastened to the side, read, "To the Jesus girls. I will come, when my selling is ended, on Sunday".

All the mission school wondered why the juniors had cabbage for their Christmas feast, and why they enjoyed it so much.

DÜRER'S "PRAYING HANDS"¹

Albrecht Dürer, the son of a Hungarian goldsmith, was born at Nuremberg, Germany, in 1471. From the time he was a wee lad he wanted to paint and draw. His gifts along this line were soon discovered, but because there were so many in his father's family and because money was so scarce, he was obliged to follow his father's trade.

Later on the opportunity to study art in a neighboring city came. During these days of study and strain he chanced to meet another struggling art student, one somewhat older than himself.

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1. From "Christian Worship for American Youth" by Athearn, reprinted in "Worship Programs and Stories for Young People" by Alice A. Bays.

They became roommates and fast friends. One day, when the battle to earn food and to meet their physical needs was seemingly going against them, Albert's friend made this suggestion: "This way of working and trying to study is intolerable. Neither of us is making a living, nor are we mastering art. Let one of us make the living while the other continues to study. Then when the paintings begin to sell, the one who has worked may have his chance."

"Fine," replied Albert; "Then, I will be the first one to work."

"I am older," said his friend, "and have not as much talent as you. You must not waste your years. Besides, I have already a job in a restaurant."

Because of his insistence, Albert agreed to the new arrangement. He went to the studio the next day with renewed zeal and with great joy, working faithfully to master his art, spending long hours in painstaking study and practice. The older man served tables, washed dishes, scrubbed floors, and did any odd jobs he could find, in order to have money enough to buy food and to pay rent. He worked from early in the morning until late at night, but he did it cheerfully, for he knew that he was helping his young friend; then, too, he looked forward to the day when he could again take up his study of art.

At last the day came when Albert made his first sale, a wood carving. He rushed home with the money and dropped it, making it jingle on the table. It was the living-room, dining-room, and kitchen table, for they occupied but one room. The money was enough to buy their food and pay their rent for many weeks ahead.

"Now, I'll be the breadwinner," he said with glee, "and you can go back to the studio tomorrow. By the time this money is gone, surely there will be another sale."

The older friend left his work in the restaurant and again took up his brush. He spent long hours, working with eagerness and high anticipation, yet he made slow progress. His fingers were stiff, his muscles knotted, and his knuckles so enlarged that the work was cumbersome.

Albert encouraged him as best he could, yet they both came to see that something had happened to his hands during the days and weeks he had slaved so tirelessly. The work had stiffened the muscles, enlarged the joints, and twisted the fingers until he could no longer handle his brush with mastery and skill. Gradually the older friend came to realize that his art would have to be sacrificed forever and that he would have to return to his work in the restaurant.

Albert was heartbroken when he realized what had happened to his friend. He would always care for him and be eternally grateful

to him, but he could not give back the suppleness to his fingers that was necessary for his work. One day he returned unexpectedly to his room and heard the voice of his friend raised in prayer. As he stood quietly by the door, he ~~saw~~ those work-worn hands raised in prayer and heard his friend praying for his success, asking God to give to young Albert the skill he had once dreamed that he himself might possess. A great emotion swept over Albert, as he said to himself: "I can never give back the lost skill to those hands, but I can show to the world the feeling of love and gratitude which is mine for his noble deed. I will paint his hands as I see them now, and it may be that when people look at the picture, they, too, will appreciate what he has done. Perhaps some day the world will know of my deep gratitude for this beautiful, unselfish service."

SINGING HIMSELF FREE¹

Three young negro lads and their mother were trudging the dusty road from Curryville¹, Georgia¹, to Chattanooga¹, Tennessee¹, each carrying as big a bundle as strength permitted. In Georgia they had been farmers, tilling a little ten-acre patch of ground which had been given the father and mother when they were freed from slavery.

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1. By Hulda Niebuhr in "Greatness Passing By", pp. 122-130.

The invalid father had died and now they were leaving because the mother did not want her boys to grow up ignorant. Curryville provided very, very little schooling, and Chattanooga promised a better education and a better living. The mother had sold the cow and the horses and the crop, and then, with what money they owned in their pockets, their household goods on their backs, they had taken the road. The mother was somewhat anxious, but the boys were only eager for the adventure of establishing a new home in a new place.

One of the brothers, the middle one, was Roland, Roland Hayes, whom we now know as the great singer, then only fifteen years old. When they came to Chattanooga¹, Roland secured a job in a window-weight factory, where it was his work to carry great dippers full of molten metal to be poured into molds.

His feet became peppered with scars from the hot iron that spilled out of the dippers, but Roland liked his work and he did so well in the factory that after a time he was made foreman.

It had been the mother's plan that Roland's younger brother should go to school all the time, and that the other two boys, Roland and the oldest brother, should take turn about, working to make a living for the family and going to school. The boys, too, thought that a good plan, but it did not work out just so.

Because Roland's good earnings helped the family so much he did not return to school when his turn came to go, but instead attended night classes while working in the factory by day.

Now, Roland was a full-fledged factory foreman, but he was not only that. He was a singer, too, although he did not think of himself as such. He was always singing at this work. That was really against the rules but the manager liked having him do it because all the workmen enjoyed so much hearing him. His singing "kept the factory going", the manager said.

Roland joined the church and sang in the choir, but it had not yet occurred to him that he had any special talent. "I just sang", he tells, "because it was as natural to me as breathing. I liked to sing. All my people do".

One day he sang a solo in the church and that was a day he never forgot. It was so exciting to hear his own voice sound forth all alone, to see how proud his mother was, and how pleased his young musician-friend, Arthur Calhoun!

The mother became quite angry with that friend after the concert, when he dared suggest that Roland should have his voice trained. "Don't you dare put such notions into my son's head", she said.

She was very proud of the foreman's job he held, with wages

better than many older men ever received, and she had never heard of a negro making his living with music except in dance halls. I don't want any son of mine to take up that kind of life", she said.

For quite a while Roland took singing lessons from Calhoun, but he was not greatly interested until one evening his teacher-friend had an inspiration. He took him to a friend's home to hear on the victrola some of the world's greatest singers, Caruso², Sembrich², Emma Eames².

Something happened to Roland Hays as he listened. For the first time in his life he realized how wonderful music might be, what it might mean to be able to sing as these great artists sang.

"That night I was born again", he says. "It was as if a bell had been struck, that rang in my heart, and it has never ceased to ring there! I had not known what my friend meant when he talked of music. I had not been capable of imagining it!"

Then he knew he was meant to achieve something to which he could not attain as a foreman in the factory, something with his voice. "I learned I had been put into this world to achieve some great purpose", he said.

It took him several months to make his plans. Then, with his mother's consent gained, and with fifty dollars, his share of the family's earnings in his pocket, he set out, again journeying on foot for an education, this time in college.

When he came to Fiske³ University, he was put on probation because he could qualify for the sixth grade only. But he made two grades in one year, besides earning his board and lodging, and of course then the school authorities were very glad to have him stay.

One day, about four years after he had entered the university, Roland Hayes went to Boston⁴ with the Fiske singers. There it came about through Mr. Putman, who had been impressed with Roland's voice when he had heard him on a visit in the South, that arrangements were made whereby Arthur Hubbard, one of the greatest voice teachers in America, took the young singer as his pupil.

Roland Hayes was very grateful that this could be, but not surprised, for always, he says, things worked out in his life so they served the great purpose he had come to believe in. Working out his life purpose, whatever that might develop to be, was not easy. While studying in Boston he had to earn enough money to pay for his board and room and his lessons. For a while he was a bellhop in a hotel, then messenger in a large insurance office.

After the sons had gone their several ways the mother was left alone in her home in Chattanooga. Her son Roland could not

endure the thought of his mother's loneliness, so he went home, helped her pack the household goods and sell the furniture, then he brought her back to Boston to live with him.

He found a cheap little apartment in which they set up a home. Out of the packing-box in which their goods had come Roland made a bed for his mother. He bought other empty boxes and fashioned out of them a table and some chairs and a bed for himself. The only piece of furniture he bought was a cook stove.

Keeping house on a seven-dollar-a-week messenger fee was a difficult task, but Roland and his mother managed somehow,--in time more easily, for the son began to earn small fees for singing at church concerts and at funerals.

For eight years Roland Hayes had studied in Boston, working very hard with his voice, learning languages, French, Italian, German, and studying the literature of song. He had tried himself out in several small concerts when he decided upon a great adventure. He would launch his career as a singer by giving a big concert, a concert in the great hall of the Symphony Orchestra of Boston.

When his plans became known he received some excited letters. How could he risk such an undertaking? his friends asked. Did he not realize that the sum of \$800 had to be guaranteed as rent for the hall? How could he think of promoting so large an amount of money in advance? Did he know that no negro had ever given a concert in that building? What made him think people would come at all?

But Roland Hayes was working out his life purpose and he went ahead with his plans. He secured from Mr. Hubbard the names of interested people but also consulted a Boston telephone directory. Of course, a telephone directory does not tell which people on its lists love music, and it did not give Roland Hayes any such information. But he marked in it all the names that sounded good to him, and in his spare moments, on a battered old typewriter he had acquired, he wrote some 2,000 invitations to his concert. It was hard to save money enough for all that postage, but in due time the letters were sent.

Soon he found that his faith in himself and in the people of the city was justified. Each day tickets, and more tickets, were ordered. Enough were sold two weeks in advance of the concert to permit paying the \$800 deposit for the rent of the hall.

On the evening of the concert so many people, negro and white, came to hear the young artist that as many as 700 had to be turned away. Musically as well as financially the affair was a great success.

Since then Roland Hayes has sung before the King and Queen of England and in all the countries of Europe and has delighted huge crowds in the cities and towns all over the United States.

One evening after a concert a man said to Roland Hayes, "I have heard all the famous singers. When I listen to you I get the same things I get from their singing, but I also get something more, what is it?"

The young artist was made thoughtful by that question. "Is there really something in my singing that is different? If so, is it possibly something that is there because I am a negro? Have we negroes some gift of music, of understanding, of feeling, that is especially ours?"

The more he thought about it the more he felt sure that now he knew the purpose of his life. He said, "I will help my people use what has been given them, to make a special contribution, only a humble one perhaps, but our very own, to human experience".

Everywhere, enthusiastic over his extraordinarily beautiful voice, over the superb way in which he sings in German and French and Italian and English the songs of many nations, over his interpretations of the negro spirituals, people, negro and white, say to themselves, "Evidently a negro can be as great an artist as anyone".

And so Roland Hayes' purpose is being realized; negroes who had been shy because they had been downtrodden have been helped to be very proud of their race and of their own gift to humanity, of song, of deep feeling, of rhythm and sound expressing their own understanding and emotions.

His mother died after the son had become a recognized singer. She had seen him acknowledged a great musician and recognized the equal of any artist of any color.

THE JESTER'S SWORD¹

One night, many years ago in Europe, a baby boy was born in a king's palace, and the king, following the custom of the times, called in astrologers to learn the boy's fate as determined by the stars on the night he was born. The astrologers said the boy must be called Aldebaron¹, the name of a bright red star in the heavens, and that it was destined he should wield the Sword of Conquest, the famous sword which had passed down a line of kings to the one to whom the signs all pointed as being worthiest to wield it. This meant that Aldebaron was destined to do deeds far braver than his fellows.

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1. Adapted from story by Annie Fellows Johnston.

So from the cradle the Sword of Conquest was destined for Aldebaron and from the cradle it was his greatest teacher. His old nurse fed him with such tales of it, than even in his play the thought of such a heritage urged him to greater ventures than his mates dared take. Many a night he knelt beside his casement, gazing through the darkness at the stars, whispering to himself the words the old astrologers had written, "As Aldebaron, the star, shines in the heavens, so Aldebaron the man shall shine among his fellows."

Day after day the great ambition grew within him, bone of his bone, and strength of his sinew, until it was as much a part of him as the strong heart beating in his breast.

When the great day came at last for the Sword to be put into his hands, with a blare of trumpets, the castle gates flew open, and a long procession of nobles filed through. To the sound of cheers and ringing of bells, Aldebaron fared forth on his quest. The old king, his father, stepped down in the morning sun, and with bared head, Aldebaron knelt to receive his blessing. With his hand on the Sword, he swore that he would not come home again, until he had made a braver conquest than had ever been made with it before, and the old king knew that Aldebaron would fail not in the keeping of his oath.

With the godspeed of the villagers ringing in his ears, he rode away.

'Twas passing wonderful how soon Aldebaron began to taste the sweets of great achievement. Though he traveled far to alien lands, his fame was carried back far over seas again, and in his father's court his name was spoken daily in proud tones as they recounted his honors.

Young, strong, with the impetuous blood begotten of success tingling through all his veins he had no thought that dire mishap could seize him, that pain or malady, or mortal weakness could pierce his armor which youth and health had girt about him. From place to place he went wherever there was need of some brave champion to espouse a weak one's cause. It mattered not who was arrayed against him, whether a tyrant king, or some wild beast that preyed upon the villages. His sword of conquest was unsheathed for each, and as his courage grew, with every added victory he thirsted for some greater foe to vanquish, remembering his youthful vow.

And as he journeyed on he pictured often to himself the day of his returning, the day on which his vow should find fulfilment. How wide the gates would be thrown open for his welcome! Never once the shadow of a thought stole through him that it might be far otherwise. Was not he born for conquest? Did not the very stars foretell success?

One night belated in a mountain pass he sought the shelter

of a shelving rock, and with his mantle wrapped about him, lay down to sleep. Upon the morrow, he would sally forth and in his stronghold, fight the beast which had terrorized the province, and after long and glorious battle, would rid the country of the dreaded foe. Already tasting victory, he fell asleep, a smile upon his lips.

But in the night, a storm swept down the mountain pass with sudden fury, uprooting trees a century old, and rending mighty rocks with sword thrusts of lightning. And when it passed, Aldebaron lay prone upon the earth, borne down by rocks and fallen trees, lay as if dead until two passing goat herds found him and bore him down in pity to their hut.

Long weeks went by before the fever craze and pains began to leave him, and when at last he crawled out in the sun, he found himself a poormisshapen thing, all maimed and marred with twisted back and face all drawn awry, and feet that dragged. One hand hung nerveless by his side. Never more would it be strong enough to use the Sword. He could not even draw it from the scabbard.

As in a daze, he looked upon himself, thinking some hideous nightmare had him in its hold. "This is not I," he cried in horror at the thought. Then as the truth began to pierce his soul he sat with starting eyes and lips that gibbered in cold fear, and while they still persisted in their fierce denial, "This is not I." At first it seemed that he could not endure to face the round of useless days now stretching out before him.

There came a time when, even through the all absorbing thought of self, there pierced the consciousness that he no longer could impose upon the goat herd's bounty. Food was scarce within the hut, and even though he groaned to die the dawms brought hunger. So at the close of the day he dragged him down the mountainside thinking that under cover of the dusk he could steal into the village and seek a chance to earn his bread.

But as he neared the little town and the sound of evening bells broke on his ears and lighted windows marked the homes where welcome awaited other men, he winced as from a blow. This was the village he had thought to enter in the midst of loud acclaims, its brave deliverer from the wild beast. Then every window in the hamlet would have blazed for him. Then every door would have been set wide to welcome Aldebaron, the royal son of kings, fittest to bear the Sword of Conquest. And now Aldebaron was but the crippled makeshift of a man, who could not even draw that Sword from out its scabbard, at whose wry features all must turn away in loathing, and some perchance might even set the dogs to snarling at his heels, in haste to have him gone.

While thus he mused, footsteps came up the mountain side, a lusty voice was raised in song and before he could draw back into cover, a head in a fantastic cap appeared above the bushes. It was the village Jester². But when he saw Aldebaron, he stopped agape. Then he pushed

nearer.

Now those who saw the Jester only on a market day or at the county fair plying his trade of merriment, for all 'twas worth, knew not a sage was hid behind that motley or that his sympathies were tender as a saint's. Yet so it was. The motto written deep across his breast was this, "To ease the burden of the world!" It was beyond belief how wise he'd grown in wheedling men to think no load lay on his shoulders. Now he stood and gazed upon the prostrate man who turned away his face and would not answer the low spoken words, "What ails thee brother?"

It matters not in this tale what wiles he used to gain Aldebaron's ear and tongue. Seated beside him on the grass, he talked in the light tone that served his trade. And when -----he'd drawn the piteous tales entirely from him he doubled up with laughter and smote his sides--

"And I'm the fool and thou'rt the sage!" he gasped between his peals of mirth.----- Methinks it is the other way around. Why look ye, man! Here thou dost go a junketing through all the earth to find a chance to show unequalled courage and when kind fate doth shove it underneath thy nose, thou turn'st away, lamenting."

Then dropping his unseemly mirth and all his wanton raillery, he stood up with his face ashine and spake as if he were the heaven sent messenger of hope.

"Rise up!" he cried, "Knowest thou not it takes a thousand fold more courage to sheathe the sword when one is all on fire for action than to go forth against the greatest foe? Here is thy chance to show the world the kingliest spirit it has ever known! Here is a phalanx thou mayst meet all single handed-- a daily struggle with a host of hurts that cut thee to the quick. This sheathed sword upon thy side will stab thee hourly with deeper thrusts than any adversary can give. 'Twill be a daily 'minder of thy thwarted hopes. 'Twill be a fight till death. Art thou brave enough to wage thy warfare to thy very grave?"

Such a call to arms seemed mockery as Aldeharon looked down upon his twisted limbs but as he remembered his oath, his kingly soul leapt up, "I'll keep the oath!" he cried and struggling to his feet laid hand upon the jewelled hilt that decked his side.

"By sheathed sword, since blade is now denied me," he swore, "I'll win the future that my stars foretold!"

In that exalted moment, all things seemed possible, and though his body limped as haltingly he followed on behind his new found friend, his spirit walked erect, and faced the future for the time undaunted.

His merry Andrew of a host made a festival when they at last came to his dwelling; brought wheaten loaves and prepared a bit of savory meat for supper.

"Ho ho," he laughed. "They say it is an ill wind that blows good to none. Now thou dost prove the proverb. The tempest that didst blow thee from thy course mayhap may send me on my way rejoicing. I long have wished to leave this land and seek the distant province where my kindred dwell, but there was never one to take my place, and when I spake of going, my townsmen said me nay: 'Twas quite as bad they vowed as if the priest should suddenly desert his parish with none to shepherd his abandoned flock. "Who'll cheer us in our doldrums?" they demanded. "Who'll help us bear our troubles by making us forget them? Thou can'st not leave us, piper, until some other merry soul comes by to set our feet a dancing." "Now thou art come!"

"Yes, I! A merry soul indeed!" Aldebaron cried in bitterness.

"Well, maybe not quite that," his host admitted. "But thou could'st pass as one. Thou could'st at least put on my grotesque garb, could'st learn the quips and quirks by which I make men laugh. Thou would'st not be the first man who has had an aching heart behind a smile. The tune thou pipest may not bring thee pleasure, but if it sets the world to dancing, it is enough! And, too, it is an honest way to earn thy bread. Can'st think of any other?"

Aldebaron hid his face in his hands. "No, no!" he groaned. "There is no other way, and yet my soul abhors the thought, that I, a king's son, should descend to this! The jester's motley and the cap and bells. How can I play such a part?"

"Because thou art a king's son," said the Jester. "That in itself is ample reason that thou shouldst play more royally than other men whatever part Fate may assign thee."

Aldebaron sat wrapped in thought. "Well," was the slow reply after a long pause, "an hundred years from now, I suppose, 'twill make no difference how circumstances chafe me now. A poor philosophy, but still there is a grain of comfort in it. I'll take thy offer friend and give thee gratitude."

And so the next day the two went forth together. Aldebaron showed a brave front to the crowd, glad of the painted mask that hid his features and no one guessed the misery that lurked beneath his laugh and no one knew what a mighty tax it was upon his courage to follow the Jester's lead and play buffoon upon the open street. It was a thing he loathed and yet 'twas as the Jester said, his training in the royal court had made him sharp of wit and quick to read men's minds; and to the countrymen who gathered there agape, around him in the square, his keen replies were wonderful as wizard's magic.

And when he piped-- it was no shallow fluting that merely set the rustic feet a-gig; it was a strange and stirring strain that made the simplest one among them stand with his soul a tip-toe as he listened, as if a kingly train with banners went a marching by. So royally he played his part, than even on that first day he surpassed his teacher. The

Jester, jubilant that this was so, thought that his time to leave was near at hand, but when that night they reached his dwelling, Aldebaron tore off the painted mask and threw himself upon the hearth.

"Tis more than flesh can well endure!" he cried. "All day the thought of what I've lost was like a constant sword thrust in my heart. Instead of deference and respect that once was mine from high and low, 'twas laugh and jibe and pointing finger.

The Jester looked down on Aldebaron's face. It was white and drawn, so he made no answer for the moment. But when the fire was kindled and they had supped the broth set out in steaming bowls upon the table, he returned a word of cheer.

"At any rate," he said, "for one whole day thou hast kept thy oath. No matter what the anguish that it cost thee, from sunrise to sunset thou hast held Despair at bay. It was the bravest stand thou hast ever made. And now if thou hast lived through this one day, why not another? 'Tis only one hour at a time that thou art called on to endure. Come! pledge me anew thou'lt keep thy oath until the going down of one more sun."

So Aldebaron pledged him one more day and after that another until a fortnight slowly dragged itself away. And then because he met his hurt so bravely and made no sign the Jester thought the struggle had grown easier with time and spoke again of going to his kindred.

"Nay do not leave me yet," Aldebaron plead. "Wouldst take my only crutch?" It is thy cheerful presence that alone upholds me."

"Yet it would show still greater courage if thou couldst face thy fate alone," the Jester answered. "Despair cannot be vanquished till thou hast taught thyself to really feel the gladness thou dost feign."

It was a welcome sound when presently a knocking at the door broke on the painful silence. The visitor who entered was an aged friar beseeching alms at every door as was the custom of his brotherhood, with which to keep the sick and the poor. And while the Jester searched within a chest for some old garments he was pleased to give, he bade the friar draw up to the hearth and tarry for their evening meal, which then was well nigh ready. The friar glad to accept the hospitality spread out his lean hands to the blaze, and later, when the three sat down together, warmed into such cheerfulness of speech that Aldebaron was amazed.

"Surely thy lot is hard, good brother," he said, looking curiously into the wrinkled face. "Humbling thy pride to beg at every door that others may be fed, and yet thy face speaks of an inward joy. I pray thee tell me how thou hast found happiness."

"By never going in its quest," the friar answered. "Long years

ago I learned a lesson from the stars. Our holy abbot took me out one night into the quiet cloister, and pointing to the glittering heavens, showed me my duty in a way I never have forgot. I had grown restive in my lot and chafed against its narrow round of cell and cloister. But in a word he made me see that if I stepped aside from that appointed path, merely for mine own pleasure, it would mar the order of God's universe as surely as if a planet swerved from its eternal course.

"No shining lot is thing," he said, "yet neither have the stars themselves a light. They but reflect the Central Sun and so mayst thou while swinging onward, faithful to thy orbit, reflect the light of God upon thy fellow men.

"Since then I've had no need to go a seeking happiness, for bearing cheer to others keeps my own heart ashine. I pass the lesson on to thee good friend. Remember men need laughter sometimes more than food, and if thou hast no cheer thyself to spare, why thou mayst go a gathering it from door to door as I do crusts and carry it to those in need."

Long after the good friar had supped and gone, Aldebaron sat in silence. Then crossing to the tiny casement that gave upon the street, he stood and gazed up at the stars. Long, long he mused, fitting the friar's lesson to his own soul's need, and when he turned away the old astrologer's prophecy had taken on new meaning.

"As Aldebaron, the star, shines in the heavens," (no light within itself but borrowing from the Central Sun) "so Aldebaron the man might shine among his fellows." (Beggared of joy himself yet flashing its reflection from God athwart the lives of others.)

When next he went into the town he no longer shunned the lights that formerly he passed with face averted, for well he knew if he was to shed joy and hope on others he must go to places where they most abound. After a while he found a way to give him victory over all.

A little child came crying towards him in the market place, its world a waste of use because the toy it cherished had been broken in its play. Aldebaron would have turned aside yesterday to press the barbed thought still deeper in his breast that he had been denied the joy of fatherhood. But now he stooped as gently as if he were the child's own sire to wipe its tears and soothe its sobs. And when with skilful fingers, he restored the toy, the child bestowed on him a warm caress out of its boundless store.

He passed on with his pulses strangely stirred. 'Twas but a crumb of love the child had given, yet as Aldebaron held it in his heart, behold a miracle! It grew full loaf, and he would fain divide it with all hungry souls! So when a stone's throw farther on, he met a man well nigh distraught from heavy losses, he did not say in bitterness as once he would have done, that 'twas the common lot of mortals, to look

on him if one would know the most that fate can do. Nay rather did he speak so bravely of what might be wrung from life though one were maimed like he that hope sprung up within his hearer and sent him away with face ashine.

That grateful smile was like a revelation to Aldebaron, showing him he had indeed the power which comes from God. Beggared of joy, no light within himself, yet from the Central Sun would he reflect hope and cheer that made him as a star 'mong his fellows, from God would he gain joy to give to others.

The weeks slipped into months, the months into years. The Jester went his way unto his kindred and never once was missed because Aldebaron more than filled his place. In time the town forgot it ever had another Jester, and in time Aldebaron began to feel the gladness that he only feigned before.

And then it came to pass whenever he went by men felt a strange strength-giving influence radiating from his presence, --a sense of hope. One could not say exactly what it was, it was so fleeting, --so intangible like warmth that rises from a brazier, or perfume that is wafted from a rose.

Thus he came down to death at last, and there was mourning in all the Province so that pilgrims journeying through that way, asked, "What king is dead, that all thus do him reverence?"

"Tis but our Jester," one replied, "a poor maimed creature in his outward seeming, and yet so blithely did he bear his lot, it seemed a kingly spirit dwelt among us, and earth is poorer for his going."

All in his motley, since he willed it so, they laid him on his bier to bear him back again unto his father's house. And when they found the Sword of Conquest hidden underneath his mantle they marvelled he had carried such a treasure with him through the years, all unbeknown even to those who walked closest to his side.

When after many days the funeral train drew through the castle gate, the king came down to meet it. There was no need to tell Aldebaron's story. All written in his face it was, and on his scarred and twisted frame, the old king knew his son had failed not in the keeping of his oath. More regal than the royal ermine seemed his motley now. More eloquent than sheathed sword that told of years of inward struggle than if it bore the blood of dragons, for on his face there shone the peace that comes alone of mighty triumph.

The king looked round upon his nobles and his stalwart sons, then back again upon Aldebaron, lying in silent majesty.

"Bring royal purple for the pall," he faltered, "and leave the Sword of Conquest with him! No other hands will ever be found worthier

to claim it!" In truth he was the bravest that this earth has ever known."

HOW A BOY KEPT HIS WORD¹

Long ago there lived a Greek boy named Pythias. He had a very dear friend named Damon. They had both gone to the same school and were nearly always together.

One day a soldier came to Pythias and told him to appear before the ruler of the city. So he and his friend set out for the palace. Pythias knew that the ruler was a very cruel man but he did not fear, for he had done no wrong. He bowed before the ruler and waited to hear what he wished to say. "You have done a great wrong and shall be cast into prison. In two days more you shall be put to death," cried the tyrant. Pythias tried to tell him that he was innocent but the ruler would not listen. The boy's face turned pale but quietly he bowed his head and then turned and followed the soldiers from the room. The soldiers took him to the prison but his friend followed closely after him. Here he was permitted to talk to Damon.

When they were alone, Pythias said sadly, "O Damon, if I could just go home and bid my mother and friends goodbye, I could die feeling much happier. I have done no wrong and I am not afraid to die, but oh, I do wish that I could see my mother just once more." "Pythias," said his friend, "Let me go before this wicked ruler and ask him to let you go, and I will take your place until you return." The face of Pythias brightened as he listened, then it grew sad again. "No, Damon, the tyrant would never consent and besides, he might harm you while I am gone." But his friend urged him again and again and finally went away saying, "I am going before the ruler and ask his permission."

Pythias felt very lonely when Damon had gone. He walked up and down, up and down the floor of his dungeon thinking about it all. He did want to go home very much, but he did not wish to leave his dear friend in prison. But he loved him all the more for his generous offer.

After a time, he heard some one coming. A key was thrust into the lock, turned, and the door was opened by a soldier. Damon came in. "O, Pythias, you may go, you may go! At first when I asked the ruler to let you go and promised that you would surely return, he only laughed and said you were just trying to escape. But when I told him I would take your place until you returned, he began to listen to me. Finally, he said that you might go but that if you were not here by sundown two

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1. By Laura K. Ruckman, used in Boston University Demonstration School, contributed by Miss Hulda Niebuhr.

days from now, he would surely put me to death."

Tears streamed down the face of Pythias as he listened to his faithful friend. "O, I cannot go and leave you here, something might happen to you. It is enough that I am to be put to death without harm coming to you. No, I cannot go." But finally Damon persuaded his friend to take his chance and go home. Then Pythias placed his hand in the hand of his friend and said, "I promise faithfully that I will return in time to save you."

When the guard came, Pythias was taken out of the dungeon and Damon was locked in. Quickly he set out upon his journey, for the time was very short. After a time he arrived at his home. As gently as he could, he told his mother the sad news. Then he made plans for her care and said goodbye to all his friends. When all was attended to, he put his arms about his mother and said, "Mother do not grieve too much. I am not afraid to die for I have done no wrong." Then he kissed her goodbye and started out for his return journey.

He had to travel on foot and all alone. Soon some thieves sprang out and grabbed him. He struggled as hard as he could but was unable to get away. They robbed him, tied him to a tree, and then ran away. Poor Pythias struggled a long time with the rope but finally he was free once more and started again upon his way.

Pythias ran just as hard as he could to make up for lost time. After a while he came to a stream. When he had crossed it on his trip home it had been very low, but there had been a storm. Now it was a raging torrent. It seemed as if no one could possibly cross it. But Pythias knew that he must cross. His friend's life depended upon him, and bravely he swam until he was almost exhausted. At last he reached the other side but he could hardly stand. "I must go on," he gasped. "My friend will be killed if I do not get there." So as fast as his trembling legs could carry him, he hurried on. Very anxiously he watched the sun, and in dismay he saw that it was sinking in the west. He must reach the city by sunset.

At length the city loomed up in the distance. On and on he ran hoping that he would arrive in time. As he neared the prison he heard a shout. There, gathered about Damon, the prisoner, was a great crowd. Eagerly they were watching for him, and when he came into view they had given a great shout.

Pythias dashed up, pale, bloodstained, and dirty, and flung his arms about his friend, "O, I am so glad I got here in time," he cried. Then he told them about his journey and why he had come so late.

When the ruler saw the friends together he became very much ashamed of himself, and stepping up to Pythias he said, "You are free, for I cannot put either you or your friend to death."

NAHUM PRINCE¹

He lived over a hundred and fifty years ago, for it was during the Revolutionary¹ War. He had watched his father and many of the men go to join the army. He had seen many boys his own age go. His heart had swelled as they went, for he, too, longed to go. But Nahum Prince was lame, so lame that he walked slowly and with much pain. Still, Nahum wanted, more than anything else, to help his country.

One day there came a final call for men to go and fight. More men were needed. All could go, whether old or young. General Lincoln² needed every man in New Hampshire.³ "Here is my chance," thought Nahum. He took a gun they had at home; he cleaned and oiled it. With it over his shoulder he went to join the group of men and boys at the village center.

"Fall in," called the general, and all the men and boys stood in a straight line, side by side. Nahum stood up as tall and straight as he could. Then the general, beginning at the left hand end of the line, looked at the men. When he came to Nahum he said, "What! Nahum, you here?"

"Yes, sir," said Nahum, touching his hand to his cap.

"Go home, Nahum, you know you don't belong here. You can't walk a mile."

Nahum stepped forward and he stood so tall. "Oh, please general, I'm sure I can. I must help my country."

The captain called the doctor, but he only shook his head and repeated, "No, Nahum, it's no use, you must go home."

Nahum stepped out of the line. He heard the general say, "Left face! Mark time, mark! Forward, March!"

They were going! and he, Nahum, was left there all alone. He listened to the tramp, tramp of their footsteps, and he watched them as they went along the gray road. His heart was heavy. His eyes burned for he forced back the tears that wanted to come. No! If he could not go and fight for his country, he would not be a coward and cry.

As he turned and slowly limped down the road all seemed strange. There was not a man nor a boy to be seen; everyone had gone, everyone but he. What was he going to do? He felt lonesome, home-

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1. Used in Boston University Demonstration, author unknown, contributed by Miss Hulda Niebuhr.

sick and disappointed. He could not sleep much that night, for he saw the others marching, marching along the road. He heard the captain's orders. He saw the British soldiers. He heard the fighting. What could he do? What would he do? He must do something. As the early morning began to turn the gray sky to a faint pink, Nahum remembered all the women and children left in the village; their husbands and fathers, their brothers, their uncles were all gone. "Just think of all the work the women must do now," thought Nahum. He began to think of the poor widow, Corliss⁵, who was old and feeble, whose son had gone, of the woman next door, who had been ill for so long.

"Guess I'd better help them," thought Nahum.

The next day Nahum went to chop some wood for widow Corliss.⁵ As he chopped, chopped, chopped, he heard the rhythmic beat of the marching of soldiers, and he wished he might help his country. Once he stopped for he heard the clap of horses' hoofs. Four men were coming. They stopped; they looked around; they looked at one another. Then they turned and went down the road again.

"I wonder who they are and what they wanted," said Nahum to himself. "They are soldiers, too."

It was only a minute and the four men were back. Again they looked around and again they looked at one another. Then one of them, seeing Nahum, rode on to him.

"Where is the man that belongs down there?" he asked, nodding his head.

"Oh, he's gone to fight with General Lincoln²," replied Nahum.

"Where are the other men?"

"They've all gone, all the men and boys, too," and he added quietly, "I'm the only boy left in the village."

The eyes of the man flashed. "Do you mean to tell me that there is no one in this village to shoe my horse?"

"Oh, I could do that," quickly spoke up Nahum.

"Then it's lucky that you are left behind," said the man. "Light up the fire in the forge and set this shoe and be quick."

Nahum went down the road as swiftly as he could. Soon the fire was burning in the forge and Nahum was blowing it with the bellows. Then he took the shoe and heated it till it was red hot. Clang, clang, went the hammer, and the sparks flew.

Up and down the shop walked one of the soldiers, impatient to be on his way. Nahum looked at him. "I wonder who he is,"

thought Nahum.

Rap, rap, rap, Nahum drove the nails in the shoe.

Swiftly the soldier mounted the horse. "Lucky you were here my boy," he called out as he dashed up the road to join the other three.

Nahum looked at the clouds of dust and again wondered. "Was it he? Could it have been he?" Then he said aloud, "Yes, I'm sure it was he. I'm glad that I was here."

He went back to his wood chopping and now he heard the ring, ring of the hammer on the anvil and the clap, clap of the horses' feet. The days went swiftly for there was much for Nahum to do.

A week later when the men and the boys returned they told how, at the last minute General Lincoln² came up with another regiment and so they had won the battle of Bennington.⁴ As their faces glowed with pride of their victory, Nahum's eyes shone, for then he was sure that he had helped win the battle that day when he shod the general's horse.

JIMMIE STAND-BY¹

Jimmie had traveled forty miles over the hard and crusty snow to find Dr. Grenfel.¹ He had ridden on his sled that was drawn by four big Eskimo dogs. He had come because his mother was ill and they didn't know whether she would ever be well again or not.

When Dr. Grenfel heard about it he went home with Jimmie at once, worked with the mother all night and saved her life. From that day, Jimmie thought Dr. Grenfel the most wonderful man in the world.

When Dr. Grenfel made his long trips through the country he always took a man with him to drive the dogs and help him on the journey. Jimmie thought it would be wonderful if he could be Dr. Grenfel's man.

Not long after that, Dr. Grenfel's man died, and Jimmie hitched his dogs and his sled and made the journey again over the hard and crusty snow.

When he reached the doctor's house, he said, "Dr. Grenfel, I have come to be your man." Dr. Grenfel looked down at him and said, "You are too small, Jimmie." "I know I'm small," said Jimmie, "but

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1. From Life and Experiences of Dr. Grenfel, adaptation by Miss Alberta Munkres, contributed by Miss Hulda Niebuhr.

I am strong and I'm sure that I could help you." "Jimmie, you would have to drive eight dogs," said the doctor. "I can drive four now," answered Jimmie, and I am sure that I could learn how to drive eight." "Jimmie," said Dr. Grenfel, "if you were my man you would need to know how to 'stand by' even when it is very difficult." I would stand by and do everything you could want me to do."

Then the doctor said, "Jimmie, I am just ready to start one of my trips. You may come with me and if you can do what I want, you may be my man."

So they started, Jimmie driving the eight dogs. On the sled was a box which contained food and meat for the dogs.

They had not gone far when they saw across their path the fresh tracks of a moose. Dr. Grenfel said, "I think this moose must be near by and I am going to hunt for him. I want you to stay here, Jimmie, and watch the dogs. I think I shall be back in a few minutes, but no matter what happens, you must not move from the spot. Remember to 'stand by'."

Jimmie watched until Dr. Grenfel was out of sight, then he tied the dogs to a stump of a tree, and began walking about in the snow to keep warm.

The hours passed and the doctor did not return. The dogs were hungry and Jimmie fed them some of the meat. Night was coming on and Jimmie began to wonder where he could sleep. He had never been alone like this before and besides it was very, very cold. He climbed onto the sled and tried to make himself comfortable, but he didn't sleep much.

At last morning came, and the doctor was not there. Jimmie fed the dogs again and when noontime came he had to give them the last of the meat and still they were not satisfied. Then he felt afraid because he knew that the dogs were ferocious and would probably eat him if he did not give them food. He looked about, then took part of the dog's harness, cut it into small pieces and scattered the pieces over the snow for the dogs to eat. Then he cut his leather mittens into pieces and scattered them over the snow. He cut his leather cap and was just beginning on one of his boots when he saw a man coming-- but it was not Dr. Grenfel. The man said to him, "Is this Jimmie?" "Yes," said Jimmie, "but where is Dr. Grenfel?" Then the stranger said, "After he left you that evening, he was lost in the snow. He tramped around all night trying to find you and he thought that maybe you moved from the place where he left you. He was almost frozen, and is in the hospital now, and he sent me for you."

"I didn't move from the spot," answered Jimmie. "I did just what he told me to do. I feel so strange, as if I might go to sleep." "That's all right, Jimmie," said the man, "you climb onto the sled and

go to sleep if you want to. I'll take care of you.

So Jimmie climbed onto the sled and the last thing he said was, "If I should go to sleep before I see Dr. Grenfel won't you please tell him that I did stand by?"

For a whole month Jimmie tossed about on his bed and knew nothing of what was happening. Then one day he opened his eyes and looked about him, and he saw that one hand was gone and one foot was gone.

Now you must not think that Jimmie was a baby when I tell you that two great big tears rolled down his cheeks. "I don't mind the pain," said Jimmie, "but now I can never be Dr. Grenfel's man. What could he do with a man who had only one arm and only one leg?"

As the days passed Jimmie grew stronger until finally he was able to leave his bed.

One day Dr. Grenfel came and he had in his arm a queer looking package. He said to Jimmie, "You can't guess what I have brought for you," and of course Jimmie could not guess.

When he opened the package, there was a wooden leg and a long hook that could be used for a hand.

When Jimmie was dressed, he looked very well indeed. Dr. Grenfel said to him, "I want you to come with me," and he took him to a big hospital where there were ever and ever so many sick boys and girls. He said to the head doctor, "I have brought my most trusty man to you to help you in your work. I have brought him because I know he will do just what you want him to do no matter how difficult it is.

Then, instead of introducing him as Jimmie Moore, for that was his name, he said, "This is Mr. Jimmie Stand-by¹."

If you were to go to that far-away land of Labrador to-day, you would find in the Children's Hospital there a man, for Jimmie is grown up now, with a wooden leg and a hook for a hand. If you were to ask his name, they would say to you, "Do you not know?" This is Mr. Jimmie Stand-by, Dr. Grenfel's man."

THE PATCH OF BLUE¹

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1. From "A Triangle of Stories" by Alice G. Moore.

Long, long ago, when candles and patchwork quilts had an honored place in every home, and when the hands of little children helped to make them, there lived a king and a queen whom everyone in the kingdom loved, but even more than they loved the king and queen, the children loved the little golden haired princess. The kingdom was not large, so that the little princess often rode through the villages and thus came to know the children by name. She laughed merrily as she watched them at play and wished she might join them in their games, but this she could never do because she would one day be their queen. The children brought her flowers from the fields and the smoothest pebbles from the brook and sang their loveliest songs as she rode away.

One day there came a messenger through the villages with sad, sad news. The little princess had been stricken with a dreadful illness and she could not leave her bed. The court physician said that she might live many years, but that only a wonderful gift of love could ever make her well. The people of the kingdom sent their most precious treasures; the children wove flowers into garlands and sent them to the palace; but the days went by and the princess grew no better.

Now the time for the princess' birthday was drawing near. Always before, this had been a day of great rejoicing and festivity, but on this day the children were to come to the palace very quietly, leave their gifts and go away. Then the queen thought of something very beautiful. "The love of the children may make the princess well," she thought. "They shall make her a patchwork quilt to show their love and it shall be their birthday gift to her."

So once again the messenger rode through the kingdom and this time he carried a patch of silk to every child. The patches were of varied shapes and many colors, and each child was to embroider her name on her patch. How happily they worked day after day for love of the princess! Some of the children lived in very grand homes and some in tiny cottages, some had teachers to show them beautiful stitches and others had no one to show them how, but all loved the princess and were glad to show their love.

One day as Alice¹ (which really means "princess" you know) was working on her patch she thought, "I must make my patch very beautiful indeed, because my name means princess." Her patch was small and square, and as blue as the bachelor buttons that grew in her grandmother's garden. Alice lived in the cottage with her grandmother who was crippled with rheumatism. So many times she had to drop her patch to answer her grandmother's call that the thread knotted again and again. Sometimes the little patch fell in the dust and lay unnoticed until she returned. But always she brushed off the dust, tied the broken threads and made it look as well as possible, singing as she worked.

One day she went on an errand to the great house on the hill.

As she passed by the rose-covered arbor she saw a girl about her own age who was working on a patch for the princess' quilt. It was much larger than her own and the stitches were very, very beautiful. As Alice went home she wished her patch might have been larger, for her name would have looked so much better on a larger patch. Another day, as she went to the well for water, she saw the girl next door embroidering a patch of the loveliest crimson imaginable. The little blue patch looked smaller and even less bright as Alice took it up again. "How I would love to work on crimson," Alice thought. Then she smoothed the little blue patch tenderly. "I'll make you as beautiful as I can," she said, "and the princess shall know how much I love her." Just then her grandmother called and once again she had to lay the patch aside, nor was she able to return to it all that day.

Thus the days went by until three days before the princess' birthday. Alice had worked many nights by candle-light, because she had so little time through the day. Then came the king's messenger to gather up the patches. As he called through the streets, "Children, bring your patches," Alice was suddenly filled with shame as she looked at the little blue patch which she had finished the night before. It looked so small and dull and the stitches were so poor. She remembered the wonderful stitches which she had seen on the large patch, and the brightness of the crimson patch, and she thought, "It is not lovely enough for the princess' quilt and it is so small it will never be missed." So she hid it in her cedar chest. When again the messenger passed by, Alice hid too, and quietly wept as she thought of her poor little patch of blue.

Early on the morning of the princess' birthday, the children gathered flowers even before the dew had left them and made wreaths and garlands. The sun shone brightly and the children sang as they passed by on the way to the palace. Alice stood at the window of the tiny cottage and gazed sorrowfully at the passing throng of children. Her grandmother was so ill that day that she could not even go to the palace. Many times she longed to rush out and send her patch, but when she thought of the crimson one, she could not.

Afterwards, Alice heard that the princess loved the beautiful quilt, but that she could not get well, for she was grieving over a missing patch small and square, which was needed to complete the quilt. Day by day, the little princess seemed to grow worse, so early one morning when her grandmother was feeling well enough to be left alone, Alice slipped away with the blue patch in her apron pocket. Through the shade of the wood, along the dusty road, across the fields, on and on she went. The sun grew hotter every moment until her face was scorched. The dust filled her eyes. It was long past noon when the weary little figure reached the palace gate. Here she was refused admission until she showed the blue patch, whereupon the guard sent for one of the queen's waiting women who led her to the princess.

The princess lay on her couch and over her was spread the won-

derful quilt with every patch in place but one. The colors blended into one marvelous harmony, but in the very center of the quilt was a hole, small and square. "Alice," said the princess stretching out her hand, "I knew you would come. I missed your name from among them, so I knew you had the missing patch. Why did you not come before?"

Alice hung her head. "I didn't think mine was as beautiful as the others," she said.

"But see," laughed the princess as she placed the blue patch in the open space, "it is more beautiful than all the rest. In my dream I saw you always helping your grandmother and trying to make the blue patch beautiful in spite of difficulties. It made me sad to have you hold back the best you had to give-- for love and service freely given are precious like gold." And as Alice looked, she gasped with surprise; for on the blue patch she saw her name embroidered in gold and underneath were the words, "A Princess."

From that day the princess grew better, until once again she rode through the villages, while the children laughed more happily than ever before. It was whispered among them that of all the children the princess loved Alice best. They loved her, too, and were glad.

PIERRE'S PART¹

In the great studio, under the supervision of the master glazier, many workers were constructing the parts of a grand new window for the cathedral, to be in its place at Easter. Some were washing the glass with various tints and carrying the sheets to the kiln for burning; some were drawing the shading; some preparing lead frames and some cutting the glass sheets into small pieces to be fitted into the different parts of the window. Each of these latter workers had fragments of pasteboard patterns, all of one colour, and he arranged them on a sheet of glass of the same hue, which he cut into the desired shapes.

In the master's private room was a great cartoon, or coloured pasteboard picture of the window; and there also was another complete pattern on which some of the most skillful men were fitting the mosaic, as the glass was brought from the large shop.

Among the cutters was a youth, Pierre³, who was working on an

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1. By S. Alice Ranlett in a Treasure Book of Treasures, the Use of Stories in Worship, Series III, pp. 28-30, published by The Religious Education Council of Canada.

untinted glass of grey, greenish white, and rough in surface; and as he worked, he thought: "This plane glass gives but dull work; Jean¹ there, who cuts the deep red, must delight in his heap of jewels; they glow like garnets and rubies. And Jacques¹ yonder has amber and topaz; Guillaume¹ has turquoises; Louis¹ sapphires, and Denis¹ beryl and acquamarine." "They are like rich misers turning over their heaps of gems," said Pierre, looking with delight at the many-hued glass fragments, glowing with rich colour in the sunshine which flooded the studio. "And I--I am no rich man, but just one cutting plain glass to fill the spaces about the picture. I suppose no one will notice the work, but the window is for God's glory and the spaces must be filled, and I as well as another may do it, and in the best way I may."

"I wonder what the picture is? The master is keeping it a secret, but I suppose it will be some grand thing of kings and saints and angels. Jean's ruby will make, perhaps, the shining satin and rich velvet of their robes; and Jacques' yellow their crowns and halos, and the emerald will be the green grass and budding trees; and others will be the azure sky and the bright flowers, and I must fill the spaces. Yet, unless they are well filled, the picture will fail of something. Allons, Pierre, let us fill the spaces well!" and, humming some notes of a song, Pierre bent over his work, measuring and cutting with greatest care.

"Bien, mon garcon!" cried the master, coming to the bench at this moment -- "I am glad that thou art so well doing thy part."

"So," said Pierre, "the master notices the plain glass which fills the spaces!"

The winter days slipped by in the busy shop, bright with color and musical with the sound of men singing a gay bit of chanson. And Pierre, in his corner, measured and cut the plain glass into pieces large and small--mere slender needles and bits almost too tiny for a man to hold between his fingers; and, as he worked, he thought in simple way of the spaces of life, unnoticed and yet to be filled by humble offices of service.

And as he thought thus, he began to note some of these small services. It was he who often quietly found the missing bits of pattern and borrowed tools in the atelier, when the men were beginning to fly into a passion over these things. It was he, who, when the men went home in the February twilight, cold and weary, and ready for a bowl of hot soup, ran to help the village women, breaking the ice at the fountain and lifting their heavy jugs.

When the men laughed, and said, "Thou hast thy work; leave the women to do theirs!" he smiled, and said to himself, "Since my part is to fill up the spaces, I must do that wherever I find a space." And so he went on doing small services of which most never thought; and the women in the market place began to say to each other, "It makes the

day easier to see Pierre smile and have him lift the jugs," and the children ran to meet him, asking him to tell them a tale or sing to them.

In Holy Week, all the glass cutting was finished; only the men who did the final fitting of the mosaic and the setting it in the leaden frames were busy; but Pierre and the other cutters were having a holiday!

Pierre did not care to lounge in the spring sunshine about the market place; and in these days, he went along, taking solitary walks in the forest and by the river. He noted the early wild flowers with their frail stars of rose, yellow and pure white, and thought how their little disks made the forest floor into a lovely living mosaic; and he noted the limpid river blue with the azure of the spring sky, and dipping his hand into it, let the drops trickle off, each one catching the sunshine and flashing with rainbow hues. "Scarce anyone would notice the drops of water," he thought: "yet they make the river's flood and each single one may be a thing of beauty."

On the last solemn days of Holy Week, Pierre went to church and knelt reverently, and listened while the priest spoke of the passion of Jesus, and of the power of a single drop of his precious blood to save a world of sinners, and of the power of a single prayer of one who turned for aid to the Savior.

Easter came; the coverings and the scaffoldings were taken from the long-concealed wall space in the cathedral, and full in the sight of all was the window, beautiful with its soft, deep glowing tints; all the fragments which Jean, Jacques, and the others had cut into meaningless pieces were now in their own true places, full of meaning in the perfect window.

Pierre noted with eager eyes, the rich ruby and carmine of the robes, the gold and sapphire, and the jewelled crowns and tiaras, and the emerald grass, starred like the forest floor with rose and violet blossoms.

²The window was a Jesse window, and in the highest medallion was the ascended Lord with two adoring angels. Pierre forgot the rest of the beautiful window when he saw this highest group, and stood gazing upon the winged angels and the Holy Face, pure and filled with transcendent love which made him bend his knee and worship, like the pictured angels.

Then the master glazier came near, and spoke: "Eh bien, Pierre, how dost thou find the window?" And when he saw the look of wondering joy and reverence on the boy's face, he continued: "O, dost thou indeed find it so beautiful? Thou hast the Artist's soul; and truly, thou hast well done thy part in the work."

"My part?" asked Pierre, surprised, --he had not once thought of his own plain cutting to fill in the spaces, as he looked at the splendid window. "My part? Where is it?"

"There, on high, in the last medallion," answered the master; "in the wings of the adoring angels and in the Holy Face."

"But the wings are not of dull, grey glass," said Pierre. "They are shining white, and the face is radiant and full of beauty."

"True," the master replied--"I touched all with my brushes at the last. The shining radiance comes to the plain glass when the work is quite finished and the sun is shining through, but the cutting and the fitting were thy work."

"O," murmured Pierre, "is that what comes to the bits of plain and colourless work that one does, thinking it is but to fill the spaces between all that is rich and beautiful? At the end does the master touch and transform it, and put it in his high places, so that it seems no longer the humble work of the lowly worker, although he had indeed wrought upon it? May I evermore work joyfully upon the lowest!"

The master, listening, understood Pierre in part and answered: "Nay, thou knowest not, nor I, what is the highest nor the lowest, for every part is needed for the full beauty of the window; but he who well does the lowest, if such there be, is so the more fit to do the highest, if such there be."

And a priest who stood near, looking at the window, added: "It is written in the Holy Scripture that the Lord of the servant said to one who had been faithful over a few things,

"Enter Thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE LOST ENEMY¹

Allen Scott³ was a healthy eight-year old boy. He had kind parents, a pleasant home, and more toys than most boys of his age. But he had one possession he did not want-- an enemy. For a whole week he and Mark Butler³ had been enemies. At first Allen thought it was smart to have an enemy. "Men have enemies," he told himself. Therefore, why should he not have one? But this afternoon some way, he was lonely for the company of the boy who heretofore had been his best friend.

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1. By Maria Everet Hayn, unpublished, contributed by Miss Hulda Niebuhr.

"I wish Mark wasn't my enemy," Allen said, half aloud, a sober expression on his round face.

Allen's mother, sewing by the window, turned and looked at him. "Why is Mark your enemy?" she asked.

"He set his dog on mine last week."

"Perhaps it was only in fun," suggested his mother, smiling.

"Mark says so; but I don't believe it." Allen stood silent for a moment; then he added: "But I don't like to have him for an enemy."

"Lose him."

"How?"

"There are many ways. Do him a kindness. Change him from an enemy to a friend."

"But Mark started the quarrel. It's his place to make friends with me; not mine."

Mrs. Scott³ sighed, "I'm afraid you really don't want to lose your enemy," she said.

Looking out of the window, Allen felt more lonely than ever at sight of Mark's rough-haired, black dog trotting down the street. He wondered where he was going without his young master.

"The Bible says we must love our enemies," Mrs. Scott said. The striking of the clock, however, indicated that the dinner hour was approaching; so she took a dollar from her purse and handed it to Allen.

"Go to the bakery," she said, "and get me two loaves of bread."

Allen put on his coat and cap and went out. He recalled with a sinking heart that ordinarily Mark would have accompanied him. Suddenly he drew his cap down over his eyes, for the day was cold and windy.

The bakery was on a side street, a short distance away. When he reached it, to his surprise he found the door open. He went in and was startled to hear the furious barking of a dog, accompanied by the hissing and wailing of a cat.

"Shut that door, boy!" came from the room at the rear of the store. "I'm going to fix that dog!"

Allen closed the door, and the baker, his hands covered with dough, came forward. "I'm going to send that dog to the pound!" he

snapped. "This is the third time this week he's chased my cat. And now he's ruined my cake!"

Allen looked at the dog. For the first time he noted that his forepaws rested on a fresh chocolate cake.² In the show window, with her back arched, a gray cat stood at bay. To Allen's consternation he recognized the dog as belonging to Mark Butler.

The baker wiped his hands on his apron and stepped to the telephone. Allen felt a catch in his throat. "Serves him right!" Allen thought. And then came into his mind, "Love your enemies."

"Wait a moment," he said to the baker. "How much is your cake?"

"Fifty cents."

"I'll pay it," said Allen, handing him the dollar.

"All right," replied the baker; but if the dog ever comes in here again, to the pound¹ he goes!"

With the bread under his arm Allen then led Spindle³ home. In the kitchen he washed the dog's paws. This done he wrinkled his forehead. He must warn Mark of the baker's threat. But how? Finally he decided to write a note.

Getting pencil and paper, Allen hastily wrote the note. Again he wrinkled his forehead. The note must be signed. Not with his own name surely. No; that would never do. "An enemy?" Not that either. Presently a light shone in his dark eyes, and his lips parted in a smile. He signed the note, "A Friend" in large letters.

Upstairs Allen explained to his mother the absence of fifty cents from the change. He had just opened his bank to repay the money when the doorbell rang. Running to the door, he opened it. There, sitting on the top step, his tongue hanging out at one side of his mouth, as though he were smiling, was Spindle. Beside him stood Mark, holding a fifty-cent piece and Allen's note in his hand.

"I came to pay you back the fifty cents you paid for the cake," Mark informed him with a smile. "The baker told me of your kindness. I can't thank you enough, Allen. Let's not be enemies any longer."

"Who is it, Allen?" called his mother.

"It's my enemy," laughed Allen; "only he isn't any more! I've lost him, mother. I've lost him forever!"

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A CHIEF'S REVENGE

A Story of South Africa

Under the makala trees of Metsemacwe, in South Africa, sat Lorakeng, the new chief of the tribe. Staff in hand, he listened, as his father had listened before him, to the many tribesmen who came for counsel or for judgment. Now he must settle a quarrel which had arisen over three black hens; now he must decide the punishment for a man who had stolen his neighbor's goat; now he must tell the herdsmen where they might graze their cattle, and the women the order in which the crops must be hoed. Before long the jostling tribesfolk were saying, "The new chief's word is good."

Towards sunset most of the people went back to their huts and Lorakeng entered the dwelling set apart for the chief. His work for the day, however, was not finished. Soon figures came stealing towards the hut and slipped inside. Anyone who passed there after dusk heard, through the open doorway, the sound of singing or Lorakeng's voice talking, for the new chief was a Christian and wanted to hear about Jesus Christ.

One night, several months later, as the little group of friends gathered in the hut, a man slipped to Lorakeng's side and spoke in his ear. "Keep a watch on Kobe, O chief," he warned him. "He is jealous of you. He is carrying false reports to the district commissioner. If the Englishman hears too many complaints he will decide that you are unfit to rule, and will appoint a new chief in your place."

Lorakeng refused to believe it. "My brother telling false tales about me!" he said. "O friend, you are mistaken. I do not listen to idle rumors."

But the man persisted. "Kobe is envious of the wealth that has fallen to you as chief," he said; "your dwelling, your well-filled corn bins, your fine ploughing lands, and your many herds of cattle and goats. He aims at being chief himself!"

It was no idle warning. That very evening, while Lorakeng was teaching in his own hut, Kobe and his friends sat round a fire not half a mile away, scheming against him.

"Surely, my friends, I am the one to take my father's place," Kobe was saying, "for was I not his favorite son? Besides, see how my brother is poisoning the minds of the tribesfolk with the white man's religion!"

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1. By Doris McGill, from "People of the Light", re-printed, pp. 130-135, in Missionary Stories to Tell, compiled by the Children's Committee of the Missionary Education Movement of the U. S. and Canada.

"True, O Kobe," nodded one of his companions. "Soon he will want us to give up dancing and feasting before the gods of Metsemacwe and worship the white man's god. A fine one is he to follow your father! But not for long shall he be chief!"

They lowered their voices. A few of their number, they decided, should listen outside Lorakeng's hut; then, they would spread false rumors about what he was teaching. Others should start quarrels between tribesmen and report them to the district commissioner, laying the blame each time upon the new chief. Others should win over idle listeners by their promises of all Kobe would do if he were made chief. Kobe himself should continue to make friends with the commissioner and tell him, amongst other untrue things, that Lorakeng had not given his brother his rightful share of his father's property.

It was not long before their schemes bore fruit. By the next full moon, instead of the quiet murmur of gossip round the evening fires of Metsemacwe, there arose sounds of argument and quarreling as to which of the two brothers should be chief. There was so much disturbance that news of it reached the ears of the commissioner, living many miles away. He sent a message to Lorakeng.

"Call an assembly in three days' time, O chief," it said. "I will listen to the voice of the people and then name the future chief."

On the third day those in the village heard the sound of a drum; those working in the fields or minding the cattle heard the long shrill call of a runner from the hilltop. All left their work and came to the assembly. The commissioner sat between the two brothers, under the makala trees, and the headmen began excitedly to discuss the matter. It was plain that Kobe's party had won many followers for him. Two of Lorakeng's friends, furious with their rival's trickery, rushed from their places to attack him, but before a fight could begin the powerful hands of their chief grasped their shoulders from behind. "Stop!" he ordered. "A fight will not help matters. You will make things worse!"

"He is afraid of his brother," whispered the people. And seeing how likely it was that Kobe would win the day, they said, "If Kobe becomes chief, he will punish us later if we speak against him now."

Therefore many spoke for Kobe and few for Lorakeng, and at the end of the day the commissioner named Kobe as chief instead of his brother.

That night in Metsemacwe the sound of shouting and excited laughter went on long after dark. By the light of torches, with dancing and feasting, Kobe and his followers celebrated their victory.

A little distance away Lorakeng too was surrounded by people. "You will fight," his friends urged. "If spears and guns were not

forbidden by the government, we should be rid of this crafty brother of yours tonight. But there are other ways of revenge. You will soon be chief once more!"

But Lorakeng shook his head, a calm determined look in his eyes. "If I become my brother's enemy, and stir up trouble for him," he said, "what good will come of it? It will cause bitterness and unrest amongst the tribespeople. If I win back the chieftanship, Kobe will only start plotting against me again; and so we shall go on for the rest of our lives."

"Strange words from the son of a proud and warlike father!" exclaimed the old man in astonishment. "You must take your revenge!"

"You forget, O my friends," replied Lorakeng, looking every inch a chief's son as he stood proud and erect before them, "that I am now a Christian. I read in the book of the Christians, 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' and again, 'Follow after the things which make for peace.' The law of peace is better than the law of revenge, and I will show that a poor man as well as a chief can best serve his tribe by obeying it."

The next day, all that had belonged to the chief, having become Kobe's, Lorakeng was a poor man. Robbed of his dwelling, his lands, and his cattle, he set about building himself a tiny hut on the edge of the village.

Under the makala trees Kobe ruled as chief. As the weeks went by and he heard no news of his brother, he grew uneasy. That secret revenge was Lorakeng hatching against him?

"He is building a great house, O chief!" reported one of Kobe's followers, who that morning had passed near Lorakeng's hut. Already it is staked out, and he is now setting on the rafters. It is three times as great as your own dwelling."

Full of curiosity Kobe went down with him to the place and watched unseen by his brother. There was Lorakeng hammering the rafters on the supports of a large building, singing to himself as he worked.

"Go and inquire what the building is for," Kobe said.

"He says, O chief," reported the man on his return, "that he is building a church where the tribe may come to worship the true God and learn the law of peace."

Kobe returned to his own dwelling, deep in thought. "Is this his way of revenge?" he wondered.

Month after month Lorakeng continued to build the little church. His clothes were in holes by now, and he lived on one scanty

meal a day, for what little money he possessed he had used to buy wood. When the framework was finished, he hauled and mixed mud and plastered the walls. He then gathered great piles of grass and began to thatch the roof.

A year went by and still he was busy. It was not until two years had passed that the little church was finished. He swept the path and lined it with white stones. He sent to the missionary to come and open it. On the appointed day he went through Metsamacwe beating a drum to call the people together. They came in their best clothes, and crowded round the missionary as he unfastened the door. There was not room on that day for all who came. Even the open windows and doorway were crowded with those who wanted to see inside the little church which Lorakeng had built with his own hands, and to hear about the new teaching.

"This church," said the missionary, "has been built by one who chose peace instead of revenge. It will remind you whenever you enter it of the presence of the Prince of Peace."

Lorakeng sat in the front, his coat in rags, his face radiant. As the rafters echoed to the songs and prayers of thanksgiving he knew than not even when he had been chief had he felt such happiness.

No longer did the people need to meet in a hut. They now had a church. And so many came to learn from Lorakeng more about Jesus Christ that Lorakeng found himself becoming a chief in a new way--he was leader and chief of a strong band of Christians in Metsamacwe. He is still there today, head of the church and leader of his people. He even goes out to farms and villages for miles around that more people may hear about Jesus Christ and may learn to obey his law of peace.

ST. FRANCIS AND THE THREE ROBBERS¹

It was June in Monte Casale.¹ The last rays of the setting sun fell on the figure of an old man sitting at a cottage door. Down the street came a group of laughing boys. One of them halted in front of the cottage.

"Five o'clock to-morrow morning, Pero, don't forget!" called the tallest of the group, as they passed on.

"Never fear, Tito," answered the boy, a lad of twelve with a merry laughing face. Then with a gay 'Addio', he flung himself on the ground at the old man's feet. Suddenly he looked up.

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1. By Anna Cope Evans, contributed by the Girl's Work Department of the Y. M. C. A. in New York City.

"Uncle Nello," he began, "why is it you are different? Tito says he heard his mother say there is no one in the whole village like you. Everybody loves you because---the boy hesitated a moment--because you always understand--and care," he finished lamely.

A shadow came on the old man's face. Then it lit up with a wonderful look of love and reverence.

"Whatever I am, I am only what the love of God made me," he said slowly. "The love of God," he repeated, "that came to me through one of His children and touched me and changed my life. "Ah, Piero, mio," he added wistfully, "I would thou hadst known him."

"Who, Uncle Nello? Tell me about him," demanded the boy.

"Words are poor things to describe such as he, but I will tell thee what he did for me. He was young when I first saw him and I hated him, though his smile and gay friendliness might have won the heart of the devil himself. My mother was but three days dead and I hated all the world. I loved her as I loved no one else, though God knows I gave her trouble enough, and when she went, there was no one to care what became of me and I cared for no one. I was but nineteen and one thing I desired--never to see Monte Casale again.

"Two days after the funeral I was off to the mountains. There I fell in with robbers. They treated me well and the excitement and adventure of the life appealed to me. It made it easier to forget. There were three of us who were always together, and we feared neither God nor man. We lived well and spent as recklessly as we took, but the time came when, with all our recklessness, we took little. There were few travelling on the roads that season and there were long days of idleness when we had little enough to eat. It was then that the face of Brother Francis began to haunt me. For all its gaiety there was something wistful about it, as if he asked something of me. The autumn set in early that year and ere it was over we were desperate with hunger. Not far away was a house where lived some of Brother Francis' Little Poor Men and where he himself often stayed. His face haunted me constantly now and I was beginning to find out that there is a hunger more terrible than the hunger for food. I persuaded my comrades to go with me to the house of the Little Poor Men and ask for bread.

The next morning we set out. It was a day of storm and sunshine and when we reached the house the sky was so dark we could hardly see the face of the Brother who came in answer to our knock. I knew well by his figure, however, that it was not Brother Francis and my heart sank. Brother Angelo, for he it was, welcomed us kindly at first and was about to place food before us, when suddenly the light fell full on our faces and he recognized us. Not a sign of fear did he show, but his face grew white and stern and his eyes flashed as he faced us and cried,

"You cruel thieves and murderers! Are you not ashamed to steal what others have worked to earn; and do you even dare to ask for that which has been given in charity to God's poor? You are not fit to live, for you reverence neither man nor God. Be off with you, and never let me see your faces again."

A clap of thunder drowned his last words, but forth he drove us even in the face of the storm. My heart was cold and hard as a stone and I laughed bitterly, as my companions cursed me roundly for bringing them on a fool's errand.

A grove of chestnut trees was near by and there we took refuge from the storm. I was faint with hunger and I think I must have slept for the next thing I remember the sun was shining and my comrades were eating a few chestnuts they had found. Suddenly we heard a step approaching. We started up in alarm, desperate and ready for anything. To our surprise it was Brother Angelo toiling up the steep path with a bag over his shoulder. Our chance for revenge had come quickly. He caught sight of us almost at once and instead of pausing he came straight toward us.

"What followed seemed like a dream. Opening the bag, he spread food before us and kneeling down he cried humbly,

"My brothers, I pray you to forgive me for the words I spoke but an hour ago. Brother Francis has returned and has made me see that the way of Christ is the way of love and that I have greatly erred. He sends you this food and begs you to accept it and to do no more evil. He bids me say that if you will give up your wicked life, he will care for you and feed you always."

"My companions were speechless. As for me, I felt like a man blinded by a great light---the light of the love of God shining through Brother Francis---and it changed my heart just as surely as the sun's light changes the face of the earth from winter to spring.

"We went back with Brother Angelo and none of us ever returned to our life in the mountains. The whole world has changed for me from that day. The joy of a great love had come into my life."

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THE LATCHSTRING

"Well, perhaps we ought at least to bar our door, for the

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1. From "The Children's Story Garden" collected by a Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends, Anna Pettit Broomwell, Chairman.

sake of the children." Mary Tyler¹ spoke reluctantly, and there was a note of uncertainty in her voice.

"Perhaps so," replied James Tyler.¹ "It seems to me every man within five miles has upbraided me for not protecting my children."

Mary glanced with troubled eyes at the face of her husband as they sat before the fire in their little cabin. She knew that he, too, was living over the uncertain days since the outbreak of the war. Time and again there had been reports that the British soldiers had incited the Indians to burn the cabins of settlers and massacre whole families. Despite these reports, the Tylers had lived, as before, on friendly terms with their neighbors, both Indians and white men. When massacres had occurred in nearby settlements, they had still continued to leave out the latchstring, that leather thong which enables a person outside the door to lift the latch and enter.

The Tylers had trusted entirely to the protection of their Heavenly Father, and had refused to arm themselves, or even to lock the door. Now they had reliable assurance that the Indians were coming to destroy their settlement. Neighbors urged that they had no right to imperil the lives of their children by such fool-hardiness---that they should protect themselves.

"But is it really protection?" Mary queried, as now they sat alone in their cabin.

"At least," responded James, "we shall be doing what most people consider safest."

For what seemed a long time, they sat gazing at the fire.

The silence was broken only by the moaning of the wind in the pine trees and the crackling of the logs on the hearth. For the first time in all the dark days, Mary felt afraid. She stirred uneasily and cast a furtive glance around the shadowy room. James rose and lighted a candle. He crossed the room and stood a moment uncertainly beside the outside door. Then, with a deep sigh, he pulled the leather thong, fastened the latch securely, and prepared for bed.

All night James tossed restlessly. Every time one of the children stirred, or a branch scraped the roof, he would start violently, and fall back unnerved. He tried to calm himself by repeating verses from the Bible, but instead of the usual comfort, the words only brought a challenge to his excited brain. "Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith? Take the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

"Mary," he whispered at last, "art thou awake?"

"Yes, James," she replied, "I have not slept. I have tried to pray, and always the answer has been, 'Behold the Lord's hand is not

shortened that it cannot save."¹

"Thou art right, Mary, the Lord's hand is not shortened and we did wrong to pull in the latchstring. Shall we put our trust entirely in Him?"

"Aye, James, I should feel much safer so," she replied.

"Quickly James stepped to the door and pulled the leather thong through to the outside. Then he lay down again and both enjoyed such a sense of peace and security as they had not felt for hours. Suddenly, just as they were about to drop off to sleep, they heard a blood-curdling war-whoop. A few seconds later and the moccasined footsteps of several men passed the window and stopped in front of the door. The latch clicked and the door swung open. By the dim light from the embers on the hearth, James could see eleven Indians in full war paint. They motioned and talked to each other and then silently pulled the door to and disappeared into the night.

In the morning, when James and Mary looked out of their door, they saw only the smoking ruins of their neighbor's cabins.

Years later, when the war was over, the government of the United States appointed James Tyler as a representative to an Indian conference. One day he told this story to all those assembled. In reply, an Indian arose and said: "I was one of those Indians. We crept up in the night. We meant to burn and kill. We found latchstring out. We said, 'No burn this house. No kill these people. They do us no harm. They trust Great Spirit.'"

THE PACKMAN'S WARES¹

A Story of Bible Distribution in Sicily

The shadows of evening crept over a mountain road in the Island of Sicily. It was a lonely road, said to be the haunt of a band of brigands, and travelers did not like to journey over it after sunset. Over the brow of the road came a packman, or colporteur. He set down his bag of books to rest his tired arm, eased the pack on his back, and glanced first at the setting sun and then at the long, white road that stretched like a narrow ribbon for miles without a break.

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1. From "Tales of God's Packmen," retold by Edwin W. Smith, quoted in "Adventuress," by Mary Entwistle and Elsie H. Spriggs, re-printed, pp. 172-176 in *Missionary Stories to Tell* (Compiled by the Children's Committee of the Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada).

All through the day he had walked the mountain road; he was tired, his bag and the pack on his back seemed to grow heavier with every mile he traveled. But night would soon fall, so picking up the heavy bag he set off to reach the next town as speedily as he could.

He had not gone very far when the sound of beating hoofs upon the road came to his ears. He looked back; a horse and its rider were overtaking him at a quick trot. Wrapped in a large, black cloak and wearing a broad-brimmed hat, the man looked important, even commanding. As the horse drew abreast of him on the narrow road, the packman stood aside. Glancing up into the rider's dark face, he greeted him in the Silician fashion. "Good evening, signore," he said.

The rider checked his horse and leaped to the ground. His hard look swept over the packman and lingered on the bag. "What is your business?" he asked abruptly. "What do you carry in that bag?"

Wondering at the man's fierce tone, the packman answered, "Why, I carry books, signore."

"Oh, you carry books, do you?" shouted the stranger.

"So, I've found you! And now you will destroy all the books you carry." He threw back his cloak and showed two pistols in his belt. "You are the man who carries bad books that do people harm. I'll see that you burn them, and then I'll shoot you!"

The packman stood dazed. The man before him was evidently the leader of a band of brigands. The packman knew he would show no mercy to a man who carried the word of God. He stood in the gathering darkness, silent but with his mind alert. Suddenly the brigand leveled a pistol threateningly at his face. "Drop that bag and look for wood!" he shouted. "And if you try to run away I'll shoot at once!"

Without another word the packman turned to obey.

As he searched the brushwood to burn, the packman thought, "How can I show this man that the books I sell are good?" Under the watchful gaze of the brigand he lit the fire, and as the blaze mounted high he opened his bag and lifted out the precious books. Then he said, "I ask one favor, signore, before you destroy my books and kill me. Let me read to you from one of them. How can you know whether they be evil or good unless you hear of what they tell?"

The brigand looked at the packman with a frown, and then he nodded consent. "Well, you may do that. It is only fair," he said.

So the two men sat down, one on either side of the fire. It was not quite dark, with a few stars twinkling far above. A little breeze ruffled the pages of the paper-covered book which the packman

chose from the heap beside him. It was a copy of the Gospel of St. Luke. He opened it at the tenth chapter, held it close to the glowing fire, and began to read.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves..."

The brigand started and glared from across the fire, but the packman read to the very end. When the story was done, all was quiet for a moment. Then, "I like that," said the brigand. "Put the book down; we won't burn that one. Read another."

The packman took up the Gospel of St. Matthew. He found the fifth chapter, "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill..." He read on until the brigand stopped him.

"Humph! That is a hard saying, but it is right. We won't burn that one. Now read another."

The packman turned over the pages until he came to the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. He began there, at the place of St. Paul's hymn of love. As he read, the beautiful words sounding even more lovely in the musical Italian language, the brigand's dark face lit up with delight. "What beauty!" he exclaimed. "And the words are true; love is kind. Very, very good! Certainly we will not burn that book."

The packman read on, until at last he had read something from all the books in his pack. Of every one the brigand said, "Good, good! We won't burn that one."

The fire was but a mass of glowing embers when at last the packman closed the last book. "That, signore, is all. I have no other book."

The brigand frowned. "Nonsense, bring out the bad books you sell to the village people."

The packman shook his head. "Signore, indeed I have no others. These are the books I sell."

Muttering angry threats, the brigand crossed to where the packman sat. He shook the empty bag and turned out the pack, but not another book could he find. He stared, looked hard at the packman, then burst into a hearty laugh. "Bravo!" he said. "So that is the kind of books you sell! Go then in safety."

He whistled up his horse, and in another moment he was lost to sight in the darkness. As the hoof-beats died away the packman gathered up his books thankfully, and soon arrived at the next town, found his way to the Inn and went happily to bed.

The following morning the packman went out into the marketplace to sell the Bible books. A small group of men stood round a donkey that was for sale.

"Good morning, sirs," said the packman, taking a book from his pack, "may I read to you about the Lord Jesus?"

"With pleasure," said the men in the polite Silician way.

The packman read how the Lord Jesus borrowed a donkey and rose on it into Jerusalem. The men liked the story; one asked the price of the book.

"One halfpenny," said the packman.

"That is cheap. I will take it."

While the man was getting the coin from his pocket, a loud voice called, "Beware!" Everyone looked round. A man stood in the marketplace shouting angrily, "This packman is a rogue! His books are not fit to read!"

At once there was an uproar. Men and women left their buying and selling and crowded round the packman. "Down with the stranger!" they shouted. "Stone him!"

They jostled the packman, tore away his bag and aimed blows at his head. The packman expected every moment to have a knife flung at him. Then in the moment of greatest danger, help came. A horseman galloped through the throng, crying, "Make way! Make way!" He was tall and dark, with fierce eyes and wrapped in a cloak. The packman knew him; everyone knew him; most of them feared him.

"What are you doing?" he cried. "Let that man go!" He---

"But, signore," said one, "he is trying to sell bad books. He deserves to be stoned."

With a commanding gesture the brigand silenced him. Sitting there on his horse he told how he had listened to the golden words written in those books. "They are good books," he said.

"Do not believe what others say until you too have heard what is written there. Let this man go, for if anyone hurts him I will deal with that one."

The crowd obeyed and drew back, and the packman went on his way. As he went he looked back. Still sitting quiet and watchful was the brigand who had saved the books from the fire and the packman from the fury of the crowd. The two men raised hands in courteous farewell.

Many hours after the packman received a letter. He did not know the handwriting; he wondered from whom it could be. But when he opened it, this is what he read:

"My dear Friend,

"Do you remember the brigand who stopped you on the road? I am he, but a brigand no longer. I have never forgotten you, nor the words you read to me. They saved me from my evil life..."

HOW MUCH LAND DOES A MAN NEED?¹

Pahom¹, the master of the house, sat listening to his wife as she talked with another woman. "It is perfectly true," thought he, "busy as we are from childhood, tilling the ground, we peasants never get ahead. Our trouble is that we haven't enough land. If I had plenty of land, I shouldn't fear anything."

"Other people are buying," said he to his wife, "and we must also buy twenty acres¹ or so." They had only one hundred rubles² laid by, but they began to consider how they could manage to buy it. They decided to sell a colt, one-half of their bees, hire out one of their sons as a laborer and take his wages in advance, and borrow the rest of the purchase money.

Pahom then chose out a farm of forty acres¹ and went to the lady to bargain for it. They came to an agreement, and he, paying a deposit in advance, agreed to pay the remainder within two years. Pahom now had land of his own.

The harvest was so good that within a year he had paid off his debts. When he went to plow his fields or to look at his growing corn, his heart filled with joy. The grass that grew and the flowers that bloomed there, seemed to him unlike any that grew elsewhere. Formerly, when he had passed by that land, it had appeared the same as any other, but now it seemed quite different.

About this time a rumor got about that many people were moving to new parts. One day a peasant, passing through the village, spent the night with Pahom. The stranger told him that some people, settling beyond the Volga, had joined the Commune and twenty-five acres had been granted to each man. The land was so good that the rye grew as high as a horse.

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1. From "Twenty-three Tales" by Tolstoy. Translated by Aylmer Maude, reprinted in "Worship Programs and Stories for Young People" by Alice A. Bays.

"Why should I suffer here, if one can live so well elsewhere? I will sell my land and with the money I will start afresh over there. But I must first go and find out all about it myself."

Toward the summer Pahom went down the Volga on a steamer to Samara, walked the rest of the way, and at last reached the place. It was just as the stranger had said. The peasants had plenty of land, and any one who had money could buy, at two shillings³ an acre, as much land as he wanted.

Having found out all he wished to know Pahom returned home, sold off his belongings, and then started with his family for the new settlement. On his arrival five shares of land were given him for his own and his sons' use. He now had plenty of land.

At first, in the bustle of settling down, he was pleased with it all, but when he grew accustomed to it, he began to think that, even here, he had not enough land. One day a passing dealer, returned from the land of the Bashkirs⁵, told him that in that far-away country he had bought thirteen thousand acres¹ of land for one thousand rubles.²

Pahom inquired how to get to the place; and leaving immediately, he started on his journey, taking the man with him. When they reached the end of the journey, the chief of the Bashkirs received him kindly, saying, "Choose whatever piece of land you like; we have plenty of it. Our price of land is always the same; one thousand rubles² a day."

But Pahom did not understand. What measure is that? How many acres would that be?"

"We do not know how to reckon it out," said the chief. "We sell it by the day. As much as you can go round ^{on} your feet in a day is yours, and the price is one thousand rubles² a day."

"But in a day you can get round a large tract of land," said Pahom.

"It will all be yours," replied the chief. "There is one condition, however. If you don't return on the same day to the spot where you started, your money is lost. We shall all go to any spot you like and stay there. You make your round, taking a spade with you. Wherever you think necessary, make a mark. At every turning dig a hole and pile up the turf; then afterwards we will go round with a plow from hole to hole. You may make as large a circuit as you please, but before the sun sets you must return to the place from which you started. All the land you cover will be yours."

Before daybreak Pahom was ready to start. As soon as they reached the plain the Chief stretched out his arm, saying, "As far as the eye can reach is our land. You may have any part of it." Taking off his cap, he continued: "This will be the mark. Start from here and return here again. All the land you go round shall

be yours."

Pahom put his money in the cap, took off his outer coat, and, tying a flask of water to his girdle, started toward the rising sun. When it began to grow warm he took off another coat and his boots and stuck them in his girdle. "It will be easier walking now. I will go for another three miles," thought he, "and then turn to the left. This spot is so fine, it would be a pity to lose it. The farther one goes, the better the land seems."

When Pahom looked at the sun, he saw that it was nearly halfway to the horizon, and he was ten miles from his goal. "I must hurry back now in a straight line, and it will make my land lopsided. If only I had not tried for so much! What if I am too late?"

The next time he looked at the sun, it was near the rim. What shall I do? I have grasped too much. I can't get there before the sun sets." Throwing away his coat, boots, and flask, he began running. His heart was beating like a hammer; and he was seized with terror lest he should die of the strain. Though afraid of death, he could not stop. At last he was near enough to hear the Bashkirs shouting to him.

Pahom rushed on; but just as he reached the hill, it suddenly grew dark. The sun had already set! He gave a cry: "All my labor has been in vain!" And he was about to stop when he heard the Bashkirs still shouting; and remembering that though to him the sun seemed to have set, they on the hill could still see it. Gathering his remaining strength, he at last reached the top, where he saw the Chief sitting beside the cap which held the money.

Pahom uttered a cry; his legs gave way beneath him, and as he fell forward his hands grasped the cap. "Ah, that's a fine fellow!" exclaimed the Chief. "He has gained much land."

Pahom's servant came running up and tried to raise him, but he saw that blood was flowing from his mouth. Pahom was dead!

The servant picked up the spade and dug a grave long enough for Pahom to lie in. Six feet from his head to his heels was all the land he needed.

FOR MARGARET KNEW¹

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1. By Hulda Niebuhr in "Greatness Passing By," pp. 104-106.

Margaret lived on a big boat most of the year, while other little girls were at home and going to school. Her father was captain of a Great Lakes steamer and Margaret wanted to be with him because he was all the family she had. But that was not the only reason. Life on board the ship was so very interesting,--much more interesting, Margaret felt, than life on land.

She liked to watch the sailors at their work and learned herself to climb the highest mast. Sometimes she roamed away down in the hold of the ship and stopped to watch the wheels of the machinery go round and round, or she hung over the railing of the deck, fascinated by the churning, always churning water that sprayed her face as the ship plied its way through the lake.

Homes on land, and especially schools, made Margaret feel shut in. It was enchanting to live between water and sky. When she lived on land she could not watch the ways of the sea-gulls, she did not have the fun of stopping in all the many interesting harbors where old friends greeted the captain's little daughter as a sailor comrade. One time the boat went all the way down the St. Lawrence river as far as Montreal, where Margaret saw a great ocean-going steamer.

All during the shipping season, and that was from early spring until the ice closed the lakes, Margaret lived this exciting life on the big boat with her father.

You can see that there were not many months when she was on land and going to school. Time and again, although she was acknowledged to be a very bright pupil, Margaret lost her place in her classes and failed of promotion. Finally,--she was a girl of fourteen then,--she lost all interest in her studies, and left school altogether, in spite of her father's wishes. She had not finished the work that would have admitted her to high school.

When she grew up, perhaps strange to say, Margaret became a milliner. She found great pleasure in fitting hats on girls and women, in seeing the customers go out of the store pleased with themselves as they gave a last satisfied glance into her mirror. She was so efficient and understanding that by and by she became manager of a millinery store and found no reason to worry about the education she had failed to get. That is, for a while she did not worry. Then something happened.

Margaret had joined the church, and in the services one Sunday she heard a missionary tell of his work on one of the "islands of the sea," where people needed everything that he could do for them. She listened with almost breathless interest, and found herself wishing she could do something that helped so much to make people happy.

"But I could not be a missionary," she said, excusing herself. "God could not send me, for I have no education." So she gave some money, a large amount for her, and felt that was all she

could do, and needed to do.

A few months later Margaret heard another missionary, a physician, tell of his work in another country, a country where there was only one doctor for thousands and thousands of people, and where every other kind of help was needed. The memory of the troubled people he told about gave her mind no peace. She decided she must go to this country herself, to do what she could even if she did not have as much schooling as might be desired.

She offered her services to a missionary board, but was told in reply that others were ahead of her and that her name could not be considered at that time. Margaret knew very well that they were only too polite to say her education was not sufficient, that she did not know enough to be of service.

"I may not know enough now," she said to herself, "but I will know enough as soon as that can be."

Determined to get the education she needed, Margaret McKellar went back to school. At the age of twenty-two she had to sit on school benches with young children. As she sat there she feared the boys and girls might laugh at her and she used to pray that they would not make fun of her. When she had finished the work in the grades Margaret went to high school.

After that she took the medical course in Queens University¹ in Canada and completed her school preparation as a doctor of medicine in London, England. Again she offered her services to the mission board of her church and this time they accepted her and gladly and sent her to India.

Margaret was now a full-fledged physician and as Doctor McKellar she cared for thousands of sick people in India. Her work grew year by year; after a time she had her own great hospital where she trained nurses who went into the villages and the farther provinces to care for the many who needed their help.

One time, twenty-five years after Margaret McKellar had first landed in India, the King and Queen of England came for a visit. A great celebration was planned to which Margaret was bidden. There the greatest honor was bestowed upon her that had yet come to a woman of India on any such occasion, for the medal known as the Kaiser-i-Hind² medal for service to India was given to her by the Queen.

Someone asked Doctor McKellar, "What did you think when the Queen was pinning the medal on you?" "Oh," she replied, "only one thought came into my mind, and that was of those days when as a grown up woman I sat in school with boys and girls, when I asked myself over and over, 'Is it worth while?'"

Now, after twenty-five years of service, Margaret McKellar must have smiled when she remembered that she had ever asked, "Is it worth while?"