

neck-ribbon, and when it was on Maria held her close for a moment.

"There, Hitty, don't I know when to get pink? It's your birthday present, and it looks awful good on you. But it don't look half so good as you be, Hitty."



Scouts and Friends

We think of dogs as being associated rather with peace than with war, and yet the French and the Russians have trained dogs to be of great use in war. It is singular what different points make a dog most valuable when being trained in this way. For instance, the trainers prefer dogs of dark color to those of light, because they are less visible to the enemy. In Germany the dogs are trained very peculiarly. Some of the soldiers put on French and Russian uniforms and represent the enemy, and treat the dogs very cruelly, shouting at them in the two foreign languages and beating them and ill-treating them to arouse the dogs' hostility. The German soldiers then come to the front, and pet and caress and feed them. The dogs are made suspicious of those wearing the enemy's colors. When their suspicions are aroused, they do not bark, but, either by whining or by their growl, call attention to a disturbing influence. The dogs also carry messages; these messages are put in a pouch which is fastened on a light iron collar; the dog is sent off with a whispered word; his message is read, and the help secured that was asked for. It is said that this is the most difficult part of the training—to train the dogs to go directly from one point to another, as a dog is sometimes tempted out of the beaten track—even a well-trained dog. Sporting dogs and kindred breeds are best suited to this work. It is said that after the dogs are wounded once they are useless.

Another way in which it is proposed to use dogs in case of war is after the battle, in carrying succor to the wounded. The dogs will be trained to scour the battle-fields with flasks about their necks, and, after finding a wounded man, to bark until help comes. It is thought that this will be the easiest part of the lesson the dog can learn. For this branch of the service it is said that wolf-hounds and sheep-dogs are best. The training is done by the placing of a number of men on the ground in out-of-the-way places, lying face downward on the earth; the dogs are then sent in search. The dog is taught to put his fore foot on the body and bark loudly; an ambulance-cart responds to this call. In addition to drink, it is thought that the dog can carry material for a temporary dressing of the wounds, which a man slightly wounded could use until the doctors arrived. In some of the Russian regiments the dogs have already been trained so that their value on the battle-field is no longer questionable.



Familiar Quotations

Supply the missing letters in the following familiar quotations, giving author and place from which they are taken:

1. "B-t n'-e- t-e r-s- w-t-o-t -h- t-o-n."
2. "D-r- t- b- -r-e: n-t-i-g c-n n-e- a l-e;
A f-u-t w-i-h n-e-s i- m-s- g-o-s t-o t-e-e-y."
3. "H-a-t-i- t-e -e-o-d -l-s-i-g -h-t-w- m-r-a-s -r- c-p-b-e
f: - b-e-s-n- t-a- m-n-y -a-n-t -u-."
4. "M-n- y-u- s-e-c- a -i-t-e
-e-t i- m-y -a- y-u- f-r-u-e-."
5. "T-e -r-e- m-n-l- o- t-e -t-n-i-g -o-l-."
6. "T-k- a -t-a- -n- -h-o- i- u- i-t- t-e a-r: -o- m-y
s-e -y -h-t -h-c- w-y -h- w-n- i-."
7. "A-d - o-t -a-e -e-r- d-f-n-e-
l-t-l- s-i- i- s-o-e-t m-n-e-."
8. "O-l- t-e -c-i-n- o- t-e -u-t
S-e-l -w-e- a-d -l-s-o- i- t-e -u-t-."
9. "T-u- a- t-e n-e-l- t- t-e -o-e
O- a- t-e d-i- -o- -h- s-n-."
10. "H-n-l- -n- s-a-e -r-m- o- -o-d-t-o- r-s-;
A-t -e-l- -o-r- -a-t, -h-r- a-l- t-e -o-o- l-e-."

For the Little Folks

Told while Knitting the Mittens

Mopsey, the Lamb

Grandmother was knitting Johnny some new mittens. They were of soft, fine yarn, dyed a beautiful cardinal color.



The wool from which they were made grew, several summers ago, on the back of a little white sheep named Mopsey. Grandmother at that time lived on a farm, and had several sheep. Mopsey was a pretty pet lamb, and her wool was so soft and fine and beautiful that Grandmother kept it separate from that of the other sheep, and had it carded and spun for mittens. After a time Grandmother sold her farm and came

to live in the city with her eldest son, who was Johnny's father. Grandmother had a large boxful of the yarn made from Mopsey's wool, all dyed in lovely colors, and she was knitting from it mittens for her grandchildren. It was now Johnny's turn to have mittens. Grandmother was to knit him two pairs.

Grandmother's youngest son, who was Johnny's Uncle Frank, had come to the city with his mother, to learn to be an artist. They had two pleasant rooms on the second floor of Johnny's father's house. There were folding doors between them, and while Uncle Frank was drawing and painting in one room, Grandmother was reading, sewing, or knitting in the other.

The day that Johnny's mittens were begun, he had been out-of-doors playing in the snow and water. His mother had taken him in, changed his wet clothing, made him take some hot medicine, and told him he must not go out again that day. The older children had gone to school. Johnny wandered about the rooms, feeling rather unhappy and a little ashamed of having made so much trouble. Finally he peeped in at Grandmother's door.

"You may come in, Johnny," said Grandmother. "I am going to knit you some mittens." So Johnny went in.

Grandmother lifted him into an easy chair, where he sat very quietly, with the soles of his little feet standing out straight toward the fire. Presently Grandmother's kitten, Taffy, leaped into his lap and curled down for Johnny to stroke her back.

"Won't you tell me a story, Grandmother?" asked Johnny.

"Don't talk now; I'm counting," said Grandmother.

She had measured Johnny's wrist, and was rapidly making the stitches on her shining knitting-needles. Soon she stopped counting, leaned back in her chair, and her needles began to click merrily, and the yarn moved swiftly over her fingers. Then she looked at Johnny and smiled.

"I might tell you," she said, "about my little lamb, Mopsey—the little lamb on whose back the wool grew that is making your mittens."

"Oh, do," cried Johnny, his eyes sparkling. "Was it when you lived on the farm?"

"Yes," said Grandmother. "Mopsey was a little wee lamb whose mother had died, and when they brought her in to me she was so weak she could hardly bleat. She lay in a little basket filled with wool. I fed her with warm milk from a teaspoon. I hardly thought she could live until the second day. Then she raised herself up in the basket and toppled out on the floor. She jumped up on her little unsteady legs and walked across the room. How funny she did look, to be sure!

"Well," continued Grandmother, "she grew fast enough after that, and in a few weeks she was a beautiful white lamb, frisking all over the place. I tied a bell on her neck, and she would follow me all over the farm."

"I wish I had a lamb," said Johnny.

"I had to keep her tied in the yard with a rope and a stake, most of the time, though," said Grandmother, "to prevent her from doing mischief to the flowers and vegetables. When she had nibbled the grass short about her, I must find a fresh patch and move the stake. Soon she would have the grass all cropped off there, and I must move her again. I used to carry her scraps from the table, too. She was very fond of them, and when she saw me coming she would sit up straight, hang down her front feet, and beg just like a dog."

"Oh, dear," said Johnny, "how I *do* wish I had a lamb!"

"But the best thing Mopsey ever did," said Grandmother, "was to lead home your little cousin George when he was lost. George came to stay on the farm with me one summer when his mother was sick. He was four years old."

"I'm five," said Johnny. "He was a smaller boy than I."

"Yes," said Grandmother. "And I never meant to let him go so far from the house. But one day he strayed away and wandered over into the berry-pasture. It wasn't so very far, but Georgie could not find the way home, and he was frightened. He was crying at the top of his voice, but no one heard him. I don't know what the poor child would have done, but he heard a tinkle-tinkle-tinkle, and Mopsey came bounding over the hill, her bell a-tinkling and her rope dragging, for she had broken loose from her stake. Well, Georgie took hold of her collar, and the lamb led him straight home."

"Oh, how I want a lamb!" said Johnny for the third time.

"Come here, Johnny," called his Uncle Frank from the next room. "I have a lamb for you."

Johnny jumped down from his easy chair and ran into the room. His uncle handed him a piece of cardboard on which had been quickly painted a picture of a very fat lamb, with a bell on its neck, a rope dragging, and a little boy in a broad-brimmed hat, not much taller than the lamb, holding it by the collar. There were some verses written below the picture. Johnny carried it to his grandmother.

Grandmother read as follows:

Grandma had a little sheep,
So frisky, kind, and tame;
Her eyes were bright, her wool was white,
And Mopsey was her name.

She wore a bell around her neck,
A ribbon and a bow;
From early light till late at night
That bell swung to and fro.

The brook still ripples round the farm,
The birds sing on the bough;
The grass is green, the flowers are seen,
But where is Mopsey now?

"Yes, where is Mopsey now, Grandmother?" asked Johnny.

"Oh," said Grandmother, "Mopsey grew to be a great fat sheep after a while, and then she had to go with the rest of the flock."

Johnny returned to his easy chair and examined the picture of the sheep with great satisfaction.

"Grandmother," he said, "I think that Georgie was a pretty naughty boy to run away from the house like that."

"Johnny," said Grandmother, "we ought always to remember our own faults first. Don't you think a little boy who has been out playing in the snow and water and got himself all wet—a boy five years old, who knows better than to do so—ought to tell his mother that he feels sorry for being so naughty; that is, if he really *is* sorry?"

Johnny made no reply for some time. He sat looking into the fire. At last he slipped down from the chair and started toward the door.

"Grandmother," he said, "I'm going to show mamma the picture of my sheep, and my verses. And I'm going to tell her I am sorry."

Sunday Afternoon

A Bible Reading on Immortality¹

By Lyman Abbott

"... Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."—2 Timothy i., 10.

I have in my library at home a little pamphlet, prepared with a good deal of skill by an infidel, entitled "The Contradictions of the Bible." Verses are plucked from their connections and put side by side; verses which are in some instances flagrant verbal contradictions, and in some instances more than verbal contradictions. The Bible does contain not a few contradictions. And I know not how to reconcile them if we are to believe that the whole Bible was written as at one time, or as upon one moral plane, or as representing one aspect and apprehension of truth. If, on the other hand, the Bible represents the gradual growth of spiritual truth in the minds and hearts of God's children, then the contradictions in the Bible are, I believe, all of them, certainly the major part of them, very easily reconcilable; then we shall not be surprised to find earlier conceptions of God inconsistent with later conceptions of God, and earlier conceptions of death and immortality inconsistent with later conceptions of death and immortality. The inconsistency will be just that which we find in other cases of human growth, the child having one conception, and gradually growing out of it by successive stages into the higher and larger conception.

I wish this morning to trace the rise and progress of the doctrine of immortality in the Hebrew nation. The first reference which we have to immortality is in the third chapter of Genesis. Adam and Eve have plucked the apple, and are to be driven from the garden "lest they eat of the fruit of the tree of life, and so acquire immortality." The first conception is of immortality as something that belongs to the gods, and which they are unwilling to share with men. It is the old Greek conception; and, whenever this story was written, it is the writing of an ancient legend, and undoubtedly represents the earliest conception. We come down a little later to the time when sin has corrupted the whole earth, and then we have God saying, "My spirit shall not always strive with man;" that is, I will not always be in him and confer upon him this immortality which belongs to me and me only, but he shall live one hundred and twenty years.

We come on to the patriarchal period, the time of Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, and the first of the long line of prophets; his wife has died, and he buys a little piece of land in Machpelah, the only plot of land he ever owns in Palestine, in order that, as he says with infinite pathos, he may bury his wife out of his sight. There is not a gleam or hint of hope any future may have for him.

Moses comes as the great lawgiver. He issues laws accompanied by threatenings and promises. But he never suggests immortal life as a reward for obedience, and never a future penalty in another life for sin. And this is all the stranger because there was a *quasi* conception of immortality in Egypt, out of which Moses came. He goes up into the mount to die, and he remonstrates with God. But he goes up to the mountain to die, with, so far as the record goes, no gleam or hint or suggestion of a life beyond the grave to comfort him.

But by the time of Saul there had already grown up a conception of a kind of life beyond the grave; but a life of disembodied ghosts dwelling in a shadowy underworld. The endeavor of Saul to call up the spirit of Samuel makes it evident that there was at least a popular belief in such an existence. To this probably David refers when, after the death of his child, he says, "I shall go to him; but he shall not return unto me." But there is no hope in this ghostly immortality. When Jonathan and Saul die, David writes a wonderfully beautiful lament over them, but it is essentially a pagan lament—

¹ Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, February 4, 1894. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.