

Christian Story Telling and Stories

(Selected)

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Why

STORY-TELLING, the oldest of literary arts, after being pushed out of the way by the press for half a millennium, has in our time found a new popularity. The teacher has discovered, what the child always knew, that printed stories can not compare in vividness and force with stories told. And so the ancient art is welcomed now as one of the latest acquisitions of pedagogy.

There have come many books on story-telling, and the question may well be asked, Why another? Because, among them all, while we find clearness in presenting the science and charm in exhibiting the art, and occasional reference to Christian purposes and principles, we have not found the combination of all that we deem essential in making the story of most value in Christian education.

We believe that with the wealth of story material in history and nature, there is no necessity for the fiction that inheres in fairy stories and myths ; and the effect upon the child mind of these untrue and fantastic stories we hold often to be very damaging. The wonder, awe, and delight they may excite can be aroused even more, and without their distorting influence, by wonder tales from such sources as the Bible, other history, and nature. We think there is need for a book on story-telling which is wholly free from this commonly accepted type of story.

While the Bible is everywhere recognized as a wonderful source of inspiring stories, there is room for emphasizing its primary importance in this respect, and for making it the central feature, the chief magazine, in the story-telling of the Christian parent and the Christian teacher. In a day when intimate knowledge of the Bible is possessed by few, as compared with a generation or two ago, it needs more than a cordial recommendation to impress its virtues. We propose to make it the chief source book in Christian story-telling.

Aside from these special pleas for a book on Christian storytelling, we think there is still a field for presenting the science and art of story-telling in so simple and so graphic a form that not only the professional teacher, but the comparatively untrained parent and the youth may readily grasp its essentials and be inspired to put them into active use in the education of children.

The story is one of the most effective means in elementary education, in the home as well as in the school. Every father and mother and every primary teacher should be a storyteller; and it is our hope that this book, with its assistance and inspiration in Christian story-telling, may penetrate to all the homes and all the schools where Christian education is the great aim of parents and teachers alike.

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The Story-Teller

A LITTLE lad stood at his mother's knee, listening to tales as old as the world. And his eyes went wide with the wonder of them: the dim old days when order and beauty sprang out of darkness at the breath of God Almighty; the days when giants worked their will upon a shivering earth, till God's wrath smote in a flood that changed the world ; the days of the pilgrimage of the patriarchs, of the faith of an old man who lifted a knife at the command of his God to slay his only son, of the gentleness of a maiden who would water the camels of a stranger come out of the west, and of the love of her that made light of deserts and rivers and mountains to reach her chosen lord, of the wonderful adventures of a boy who dreamed dreams, who toiled as a slave, who languished in the dungeon, who was set on high by a king, and then, in the bowing of his cruel brothers' forms, saw his dreams come true. And the little lad drank it all in, night after night, in the charmed family circle, with his brother, and his elder sister, and his bent, toil-wearied father.

It was a humble home, mud-walled, sod-thatched, a table within and a stool for one, with a bench, a pot or two, and some pallets on the floor-the home of a slave family. A twisted rush, oil-soaked, for a light sometimes, or just the glow of the coals under the savory pot, or again the stars above for company, with the uneasy stirrings of the cattle or the sheep in the fold. And yonder, dim and ragged and cruel in grim threat, the rising walls of the treasure city which the toil of the slaves was rearing.

A slave mother! But she told stories ! And to her it was just the wide eyes of a boy that thanked her; it was the heart of a child that drank those stories in; it was for this little one whom God had given to her twice over that she remembered, and formed for telling, and made wonderful in simplicity and power, the stories of God's dealings with men for two thousand years. She hoped those stories would help to hold him to his God-and they did. But she never knew, she never could dream how they would go sounding down the ages of the world to the last day thereof, and fill with faith and joy and hope and strength millions upon millions of men to a thousand generations.

A little hut in the grassy lands of Goshen, a weary mother with the day's toil as yet not ended, a little lad with his everpresent word, "Mother, tell me a story!" But when Jochebed told stories to her little boy, Moses, she gripped the world with a lever kings could not grasp, and she set God in the hearts of men.

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Lesson 1: What Is the Good of Story-Telling?

WHAT 'S the good of story-telling? Well, first, it gives pleasure. Everybody likes to hear stories. Why? Because God put it into our natures to be interested in other people; and stories are the record of what other people have done. Stories minister to our social sense; to love stories and to love to tell stories helps us in all our relations to other people. The less self-centered a person is, the more interested is he in stories and the more able to tell stories. So even grown-ups like to hear stories; and children--just you watch that little boy and that little girl while an entrancing story is being told: eyes wide, lips open, every sense alert, but every motion arrested in the glamour of the story. And when it is through, how they delight in it, how they put it into their play, and how they come back to call for it again and again. No question that the story gives joy to the child.

And is it worth while to go to all the pains of preparing and telling a good story, just to give joy? It surely is. Why, let me tell you, there is nothing else worth while in the world than just to make happiness. That is what God made the world for, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." To keep the home in a happy mood does more toward solving all the problems of life than any other thing. Joy feeds the soul; and the soul, enlarged,

enriched in spiritual experience, reacts upon the world in kindly deed and happy thought. Story-telling is worth while because it gives pleasure.

In the second place, the story teaches truth. Another reason why everybody likes stories is that narrative is the easiest form of thinking. It does not take much mental effort to follow a story (though it may take much to remember it perfectly), and yet through the story one may learn a great deal of truth in concrete form. The actors in the story either do something right or they do something wrong; they keep the law or they break it; and in the typical story, if they do right there are good results, and if they do wrong there are bad results. And that is an easy and effective way of teaching the commandments.

Little children can not reason so well as adults are supposed to, nor grasp abstract ideas as adults are expected to ; so the story is the natural means of teaching them truth. The right story, adapted to their understanding, is a little bundle of truth in such form that their minds can digest it. Have a story, or many stories, for every truth you wish to teach; for the story teaches truth.

In the third place, the story inspires to imitation. That is the natural result of the two facts that it gives joy and teaches truth. Imitation is another quality that God has implanted in our natures. It is, indeed, the sole avenue through which the child can learn the arts of living. Whatever he is pleased with he endeavors to imitate; if what gives him pleasure is worthy of imitation, because it is of the truth, he will, through imitation, either in act or in thought, become more like his model. Indeed, all three of these impulses react upon one another. Joy makes truth desirable and imitation natural; truth, because it is truth, enhances joy and satisfies the impulse of imitation; and imitation, the ability to do the desired thing, increases joy and makes truth stable in the soul.

Tell the story of the baby Moses: you will find the little girl putting her dolly into a basket and pushing it out into the river of the rugs. Tell the story of David and Goliath: you will discover the little boy with a sling that can kill giants. And in every case, if the story has been rightly told, the child will choose to be the hero rather than the villain of the plot. Thereby he is being taught truth as no motto can ever teach him. Seek, then, so to form your stories that they shall form right character ; for the story inspires to imitation.

This, then, is the value of story-telling: it gives pleasure, it teaches truth; it inspires to imitation.

Lesson 2: Who Can Tell Stories?

Who can tell stories? You can. Don't say, "Oh, no; I can't tell stories. I never could." Maybe you never did; but "never did" is a very different thing from "never could." Let your motto be, "Not what I like to do, but what I see needs to be done." You can tell stories, because, as a teacher, present or to come, you need to. If you never have told stories, all you need to do is to resolve that you will tell stories, then learn how to begin, then begin, and then keep on learning how to tell them better. And so, whether as parent, or teacher, or entertainer, you will come to love it.

Does every mother need to be a story-teller? Yes, she does, and every father does too, as well as every teacher. For father and mother are the natural teachers of the child; and storytelling is

a very important part of teaching. So also every teacher, and every young person who looks forward to being a teacher or a parent, should learn to be a story-teller.

We can help to insure right doing on the part of the child by telling him stories; for, remember, stories inspire to imitation. It is better to form right impulses than to correct wrong acts. It is better to lead than to check. It is better to say, "Come on let's do this!" than to be saying, "Stop; don't do that!" Don't wait until the fall frosts to plant your potatoes. Look ahead. Give your child models of conduct, not merely mottoes. Storytelling will help you.

We can make the hard way easier by telling stories. The tangly hair, the dish washing, the broken shoe strings, the slight of a schoolmate, the giving up of a picnic,-- the story helps to smooth them. Of course the story is not everything; there is a great deal more to the teaching of patience, and fortitude, and courage, and self-denial; and really the story can be little more than the reflection of our own spirits, but nevertheless it is a great smoother of life's rough pathways; for, remember, the right kind of story teaches the true philosophy of life.

We can do much to hold the interest and sympathy of our children through story-telling. It helps us to be companionable; and companionship is a chief essential in child training. If you keep the faculty of companionship with your children, you will always have a free entrance into the doors of their hearts. Without it, you have lost the key.

Of course it is easier for some persons to tell stories than it is for others. The natural story-teller will always have the advantage, provided he improves his talent as diligently as does the other person. We shall none of us be exactly equal in our ability to tell stories, any more than in other abilities. But that doesn't matter. We have a very loving little audience who will listen to us, and snuggle up to us, and flatter us by many an encore. And we--why, we don't care whether an audience of grown-ups would give us a handclap or not; we just want to do our best for our children and for our heavenly Father.

If it is any comfort to you, I will tell you that I am not a natural story-teller. My mind runs to other forms of thinking, and stories slip away from me. I have to keep practiced-up to meet the demand. I was twenty-four years old before I began to tell stories. Upon the eve of going out to teach, I said to myself, "If you are going to be a teacher, you've got to tell stories." And forthwith I went at it. I can tell stories now: the children of my home have kept me at it; and the children of my schools, of my audiences, and of my friends' homes, have seconded the motion. And I know that if I could learn to tell stories, why, you can.

In answer to the question, "Who can tell stories?" let's hear a chorus, "I can!"

Suppose, then, just for practice, you tell this story:

A LITTLE BOY WHO LISTENED

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy named Samuel. He lived with the good priest, Eli, in the house of God. He had work to do every morning, and every night, and all day long. In the morning he would open the doors of the house, and sweep out the rooms, and put everything in place. And at night he closed the doors, and trimmed the lamps, and put everything in place again, before he lay down to sleep. And he used to run errands for Eli, and bring in wood and

water, just as little boys do nowadays. And Eli taught him to read, and he taught him to pray to the great God who is our Father.

And the Lord looked down on the little boy Samuel, morning and night, and all day long; and He saw how faithful he was to bring the wood and the water, and to open the doors on time, and to sweep, and to trim the lamps, and everything. And He said: "I love the little boy Samuel, he is so faithful and good. I will give him something greater to do. And I will go and talk with him Myself."

So one night, after Samuel had done his work, and had lain down on his little bed to sleep, he heard somebody calling him, "Samuel ! Samuel!" And he thought it was Eli calling him. So up he jumped and ran in where Eli was. And he said, "Here I am, for you called me."

"Oh, no, little Samuel," Eli said, "I didn't call you. Go lie down again."

So Samuel went and lay down again. But before he went to sleep, or had taken the littlest wink, again he heard somebody calling, "Samuel! Samuel!" And up he jumped and ran in to Eli. "Here I am," he said, "for you called me."

"Oh, no, little Samuel," Eli said, "I didn't call you. Go lie down again."

So Samuel went and lay down again. But before he had gone to sleep, or had taken the littlest wink, again he heard somebody calling him, "Samuel! Samuel! " And though he was sleepy and tired, he didn't say, "Well, Eli doesn't want me; I'm going to sleep." No; but he jumped up just as quickly as before, and ran to Eli, and said, "Here I am, for you did call me."

Then Eli knew that it was the Lord God who was calling the child. And he said, "Little Samuel, go and lie down. And if He calls again, say, 'Speak, Lord, for I hear You.' "

So Samuel turned and walked back to his bed. And he thought the great God in heaven was going to talk to little Samuel. And you just believe that he didn't go to sleep or take the littlest wink. No; but he lay there with his eyes wide open, and his ears wide open, and he listened.

And sure enough! just as before, the Lord came and stood, and called, "Samuel! Samuel!" And Samuel said, in the tiniest voice, "Speak, for I hear You." And then the Lord talked to little Samuel, and told him what he should say to the people.

Lesson 3: Song Stories

How old must the child be before he can appreciate stories? That depends upon the individuality of the child and upon his early education. To strike an average, I should say that the two-year-old child can begin to appreciate simple stories. But we may begin a form of story-telling much sooner than that; yes, even with the babe in arms. How? That brings us to the cradle song.

The baby isn't very old before he begins to respond to the influence of song. How old? Well, until he is about three months old he does not notice much of anything. His senses are almost dormant, waiting upon the growth of his body. Anywhere from the fourth month to the sixth month he will have become sensitive enough to rhythm to appreciate the mother's low-toned lullaby when he is sleepy. Of course he does not understand any words; it is the rhythm of the

music that soothes him. But as he grows in intelligence, he comes to discern in his loved cradle song something of the meaning that is beginning to come to him through words. By the time he is a year old, probably he is familiar with some of the words in the song; for he is beginning to talk.

Let the songs that mother sings to baby begin his literary and religious education. There are innumerable beautiful cradle songs, and you may know many of them already. But let the chief of our songs be Christian songs. Crown of cradle songs is Martin Luther's "Christmas Manger Hymn." A number of different tunes have been fitted to it. One of the best of these is in "Song and Study for God's Little Ones," page 87. However, if you have no other music, you can very well sing it to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." The words follow:

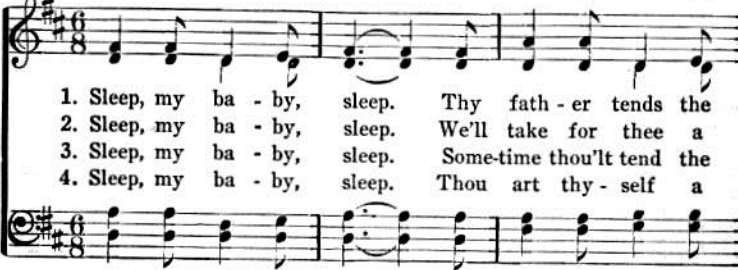
"Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay, The little Lord Jesus, asleep in the hay.
"The cattle are lowing, the poor Baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus; look down from the sky,
And stay by my bed, watching my lullaby."

Another we give on the next page, an old tune with new words in place of the nursery ditty.

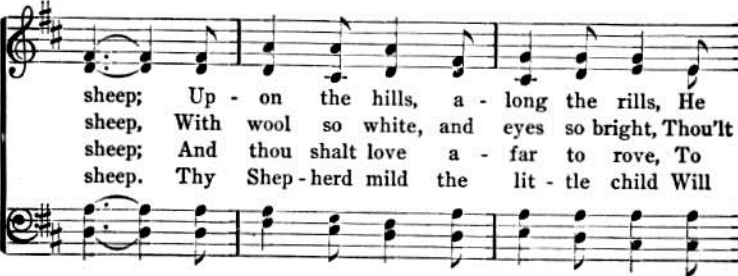
Many good cradle songs and primary songs will be found in the following books: "Song and Study for God's Little Ones," edited by Bertha F. Vella; "Sacred Songs for Little Voices," edited by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick ; "Happy Songs for Happy Children," by J. H. Fillmore ; "Children's Praise," edited by I. H. Meredith; "Sunshine Songs for Boys and Girls," edited by Noah E. Paulin ; "Finger Plays," by Emilie Poulsson; "Kindergarten Chimes," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Shepherd Lullaby

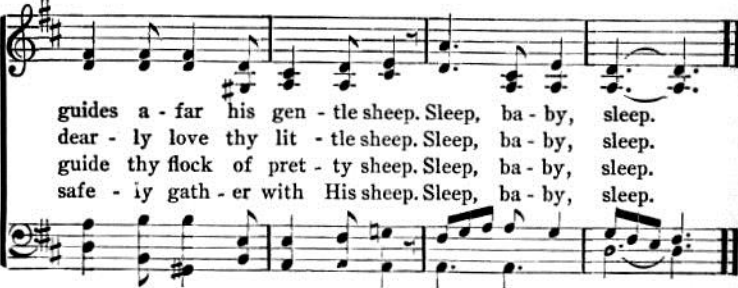
A. W. Spalding
Harmonized by J. W. Osborn



1. Sleep, my ba - by, sleep. Thy fath - er tends the
2. Sleep, my ba - by, sleep. We'll take for thee a
3. Sleep, my ba - by, sleep. Some-time thou'lt tend the
4. Sleep, my ba - by, sleep. Thou art thy - self a



sheep; Up - on the hills, a - long the rills, He
sheep, With wool so white, and eyes so bright, Thou'lt
sheep; And thou shalt love a - far to rove, To
sheep. Thy Shep - herd mild the lit - tle child Will



guides a - far his gen - tle sheep. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
dear - ly love thy lit - tle sheep. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
guide thy flock of pret - ty sheep. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
safe - ly gath - er with His sheep. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

Lesson 4: The Story Hour

"Between the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations, That is known as the Children's Hour."
Longfellow.

It is not always that the twilight can be spared for a quiet time with the children, though who that knows the glamour of the time would choose another in preference? But at some time in the evening, whether at twilight or later, there must be set aside a time for converse with the children. Perhaps after supper (or do you have dinner then?), and after the final chores of work are done, as you sit around the fireplace (if you are so blessed as to have one), or around the center table, make leisure to talk with your children, to listen to their reports and their questions, and to teach them.

A part or all of this time you may make The Story Hour. If there are very small children, the bedtime is the very best time for The Story Hour. Either tucked in bed or in mother's or daddy's arms out in the family circle, let Bobby or Katydid be ushered into the beautiful Land of Story. You will find the story a wonderful bedtime persuader to those little boys and girls who find it hard to agree with mother and father as to the time to go to bed.

The Story Hour is not the only time to tell stories. You may tell a story while you are about your work, with your little girl or your little boy helping or just listening. And you may tell stories as you walk with them along the road or through the fields and groves, or in the park, on a Sabbath day.

"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Deuteronomy 6:7.

Listen to a story:

IN THE BEGINNING

IN THE beginning there wasn't any little boy or any little girl in the whole wide world. And there wasn't any papa or any mamma. And there weren't any birdies, or any squirrels, or any flowers, or any grass. There wasn't even any water, or any earth, or any sunshine, or any air. There just wasn't anything at all, not even a whole wide world for anything to be in.

God wanted to make a world, because He loves flowers and birdies and squirrels and things, and He loves bright sunshine and sweet flowing waters, and He loves dear children who can love Him. And so God made the world.

It was all dark. But God spoke and said "Let there be light." And there was light. And that was the first day.

And then it was all water where the light was. And God spoke and said: "Let there be air." And there was air. And that was the second day.

But then there was nothing but light and air and water. Then God spoke and said: "Let the dry land appear." And there was dry land, and the waters were all gathered together in the sea.

But the land was all bare. Then God spoke and said: "Let the earth put forth grass and flowers and fruit trees." And there was all the bare brown earth turned into beautiful green fields, and flower gardens, and fruit orchards, and shady woods. And that was the third day.

Now there was a beautiful earth. And then up in the sky the Lord made the sun to shine by day, and the moon to shine by night. And He made the stars come out at night. And that was the fourth day.

But there was no living thing upon the earth. So God spoke and said, "Let there be fishes in the water and birds in the air." And so there was everything that swims in the water and everything that flies in the air. And that was the fifth day.

Then God said: "Let the earth bring forth cattle and horses and rabbits and squirrels, and everything that runs on the earth." So they were made.

And at last God said: "Let Us make a man and a woman to rule over all this earth, over the land and the water and the air,

over the beasts and the fishes and the birds." So God made a man and' a woman, and gave them life, and made them rulers over everything on the earth ; and He named them Adam and Eve. They were the very first man and woman, and the very first father and mother that ever were on this earth. And that was the sixth day.

Then came the seventh day, and God rested from all His work. He looked over everything He had made, the light, and the air, and the water and the land, and the grass and the flowers and the trees, and the fishes and the birdies and the squirrels and the cattle, and Adam and Eve; and God saw that they all were very good. So He called that day the Sabbath day, or the rest day, because He rested on it and was glad.

And Adam and Eve rested on that Sabbath day too. They went out and looked at everything God had made; and they smelled the flowers, and they tasted the fruit, and they sang with the birdies, and they played with the squirrels, and they walked with the cattle and ran with the horses, and then they talked with God Himself. And so they had a happy Sabbath day at the very beginning of the world.

Lesson 5: Get a Little Notebook

GET you a little notebook ; the loose-leaf kind is best, but any notebook will serve. In this make a classified list of the stories you can tell. My classified story notebook has the following headings:

OLD TESTAMENT	HEALTH
NEW TESTAMENT	FAITH
NATURE	COURAGE
SECOND ADVENT	OBEDIENCE
MISSIONS	GRACE
CHURCH HISTORY	JUSTICE
SECULAR HISTORY	ADVENTURE
BABYHOOD	
CHILDHOOD	
ADOLESCENCE	

You will observe that the second column, which denotes qualities of character or conduct, will contain some of the stories listed under the first headings, which are according to the origin of the stories. The third column covers a classification according to age, and is meant only to contain a few representative stories, which are also contained in the other lists. This triple cross reference is a valuable feature.

This notebook should be started at once. Make your own classifications as may seem best to you. Put into this book just the titles of the stories, not the stories themselves. The stories, of course, you carry in your mind. Start your notebook, even if you can tell but one story. Put that story under its appropriate head or heads, and add other stories as you get them. You will find

this notebook very convenient for reference when you want a story of a certain kind to tell. It will refresh your memory and fit your need.

Lesson 6: The Seven Essentials of Story-Telling

EVERYBODY loves a story-teller, and children idolize him. To see the devotion with which the children at a camp meeting hang around the teller of stories is enough to incite anyone to story-telling. And to go to a friend's house, or a stranger's house, and gather the children to you by the skillful insertion of a story or two, is to win the whole household.

And everybody can be a story-teller. Don't say: "Oh, no! that gift was left out of my pack. I never told stories, and I never can." Why, how do you know? Never having really tried, you have no way of knowing. And let me tell you, as a parent, or as a teacher, you can do anything you have to do. Maybe not so well as some one else, but sufficiently well to meet the Master's approval. If Matilda Allen or Mrs. Johnny Jones has ten times as much talent as you, is that any reason why you should hide your one talent in a napkin? It is enough for you to trade with; and who knows but it will increase a hundredfold instead of two?

Every father and mother, and every teacher, needs to be a story-teller. Why? Because, apart from example, the story is the most natural and effective means of teaching children; and the work of parents is to teach their children. The story is a little packet of truth done up in concrete form. It teaches how right doing is rewarded, how evil doing is punished; it teaches the goodness of God, the obedience of His children; it praises the things that are good, and beautiful, and noble; it delights the mind and inspires the soul. It is queen among the teachers.

Then let us help you to tell stories, teaching you the science of story-telling, and giving you some stories to tell in the forms that illustrate our teaching. Wake up your mind that you will be just the best story-teller you can be, and that you will be better and better as the months go on. You owe it to your children, and therefore you can do it.

To become a story-teller, or a better story-teller, requires more than just that you read the instruction contained in these lessons. It means that you put yourself to the stretch to do what the lessons require you to do. They will not require of you the impossible or the too difficult. But we do ask you to be a student, not a mere dabbler or story reader. No mentally lazy parent, no indifferent teacher, is going to reap a harvest of good children. We reap what we sow. Put yourself to the stretch.

That you may get a good initial view of the field you will cover in your study, we give here in outline the Seven Essentials of Story-Telling. Memorize the list. We shall study it in detail in succeeding lessons.

1. Select your story.
2. Know your story.
3. Feel your story.
4. Analyze and outline your story.
5. Modify your story as necessary.

6. Tell your story simply, directly, and expressively.
7. Have an aim and a climax.

Lesson 7: Select Your Story

THE First Essential in story-telling is to select your story. Stories, with respect to entertainment, must be selected for their suitability to the age of the listeners and the circumstances of the occasion. With respect to teaching, they must be selected for the character of the lessons they carry and your purpose in teaching. Before choice can be made for either of these two objects, you must, of course, have some stories to tell. Therefore get stories.

There are all sorts of stories available to-day, some of which are excellent and others of which are injurious. Parents and all story-tellers must exercise the greatest care in selecting the stories which they tell their children. Fairy tales, myths, certain types of legends and history stories and animal stories, are of doubtful value, and may often be of damage. They are aimed to please, and they are of interest to children; but their benefit must many times be questioned. Remember what was written in a previous lesson, that the story should do three things; namely, give pleasure, teach truth, and inspire to imitation. If a story pleases, it will inspire the child to imitation; but it may come far from teaching truth, and therefore may be a means of misdirecting the child's life instead of turning it in the right direction.

Where can you find stories to tell?

One time Thoreau was asked by a man walking with him, "Where can you find Indian arrowheads?"

"Anywhere," said the sharp-eyed naturalist, stooping over and picking up one.

So with stories. You can find them everywhere, for stories are only little bits of life; and life is still going on.

Have you any stories now that you tell? Where did you get them? Are some of them stories about your own childhood? They are always loved by the children. Are some of them stories from the Bible? No better collection of stories exists. Are some of them about animals? or Indians? Never yet a group of children but called for such stories.

Well, have you made a selection? Have you thought what your stories are for, what you mean them to teach? Have you thought whether your sources are good, and whether you have made judicious choice of stories from these sources? Have you in mind what stories you have to teach particular virtues, as obedience, courage, service? These are matters that you have very early to consider in your story-telling. Of course, when you know only one or two stories, there is not much choice to be made, is there? And yet every single story is to be weighed, not so much against another story, as against a standard of excellence. The question is, Is it a good-enough story?

First of all, the Bible stands as the great treasury of stories. This is not to say that every story in the Bible is suited to every age. There are in the Bible accounts of some matters which are beyond the experience of little children, and which may tax the understanding of many adults.

Some of these accounts may be made into good stories for children by the use of such parts as are suitable to them and the omission of the more difficult parts; and some may well be left to more mature ages. But on the whole, the stories of the Bible are of a number, a nature, and a charm to cover almost the whole field of human experience and teaching. There are fully five hundred such stories, and when you know half a thousand stories to tell, and can tell them effectively, you may justifiably be called a story-teller.

Here are just a few treasures from the Old and New Testaments. See if you can place them

- "The Men Who Tried to Climb to Heaven."
- "The Little Slave Boy Who Became a Prince."
- "The Gleaner Girl of Bethlehem."
- "The Shepherd Boy Who Slew a Giant."
- "The Men Who Went Through the Fire."
- "When a Baby Was Born in a Stable."
- "The Little Girl Who Was Raised from the Dead."
- "The Boy Who Shared his Bread and Fishes."
- "The Girl Who Kept the Door."

Examples of some of these stories, recast for the understanding of small children, are to be found in "Little Bible Boys" and "Hero Tales of the Bible," by Arthur W. Spalding.

Nature stories are in abundance, for there is now a very great literature on nature. You may get many from some of the following books:

- "Knowing Birds Through Stories" and "Knowing Insects Through Stories," by Floyd Bralliar.
- "Jimmie, the Story of a Black Bear Cub," by Ernest Harold Baynes.
- "Stories of Clever Dogs," by Ernest Lloyd.
- "True Bird Stories," "Krag and Johnny Bear," "Lobo, Rag, and Vixen," "Wild Animals I Have Known," and "Wild Animals at Home," by Ernest Thompson Seton.
- "The School of the Woods," by William J. Long.
- "My Dogs of the Northland," by Egerton R. Young.
- "Among the Farmyard People," "Among the Forest People," etc., by Clara D. Pierson.

Try always to make attractive titles, titles which will challenge the curiosity of a child. When you say to him, "I will tell you the story of 'The Little Deer That Thought He Knew More Than His Mother,'" or, "Would you like to hear a story about 'The Chicken That Wouldn't Eat Gravel?'" or, "What do you say to a story of 'The Little Bear That Was Spanked Good?'" you at once arouse his interest, for there is action, or implied action, in every title. And action, movement, is the compelling element in every story.

Then there are dozens and hundreds of stories to be gathered from church history and from secular history. Good stories are to be found in "Pioneer Stories of the Second Advent Message," by Arthur W. Spalding, and "Providences of the Great War," by William A. Spicer.

Inspiring stories of earlier church history are to be found in "Youthful Witnesses" and "The Hand That Intervenes," by William A. Spicer ; "History of the Waldenses" and "History of the Reformation," by J. A. Wylie, and in other standard church histories.

From the many books on mission experiences you may select outstanding incidents and make them into good stories, giving them interesting titles. For instance, from "Ann of Ava" or any life of the Judsons prepare the story of "The Pillow That Saved a Bible." From "The Story of John G. Paton" take "The Rain That Came Up from the Ground;" from "Jungle Tales" take "The Little Wild Boy of the Jungle." A few of the many good source books for mission stories are:

- "In the Tiger Jungle," by Jacob Chamberlain.
- "Jungle Stories," by Eric B. Hare.
- "Jungle Tales," by Howard A. Musser.
- "The Sigh of the Orient," by Vera C. Chilton.
- "Livingstone the Pathfinder," by Basil Mathews.
- "Uganda's White Man of Work," by Sophia L. Fahs.
- "The White Queen of Okoyong," by W. P. Livingstone.
- "African Adventurers," by Jean Kenyon MacKenzie.
- "A'Chu, and Other Stories," by Emma Anderson.
- "Travel Talks on China," by Frederick Lee.
- "In the Land of the Incas," by F. A. Stahl.
- "On the Indian Trail," by Egerton R. Young.
- "Wilfred Grenfell," by Basil Mathews.
- "Cannibals and Head-Hunters in the South Seas," by C. H. Watson.

Then there are stories to be told of your own childhood. Maybe the Indians scalped you, or maybe the most exciting episode of your childhood was when you spelled down Jimmie Smith at school. No matter; all things that happened in your childhood are welcome grist in the story mill of your child. Just to draw a bow at a venture; suppose you tell:

- "The Day the Family Went Huckleberrying."
- "When I Was Lost on the Prairie."
- "What Happened to My Best Dolly, Josephine."
- "A Ride on a Pig's Back."
- "My Little Bantams, Jack and Jill."

Sit down now and think up some stories. Take up some books, Bible and others, and find some stories. As soon as you know some stories, list them in your story notebook. Begin to select your stories.

Lesson 8: Know Your Story

THE Second Essential in story-telling is to know your story. "Of course," you may say, "it is self-evident that one must know the story he is to tell." But do you know that the chief reason why most people do not tell stories is that they don't know any stories? They have heard stories, and they have a smattering of facts connected with the stories; but they can not tell them right through because they don't know them. One of the chief faults in story-telling is the forgetting

of some part of the story until it has passed by. Then the story-teller, maybe, stops with, "Oh, I forgot to tell you that " and goes back to tell it. That breaks the continuity of the tale, perhaps overemphasizes the omitted part, and so throws the story out of proportion, and in any case mars the interest of the hearer, and spoils the story.

Now to know the story you are preparing to tell demands, first, careful reading ; second, test of memory ; third, rereading to stop the gaps ; fourth, telling it over and over. First, as you read, put your mind upon the narrative, and make yourself notice what point comes first, what next, and next, and next. Remember them. Second, leave your source book, and tell the story. You may tell it out loud to yourself, if you do not wish to try it on a child. Notice, as you tell it, whether each part comes to your memory readily and in its right place. If there is any part of which you are uncertain, either as to fact or as to wording, then, third, go back and read the source, noting particularly those points of which you are uncertain, until you are sure of them. Fourth, tell the story again and again, every chance you get, until it fixes itself in your memory. That is what it takes to meet the Second Essential of story-telling-to know your story. Remember, and take the four steps.

Then after thorough preparation comes the telling of it to the little child in your arms, or to a group of children in school, or other gathering. Very likely you will find in yourself a nervousness in public appearance, and you will undergo some difficulty in remembering the story. You have to overcome the

stage fright which clamps down on your memory. The only way to do it is to practice and practice public story-telling, all the while forgetting yourself and putting your mind upon the story and upon your audience.

But remember, no matter how experienced you become, always make preparation for your story-telling by thoroughly going over the story you are to tell, and making sure that you know your story.

Very likely you will find that even then, especially if some time has elapsed since you prepared the story, some part will be indistinct in your mind. What must you do? Go back to your source and read it again, and drill yourself on bringing it in at the proper place and making it vivid. You may have to go back to your story source several times before you prove you actually know your story. But you must come to know it thoroughly.

Let us now take an example of a story to be reproduced from the source. We will select the story of Samuel and Eli, "A Little Boy Who Listened," which was told in Lesson II. The source is 1 Samuel 3.

Take your Bible and read this passage attentively.

Now close your Bible and, thinking point by point, see how much of the story you can recall. We will (for the purposes of this lesson only) suppose your mind to be merely average in ability to remember. Let us say that you make up the following list

Samuel worked in the temple with Eli.
One night the Lord called Samuel.
He ran to Eli, and said, "Here I am."

Eli told Samuel he had not called him. Samuel lay down.
The Lord called Samuel again.
He ran to Eli, and said, "Here I am, for you did call me."
Eli perceived God had called Samuel, and told him so.
Samuel lay down again.
The Lord called the third time.
Samuel said, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."
The Lord gave Samuel a message for Eli.
Samuel lay until morning, and then told Eli.
Eli submitted.

That's pretty good. You can tell a good story from that outline. Do it, now. Go ahead and tell it.

All right, that was a good story, wasn't it? Did you tell it to Jimsie or to Mary and Loretta? Being so young, they had never heard it before, and they listened with all their eyes and ears, didn't they?

But now, did you tell it all? or have you an uneasy feeling that somewhere you didn't get it just right?

For instance, how many times did the Lord call Samuel before Eli woke up to the fact? Was it twice, or three times? Look and see. Oh, yes, it was three times, wasn't it? And you have but two. Correct that; make it stick in your mind.

Another thing: was Samuel ready to tell his tale in the morning? or did he have to be urged? Did you get that in your story ?

There are several other small points which might or might not be of use in giving a certain turn to your story, depending on how you build it. "There was no open vision" in those days the experience of Samuel was unusual. "Ere the lamp of God went out in the temple:" it was yet early; a long night vigil followed for little Samuel. "Samuel did not yet know the Lord:" no youthful prodigy was he, with early promise of prophethood, but rather a simple, faithful boy. Eli told Samuel to say, "Speak, Jehovah, for Thy servant heareth;" but the awe-struck boy would not venture to name the great God; he said, "Speak; for Thy servant heareth."

You may not make use of every item and point you have thus carefully checked up ; other considerations may vote certain of them out. You are not concerned with that now; what you must do is to be certain that you know everything that is in the source of the story, so that you may have the fullest magazine from which to draw.

Do that in the preparation of every story. Know it.

Lesson 9: Feel Your Story

THE Third Essential in story-telling is, Feel your story. This means that you are not merely to repeat the words of another story-teller; you are to see the scene in your mind, imagine the gestures and the tones of the voices, make the event live before your eyes, and then tell the story as you see it.

To do this requires a use of the imagination. In telling a historical story, imagination is to be used not to invent facts, but to illumine the facts found in your story source, to translate them into modern and childish thought. Inform yourself as well as you can as to geography, architecture, dress, and manners, and then visualize the scene. You need not describe all you see; no, but your seeing in detail operates to make your story more vivid, by an atmosphere of realism. Use your imagination.

And then you must have sympathy with your story and with the characters in your story. One of them is the hero, the central figure, the one around whom cluster all the chief virtues or powers in your story. You must, in your mind, be his friend, his advocate. You must yourself admire him, and dwell with him, and think with him, because through him you intend to teach the lesson your story is meant to teach, and to teach it by the very relation of the story, and not by tacking it on the end as an expressed moral. It requires feeling, sympathy, appreciation, vision, so to tell the story. Of course in some stories the interest is distributed among several heroes, greater and less, but the principle remains the same.

How shall you gain this power of appreciation, of feeling? The best counsel I can give you is to forget yourself completely. Think not of what your hearers will think of you, consider not the set of your hat, the expression of your face, the tones of your voice. Think of the heroes of whom you are telling, see them, hear them, speak for them; and you will grow in power of expression.

This requisite of story-telling is often expressed as the dramatic sense. Having it, results in the story-teller's giving his story with its dramatic values.

The instinct which creates drama is present in some degree in nearly every person, and its cultivation and right direction are an important part of the training of the story-teller, the teacher, and the preacher, as well as those in other professions. Besides a correct understanding, which is indispensable to all art, the bases of dramatic instinct are a sympathetic spirit and a power of imagination. Sympathy leads a person to champion the cause of another, and imagination enables him to place himself in the position of that other. The result is a vivid realization of the elements of the story in which the hero is involved, and the rousing of a spirit of enthusiasm which inspires the narrator and shows in varying degrees in voice, face, and the whole person. A story told with these aids to expression grips the audience.

It is because we need to go beneath the surface art of impersonation, and strike the spring of sympathy and imagination, that we phrase our third requisite, Feel your story. If one is intent upon getting a true picture of his story, or imagining himself to be living in the event himself, or being the champion of his hero in the sense of presenting him in the most favorable light to the audience, he will instinctively and naturally dramatize him, in the true sense. He will be studying, not primarily the tones, the facial expression, the gestures, and the postures which he is going to assume, but rather the substance and spirit of the story, and the sense of these primary things will create unconsciously the outward expression. This is the natural method; if it fails of producing the best results possible in any given individual, that is because of the faults produced by bad passions or by self-consciousness in that individual, and these will not be greatly helped by the study of elocution.

Let your imagination luxuriate in the events of the story, of course keeping within the bounds of record or probability, and informing yourself as much as possible from all available sources. Create this atmosphere for yourself in studying the story, and then call it to your aid when telling the story. Be so much the champion of your heroes that you lose yourself. Then all the natural ability you have to portray life, to be dramatic, will come out in your story. Your voice will take on the tones that express the sentiment there, your eyes and lips will register the emotions, and in places, your hands or other parts of your body will be employed in emphasizing some thought by a motion. Feeling your story will make you express it more vividly.

Sympathetic feeling of the story, then, is the fountain of vivid expression. Without such feeling, the story can not have life. The study of elocution can be of value in correcting faults, in directing the powers of voice and person; though, for simple story-telling such as the parent has to do, there is scarcely the need for such training, and often those who either have little dramatic appreciation or who get but a smattering of knowledge quite disgrace the name of elocutionist.

It is a fault to overdo expression. Occasionally you will encounter a person who, in telling a story, is too vivacious, gushing. She bows and nods and grimaces, and keeps her hands flying aimlessly, and moves about, and runs the scale in speaking, and altogether gives a performance that is of interest to the children chiefly for its clownishness; and probably they will scarcely remember a bit of the story she is telling. A proper sense of restraint and poise is necessary. However, it is not so often this fault as the opposite, of woodenness, which has to be fought by the story-teller. And that is the reason we recommend to you earnest application to the study of how to feel your story.

Now for example, let us instance that same story of little Samuel. As you make the story in the Bible your own, you must picture the scene with little Samuel and the old man Eli. Do you see the darkened room where little Samuel lies? Do you catch the alertness in his face as he hears the call, "Samuel! Samuel!?" Do you see him in his white nightdress and his bare feet pattering in to answer Eli? Do you see the old high priest lying on his couch? Do you hear the deeper tones of his voice as he answers the boy? In other words, are you living in the story? Then into your manner will creep the spirit of the scene, and into your voice will come the treble tones of the boy and the shaky bass of the old man.

So with every story: if you would make it effective, you must feel it and let the feeling show in your story-telling. This supplies the motive power for the dramatic element in storytelling.

Lesson 10: Analyze and Outline

The Fourth Essential is, Analyze and outline your story. To analyze your story (that is, to tell what its parts are, what comes first, then what next, and so on) is not at all difficult. And it is very necessary to enable you to know your story. In fact, every one who learns and tells a story analyzes it, though often unconsciously. But to do it consciously, and to practice doing it until conscious analysis is natural and easy, this gives a sense of mastery of the story which is a very important part of the story-teller's equipment.

Let us take, for example, the story of Jesus' healing the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda. First read the story in John 5, thinking of it carefully as you pass along. Then stop a bit, shut your eyes, and think it through point by point, making a picture of it in your mind. Then read it over again, observing whether you remember it in every point just as it occurred. Ask yourself what point comes first, what next, and next, and so on, setting down your answer upon a paper. Here it is

Question 1. What is the first thing that happens? Verses 2-4. Answer 1. Jesus goes to Bethesda.
Ques. 2. What next? Verse 5. Ans. 2. He sees the sick man.
Ques. 3. What next? Verse 6. Ans. 3. Jesus speaks to him.
Ques. 4. What next? Verse 7. Ans. 4. The sick man replies.
Ques. 5. What next? Verse 8. Ans. 5. Jesus' healing command.
Ques. 6. What next? Verse 9 (first phrase). Ans. 6. Sick man is healed.
Ques. 7. What else? Verse 9. Ans. 7. Carries his bed.
Ques. 8. What more? Verse 10. Ans. 8. Challenged by Pharisees.
Ques. 9. What then? Verses 11-13. Ans. 9. Answers them.
Ques. 10. What last? Verse 14. Ans. 10. Jesus admonishes him in the temple.

The conclusion of John's account, telling how the man revealed Jesus' identity to the Pharisees, and how then the Jews persecuted Jesus, while a part of the history of Jesus, is not a natural part of this story as we conceive it, the story that deals with the healing of a sick man. That story restricts itself to the one incident of the healing miracle and its result, and does not go on to deal with the effect of the incident upon the fortunes of Jesus.

Now you have a list of ten points written down on your paper. By asking and answering your questions, you have analyzed your story, and by writing out your answers you have outlined the story. This, it is true, is a very elementary form of analysis; but it is all that is here asked of you, because it is all that is needed for our purpose, the purpose of recognizing, listing, and remembering the sequence--that is, the order in which the events occur.

Now anyone can do that, can't he? Of course some people are so mentally lazy that they will not go to the trouble of doing it, but surely not anyone who is studying these lessons. Because, I tell you truly, some simple analysis and outline is necessary to the most successful story-telling. Whether one does this or does it not, makes the difference between the student and the drifter. The student makes the successful storyteller; the drifter makes the failure.

At first this may seem to you a good deal of needless detail, and you may think that you could tell a story as well without going to the trouble of analyzing and outlining. But not so! Patient, careful study will have its reward in better storytelling.

So outline all your stories while you are preparing to tell them. After a while you will not need to write down the outline on paper; you can keep it in your head.

Having written this outline, peg it down in your memory. It is not hard to remember ten events that succeed one another, is it? Count them off on your fingers if you want to. Now, this is important: Think, not of the list you have written, but of the story itself, and of what events follow one after another. See the story, and you will have little trouble in remembering the sequence of events. So now we are ready to tell the story of --

WHAT JESUS DID ONE SABBATH DAY

ONCE on a Sabbath day in Jerusalem, Jesus was walking, when He came to a pool of water that had a porch built around it, called Bethesda, which means, "The House of Mercy." There were a great many sick people lying under the porch by the side of the pool, for here they thought they could be made well. Every once in a while the water bubbled up in the pool and the people thought an angel had come down from heaven and was stirring it. They said that the first sick person who stepped into the pool after the water was troubled would be healed of whatever disease he had. So there they were, sick people of every kind, waiting for the water to be troubled.

As Jesus walked by them, He saw one poor man who could hardly lift his head, he was so sick. And he had been sick a long, long time, oh, a great deal longer than all the years you have lived; he had been sick for thirty-eight years. And here he was, trying to be made well. But he never could get into the pool first after the water was troubled, for others were so much sprier than he.

Jesus looked at him, and knew all about him. The sick man was lying there all discouraged, when he saw a strong, fine man bending down to him, and in the most beautiful voice saying, "Do you want to be made well?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the sick man; "but I have no one to put me into the pool when the water is troubled; and while I am coming, some one else steps in before me."

It was the only way he knew to become well. And you know he had never seen Jesus before, and he didn't know who He was.

But Jesus said to him, "Rise! Take up your bed, and walk."

The man looked up into Jesus' face. Jesus was the very picture of health, and, more than that, He looked as if He could give other people good health. And the man, as he looked into Jesus' eyes, believed that Jesus could make him well, sick though he had been for thirty-eight years. So he didn't wait a minute, but he stood right up on his feet! And sure enough, he felt the thrill of life go through his body, and he knew he was well.

Then, just as Jesus told him to do, he took up his bed (which was only a thin mattress), and straightened up to thank Jesus. And Jesus wasn't there! But, anyway, the man was all well, and even if he couldn't thank the One who had cured him, he could do what He had told him to do.

So he started off, carrying his bed with him. And along came some Pharisees. They stopped the man, and said to him "See here! It's the Sabbath day! You can't carry your bed on the Sabbath day!"

The man had been so happy he had forgotten that the Pharisees forbade every one to carry anything on the Sabbath. And all he could think to say was, "The Man that cured me, He said, 'Take up your bed and walk.'"

I think those Pharisees must have suspected it was Jesus who did that, for no one else could cure such a man. But to make sure, they asked him, "Who told you to take up your bed and

walk?" They didn't care anything about the man's being cured, but they did want to make sure he should not be carrying anything.

The man said, "I don't know who He was." And he went on with his bed.

Then he went up to the temple to praise God. And there Jesus found him again, and said to him: "See, now you are made well. Sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon you." Then the man learned that it was Jesus who had cured him: and I believe, don't you, that he loved Jesus all the rest of his life.

Lesson 11: Modify the Story -- Style

SOME stories may be told just as they are written. All well-told stories are just right for some place, some time, some age, and some purpose; so that for that place, and time, and age, and purpose, they should be told just as they are. But, on the other hand, the perfect story written for young people may be found too difficult for little children; while a story told in language suited to children may not in that form please older ones.

So we often find it necessary to change and shape the story material as found in the sources to fit the age of the child and the purpose of the story-teller.

Sometimes a story can, by the story-teller's skill, be made more interesting to the child: sometimes, indeed, it is necessary to simplify its language to fit his understanding. So the story-teller must be on the alert to see if he can, in any way, better the style of the story while preserving its facts.

Sometimes the story, in its source form, does not confine itself strictly to one point, but branches off into other interests that belong to other stories. To make a simple story, this extraneous matter must be eliminated.

Sometimes the story is too long, and while it might be told as it is by breaking it up into several parts, the continued story form, for a single story it has to be compacted by omitting some parts.

Sometimes, on the other hand, the source may give an incident which suggests a good story, but it has all too little detail to fill out. Then comes the more difficult task of adding material enough to make a story, while at the same time remaining true to the plot as given and to all the truth and atmosphere of the incident.

The Fifth Essential of story-telling, then, is Modify your story as necessary, by

- Change of style.
- Selection of pertinent matter.
- Abbreviation.
- Amplification.

We will now consider modification of the story on account of style. Style involves the words used and the sentence forms in which the thought is cast.

The vocabulary must be suited to the understanding of the child, and this requires that the story-teller have a personal acquaintance with children and be used to talking with them. He

may, and doubtless will, have a much greater vocabulary than he uses with children, but he must accustom himself to telling stories to children in language which they will understand. Furthermore, he must get into the habit of thinking as children think while he is with children. Children's thoughts are short and direct, their sentences likewise. Simple sentences are therefore the rule in story-telling to children; comparatively few compound sentences are allowable, and practically no complex sentences.

A special word is necessary as to modification of the phraseology of the Bible, because many whose Bible study is confined to the Authorized Version or the Revised Version feel that the form of speech used in them is somehow sacred. The beauty and majesty of the Authorized, or King James, Version is unquestioned; it is a classic in English which will never be excelled. Nevertheless it is written in English that is three hundred years old, and the style and much of the diction are archaic. This is not realized so much by regular Bible students, because their constant study accustoms them to the phraseology and the style; though if at any time they should speak in the same form about their own everyday affairs, they would themselves at once realize that their speech was peculiar and that anyone hearing them would think they were playing burlesque.

But while the children of Christian families may be accustomed to the language of the King James Bible, the children of the most of the world are becoming less and less used to it; and they, especially, and also children reared in Christian homes, to a greater degree than we often realize, have a very real difficulty in understanding some parts of the story in the language of the King James Version.

Just to make a few comparisons of Elizabethan speech (in which the King James Version is written) with our own: Do you say to a frightened person, "Fear not!" or do you say, "Don't be scared!", or "Don't be afraid"? Does your child come home from school and tell you that for some mistake her playmates "laughed her to scorn," or "made fun of her"? Would you address a twelve-year-old girl as "Maiden" or as "Little girl"? If you were a physician, would you report concerning a patient that you "commanded to give her meat," meaning food, or would you say that you "told them to feed her," or possibly, being a doctor, that you "directed that she receive nourishment"?

All the archaic expressions which we read in the King James Version were perfectly natural and common to the people of England at the time of the translation, but we do not commonly use them now, and if the Bible and other literature of the time had not kept them alive, we should find it difficult to understand the speech of that time. We must remember that the child is just learning our language, and that he can most readily understand and appreciate what comes to him in the speech to which his everyday associations have accustomed him.

When we tell or read to him stories containing many expressions odd to him and some of them wholly unknown, his mental powers are largely taken up in the effort to understand, and his appreciation is therefore much less. Besides, as all of us with childhood memories can testify, he often receives incorrect and grotesque ideas from unfamiliar words and forms of expression. These are the reasons why we should recast such stories in modern speech forms.

In the matter of the mode of thought and sentence formation in stories, however, there is likely to be much less need of change in style in the stories of the Bible than in accounts of modern composition, because the younger the language the simpler it is. We find the Bible stories generally very simple in composition, though there is considerable variety among them in this respect.

In illustration of modification on account of style we give the story of David and Goliath, "The Shepherd Boy Who Slew a Giant." The source is 1 Samuel 17. We find reason to modify the style, first, by modernizing and simplifying the language; and second, by transposition of the exploit of David against the lion and the bear, from the middle of the story to the beginning. The reason for this transposition is that for little children the events of stories should be told in chronological sequence, that is, as they occur. As told in the Bible, this exploit is introduced through David's narration to Saul, and is out of its chronological order. This device for introducing past events is for the purpose of subordinating such events to the main narrative, and has its value to older minds; but the child's mind does not easily coordinate events, and the simple form of chronological sequence should be followed.

THE SHEPHERD BOY WHO SLEW A GIANT

IN THE days when there were giants, there lived in the land of Israel a shepherd boy named David. He was the youngest of eight brothers. The three oldest of these were grown up and gone to the wars, but David was left in the wilderness to keep the sheep.

David had a sling that he could sling stones with; and when the wolves and bears came to carry off his sheep, he drove them away with his sling. But one day there came a lion, a great big yellow lion; and he picked up a lamb in his mouth, and ran away with it. And David ran after him, and he caught the lion, and he killed him; and he took the poor little lamb back to its mamma.

And then there came a bear, a great big black bear; and he took up a little lamb in his mouth, and ran off with it. And David ran after him, and he caught him. And when the bear stood up on his hind feet to fight, David caught hold of him, and killed him; and he took the poor little lamb back to its mamma.

One day he was out all alone with his sheep, when a man came running to him from his father's house, and said, "Your father wants you." So he left the man with his sheep, and went to his father. And his father said: "David, here are ten loaves of bread and a bushel of parched corn that I want you to take to your brothers in the army. And here are ten cheeses for you to give to their captain." So David loaded the bread and the corn and the cheeses on a donkey, and took a man along to help him, and so he came to the army.

Now there was a giant there to fight the Israelites; and he was down in the valley, shouting: "Give me a man to fight with me! I'm a Philistine, and you are Israelites. If he kills me, all the Philistines will be your servants; but if I kill him, all the Israelites shall be our servants. If you are not afraid, give me one of your men to fight with me!"

But no one would go to fight with him; for he was ten feet tall, and he had a great brazen shield and a brazen helmet and a brazen coat of mail, and brazen armor for his legs; and he had a

spear whose head weighed twenty-five pounds, and a sword that another man could hardly lift. So every one was afraid of him.

But when David heard his voice, and saw that everybody was afraid of him, he said: "I will go and fight this giant; and the God who helped me kill the lion and the bear will help me kill this giant."

So he started down into the valley. He had no helmet, and he had no shield, and he had no sword; but he went down with just his shepherd's staff and his sling. Now when he got down to the bottom of the valley, he stopped at the brook, and picked up five smooth stones, and put them into his shepherd's bag. Then he climbed up the bank, and went to meet the giant.

But when the giant saw him coming, and saw how little he was, and saw that he had no helmet or shield or sword, but only a staff and a sling, he was very angry. And he shouted: "Am I a dog, that you come to drive me away with a stick? Come to me, and I will give your flesh to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."

But David wasn't afraid of him. He shouted back at him, so everybody could hear: "You come to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield; but I come to you in the name of Jehovah of hosts, whom you have defied. And He will give you into my hand, that all the world may know there is a God in Israel."

Then he ran forward to meet the giant, and the giant strode forward to meet David. A man came before him, bearing his shield; and the giant got ready his spear and his sword, and pushed back his helmet on his head, and cursed David by all his gods.

But David stopped, and he took a stone out of his shepherd's bag, and put it into his sling. Then he swung it around his head, and slung it at the giant. And the stone whizzed straight toward the giant, and struck him right in the forehead, from which he had pushed back his helmet. And the stone sank in, and the giant fell. Then the man that bore his shield turned and ran, and David ran forward and stood on the giant, and took up the giant's own sword and cut off his head.

Then how the Israelites shouted ! And they all ran forward, and the Philistines ran away.

So this is how the shepherd boy who trusted in God slew the great giant who despised God.

Lesson 12: Modify the Story -- Pertinence

The second division of modification deals with pertinence; it applies when the source contains extraneous matter not pertinent to the story you wish to tell. In this we mark a distinct difference between chronicle and story. Chronicle is the prosaic recording of events, and usually contains as many contemporaneous events as are thought important.

Story, on the other hand, is a selected narrative, dealing with a restricted number of persons and events, and having but one climax in mind. History is written in different styles, some of it being more given to the faithful recording of events in their chronological and sequential order--that is chronicle; some of it being filled with more of incident and directed more to the rousing of the emotions of the reader--that tends to the story form.

You will find in history all degrees of variation in these two directions. All of it may be good writing, each style suited to its own purpose and its own audience. But the more any history inclines to chronicle, the more will it draw together the coincidental happenings of the time, and the less will it follow the single thread of the story.

Therefore, to make a good story one must watch out, in his history sources, for the influence of the chronicle and be ready to eliminate from the narrative anything that branches off from the main interest which is his story.

The story has its one set of actors, all revolving about its central hero. It therefore has usually a simple plot, with little change of scene and the fewest possible distractions of new persons or interests. The younger the audience for whom the story is intended, the more regard must be paid to this principle of including only what is pertinent to the central theme.

To illustrate modification for pertinence, let us take the healing of Jairus' daughter, "The Little Girl Who Was Raised from the Dead." The source is Luke 8:40-56. In the middle of this story occurs the story of the woman with the issue of blood. Again we may observe that the mingling of these two stories is quite admissible for mature minds, but to the single-track mind of the child it is confusing because it divides his interest. Therefore we eliminate the story of the healing of the woman, to be told at some other time, or at a later age in this connection.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS RAISED FROM THE DEAD

ONCE there was a father and a mother who had a little girl just twelve years old, whom they loved very, very much. But she fell sick one day, and she grew sicker and sicker, until her mother said to her father, "You must get a doctor."

And her father, whose name was Jairus, said, "I'll get Jesus." So Jairus started out to find Jesus; and when he found Him, Jesus was just stepping out of a boat, having come across the lake with His disciples. And there were many people there to see Jesus, and to hear Him teach, and to be healed of diseases.

But Jairus pressed through the crowd to Jesus, and said to Him, "Master, my little girl is sick and almost ready to die. Will You come and heal her?"

And Jesus said, "Yes, I'll go with you." So they started to go to his home. But the people pressed so close about Jesus, talking to Him, and crowding Him, and asking to be healed, that they could not go very fast. And the father was afraid that his little girl would die before Jesus could reach her.

And so it happened. For there came one of his servants down the road, and said, "Don't trouble the Master any more. Your little girl is dead!"

Then, oh, how bad the poor father felt! But Jesus said to him, "Don't worry. Only believe, and she shall be made well."

So they went on until they came to the house. And there all the people were crying and crying, because the little girl was dead. But Jesus said to them, "Don't cry; for she is not dead, but sleeping."

He said that because He knew He was going to raise her to life, and it would be just as if she had been asleep.

So He went into the house, and He put everybody out but just the mother and the father, and Peter and James and John. And they came into the room where the little girl was. There she lay on her bed, cold and still. Her eyes were shut, there were no roses in her cheeks and no breath in her body; she was dead.

Then Jesus came up to her, and took her by the hand, and said, "Little girl, I say to you, Arise."

And she opened her eyes, and the roses came into her cheeks, and the breath came into her body, and she smiled at them, and she was alive!

And Jesus took her up, and gave her to her father and mother, and told them to give her something to eat.

Lesson 13: Modify the Story -- Abbreviation

The third division of modification is on account of too much matter in our source material. If we had all time and if our hearers had all patience and interest, perhaps we should never have too much material in any story. But as a matter of fact, we do have to condense. History narrative is a condensation of history happenings, else it would take nearly as long to tell what occurred as it took to act it. For various purposes we condense, more or less, as we wish.

We may tell "The Story of Mankind" in a chapter--but how immensely much is left out! We touch only the supreme events. Yet the little child could not be held to hear it all. We may tell the story in a book, and a child older grown may have interest to follow it all through. Or we might write the history of mankind in so great a library that it would take a lifetime to read it all; and still great masses of history would be left out.

So also it is with any part of that history: we might tell it all, or a very great part, to mature and interested listeners; but to capture the attention of a little child, and to inform his mind and inspire his heart, we must take a small portion. And in selecting that portion we must determine what we shall take and what we shall leave out. This is the very common problem of modification of story material on account of too much matter.

How shall we proceed? Well, first we read the material, read it again, and perhaps again, noting as we go what is most interesting and what is most important to a connected story of related events, what happenings act as cause and effect; for our object in all story-telling is to teach a lesson of how good produces good and evil produces evil, to the end that our hearers may be guided in their own conduct of life. So we note, as best we can, what are the principal events in the story, and their relation to one another; what can be left out with least injury to the story, and what must be kept.

We shall perhaps note, in the second place, that there are some events upon which we do not wish to dwell in telling the story to our hearers, some parts perhaps which the small children who are to be our audience are not old enough to understand; or some parts the morals of which we wish to avoid until the children are older or have a fuller experience. Our decision about these may be dependent not wholly upon age, but upon other factors that determine the

children's mental attitude and so our judgment of what shall be eliminated may vary considerably with circumstances. But this consideration provides a further reason for limiting the contents of the story.

For example, we will take the story of Absalom, found in 2 Samuel, chapters 13 to 19. Here is a very long story, in the main, tragic, but with elements of grim comedy, as where Absalom brings the recalcitrant Joab to him by burning his barley field, and then calmly ignores the irate warrior's accusation and goes to his point: "I sent for you; now take me to the king."

It is, on the whole, a story for youth: the passion, and the intrigue, and the crime, as well as the final retribution, are such as can be understood and applied best by those who have reached some degree of maturity. But out of it all we can gather a story for the children, a story that teaches a lesson of the results of disobedience and ingratitude to parents. To prepare this story, we must cut out considerable of story material. Each of you may do this as it pleases you; but I will give you an outline of how it may be treated. Observe as you go what reasons there are for omitting certain parts.

MODIFICATION OF THE STORY OF ABSALOM		
TEXT	OMIT	RETAIN
2 Sam. 13:1-9	Amnon and Tamar	
13:20-36	Absalom's Revenge	
13:37, 38	Absalom's exile	
13:39 to 14:24	Absalom's return	
14:25, 26		Absalom's beauty
14:27-32	Absalom and Joab	
14:33	Absalom forgiven by David	
15:1-12		Absalom's conspiracy
15:13-37		David's flight
16:1-4	David and Ziba	
16:5-14	Shimei's cursing	
16:15 to 17:14	Ahithophel's and Hushai's counsel	
17:15-22	Messengers	
17:23	Ahithophel's suicide	
17:25	Amasa made captain	
17:24, 26		David and Absalom across Jordan
17:27-29		Reception at Mahanaim
18:1-8		The battle
18:8-18		Death of Absalom
18:19-32		Messengers report
18:33 to 19:8		David's mourning
19	David's return	

You will observe that we have now analyzed the story material, and the column of points we have retained makes a very good outline for our story. We would add one further touch from 1 Kings 1: 6, showing David's leniency with his children. And now we may tell the story of--

THE PRINCE WHO BROKE HIS FATHER'S HEART

King David had a son who was the most beautiful prince you ever could imagine. Tall he was, and fair; the hair of his head was beautiful and heavy; his eye was like the eagle's, and swift his foot as the wild roe upon the mountains. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, there was no blemish in him. And the name he bore was Absalom.

But though he was so tall and fair, though his head glistened, and his eyes shone, and his foot was swift, and naught of blemish could be found in him, yet Absalom had a proud heart, and a proud heart that was bad. For he had been brought up to have whatever he wanted, and to do whatever he would: and his father never had rebuked him, nor asked him why he did this or why he should not do that. And as you shall see, because his father did not make him mind and never punished him for his headlong ways, Absalom loved not his father but only himself; and loving himself, he went on his way to grief, and broke his father's heart also.

For when he was grown, Absalom said to himself: "Why should I be only a prince in Israel? I am the most beautiful man in the kingdom; I am the king's best son; I shall be king."

So Absalom got for himself a fine chariot to ride in, and fine horses to draw him in his chariot, and fifty men to run before him and shout, "Make way for Prince Absalom!" And he would go in his chariot in the mountain and sit by the palace gate, and when any man would come that way to go to the king, Absalom would call to him, and take him by the hand, and kiss him. And he would ask him about his home, and about everything he had, and what he wanted. And then Absalom would say, "Too bad, my friend, too bad! There is no one set by the king to hear your case and give you justice. If only I were made judge in the land!" So Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel.

And then, when he had stolen almost all their hearts, Absalom rose up and rebelled against his father, King David in Jerusalem, and called upon the people to make him king in his place. So when King David heard how his beautiful but proud and bad son Absalom had rebelled against him, he rose up with his friends and his men of war, and fled out of Jerusalem and away across the Jordan, and there he came to the city of Mahanaim, and he stopped with all his men to rest. And there his friends who lived near by brought him beds for all his men, and dishes and food in abundance. And David and his men were rested from their weariness.

But Absalom had gathered an army too, thousands upon thousands of the men of Israel, and now the beautiful, bad prince came with all his army to find his good father David and kill him. But David's men would not let him go out to the battle. They said: "You must stay here in the city while we fight for you; for they will not care for us if you are there, but will seek only to kill you."

Then David said to Joab his captain and to all the captains "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom." For though his son was so bad that he would kill his father, yet his father loved him, and would save him if he could.

Then the men of David went to fight in the forest with the men of Absalom, and the men of David beat the men of Absalom, and all the men of Absalom ran away. So Absalom himself came face to face with the men of David. And as he was riding upon a mule, he went under a great oak, and his head, with its heavy hair, was caught in the thick boughs of the oak, and the mule went from under him, and left him hanging there.

Now when Joab heard that Absalom was hanging there, he did not do what David had told him to do, and save the young man Absalom, but he went as fast as he could, and he took three darts and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, and killed him. Then his men took Absalom and cast him into a great pit in the forest, and raised over him a great heap of stones.

David was sitting in the gate of the city, waiting for word from the battle. And his heart was afraid, not for himself, but for the son he loved, the son who did not love him, the bad prince Absalom. And there came a man running, and when he was near, they could see that he was Ahimaaz. And Ahimaaz said to David: "All is well! The Lord has given you the battle!"

And David asked Ahimaaz, "Is it well with the young man Absalom?"

Ahimaaz did not want to tell, so he said, "I saw a great tumult as I left, but I did not know what it was."

Then another man came running; and when he was near, they could see that he was Cushie. And Cushie said to David "Tidings for my lord the king! God has given you the battle!"

And David asked Cushie, "Is it well with the young man Absalom?"

And Cushie said, "May all your enemies, my king, be as that young man is!"

Then David knew that Absalom was dead. And he went up into the tower over the gate, weeping, and as he went he cried: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom ! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Now Joab came back with all his men from the battle, and he heard King David weeping and crying for Absalom. And he went up into the tower, and said to David: "You have made your friends ashamed, because you show that you hate them who love you, and love them who hate you. I see that if Absalom had lived and all we had died this day, it would have pleased you well! Now go out and thank your soldiers, or every one will leave you by to-night."

Then David stopped crying for his son, and went out and greeted his soldiers, and thanked them. But still his heart was like lead within him, because, though now he was king again over all Israel, the son he loved was dead.

But it was well that Absalom, the beautiful, bad Absalom, was dead; for his father never had trained him right, and he had had his own way. So, although he was tall and fair, though his hair was beautiful, though his eye was like the eagle's and his foot like the roe's, and though there was no blemish to be found in him from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, yet he was unlovely in his soul; for he loved but his own way, and he brought many people to sorrow, and he broke his father's heart.

Lesson 14: Modify the Story -- Amplification

Now, as the fourth division of modification, we may consider the less frequent occasions when we have not enough matter in our source to make out a story, and so are under the necessity of amplifying the material. We have an example in the story of Mephibosheth, son of Jonathan. There are but four brief notices of Mephibosheth, and of these we want but two for our story: the first is in 2 Samuel 4:4, which tells of the accident that made him lame; the second is in the ninth chapter, which tells of David's discovery and befriending of him, and incidentally of the place of his residence meanwhile.

The great tragedy of his bereavement by his father's death on the battlefield, and on the same day his own cripplement, are all too briefly revealed to us in that one verse of the fourth chapter. The second incident, in the ninth chapter, is quite full, yet contains hints of his lonely seclusion in the wilderness east of Jordan, which suggest more of our story. So we set to work to construct from this meager material a story that is one of the most affecting in the Old Testament.

Imagination is the great tool in this constructive modification. We must visualize the whole scene, coordinate the scattered events, and weave them into a harmonious whole. But we must not let imagination get away from the facts; and therefore we must inform ourselves as fully as possible, not only about what is told in the Bible, but what we may learn outside. The most of this latter is the geography: map study will reveal to us the location of Gibeah of Benjamin, where the story starts; Lo-debar across the Jordan, wherein is the refuge the great-hearted Machir offers him; and Jerusalem, where David reigns. So we weave the story of --

THE SAD LITTLE PRINCE WHO WAS MADE GLAD

A long time ago, there lived in the land of Israel a little boy, just five years old, named Mephibosheth. He wasn't a poor little boy. He had a beautiful great house to live in, with palm trees and fountains and flowers. And he had beautiful clothes to wear, blue and gold and scarlet, and all of silk and fine-twined linen. And he had the best food, and the best bed, and the best playthings, and the best servants to take care of him. For his father was Jonathan, and his grandfather was Saul, the king of Israel.

And he had a friend whom, though he had never seen, he had heard about, ever since he could remember; for his father, Jonathan, often talked to little Mephibosheth about him, and told how good he was, and how beautiful, and how sweet his voice was. And that friend's name was David. "And if ever anything should happen to thy father, little one, flee to David; for David will take care of thee." So said his father when the days were growing dark.

And one of those dark mornings, little Mephibosheth's father came to tell him good-by. And he was clothed in gloomy iron armor, for he was going far to the north to fight a battle. "Good-by, little one," said Mephibosheth's father, as he kissed him; "good-by. May God keep thee! May God keep thee! Good-by." And he kissed him again, and gave him back to his nurse. And away he rode, with all his men, to fight the battle in the north.

And every day and every day, little Mephibosheth would watch from the palace windows, down the valley and over the hills, to see his father come back. But he did not come.

At last, one morning, the city was all in confusion and noise; for there had come a man out of the battle in the north, and he had dust on his head, and his clothes were all torn. And he cried, "All the men of Israel are slain!" And after him came another; and he said, "All the men of Israel are scattered and driven away!" And after him came another, who cried, "Saul is dead, and Jonathan is dead also! "

Then all the people lifted up their voices and wept. And they told it in the palace where little Mephibosheth lived. "Ah, little one," cried his nurse, "thy father is slain! The great prince of Israel is dead. Thou wilt never see thy father again!"

And at that, poor little Mephibosheth, who could understand nothing of all this, except that he should not see his dear and noble and loving father again, at that, little Mephibosheth cried. But his nurse and all the servants were wringing their hands, and crying: "What shall we do? Oh, what shall we do? Our wicked enemies will come down and kill us. For Jonathan is dead." And they started to run away. Away to the Jordan River they would go, and get across it, where they could not be found.

So some took up their jewels and their money; and some snatched up their costly clothes; and some picked up food; and they all hastened, crowding and pushing one another, out of the gates of the city, and away down the long, dusty, rocky road to the Jordan.

Little Mephibosheth stood crying in all the confusion, for he did not know what to do. He did not know what was the trouble, only that he should never see his father again; they all said so. But David! David would take care of him. Had not his father told him David would take care of him?

Then suddenly came his nurse, her arms full of bundles and treasures. She saw poor little Mephibosheth standing there crying. Oh, her eyes were wild, and her breath came hard; for she was afraid, and she did not know what to do except what all the people were doing. But she would not leave little Mephibosheth behind. Putting all her bundles into one arm, she picked him up with the other, and hurried on.

And just as they were passing through the gate, the people crowded and pushed, and tore little Mephibosheth from her arm. He fell on the hard, rocky pavement, and broke the bones of both his poor little feet. Then his nurse threw down all she had, and she gathered him up in her arms. While he cried and cried with pain, she bore him on as fast as she could go, until they were safely across the Jordan.

Then they came to the house of a rich man named Machir, in Lo-debar, where Mephibosheth's nurse hid him away. There he stayed for many and many a month, until the months stretched into years, and Mephibosheth was grown.

Yet, strange as you may think it, David did not know of Mephibosheth; for David had been far, far away in the woods and the mountains in the days when Mephibosheth was born, and he knew little of the people of Saul. But one day after David was made king, he called for an old servant of Saul's, and he said, "Ziba, is there anyone left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?"

And Ziba said, "Why, yes; Jonathan has a son, Mephibosheth, and he is lame."

"Where does he live?" asked David.

"He is in the house of Machir," answered Ziba, "who lives in Lo-debar."

And then, oh, glad time! David sent for Mephibosheth to come to him. And Mephibosheth gathered up all his belongings, and they put him upon a gentle beast, and carried him back across the Jordan, and over the hills of Benjamin, and down the valley to Jerusalem, to the palace of David. He came before the throne of David, and he bowed himself to the ground before the king.

And then the sweetest voice in Israel softly called, "Mephibosheth." And Mephibosheth said, "Behold thy servant."

David answered: "Do not be afraid. I loved your father Jonathan, and I will be kind to you--for his sake. I will get back for you all the land your grandfather Saul had: and you shall live in my house, and eat at my own table always."

So at last David had found Mephibosheth; and all that Jonathan had promised that David would do, he did, and more. And then Mephibosheth, who had been so sad a little prince, Mephibosheth was very glad.

Lesson 15: Telling the Story -- Simplicity

We have now studied the first five essentials of storytelling. The first of these, "Select Your Story," is a matter of research and choice. The next four have dealt with the science of story-telling. We come now to the art of story-telling in the Sixth Essential, Tell your story simply, directly, and expressively.

First, then, tell your story simply. Have a simple plot, simple style, and simple vocabulary. What do these things mean?

The plot of a story is its plan. To be simple, it must have one central figure, the hero, and it must have one straight narrative of events in which that hero figures. If, on the contrary, the story had two or more heroes, and two or more series of events, and two or more places in which these series of events are occurring, thus necessitating your shifting your tale from one to the other in order to keep them moving along together, the story would not be simple, but involved. It is true that skillful story-tellers may take such an involved plot and make a successful story; but such a story is neither for children to hear, nor for the novice in story-telling to tell. Even then the most practiced of story-tellers, if he is telling a story to children, will give his story a simple plot, because he knows it is difficult for children to follow an involved plot.

For instance, in telling the story of Jonah, you would follow the fortunes of Jonah from his home in Israel to the sea, and from the sea to Nineveh. You would not at the same time be trying to tell what is happening to King Jeroboam in Israel, and to King Pul in Nineveh, and to the Phoenician mariners on the rest of their trip to Tarshish. Jonah is the subject of the story, and where Jonah goes, the story goes; when he leaves the land of Israel, your story forgets Israel, and when the Phoenician sailor men on the ship have cast Jonah overboard, you forget

the Phoenician sailor men. All the way through, it is Jonah, what Jonah thinks, what Jonah says, what Jonah does; all other people and things come in incidentally.

The style of the story is the way your thought is formed and expressed. If you are talking to grown people of education, you endeavor to speak after their manner of thought; if you are speaking to a less educated class, you endeavor to fit your subject matter and manner of thought to their habit of thinking; but especially if you are talking to children, you must make the greatest difference in your style, and be sure that you talk to them after the manner of their thinking. Compare, for instance, these three ways of saying the same thing

1. "Remembering the assurances he had received of a numerous posterity, and arguing with himself that God was able, if it were necessary, by a resurrection from the dead to fulfill those promises, Abraham faltered not at the demand that he sacrifice his only son, Isaac, but prepared to carry into effect the divine edict."
2. "Abraham's faith did not fail. He remembered that God had promised him that through Isaac his seed should be as the stars of heaven, and he believed that God could raise him from the dead, if necessary, to fulfill that promise. Therefore he made ready to obey the command of his God to sacrifice his son as a burnt offering."
3. "Abraham loved his boy Isaac just as much as your father loves you, and when God told him to kill Isaac, it seemed too dreadful to think about. But Abraham remembered that God had given him Isaac as his only true son, and said that his children and his grandchildren should be as many as the stars in the sky. And so he thought, 'God has told me to offer Isaac for a burnt offering, and God is able to bring him up from the dead, if He needs to. I will do what God tells me to do, and leave Him to make everything right.' And so he made ready to offer his boy like a lamb as a burnt offering, as God had told him to do."

By your vocabulary is meant the words you use. To quite a degree your vocabulary affects your style. The bigger and the more unusual your words, the stiffer your style. Children, of course, learn first the shorter, simpler, and more common words. And grown people, in telling the story, should look carefully to the matter of using words that are familiar to the children. The difference in vocabulary, as well as in other points of style, may be noticed in the above examples.

In all these particulars seek to make your story-telling simple. You will have continually to observe yourself in your telling of stories, as well as to observe the effects upon the children, so that you may steadily improve in the simplicity of your story-telling. Others may help you by criticism, if you invite them, but you yourself must be your own critic and teacher.

Don't try for effect, or you will lose it. Be natural, be yourself; but strive ever to make yourself better, more intelligent, more broad, more sympathetic. Whoever would enter into the kingdom of the story-teller must become as a little child. You can't "talk down" to children and be successful. It is the mark of the "outlander," the stranger to children, this effort to be very pleasing to them, with a honeyed voice and the mien of an angel who has come down to teach them how to be good. Be assured the child will discern the wolf under the sheep's clothing. Be natural. And make your nature fit your need.

One's habit of thought will naturally control one's choice of words and form of sentences. Whoever dwells much with children will come to fit his habits of thought to the child's experience and understanding, at least while talking to children. That is why the one who loves and lives much with children can most easily interest children in the stories he has to tell, while one unaccustomed to children has difficulty in interesting them.

The adult naturally has a larger vocabulary than have little children; and unless he knows from an association with them about what their range of thought and their vocabulary are, he will use words that they do not understand. That doubtless is the reason why most mothers make better story-tellers than most fathers.

But it is not only the vocabulary that is involved in simplicity of story-telling. Back of the speech is the thought. One must think simply for children. He must know what the children's experience is, and frame the story to appeal to that experience. He must look at the events of the story with the eyes of the child, and interpret them in accordance with the child's viewpoint. This is no difficulty to the one who lives with children; and if anyone finds it difficult, that means that he should get an experience with children.

In this connection we may best mention one of the "tricks of the trade;" that is, the device of repetition of words and phrases in the story. This device will be noticed in some degree in most of the stories told in this book. For instance, in "A Little Boy Who Listened" observe the recurrence of the same or similar phrases in the three successive calls of Samuel. "In the Beginning" strikes the note in its emphasis upon the number of each day of creation. In "The Shepherd Boy Who Slew a Giant" the repetitive device is marked in the exploits of David among his sheep. In the story in this lesson, "She Didn't, and She Did," the title strikes the keynote, which is echoed throughout the story.

One effect of this repetition is to capture the attention of the child by the recurrence of something familiar. The word or phrase must be catchy, so as to attract the attention in the first instance; then each time it occurs it pleases the listener by its familiarity and its aptness.

It is, however, more than a device to gain attention, for it gives the same sort of pleasure that any rhythm gives. There is in it, indeed, an element of melody.

Tell which of the following forms of the same story you would prefer for the three-year-old child; for the six-year-old child; for the twelve-year-old child.

SHE DIDN'T, AND SHE DID

A long time ago there was a little girl who lived in a home that was not her own. She didn't choose this home, but she was taken away from her own home in the land of Israel and put here in a foreign land as a little servant girl, a slave. And more than that, not anybody in all that city or in all that land worshiped the true God, the God of Israel, the God who made heaven and earth, but everybody worshiped idols.

This little girl had to work hard all day long. First she had to run errands. Whenever there was anybody in the house who wanted an errand done, he would call on this little girl, and she would have to run on that errand, anywhere in the house or anywhere in the neighborhood or anywhere in the city. And that little girl grew very tired, of course, running so far every day, so

tired that she almost couldn't stand it. And she might have put her head down and cried and said, "Oh, dear, I'm so tired I just can't go on! Everybody wants me to run errands all the while, and nobody loves me." She might have done that, but she didn't.

And then she had to work in the kitchen. She had to wash the dishes and polish the silver and scrub the black pots clean. And she had to grind the flour for the bread making every day. For in that land and in that time they didn't go to the grocery store and buy a sack of flour when they wanted to bake bread. They had two flat, round stones, one on top of the other, with a hole in the middle of the top one where they poured in the wheat, and then they turned that stone round and round and round on that other stone until the wheat was ground into flour. And the little girl had to do that every day. And she might have said, "Oh, dear, I get so tired with washing dishes and polishing silver and scrubbing pots and grinding flour that I just can't do it any more! Everybody wants me to work and work all the while, and nobody loves me." She might have said that, but she didn't.

And, last of all, she had to wait on the lady who was the mistress of that house. That was a very great lady, a very wealthy lady, a very beautiful lady, and she had about her to care for her, many, many servants, of whom this little girl was one. And this little girl had to bring her her clothes and open her dressing cases and bring her vanity box and her rouge pots and her eyebrow pencils and her combs and her hairpins, while this great lady was fixing up for her company. And that little girl might have said: "Oh, dear me, my mistress asks so much of me! I have to be doing something for her all the while. I think she might do more for herself and not make me work so hard." She might have said that, but she didn't.

Instead of doing any such thing, this little girl might have said to herself: "Now here I am in a home where people know nothing of the true God, but worship idols. There are a great many people here, and all of them need some one to love them. There is a great deal of work to be done, and somebody must do it. Now I am going to do all the work I can in the very best way I can; and I am going to love everybody and do them all the good I can; and I am going to show them by the way I live in this home what it is to love and serve the true God, the God of Israel." That is what this little girl might have said, and that is what she might have done. And more than that, she did it.

So one day she was waiting on the great lady who had all her maids around her, and the lady was crying. Her maids tried to comfort her by praising her. "Oh, dear lady," they said, "don't cry. You are so beautiful and you are so great and you are so wonderful; and your husband, why, he is a captain of the army, and he is next to the king. You should be very happy."

But the poor lady cried the more, while she said, "Oh, it does no good at all that I am beautiful or that my husband is so great. It would do no good, not even if he were the king, for he is sick with a sickness that cannot be cured. He has the leprosy."

And at that her maids could not say anything, for they knew nobody could cure the leprosy. But the little girl was listening and she was watching. She might have been very sorry to see her mistress cry, and when she found out that she was crying because her husband had the leprosy, she might have thought of some way to comfort her. She might have done that, and she did.

"Oh," she said, "I wish your husband were down with the prophet who is in Israel, for he would cure him of the leprosy."

"Why, little girl," they all exclaimed, "what do you mean? Nobody can cure a man of leprosy."

"Oh, the prophet Elisha can do anything. Why, once he even raised a little boy from the dead!"

"Well, then," they said, "let's tell the king." They went in and told the king, and the king called this lady's husband, this Captain Naaman, and said to him, "Come, and I will send you down to the land of Israel to be cured of the leprosy."

So the next day Naaman was ready to go down to the land of Israel. The king gave him silver and gold and fine clothes to take as a present, with horses and mules and camels and men-servants. And away they all rode out of the courtyard of Naaman's house, out of the city gate and down the long road toward the land of Israel.

That little girl sat watching them out of the window as she saw them go. And as she saw them going toward her own land, instead of pouting and sulking and crying because she couldn't go too, she might have clapped her hands and looked out of shining eyes as Naaman and all his men rode away. And she might have said, "Oh, I hope he will find the prophet and really be cured of his leprosy! I will pray for him every day, that he may be healed and brought to know the true God." She might have done that, and she did.

The days went by and the days went by, and every day and every day the little girl watched for the coming back of Naaman. So at last one day, looking out of the window, she saw a train of horses and mules and camels coming up the road from the land of Israel, and she knew it was Naaman and his company. She ran to the courtyard where all the family and servants were gathering, and pretty soon in rode Naaman and all his men. He got off from his horse and stood and said, "I'm cured. I'm healed. I have no more leprosy. The prophet that is in Israel cured me. And now I will never again worship any god but the true God, the God of Israel, for there is none but Him who can cure the leprosy." And then everybody was happy.

So this little girl who was taken away from her own land and made a servant in a home that was not her own, where she had to work very hard and where at first there was no one to love her; why, this little girl might have turned around and by being cheerful and working faithfully and loving everybody and helping anyone who was sick or sorrowful or in trouble; why, this little girl might have made the happiest home there was in all Damascus. She might have done that, and she did.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO LOVED EVERYBODY

ONCE there was a little girl who had lost her papa and her mamma, and she had to live in another home. But she loved everybody, and helped them all she could.

One day the lady she worked for cried, and the little girl asked her why she cried.

"Because my husband Naaman is sick," the lady said, "and nobody can cure him."

"Oh, I know somebody who can cure him," said the little girl.

"Do you?" cried the lady. "Why, I don't think anybody can cure him."

"Oh, yes ; the prophet Elisha can cure him," said the little girl. "Why, he can cure anybody, because he is the prophet of God."

"Well, I will tell my husband," said the lady. And she did. She told her husband Naaman, and Naaman, who was so sick, went down to see the prophet Elisha.

"What is the matter?" Elisha asked.

"Oh, I am sick, dreadfully sick," said Naaman; "but the little girl who lives at my house says you can cure me. Will you ?"

"Go down to the river Jordan," said Elisha, "and dip yourself in the water seven times, and you shall be well."

So Naaman went down to the river Jordan, and he dipped himself down once, but still he was sick.

And he dipped himself down again, but still he was sick.

And he dipped himself down again, but still he was sick.

And he dipped, and he dipped, and he dipped, but still he was sick.

Then he dipped himself down once again, and this time when he came up he was all well!

My! Wasn't he glad! And wasn't the little girl glad!

THE CURE OF NAAMAN

In the days of Elisha the prophet, the Syrians, who were at war with Israel, in one of their raids took captive a little Israelite maid, and the captain of the Syrian army, Naaman, gave her to his wife to wait on her.

Now Naaman was a great man in Syria, next to the king, and he was a very valiant warrior; but he had the leprosy, and you know the leprosy was a disease that no one could cure.

The little maid of Israel, however, said to her mistress: "I would to God that my master Naaman were with the prophet that is in Samaria, and he would cure him of his leprosy."

You see this little maid knew of the wonderful things Elisha had done, even raising a boy from the dead, and so she was sure he could do anything that nobody else could do. That is why she said he could cure Naaman of the leprosy.

Then some one went and told the king of Syria what the little maid said. And the king called Naaman, and said, "Come, I will send you to the king of Israel with a letter telling him to cure you of the leprosy." For the king of Syria of course thought nobody could be so great as a king, and that if there was any prophet in Israel who could cure the leprosy, then the king could command him to do it. That is why he wrote to the king instead of to the prophet.

Well, Naaman got ready and started off, with servants and horses and chariots and twenty thousand dollars in silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten suits of clothes, all for a present, and with the letter to the king of Israel.

But when he came to the king of Israel, and the king of Israel had read the letter from the king of Syria, which said: "I have sent Naaman, my servant, that you may cure him of the leprosy,"

why, the king of Israel was dismayed. He cried, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man sends to me to cure a man of his leprosy? See how this king of Syria is trying to pick a quarrel with me!"

Then some one ran and told Elisha the prophet. And Elisha sent word to the king, "Let this man come to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

So Naaman came in pomp, with his horses and his chariot and his servants, and stood at the door of Elisha's house. But Elisha did not even come out to see him. Instead, he sent a messenger to say, "Go wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

When Naaman heard that, oh, but he was angry! "Indeed! So I may wash in the Jordan and be clean, may I? I thought this prophet would surely come out to me and stand and call on the name of Jehovah his God, and strike his hand over the place, and cure the leprosy. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?"

So he turned and went away in a rage.

But his servants came near and spoke softly to him. "My father," one said, "if the prophet had told thee to do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much easier, then, when he saith to thee, 'Wash, and be clean.' "

Naaman stopped and thought a minute, and then he was ashamed of himself. He turned his horses' heads and drove to the Jordan. He stepped down out of his chariot; he laid aside his costly robes; he walked down into the water. Oh, there was no servant to do for him what he must do. There was no high prophet of God to stand in state and cure him. Naaman must humble himself and do the simple thing God's prophet had told him to do.

So down went Naaman into the river, and he bowed himself under the water once, twice, thrice--seven times; and when he came up the seventh time, behold, the leprosy was gone and his skin was as clean and clear as the skin of a little child.

Then Naaman rode back in his chariot, and with all his company he came to the prophet of God. He stood before Elisha, and declared: "Now I know that there is no god in all the earth but in Israel. Take, I pray you, a present from my hand." And there he had all his silver and his gold and his costly clothes to give to Elisha.

But Elisha said, "As Jehovah liveth, before whom I stand, I will take nothing." Naaman urged him, but still he refused. He would not sell the gift of God for a present.

Then Naaman said, "Give me, then, I pray you, two mules' burden of earth. On it I will build in the land of Syria an altar to the God of Israel, and henceforth I will neither worship nor sacrifice to any other god. For there is none other true."

Lesson 16: Telling the Story -- Directness

In The manner of telling the story there are three points to be remembered. We have discussed the first, "Tell the story simply." The second is this, Tell the story directly. Come to the point;

don't wander around, telling a number of unrelated things that may pop into the mind. Forget yourself; forget how you look, how you sound, what people may think of you, and whether you are forgetting something. Forget everything but the story and the end toward which the story is aiming. Concentrate. Leave reflections till afterwards.

The ability to do this must be based upon a general habit of mind. The person who cultivates decision and dispatch in all his thinking and acting will tell the story with directness. On the contrary, the person who is hesitating and indecisive in his habits of thinking and acting will tend to tell a story in the same way.

We do not have to keep our habits, however, whether bad or good. We can lose good habits by neglect, and we can change bad habits into good, by giving attention and effort. If we tend to be indecisive, we can train ourselves to be direct and purposeful. And we can begin the process with our story-telling as well as with anything else.

Drill yourself in telling every story with a straight thrust toward your goal, leaving off the side issues, the explanations, the backing up and starting again. Watch yourself, and let others watch and criticize you. If you find this fault in your story-telling, even though you may not have suspected it before, work it out.

As our Second Essential says, you must know your story, know it thoroughly so that you do not have to hesitate and cast back in your mind for some half-forgotten part of the story. The Fourth Essential is to analyze and outline your story in your mind. If you have thorough knowledge of your story, and if you can analyze it, shape it, and outline it in your mind, you are on the direct road. You will have determined what parts, if any, of the original material you leave out of your story, you will see its end clearly, and you will know every part of your road so that you can tell the story right along, and without hesitation. That is what is meant by telling the story directly. Here is an example of how not to tell a story directly:

"Well, children, I have a good story for you. How many of you like good stories? Of course you do, and I am going to tell you one. So you all sit still and keep as quiet as mice, and look me right in the eye, because I can't tell stories to little boys and girls unless they pay attention. When I was a little girl, I remember one time; but never mind, I'll tell you about that some other time.

"This story I am going to tell you is about a little boy. Of course you little girls may not be so much interested as if my story were about a little girl. But sometime I'll tell you a story of a little girl, and then the boys will have to wait. Let's see if you can show the boys how to sit pretty, and listen.

"Well, as I was saying, there was a little boy once who had a wicked uncle. Of course, I know if any of you have an uncle, he isn't wicked. I know I had an uncle when I was a little girl, whom I loved dearly. He used to visit our home quite often, and every time he came I had the nicest time. He always brought something in his pockets or his satchel especially for me, because he said I was the dearest little niece he had--but I didn't start in to talk about my uncle.

"The uncle of this little boy I was telling you about was a bad uncle. His name was Nicodemus, and they used to call him, 'Old Nick.' That makes you feel kind of sorry, doesn't it? because the

Nicodemus we read of in the Bible was a very good man, though I should say he wasn't a very brave man. For you remember he came to see Jesus by night because he was afraid to come in the daytime. You wouldn't be ashamed to come to Jesus in the daytime, would you? I should think not.

"Well, as I was saying, this little boy I started to tell you about had an uncle whose name was Nicodemus, or Old Nick, as they called him."

It reminds you, doesn't it, of Will Carleton's backwoods hero who, at the old settlers' meeting, began to recite an original poem detailing the progress of a bride and groom by ox team through the Michigan swamps. After seventeen stanzas he had taken the pair only as far as the near side of the third mudhole, and to the impatient query of the chairman, this story-teller

"Held up three fingers and a thumb, And said, 'There'll be jest eighty-three more stanzas yet to come.' "

All of the above story thus far might be comprised in this "Once there was a good little boy who had a bad uncle called 'Old Nick.'"

None of you may, in your story-telling, be so faulty as in the above example, which is ludicrous in its meandering ineffectiveness. And yet, do you know, I am scarcely exaggerating at all the style of some would-be story-tellers I have heard. The worst of it is, a story-teller with this fault does not easily recognize it. It is a habit of mind, and he can not easily stand off from himself and observe his habits. The best help he can get is the criticism of a friend, until he can see his fault and learn to criticize himself. Watch your story-telling, and see if you drive straight to the point.

A good help in correcting the fault is timing. Take a perfect story and read it out loud, and see how long it takes you. Then tell the story, and see if you got through in the same time. Practice on story after story like this, noting meanwhile, how you avoid nonessentials, and so you will help yourself in the telling of the story.

But no cure can be thorough without a change of habit, a change of character, a change from inconsequent, purposeless talk to concentrated, purposeful thinking and speaking.

Let us take, for example, the story of Elisha and the Shunammite woman and her little son. Elisha is the hero of this story. We first encounter him in the nineteenth chapter of 1 Kings, and after that he dominates the first half of the book of 2 Kings. If we were indirect in our thinking, we might introduce this story of Elisha after this fashion

"Once, when the prophet Elisha was on earth; do you know who Elisha was? He was the successor to Elijah, who went to heaven in a chariot of fire. And Elisha took his place. So after he had come back and healed the waters of Jericho, for the waters were bitter, so that the sons of the prophets, they were the students in the schools of the prophets, you know--could not drink it; and after he had punished the bad children of Bethel who mocked him and said, 'Go up, thou baldhead!' after he had punished them by sending two bears after them did you ever hear that story? Well, some time I will tell it to you. As I started to say, it was while Elisha was living that there was a good woman in the city of Shunem," etc.

What is the matter with telling the story that way? Why, there is no progress at all. It is like starting out on a path to go somewhere and finding so many by-paths with interesting possibilities that we take a few steps on every one, and almost lose the way. Nobody, certainly not a child, can be expected to be interested in that kind of talk.

But, instead, abandoning chronicle, and forgetting everything but the story-light playing upon the prophet and that little boy of Shunem, we will tell the story of--

THE BOY WHO WAS RAISED FROM THE DEAD

ONCE, when the prophet Elisha was on earth, there lived a good woman in a town called Shunem. And through that town the prophet Elisha used to go. And when he went through that town, he used to stop and stay with that good woman and her husband.

So, finally, one day, the woman said to her husband: "I see that this is a holy man of God. Let us make a little room on the house for him, and put in it a bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick; and this shall be his own room, for him to stay in whenever he comes this way."

So they made the little room on the house, and they put in it the bed, and the table, and the stool, and the candlestick, with a candle in it to be lighted. And then, one day pretty soon, along came the good prophet Elisha with his servant Gehazi; and he stopped at that house again, as he always did. He was very tired, and the good woman showed him at once to his room. And he looked in, and he saw the little table for him to put his Bible on, and he saw the strong stool for him to sit on, and he saw the candlestick with the candle in it all waiting to be lighted for him to see by. And he was very glad.

So he lay down on the bed to rest. And he said to his servant Gehazi, "What shall we do for this woman who is so kind as to give us this fine room?"

"Why," said his servant Gehazi, "she has no child."

Then Elisha sent for her; and when she came, she stood in the door. And he said to her, "About this time next year you shall have a son." And the woman was so glad she could hardly believe him; for, you see, she had no little boy and no little girl, and she did so long for one of her own.

And sure enough, next year about that time, a baby boy was born to her.

And that little boy grew, and he grew. He was a beautiful boy, I have no doubt (though of course I never saw him), with his happy smile, and his dark eyes, and his curly black hair all over his round little head. And his mother was very proud of him, and very glad for him.

And then, one day, he went out to the field where his father, with all the men, was reaping grain. It was a hot day, and the boy stood out in the sun with his father, watching the reapers. And all of a sudden, he cried to his father, "My head! My head!"

And his father called a big boy, and said, "Carry him to his mother."

So the big boy carried the little boy to his mother in the house. And she took him up on her lap, and she rocked him, and she cuddled him, while all the time the great fear was in her heart, "Am I going to lose my boy, the only boy I ever had?" Yes, she must. For he sat on her lap till noon, and then he died.

The mother said never a word, but she got up and took him into the prophet's room, and she laid him on the prophet's bed. And she shed never a tear, for her heart ached too much to mourn or cry; but she went out and shut the door, and left him there.

Then she sent for her husband, and said, "Send me a young man to saddle the ass, that I may go to the man of God."

Now her husband didn't know that his little boy was dead; and he said: "Why, this is neither new moon nor Sabbath. Why will you go to the prophet?"

But she only answered, "It shall be well."

And when the ass was ready saddled, she sat upon it, and said to her servant, "Drive fast." And she rode, and she rode, and she rode, far, far away to the mountain where the man of God was. And when she had come to him, she threw herself down at his feet, and cried: "Did I ask for a son? Did I not say, Do not deceive me?" Then he knew that her little boy was dead.

And he said to his servant Gehazi, "Take my staff, and go fast and lay it upon the face of the child." And his servant Gehazi went.

But the mother said to Elisha, "I will not leave you." So he rose up and went with her. And his servant Gehazi went on ahead, and came and laid the staff upon the face of the little boy, but there was neither voice nor hearing. And he turned back to Elisha, and said, "The child is not awaked."

So Elisha and the mother came to the house in Shunem. And Elisha went into the room, and there the little boy lay dead upon his bed. And he shut the door, and kneeling down, he prayed. Then he rose and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands. And he felt the little boy's flesh grow warm. Then he rose and walked down the room, and walked back up the room. And again he lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands. And the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes, and he was alive.

Then Elisha called his servant Gehazi, and said, "Call this Shunammite." And when she came, Elisha said to her, "Take up your son."

And she looked upon him on the bed where she had laid him; and his eyes looked into her eyes, and his lips smiled at her once again, and his hands stretched out toward her. And, oh, how happy that dear mother was then! And she fell at the prophet's feet and thanked Him.

Then she clasped her boy to her heart, and went out, more glad for him than she had been when first, a little baby, he had lain in her arms.

So this is the wonderful tale of the little boy who died and who was raised from the dead.

Lesson 17: Telling the Story -- Expression

Tell your story expressively. What does this mean? It means to use your voice, your eyes, your lips, sometimes your hands and your whole body, to convey all the shades of meaning and purpose and force that the story carries.

If you had to study out the mechanics of this process, and try to remember just when and why to smile, and to make your eyes sparkle or roll or shut, and just when to point your finger, or to hammer with your fist, and if you had to remember every little point of procedure at every proper point of your story, oh, well, you'd never tell a story!

But the fact is, while it is well to study the science of voice control, and of facial expression, and of gesture, and so to be able to use more intelligently all these aids of expression, you are not dependent upon this scientific culture. For if you observe faithfully the Third Essential of story-telling, to feel your story, you will just naturally have the impulse to put your whole self into the telling of it.

If you imagine yourself as participating in the action of your story, there is bound to come out through your eyes, your face, and, in moments of greater intensity, through your whole body, the expression to aid your speech. Your eyes twinkle, or dance, or wink, or open wide. Your mouth curves up or down, your brows frown or smooth, and your hands, perhaps your feet, your head, and other members, are called into activity to impress the character and the intensity of your meaning.

For example, in telling the story of "The Little Boy Who Was Raised from the Dead," I picture the description of his resurrection thus

"And he put his eyes (pause, two forefingers pointing at the eyes) on his eyes (pointing outward), and he put his mouth (pause, pointing at mouth) on his mouth (pointing outward), and he put his hands (pause, hands outstretched) on his hands."

If your enthusiasm drives you to the same gestures, you should use them; if not, you should not use them. Gesture is more natural to the demonstrative person than to the reserved.

But also demonstrativeness in story-telling helps to make it successful; and in some way, at proper times, you should learn to be demonstrative.

Of course we all differ from one another in our dramatic sense and impulses. Peoples differ, and persons differ. It is said of the Frenchman that he talks with his hands; and, as a rule, all the Latin and Slavic peoples are more prone to dramatic expression than are the races of Northern Europe. The typical Anglo-Saxon is so self-contained that it takes quite an effort for him to break down his reserve, and become at all dramatic in his expression.

Every one should be natural in his story-telling. Do not try to be like some one else, but, possibly learn from others' example either how or how not to tell the story with expression. Our aim must be not to become professional actors, or even elocutionists, but simply to let out of us in story-telling all that is within us.

To be overdramatic—melodramatic—is a fault in story-telling; to be underdramatic—repressed—is an opposite fault. Americans, especially those of Nordic ancestry, are more likely to have the second than the first fault. They are inclined to be self-conscious in story-telling, to be afraid of becoming melodramatic, and so they will not "let themselves go" when telling the story. The remedy is to forget one's self, to live in the story, and to be concerned wholly with the effect it is having upon the hearers, and the lesson it is teaching them. This is the essential element in

expression; upon that may be built all that the story-teller knows and all that he can be trained to know of the arts of expression in voice and gesture.

Great dramatic value is found in direct discourse, as contrasted with narrative in the third person. This is another one of the "tricks of the trade." Why does direct discourse make a story more interesting? Because it transfers the hearer's thought from the story-teller to the actors in the story. He is brought closer to the scene, and is helped to feel that he is looking on at it, instead of hearing a report about it. Always seek for this effect; and remember that direct discourse is a great help in getting it.

As an example, note the difference in the following two accounts from the story of Moses' meeting with God at the burning bush, a difference made solely by straight narrative in the one case and conversation in the other

"God told Moses that He had seen the trouble of His people in Egypt, and how they were oppressed by their taskmasters, and He declared He would deliver them. He asked Moses to go down and face Pharaoh, and bring the Israelites out of Egypt. But Moses was afraid, and answered that he was nothing but a shepherd. The Lord replied that He would go with Moses, and bring the children of Israel out to the Promised Land, by way of this very mountain, Horeb. Yet Moses objected that the Israelites would not believe him. Then God asked Moses what he had in his hand, and Moses told Him it was a rod. Whereupon the Lord commanded him to throw it upon the ground."

"God said to Moses: 'I have seen the trouble that My people are having in Egypt, and I have heard them cry because their taskmasters whip them, and I have come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them into a good land of their own, even the land of Canaan. Now, Moses, come, and I will send you to Pharaoh, and you shall bring My people Israel out of Egypt.'

"But Moses was afraid, and he said to God: 'Who am I, that I should bring the children of Israel out of Egypt? I am only a shepherd.'

"And God answered: 'But I will be with you, and you shall certainly bring them out. And on the way to the Promised Land you shall bring them even to this same mountain of Horeb.'

"But Moses said, 'They will not believe that God has sent me to take them out of the land of Egypt.'

"Then God said, 'What is that you have in your hand?'

"And Moses said, 'A rod.'

"And God said, 'Throw it on the ground.'"

The beginner in story-telling is likely, through selfconsciousness and embarrassment, to cast all the story in descriptive form, and to avoid repeating conversations. It takes a sense of the dramatic and a very thorough forgetting of self to make direct discourse sound natural. But every story-teller must master the art. And in the doing of it let the voice be modulated to suit the characters and the conversations. The art comes through feeling your story and forgetting yourself.

When mother cuddles her lambkin up in her arms, the little form snuggles close with a sigh of content, and the dear little face is opened like a flower to the sun in expectancy, then story-telling needs no help. The voice does it all: no picture, no object, no motion, scarce ever a gesture. The story flows out like the waters of a spring upon a thirsty land.

But not always is this ideal of quiet mother-to-child storytelling possible. Sometimes we have a group of children varied in temperament, differing in experience, difficult as to attention. We must have their eyes, and, behind their eyes, their minds. No story can be successful that does not chain the attention of the listeners. Still we must seek to give our voice the right of way. The highest art of the story-teller is to catch and hold the attention of his children by the power and charm of the story revealed through the voice and facial expression alone.

But whether because of the contrariety of the children or the inexpertness of the story-teller, it often happens that the audience can not quickly be subdued to quietness and attention. Then let the story-teller remember the prime principle that motion attracts attention. Put a little acting into your story-telling. I have often been amused as well as gratified to see what even one or two steps forward toward my audience will do in gaining attention. This is almost as true with an adult audience as with children. If you are standing fairly close to them already, a sudden movement that takes you into their very midst will center their eyes upon you instantly. Of course it is but a passing trick, very temporary in its effect. To be of value, it must be instantly supported by the story itself attracting the attention.

Motion, however, may well mean more than a ruse to catch attention. It may be a revelation, a partial telling of the story itself. When the daughter of Pharaoh stoops over to see the baby Moses in the basket boat, when the boy David swings his sling around his head, when Jesus hands out the loaves and fishes, when Peter comes rapping at the door where the girl Rhoda is listening, the dramatic sense in the story-teller may be awakened into expression through the body.

Nearly all forms of bodily motion for the purpose of expression are comprehended in the term "gesture." Especially every purposeful motion of the hands is gesture; but also we may include in the term, motion of the head, the feet, and the whole body, and even strong facial expression. Walking, in which we move the legs and swing the arms, is not gesture when its purpose is to take us somewhere; but it may be gesture if done in the restricted limits of the story-telling place, for the purpose of illustrating the story.

Gesture is of great value in story-telling. It helps you to tell the story expressively. Where and when it shall be used depends, first, upon the circumstances in which the story is told, and, second, upon the disposition or state of the children. Its effectiveness, of course, also depends upon the art of the storyteller, his naturalness and good judgment in the use of gesture.

More than upon any rules, the value of gesture depends upon true feeling. If you live in your story, see it, experience it, you are more than likely to express it in gesture. You must have this feeling, or gesture will be with you only wooden, awkward, and inexpressive.

The only practicable, comprehensive rule which can be given is to make the gesture appropriate. A meaningless fluttering of the hands means nothing in story-telling; it means only a disturbed mental state. When the brothers strip Joseph's coat from him, you strip it--with

both hands. When Jesus takes the hand of the little dead daughter of Jairus and tells her to arise, you take her hand and lift. When in the story of the Shunammite's son whom Elisha raised to life you tell of the little dead boy that "his eyes were shut," then your eyelids close.

Gesture must be graduated to the occasion. When it represents great bodily activity, like Jehu driving in his chariot, like Peter leaping from his boat, gesture must be modified. We can not bounce and sway as much as Jehu, or leap and swim as did

Peter; yet a modified gesture would suggest the whole action. Yet, while giving this suggestion, I am conscious that most persons need rather to be urged to put action into their gesture than to be warned of overactivity. It is the few who overdo it. Let feeling be the inspiration of gesture, then let judgment and criticism, modify it.

Very active children may well be held to attention, singly or in small groups, by playing with objects that illustrate the story as it progresses. Building blocks, paper sloyd, the sand pile, are such resources. This way of telling stories often slows up the narration, may interrupt the flow of narrative and spread it out over a long time, but the child's activity with his hands, wherewith his imagination keeps pace, more than suffices to hold him to the story. Dozens of Bible stories can be illustrated by the building blocks of the little builder, and the sand pile is a world in itself, wherein any story may live. The kindergartner is skillful with many other similar objects; the mother may easily learn her art, but even without it she has great resources in the sand pile and the child's blocks and paper folding or cutting. The seclusion of a rainy Sabbath afternoon, or the enforced confinement of a wintry day, may be chosen as a fit time to extend the story hour by the use of object lessons.

Illustration of stories by the use of pictures is helpful in keeping the attention. To capture the child's attention, however, the pictures must be fresh ; that is, not something he sees every day. There are several business firms which furnish cheap reprints of good pictures on every subject, including hundreds of Bible pictures, at very little cost.

Let the child look at the picture while you tell the story it embodies. Some practice in this art will enable the story-teller to adapt his art to the degree of interest the picture supplies. The story-teller should not, however, become dependent upon such a device; for still the art of story-telling is highest apart from devices. You may well vary the practice by occasionally having the child tell you the story from the picture.

One who has some skill with the pencil or the crayon may illustrate the story with quick little sketches. The chalk talk in skillful hands is very entertaining. But of course this form of story-telling is dependent upon some artistic ability and training.

Study the following story, and determine what expression you will give it in voice and in gesture.

THE GIRL WHO TENDED THE DOOR

In the days of the apostles, after Jesus had gone to heaven, Herod the king stretched out his hand to slay some of the disciples. And he did kill James with the sword, and he shut up Peter in prison, intending soon to bring him out and put him to death.

Then many of the church gathered themselves together, into the house of Mary, the mother of Mark, to pray that the Lord might save them and deliver Peter.

Among them there was a little girl named Rhoda; and they told her to tend the door. And Rhoda prayed, too, in her heart, that God would deliver Peter; for she loved Peter, who had done so many wonderful things, healing the sick and preaching the gospel, and who was so kind to little girls like herself. And when she prayed that the Lord would deliver Peter, why, she believed that the Lord would deliver him that very night. And so she kept listening and listening for any sound that might come at the door.

Now Peter was shut up in a prison cell, and the next day he was to be brought forth and killed. He was sleeping between two soldiers, and he was bound with two chains, and the keepers were before the gate of the prison keeping watch.

Then an angel of the Lord came down, and a light shined in the prison. The angel struck Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, "Get up quickly." And the chains fell off his hands. But Peter thought he was dreaming.

And the angel said, "Put on your shoes." And Peter did. And the angel said, "Put on your coat." And Peter did. And the angel said, "Follow me." And Peter did. But still he thought he was dreaming.

So the angel and Peter went out of the cell, and the soldiers never awoke at all. And finally they came to the iron gate that opened out of the prison into the city. It came open of its own accord, and they passed out, and the gate shut. And all the while the keepers standing there knew nothing about it. And still Peter thought he was dreaming.

And the angel went with Peter through one street into another, and then left him. Then Peter came to himself, and knew that he was not dreaming, but was actually free. So he came to the house of Mary, the mother of Mark, and knocked at the door.

Now Rhoda was listening, and when Peter knocked, she came to the door and said, "Who is it?" And he said, "It's Peter. Let me in."

Then Rhoda was so glad that she forgot to open the door, but she ran in where the people were praying for Peter to be delivered, and she cried, "Peter is here! He's standing at the door!"

And they said, "Oh, you're crazy!"

But she danced up and down in her joy, and cried, "It is Peter! It is! It is! I heard his voice."

But they could not believe that Peter was actually free, and they said, "It is his angel."

And all this while Peter stood outside the door, knocking. So at last Rhoda persuaded them to come to the door, and when they opened it, there, sure enough, stood Peter. And he came in and told them all about how the Lord had sent His angel while they prayed, and had brought him out of the prison.

And then little Rhoda said to herself, "I just knew He would ! "

Lesson 18: Aim

The Seventh Essential of story-telling is, Have an aim and a climax. We couple these two because they have a close relation. Without aim there can be no climax, and without a good climax the aim fails.

What do we mean by "aim" in story-telling? Aim is the conscious effort of the teacher to direct his story to a certain end. Without a definite purpose in telling a story, the storyteller fails to be a teacher. He is not likely to be even a good entertainer; for the lesson in the story is its soul, and without a purpose the story is dead.

What do we wish to teach by a story? We wish to teach our children the great qualities of character, the great inspirations of life. By their admiration of the heroes in the stories, and by their detestation of the villains, they receive inspiration for building into their own lives the qualities of obedience, reverence, justice, honesty, courage, fortitude, forbearance, courtesy, and love. But unless the story-teller recognizes the elements in his story, the impression of one virtue or another which it is intended to make, he is not prepared to tell that story. He must know what the story teaches, and use it when he desires to teach that thing. That is aim.

Suppose, for instance, we desire to impress the necessity for obedience: what story shall we take? There is the Bible story, "When the Garden Was Lost," the fall of Adam and Eve; or there is the nature story, "The Little Deer That Thought He Knew More than His Mother;" or there is the mission story, "When the Voice Said, 'Go to the Godavery.'" Or there are a hundred others, all of which impress, along with other lessons, the lesson of obedience. Conscious that we wish to teach obedience, we select the story that teaches it; and that purpose in our mind steers the story.

Again, the aim one has in telling a story largely shapes the lesson of that story. Many a story contains more than one lesson; and that one which is emphasized by the story-teller is the one that makes the chief impression. More than that, the story-teller's own recognition or ignorance of the legitimate lesson will automatically determine the impression made; for he will unconsciously interpret it according to his own vision.

Take, for instance, the story of David and Goliath, "The Shepherd Boy Who Slew the Giant." What in the mind of the story-teller is that story to teach? Shall it teach athletics, or shall it teach loyalty? Shall it teach boastfulness, or shall it teach courage? Shall it teach blood-thirstiness, or shall it teach faith? You see it depends upon one's own point of view, one's own philosophy of life, what he shall be able to teach through the story.

The quarrelsome, the violent, will revel in the violence that Goliath threatens and David does. The spiritual, the peace-loving, yet the physically and mentally alert, will catch and impart the thrill of the challenge to God and its answer as shown in the action of the simple shepherd boy, plunged suddenly from his communion with nature and God into the arena of men's passions. And the emphasis may very likely be laid by such a story-teller upon the faith and confidence that wins victory: "So this is how the shepherd boy who trusted in God slew the great giant who despised God."

How shall one make sure of an aim, and of the right aim, in the telling of the story?

First, as intimated above, it is a matter of general culture. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Always and ever we must be seeking to know the highest ideals of life and to act upon them in our own lives. Where shall we find those ideals? Sometimes in persons we know, men and women who reveal in their contacts with others traits of character and demeanor which are admirable and right. And also in books.

Our reading shapes, to a greater or less extent, our ideals and our actions. Our reading must be purposeful, it must be planned to give us conceptions of life that are elevating and inspiring. Certainly at the head of all books stands the great library of the Bible, wherein are to be found vivid narrative, sententious precept, fervent exhortation, lucid reasoning, grand description, beautiful meditation, transcendent rhapsody. To live much of one's reading time with the Bible is to insure culture of the highest order.

But it is not sufficient to read merely. We must think. We must meditate upon what we read, that we may intelligently apply to our own lives the precepts and the examples that we read. That is why the memorizing of Bible passages is valuable, because it permits the words of Scripture to come to the mind during the day's business, when the hands are engaged but the mind seeks employment. Then to think of story and proverb and promise and praise, that is a process of culture. And it will do much to give us the right views of life, which are necessary to the right use of the story.

Second, it is a matter of particular study. That is to say, though we may have and may be getting more spiritual and mental culture, we must study the particular story we have to tell, to see what its elements are, and therefore how it may best be used.

I do not say that fictional stories may not convey lessons, and lessons of right thinking and right living. There are all sorts of fiction, high class and low class, moral and immoral. But the way almost all fiction readers use the fiction is productive only of damage. They do not think, they do not analyze, they do not weigh motives and make decisions. They read only to narcotize their minds, to get away from the humdrumness of their lives, to have dreams of happiness, or to get excitement. The more they read, the less they know, because they do not think.

You can not read stories exclusively, whether factual or fictional, and have a strong mind. It is quite possible, both for children and for adults, to read too much of true stories. But the reading of fiction is doubly dangerous, because, being highly spiced, it more greatly tempts to unthinking reading. The fiction addict is a mental drunkard.

It takes particular thinking to know the purposes of a story, and to make right use of it. This is one purpose of analysis of the story, which is, in part, our Fourth Essential. To recognize clearly the purpose of a story, one must be able to see its parts; for the story is built up, so to speak, block by block, in accordance with the architect's plan, his aim. Analysis helps perception of its purpose.

So we look at each story, analyze it, and discover its purpose. It may indeed contain more than one lesson; nor is it undesirable to have more than one lesson in it. Life is like that. But for the time being, and perhaps always, one idea must dominate in the story, one chief lesson must be emphasized. Therefore all the stories you learn and tell should be classified in your mind, as to their aim, their purpose, the lessons they teach.

What will you make of the story of the Flood? Is it to be ancient vaudeville, a colorful picture of degeneracy; or is it to be a white picture of loyalty and salvation? What will you make of the story of Joseph: the story of a quarrelsome family, or the story of patience, loyalty and love? Is the story of the baby Moses a story of lucky coincidences, or the story of a mother's faith rewarded? Is the story of the healing of Naaman a clinical report of a remarkable cure, or is it a revelation of the love of God working through the humble loyalty of a little girl?

Have an aim in every story you tell. Analyze the elements of the story, recognize its purport and purpose, and direct it to your ends. Seek constantly for broader vision, higher knowledge, deeper culture. So shall you be able to interpret the true life to the child through the story.

Lesson 19: Climax

"Have an aim and a climax," we say; and we discussed in our previous lesson what we mean by having an aim. Now what is a climax? It is the peak of effort in the telling of a story, the point toward which you are aiming, the place where you impress the thought for which you are telling the story. In "The Little Girl Who Was Raised from the Dead" it is the point at which the little girl actually comes to life. In "The Baby Moses" it is the point where the baby's own mother is called and given the child to nurse. In "The Little Deer That Thought He Knew More than His Mother" it is the point where the foolish little deer was killed. In "The Churn That Was Never Through Churning" it is the point where it is revealed that the little girl's name is Stomach! The climax is the peak of the story.

Aim and climax are closely related. "Aim" is the road and "climax" is the end of the road. Know why you tell the story, what lesson you intend to teach; plan your story to that end, and reach that end.

Then when you reach it, stop. The climax must be the close. To go on and on after you have brought expectancy to its fulfillment, is to spoil the story. Every wide-awake story-teller will sense the climax if it is made prominent, and will feel that there is the place to stop. The temptation to continue with further details of what happened afterwards is usually caused by the failure to make the climax distinct, clear, and emphatic. Therefore the story-teller should take special pains in preparation to see that he can bring it to a close with a clap. This is the final test of a good story.

For illustration on the one hand of a good climax and on the other of a failure to make the climax distinct and of continuing after the proper stopping place, we tell the following story in two ways.

THE TRANSFIGURATION

Six days after Jesus had said there were some standing by who should not die until they saw Him coming in His kingdom, He said to His disciples, that is to three of them, Peter, James, and John, that they should go with Him up into a high mountain. And when they had gone up there He was transfigured before them, and they were afraid. And Moses and Elijah talked with Him. And His face shone and His raiment was white.

And Peter, who was always ready to talk without thinking, said to Jesus that it was good for them to be there, and that they would better make three tabernacles, one for Him and one for Moses and one for Elijah. He did not know what he was saying.

And a bright cloud came over them, and God's voice came out of the cloud telling them that Jesus was His beloved Son and that He was well pleased with Him and that they should hear Him.

And the disciples were afraid; and when they heard the voice, they fell on their faces. And when they lifted them up, there was no one there but Jesus. And they came down the mountain with Him, and He told them not to tell anyone what they had seen and what they had heard until He should rise from the dead.

And the disciples asked Him why the scribes said that Elijah must come first to restore all things.

And Jesus told them that Elijah had already come, but they had done to him whatever they wanted to. So, then, the disciples understood that He meant not Elijah on the mountain where they had seen him, but John the Baptist. And Jesus told them that He must suffer many things too, and be put to death.

Do you think that is a well-told story or a poorly told one? What faults will you find with it? Do you find a climax anywhere? Why is there no climax? Where is the place you would make a climax? What parts of this story would you omit? Where would you stop? Compare it with the following story.

WHEN JESUS WAS GLORIFIED

ONE evening Jesus said to Peter and James and John, "Come with Me up on the mountain to pray." So Peter and James and John went with Jesus up on the mountain, and He prayed with them.

And as He prayed, Jesus' face was changed and shone like the sun. And His raiment became shining, white as the whitest snow, whiter than any cloth on earth can ever be made. But Peter and James and John had gone to sleep.

And while they slept and Jesus prayed and the glory of God came down upon Him, there appeared by His side two men clothed in glory. They were Moses and Elijah, who had been taken to heaven and now came down to talk with Jesus about His work for men and how He should die to save them.

Then, under the dazzling light, Peter and James and John woke up. And they saw Jesus in His glory, the glory that He had had with His Father before the world was. And they saw Moses and Elijah in glory too, and heard them talk with Jesus. But as the disciples watched, Moses and Elijah went away.

And as they were going, Peter, feeling as if he were in a dream, spoke up and said to Jesus, "Master, it is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles, one for You and one for Moses and one for Elijah."

While he was speaking, there came a bright cloud of dazzling glory and settled upon them all. The disciples were afraid as the glory cloud covered them, and they fell upon their faces and hid their eyes.

Then a voice came out of the cloud, the voice of God Himself, and it said: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him."

Then while still they hid their faces against the ground for fear, Jesus came and touched them. They lifted up their heads, and lo, all the glory had gone, and they were alone with Jesus.

Lesson 20: The Use of the Imagination

IMAGINATION is an important element in the preparing and the telling of stories. We have briefly discussed this in chapters nine and fourteen. Imagination creates a picture for the story-teller to describe; it clothes the skeleton of facts with the fair form of romance; it makes the vivid story where its lack would make dull chronicle. It may truthfully be said that without imagination you can not be a story-teller.

Yet there are many conscientious people who are afraid of the use of imagination. They confound it with fiction; and they are opposed both to the reading and to the making of fiction. They condemn the story-teller who creates any part of his story from his imagination, even to the slight extent of changing narrative into conversation. They punish the little child whose exuberant imagination and lack of judgment lead him to tell a creation of his brain as an actual happening. They are sincere in their fears, and inexorable in their judgments.

In passing, let me say a word about fiction, because this is a tender subject with many, and I would not be understood as recommending fiction. I also am opposed to the reading and the making of fiction. But I think that the most basic and strongest objection to fiction reading, as well as the chief remedy for it, are not commonly recognized. Fiction is of all classes, with the widest variance in literary merit and moral value. The most common objection to it is on the ground of its immoral influence. A very great proportion of fictional literature is indeed to be condemned on this ground. A well-trained mind would also spurn a great mass of it for its literary crudeness.

But the basic objection is that fictional stories so capture the mind that, the reader, especially if young, goes into an orgy of reading, cramming the mind with a mess of stories, undigested, unassimilated, obstructive, and therefore disease producing. There is no mental activity, no production, simply a greedy devouring of endless narrative. The mind becomes enervated, the will enfeebled, the power of initiative lost.

This evil, however, fiction shares with all narrative. It is possible to read true stories in the same way, with exactly the same results. If fiction has the greater score against it, it is simply because its writers are more skillful. The principle should be recognized that reading, of whatever character, should be balanced by work. No one should learn more than he does, or seeks to do. The more creative work done by hand and brain, the more discriminating and the more assimilative will be the mind that reads. The prime fault in our age is too little interesting, profitable, creative work for children and young people. The prime remedy for too much and

too bad reading, including fiction, is a well-planned, well-applied environment, training, and work.

But now back to a consideration of the simple subject of imagination. It is not easy, indeed it is not possible, to draw an exact line in the employment of the imagination, on the one side of which is truth and on the other side error. The line varies with the factors of person, purpose, and place. But one thing is obvious, that the faculty of imagination is inherent in the human mind, and God put it there. None of us, even the most literal, get wholly away from it. It is possible to overexercise it, and it is also possible to starve it, with bad results either way.

The only safe rule for judgment is to determine the effect of each and every specific use of the imagination, or of certain classes of literature based upon imagination, and to approve or disapprove in accordance. Doubtless our judgments will differ. If any of us can convince the others, well; if not, let us not add the fault of intolerance to the virtue of orthodoxy. May we not here seek for some basis of agreement?

The world of the little child is one of romance. He has been projected into a marvelous world, and his mental state is one of continual marvel. As he comes in contact with new things, new creatures, new persons, he applies to them his lessons of limited experience, and often, of course, misconceives and misinterprets them. His imagination is active and, because of his inexperience, often at fault; and so has to be checked up and corrected by experience. He may think that animals talk, and he may say they do. He may even tell what they say to him. That does no harm. If he actually believes it, later experience will correct his belief. And meanwhile he receives pleasure, and may receive benefit, from his fancy.

Indeed, we grown people often depart from literal fact in our figurative speech, and we should not better ourselves if we denied ourselves the pleasure. When we sing to our children Tennyson's beautiful lullaby

"What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
'Let me fly,' says little birdie,
'Mother, let me fly away,'"

must we stop and say, "Oh, no, I mustn't sing that ; for birds do not really talk"? Indeed, if we are to be so literal, we can not sing the third stanza,

"What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
'Let me rise and fly away.'"

In the first place, the baby does not really say anything at all; he is too young to talk. In the second place, if he could talk, he would not say that; he would probably say, "Mother, let me run outdoors." But it is perfectly legitimate to imagine him as saying it, and it makes a pleasing analogy between birdie and baby. How often does the mother, talking to her little baby, talk for him as well as to him, and say that he is saying things which he can neither say nor think! And our little children do likewise.

The fact is, that in our desire for literalness we lose sight of how our imaginations are all the while making for us figures of speech and fancies of mind which are not fiction, because they do not deceive or mislead as to our real meaning. And we credit all too little the activity of the child's imagination. Children vary, of course, and some are more matter-of-fact than others, but practically every child imagines many things which, though not literal fact, are pleasing to him and may be made of value in his education.

One day my five-year-old daughter came in and said to her mother, "Mamma, do you know what I have been doing! I've been out talking to the chickens. I stood on one side of the yard, and they stood on the other. And I said, 'Now, chickens, you must be good, and not fly over the fence; for the beans are just coming up, and first thing you know you'll be picking them off.' And they stood there and listened to me, and they put their heads on one side and then on the other, just like this, and they said, 'What ? what?' And I said, 'Yes, that's so! And now you remember, or I'll have to chase you out of the garden, and set Queen on you too.' And then that old rooster with the big gest comb, you know, he says, 'What do you know about that! Can't fly over the fence, hey?' And I said, 'No, sir! Now, chickens, you might as well be good first as last, for Queen is an awful dog to pull out tail feathers.' And then they said, 'W-e-l-l ! All right! all right!" And then they went to eating again. And I came in."

At that time she had never heard, so far as I remember, any story about birds' or animals' talking, unless it were the song, "What does little birdie say?" and the like. She doesn't believe that animals talk; she just "makes believe." And it wouldn't do her any particular harm if, as a passing phase of her mental development, she did believe that the lesser creatures can use human speech. By means of the allegory, parable, fable, we may often teach valuable lessons.

The child is to be pitied who is deprived of all cultivation of the imagination ; for without imagination there is no literature; no, not Bible literature. A mother said to me a short time ago, "My boys always ask, when I start to tell them a story, 'Is it a true story?' and if I can not say that it is, they will not hear it." Very good ! true stories are much better than fiction, and the usual reason one resorts to fictional stories is that he does not know true stories, or does not know how to fill them with life. But don't call a fable fiction. If, condemning fiction, you extend its definition to cover fables, then it must also cover parables, which are but a different form of allegory, and the condemnation then extends to the parables of our Lord. If, when you start to tell the parable of the prodigal son, your boy should ask, "Is it a true story?" could you assure him that it is? or, anyway, "Lazarus and the Rich Man"?

Let us get a clear definition of terms which cover different classes of story, but which are often understood as synonymous, covering but one class. Words are often used in a loose way and assume in our minds certain vague and even erroneous meanings, just because of a lack of clear definitions. There are several terms which, in many minds, are synonymous, and yet which have distinct meanings and embrace stories of different natures and different effects. These terms are: myth, fairy tale, legend, and fable. To these we may add allegory and parable. It is true that all these terms are used loosely, and some definitions may make certain of them practically synonymous, but they have more restricted meanings, and, if we wish to be exact, we should stick to these.

A myth, in the strict sense, is a story originating in the early religious ideas of a heathen people, and relating to the actions of gods or other supernatural beings.

A legend, in the strict sense, is a story originating in the childhood of a race or in simple minds, but relating, not to the gods, but to human beings, and often to a definite locality. It usually contains fanciful elements which make it more or less questionable as history.

A fairy tale is a tale of fairies; that is, of the imaginary supernatural little beings who assume human form and do wonderful and impossible things, good or bad according to their natures. The term is made to cover, also, fanciful tales of children and animals.

A fable, in the strict sense, is a story of animals or inanimate objects which are, in the story, given human characteristics, reasoning and acting and talking like human beings, the story being told for the purpose of drawing a moral lesson.

An allegory is a story in which the actors represent something other than that stated. It is one of the rhetorical figures of speech, a metaphor extended into a story. It may partake of the nature of either the fable or the parable. "Pilgrim's Progress" is an example of a long allegory.

A parable is a short, fictitious story in which the actors are usually persons, but sometimes inanimate objects, the story being told for the purpose of drawing a moral lesson.

Now, our objection to myth, legend, fairy tale, or fable should rest upon the character of the particular story told, and not upon the label, though we may decide from investigating the character of any class, that whatever justly comes under that label is bad; on the other hand, we may find that certain classes include stories of different characters, some good, some bad.

I will tell you that, for myself, I object to the whole class of myths and the whole class of fairy tales as mental food for my children. My reason in the first instance is that myths acquaint their young minds with false gods, which become as real to them as the true God; and besides, almost all myths present incorrect ideas and false ideals of life.

My reason in the second instance is practically the same, that fairy tales fill the imagination of the little people with fictitious beings which become as real to the child's mind and as firmly a part of his belief as do the true supernatural beings, God and the angels; oftentimes also to the damage of his emotions. I can not think of any myths or fairy tales that I would want to tell my child when I have, on the other hand, beautiful and true stories which give him all the benefits of wonderment, joy, and exercise of the imagination, besides teaching the truth.

The legend, however, I can not judge as a class, but must take upon the merits of the individual story. Some legends are fanciful and absurd; others have a measure of truth, sometimes are almost wholly historical fact, or presumptively so, and contain wholesome and helpful elements. The legend, of course, is not dependable as history, but according to our judgment of any particular legend, it may be worthless, innocuous, or helpful.

The fable, too, I must judge, not as a class, but as an individual story. Some fables are foolish; some are very wise. The same may be said of the parable: and, indeed, it is sometimes difficult to classify a certain story as to whether it is a fable or a parable. The story that Jotham tells in judges 9 is clearly a fable; the story that the wise woman of Tekoah tells in 2 Samuel 14 is as clearly a parable; but the story that the prophet tells in Isaiah 5 is on the border line of fable

and parable, though, because he does not animate the objects in his "vineyard," which "is the house of Israel," we incline to call it a parable. Jesus made much use of the parable, always using persons as the chief actors, though sometimes including other objects--sheep, fish, pearls, money--as figurative elements. None of His stories can be classed as fables.

However, some fables are very valuable in teaching lessons. This is true of some of AEsop's fables, the most noted collection. Jotham's fable, already mentioned, contains a valuable lesson and one often employed. I would not condemn the fable as a class because some fables are foolish and injurious, much less on the ground that in the wider, unrestricted sense the word is used as synonymous with "foolish, false tale." The only ground on which the fable as a class might by some be condemned is that it presents animals, or trees perhaps, as thinking and talking, and they do not actually talk; though in the case of animals, some of them have some of the mental processes of human beings. But children, at least children endowed with strong imagination, are continually personifying birds, animals, and even flowers, just as they do their dolls, holding imaginary conversations with them, and thinking of them as living, thinking, and talking. I would not rebuke a child for that, or try to take away from him the experience. It is natural, harmless, and may be helpful. When, therefore, a moral lesson can be impressed by a fable, such as the result of greediness by AEsop's "The Dog and His Image," or the foolishness of pride by his "Frog and the Ox," it is a good story to tell.

Lesson 21: Adaptation to Audience

Stories are mental food for all ages. They may be only relishes in adulthood, yet some people can stand a great deal of relish. But from babyhood to adolescence the story is a main dependence for teaching truth and inspiring to action.

The form of the story, however, must be adapted to the age of the listener. This is to quite a degree an individual matter, and the better acquainted one is with the individual to whom he tells stories, the better he can fit them to the need. However, there are general boundary lines within which children of approximately the same age may be grouped.

The young child is attracted by wonder tales; that is, stories which appeal to and feed his imagination. Herein lies the power over him that the fairy tale exerts. It is amazing to him, but not absurd, that a fairy should whisk three wishes into fulfillment, that a boy should climb a bean stalk into a giant's land, that a wolf should talk like a grandmother.

But the elfin and the grotesque are not the only kind of wonder tale. The miraculous is not lacking in stories of the Bible: water bursting from rock, fire that does not burn, meal and oil and bread and fishes that increase in the barrel or the hand, dumb beasts speaking, the dead raised to life. Nor is the wonder tale dependent wholly on miracle, if we can clearly distinguish miracle from the established order. Is creation week a sevenfold miracle? Is the voice from Sinai miraculous? What is the ministry of Jesus Christ but a whole lifelong miracle? The Bible is full of wonder tales.

And not the Bible alone, and not creation week alone. The daily and yearly round of nature's unfolding and renewal is filled with marvels of science which can not only be seen, but be told

about. A great field for stories opens in the creation about us, stories that not merely compel wonder, but lay sound foundations for later science study.

As the child grows in years, his increasing experience forms in him more and more of judgment, so that he becomes more discriminating in his appreciation of wonder tales. And while he may still accept miracles because he recognizes an infinite power behind them, he craves more and more of the humanly possible. So he grows into the age of the hero worshiper, and tales of great deeds, courage, self-sacrifice, endurance, thrill him.

Hero tales must be plentifully supplied to the pre-adolescent (ten to thirteen); and the early adolescent period, being the age of romance, is even more avid for hero stories. The fact that adolescents do not so often ask for stories as do children is no evidence that they do not like them. They have wider interests, it is true, and can occupy themselves otherwise. They are great readers, too, and usually satisfy themselves with stories from the printed page, in the lack of a story-teller. Fewer storytellers there are prepared for the adolescent's demand than for the child's; but let a group of adolescents once discover a capital story-teller, and see how they will hang upon his skirts and his words. One of the greatest needs of workers for the youth is the need to become story-tellers competent to satisfy the requirements of the adolescent.

Apart from the matter of age, consideration has to be given to the experience of the audience. The skillful story-teller will seek in his story to speak of what is known to his hearers. Observe the wide range of the stories Jesus told to meet all classes of His hearers. The country child will be attracted by references to country things, the city child to city conditions; the dweller by the sea will understand sea stories, which the mountain child must have explained. A teacher on a mountain tableland, where the children had never seen a body of water larger than the torrent of the stream, told me what difficulty she encountered in making them grasp the conception of Jesus in the storm on Galilee. She was wise to take their "swillin bullin" (whirlpool) as the foundation of the idea, and magnify it in their minds a thousand times to create a dim conception of a sea. Of course the wider experience and reading of the average child has given him an advantage over those children isolated on the mountain top.

It is not only the accustomed, however, which is welcomed. There is also a delight in opposites. Boys do desire stories of great men, and girls stories of great women; yet adolescent boys are also won by well-told stories of beautiful womanhood, and adolescent girls are entranced by tales of heroic manhood. A youth in the middle of the continent may be hungry for stories of the sea, and the plains child may aspire to adventures on the mountain peaks.

If there be in every story the elements of courage, initiative, devotion, and power, it has the prospect of being acclaimed by the story-loving audience, provided it be in language understood and be told with sympathy and verve.

For some examples of classification and grading, a few stories are included in the following pages.

Stories, Classified and Graded

A Bible Story for the Two-Year-Old

BABY MOSES

ONCE there was a little Baby Moses.

And his mother loved him, oh, so much! She kissed him (like this), and she hugged him (like this), and she rocked him (this-a-way), and she sang to him:

(Hum)



Bad old King wanted to kill Baby Moses.

Mother said: "No! no ! no!"

She made a little boat, just so-o big. Put the Baby Moses in it. And she put him out on the river.

Big Sister watched Baby Moses, out on the river in the little boat.

The King's Daughter came down to the river, and she saw the little boat.

"Oh, what's in the little boat?"

So she looked in the little boat, and there was the Baby Moses. And the Baby Moses cried.

"Oh, you poor little baby!" said the King's Daughter.

"Don't cry! don't cry!"

Big Sister came up. "Shall I get a nurse for the baby?"

"Yes, do," said the King's Daughter.

Big Sister ran and found Baby Moses' mother. "Come quick! come quick! You can have the baby!"

So the mother came running, and the King's Daughter said "Here's the Baby Moses. Take him and keep him for me. And the King shall not hurt him."

And she gave the Baby Moses back to his mother.

Then his mother kissed him (like this), and she hugged him (like this), and she rocked him (this-a-way), and she sang to him:

CRADLE SONG

Words by F. J. Greenwood Walter Spinney
Arr. by C. F. Greenwood

1. Si-lent riv - er creeping, By the wav-ing bushes, Mo - ses on your
2. Birdies, sing your sweetest, On the grasses swing-ing; Till the lit-tle
3. Angels safely guard him, Let no foe come creeping; Hover gent-ly

CHORUS

breast is sleeping In his ark of rushes.
babe is wakened By your joyous singing. Rocking, rocking, to and fro,
o'er the cradle, While the child is sleeping.

Lit-tle ark of rushes; Hidden by the river's brink, Safe among the bushes.

Humming (after last verse)

Used by permission of Theodore Presser Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A Nature Story for the Five-Year-Old THE RICKETY CRICKETY KINGFISHERS

RICKETY KINGFISHER was a very silent fellow almost all the time; but when he did break loose, he made enough noise to scare everybody. For he had a voice that sounded like a boy's rattle that you swing around on a wooden stick.

"Rickety, crick, crick, crick! Rickety, crick, crick, crick!" said Rickety Kingfisher every time anybody came around him, and away he would fly up the creek or down the creek, to get away by himself.

For Rickety, you see, was a bird. He lived on the banks of Rock Creek, and he fished for a living. Now Rickety, as I said, was almost always a silent fellow, and he loved to be alone. And the reason for that is just that he was a fisherman. Rickety had no pole and line and hook, nor

anything else to catch fish with except just himself. The way he would catch fish was this; he would sit on a branch of a tree or bush over the creek, and watch and watch and watch. And by and by he would see a fish come swimming by in the water below. Then, quick as a flash, Rickety would plunge head down into the creek, and catch that fish in his long bill, and then up he would fly to the tree, and whack the fish till it was dead, then toss it up in the air, and, catching it head first, swallow it whole. And that's why he and all his tribe are called Kingfishers, because they are about the best fishermen among the birds.

And, just naturally, Rickety didn't want anybody around to make a noise and scare the fish; and then again, he didn't intend to make any noise himself. So that's why Rickety was a silent fellow, and why he loved to be alone. It was only when somebody came in and disturbed him that he would let out his "Rickety, crick, crick, crick!" as though to say, "Well, if you're coming around here and scaring my fish, I'll scare them good for you."

But though Rickety loved to be alone usually, there came a time when he thought he would better not stay quite so much alone, either. That was in the springtime, when there came around a lady Kingfisher that Rickety thought was just the loveliest bird he ever had seen. And she could sing just as well as he could; in fact, her song was just about the same: "Crickety, rick, rick, rick!"

So Rickety said to Crickety: "Will you be my bride?"

And Crickety said to Rickety: "Yes, if you'll do all the fishing."

And Rickety said, "I will."

So they set up housekeeping, where do you think? Not in a tree, nor in the bushes, nor even on the ground, like most birds. But they went and dug a hole in the side of a bank; and away down at the end of the hole they made their home and put in their furniture, which, at the first, was nothing but a little dried grass.

And here Mrs. Crickety Kingfisher laid five glossy white eggs, and sat there on them almost a month, while Rickety, as he had promised, did the fishing for himself and for her too.

But about the first of June her five babies were hatched out. I suppose Mrs. Crickety Kingfisher thought they were beautiful babies, but really, you know, they couldn't be, because neither their father nor their mother is a bit more beautiful than their voices. Their feet are weak and their legs are small, and while they have a dress of white and blue-gray that isn't half bad, their heads are homely indeed, because the feathers on the top stick up like the hair of a boy who never uses a comb.

And those little Kingfishers at first had no feathers at all. But, as I said, Rickety and Crickety Kingfisher thought they were very beautiful babies, for you know that's the way with mothers and fathers.

By and by the baby Kingfishers got all feathered out, and big enough to come out and try their wings. So pretty soon they were sitting on a limb over the water by the side of their mother. They wanted fish, and they told their mother so.

"Rick, rick, rick," muttered two of them, much like their father. And, "Crick, crick, crick," mumbled three of them, much like their mother. "Fish, mother, fish!" was what they meant; "We want fish to eat."

"Then you have to learn to fish," said Crickety; "for I certainly am not going to feed you fish all your lives. Well, then, here! " she said, "Here's a little fish, to stay your stomachs. But now you watch. This is the way to get your fish." And she dived down and caught a small one.

She hammered it on the tree until it was half dead, and then she dropped it in the water right under the eyes of those five little Kingfishers. They all looked down and saw that fish, and they craned their necks, and they bobbed back and forth on the tree limb, till one of them just fell off into the water and grabbed that little fish in his bill, and flew up with it and swallowed it.

So then they all asked Crickety to do that again. And she did, once, twice, five times, till all the little Kingfishers had learned to catch fish. And pretty soon they were nearly as good at it as Rickety and Crickety themselves.

And so their school days were quickly over, and pretty soon they went off and made out of themselves more Ricketys and Cricketys, every one going by himself; for, as I told you, Kingfishers like to live alone and keep quiet, so they can fish, except once in a while when, if you come around where they are fishing, they start off with a, "Rickety, crickety, rick, crick, crick!"

A Health Story for the Eight-Year-Old

THE CHURN THAT WAS NEVER THROUGH CHURNING

Once there was a little girl who had to churn every day and every day. This little girl was servant to a woman who made butter. This woman had a great deal to do to make a living, and she needed the butter the churn made every day to help her do it. It was an old-fashioned churn, where you had to work the dasher, or churn handle, up and down, up and down, up and down, like this, until by and by the butter was made,

So this little girl would come to the churn every morning, ready and glad to do the churning. Her mistress would fill the churn half full of cream, then she would put in the dasher, then she would put on the cover, that had a hole in the middle for the dasher handle to go through. And then this little girl would go to churning, up and down, up and down, up and down, like this. And the cream inside, with the dasher going up and down, up and down, up and down, would churn around, and churn around, and churn around, until the cream would be all broken up, and the butter would come.

Well, one day this little girl had been churning, up and down, up and down, up and down, until she thought it was almost time for the butter to come. And she was thinking, "Now pretty soon I shall be through this churning, for the butter will have come ; and then I will go and rest my tired arms, and sit down in my rocking-chair and rest my tired legs, and lean back and rest my tired back; and I will take my dolly and rock her to sleep."

And then, just as the little girl said this to herself, what should her mistress do but come and open the churn and put in another panful of cream! And she said, "Little girl, you will have to

start your churning all over, for I have found some more cream that I want made into butter. And so you must keep on churning."

The little girl was very tired, but she was a good little girl, and wanted to help her mistress; so she set to work again with the dasher, churning up and down, up and down, up and down, while the cream went round and round, and round and round, and round and round, trying to make the butter. And after about another hour the little girl said to herself, "It must be almost done now." And she lifted the cover, and took a peep inside. And sure enough, there were little specks of butter on the inside of the cover and on the top of the cream. And the little girl said, "Now just a few more dashes, up and down, up and down, up and down, and then I shall be through my churning. And then I will go and rest my tired arms, and sit down in the rocking-chair and rest my tired legs, and lean back and rest my tired back, and rock and sing to my dolly."

But just as she said this, what do you think? Why, her mistress came around again, and she opened the churn, and the little girl thought she was going to gather the butter. But instead of that, she took another pan of cream and she dumped it into the churn, and she said, "Little girl, here is another pan of cream for you to churn. It looks so good and it tastes so good that I just can't help putting it into the churn to make more butter."

And do you know? that poor little girl was so tired, standing up so long, and pumping that dasher up and down, up and down, up and down, to make the butter come, that she just couldn't go on any longer, and she sat down and cried!

My! I don't wonder at it a bit, do you? If you were that little girl, how would you like to churn and churn and churn, up and down, up and down, with a churn that could never quit churning because it had some more cream put into it every hour to make the butter? You wouldn't want to be servant girl to a mistress like that, would you?

Your mamma loves you, and she knows that while little girls should help, they can not keep on working all the while, but need some time to rest and to play with their dolls, and to run outdoors and play in the sunshine. And your dolly's mamma (who is you) wouldn't do that way to her little dolly girl, would she? And any good woman or any good little girl who was a good mistress, never would think of treating her little servant girl like that, now would she?

Would you like to know that little girl's name? Well, listen, and I'll tell you. That little girl's name is Stomach. Yes, ma'am, Stomach! And her mistress is any little girl who has a stomach. For you know when you eat your breakfast, it goes down to your stomach, and there it is churned around, and churned around, and churned around, all the while it is digesting. And it takes several hours to digest and go on; and then Stomach can have a rest. And she needs a rest very much, for she can't keep on churning, and churning, and churning all the time. She needs some time to rest, and go and sit down in her rocking-chair and sing to her dolly

But when any little girl mistress comes along after breakfast and dumps some more food down into her stomach, why, poor Stomach has to start all over again, and keep on churning and churning until the new food is digested. And then if that little girl mistress should be so bad as to come and dump some more food in, why, I wouldn't blame poor little Stomach if she just sits

down and cries, would you? And let me tell you, if she gets to feeling so bad that she cries, her little girl mistress will be sure to know it, and she'll cry, "Oh, oh ! I have a stomach ache!"

So I think that the little girl mistress of the little servant Stomach should give Stomach just enough churning to do at breakfast, and never a bit more till lunch, and then never a bit more till dinner, and never eat between meals. And then good little Stomach will do her churning cheerfully and well every day, and everybody will be happy. That's what I think; don't you?

A Mission Story for the Twelve-Year-Old
THE RAIN THAT CAME UP FROM THE GROUND

JOHN G. PATON was an apostle of God to the savages of the New Hebrides. After he had worked on the island of Tanna through years of patient teaching and endurance of terrible treatment from the bloodthirsty savages, he was sent to the little island of Aniwa where the inhabitants were all cannibals like those on Tanna.

They received him with apparent kindness, but they gave him as a place on which to build his house a hill that was under taboo because it was where they had for generations thrown the bones of the human victims they had eaten. When Dr. Paton, working with pick and shovel to level the ground, came upon these human bones, he asked an Aniwa man, "How came these bones here?" And the savage, shrugging his shoulders, said,

"Ah, we are not Tanna men. We don't eat the bones!"

They thought that Dr. Paton and his wife and the native teachers they had with them would all be killed by their gods if they built upon that hill. When they saw that they were in nowise hurt, they began to think that Jehovah, the God of Missi Paton, as they called him, was stronger than their own.

Then some of them plotted again and again to kill him, but God always protected him, and slowly a few of the islanders the chief Narnekei first of them all-began to listen to the teaching, and their hearts were changed. When the missionary cured some of their sick, they were even more favorable. When he and Mrs. Paton accepted into their home the little motherless daughters of the chief and his brother, the sacred man of the island, and taught them the way of Jesus, these two men grew more and more favorable. But it was the great event which all the people called "The Rain That Came Up from the Ground" which broke the back of heathenism in Aniwa, and made the people turn away from their gods to the true God, Jehovah.

Aniwa had no mountains or high hills, and no springs or other fresh water. When the rains fell in the rainy season, the natives kept what they could in vessels and holes in the trees; but it didn't last long. Yet, since they wore almost no clothing and had the whole ocean to bathe in, they needed no wash water. And since coconuts and sugar cane gave them drink, they did not mind the lack of fresh water as the white people did. Nevertheless, they were always glad for the rain, and drank it copiously when it came.

Mr. Paton, however, felt the need of good water, and so he decided to sink a well, hoping and praying that God would guide his spade to a place where fresh water might be found. But when he told the two chiefs what he proposed, they looked at him in astonishment, and said

"Oh, Missi! Wait till the rain comes down, and we will save all we possibly can for you."

Mr. Paton replied, "We may all die for lack of water. If no fresh water can be gotten, we may have to leave you."

"Oh, Missi! " cried the old chief, "you must not leave us for that. Rain comes only from above. How could you expect our island to send up showers of rain from below?"

"It does come up from the earth in my land at home," said the missionary, "and I hope to see it here too."

The old chief looked upon the missionary with sorrow, and said, "Oh, Missi, your head is going wrong. You are losing your mind, or you would not talk like that. Don't let our people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never listen to your word or believe you again."

Nevertheless, Mr. Paton started upon his work of digging a hole in the earth, out by the public path where the well might be useful to all. The old chief gathered his men together, and said to them, "Poor Missi has had a touch of the sun. He is growing mad, and we can not drive this foolish notion out of his head. We must watch him close so that he shall not kill himself." And he set them in relays to watch the missionary at his digging of the well.

The missionary tired with his work after a while. So he went into the house and filled a pocket with fishhooks, which the natives were always eager to get because the only fishhooks they had were clumsy things made of bone. He took these fishhooks out, and said, "A fishhook to every man who digs up three buckets of earth from this hole!"

Then there was a rush for the hole and the fishhooks, for the men said, "Missi may be going mad, but fishhooks are fishhooks; and if we can get them by digging this hole in the earth, why, no matter about his foolish notion, we shall have the fishhooks."

So they dug down until they had reached the depth of twelve feet. And then one night the side caved in. Then the old chief came and said, "Now, Missi, if you had been down in that hole last night you would have been buried, and a ship of war would come from Queen 'Toria, and the captain would ask where you were. We should say, 'He is down in that hole.' 'How did he get there?' he would ask. We should have to say, 'He went down there himself.' And the captain would answer, 'Nonsense! Who ever heard of a white man's going down into the earth to bury himself? You killed him, and you buried him there. Don't hide your bad conduct with lies.' Then he would bring out his big guns and shoot us. You are making your own grave, Missi, and you are making ours too. Give up your mad freak, for no rain will ever come up through the ground. Neither will any more fishhooks tempt my men to go down there again; they do not want to be buried with you."

But Mr. Paton rigged up a windlass and a pulley, and tied a rope to a bucket, and with a native teacher on guard at the top, he went down in and dug. He worked the well deeper, praying all the time that God would answer with water; for now it had become, not merely a matter of getting water to drink, but a matter of showing that God could do what the natives thought was impossible.

At last he was down thirty feet. The earth and the coral rock began now to feel damp, so at night as Mr. Paton came out of the well, he said to the old chief, "I think that Jehovah God will give us water to-morrow from that hole!"

The chief said, "No, Missi, you will never see rain coming up from the earth on this island. We wonder what is to be the end of this mad work of yours. We expect daily, if you reach the water, to see you drop through into the sea, and the sharks will eat you! That will be the end of it: death to you and danger to us all."

"Come to-morrow," said the missionary. "I hope and believe that Jehovah God will send us rain water up through the earth."

The next morning Mr. Paton rose at daybreak and went down into the well with his tools, and dug a small hole in the middle, about two feet deep. With what joy then did he see the water rush in and fill the hole! He dipped some up in his hand, and tasted it. It was fresh water! He thanked God who had sent it, for strange to say, though later several wells were dug by the natives, they never found any but salt water.

This morning the chiefs had assembled their men near the well, and waited eagerly to see if the missionary's promise would come true. Down below, as soon as he could finish his glad thanksgiving, Mr. Paton filled a jug he had brought down, and took it up. The men gathered around. The old chief took the jug, shook it to see if the water would spill, touched the fluid to see if it felt like water, at last tasted it and, rolling it in his mouth with Joy for a moment, he swallowed it, and shouted, "Rain, rain, yes, it is rain! Oh, how did you get it?"

Mr. Paton said, "Jehovah, my God, gave it out of His earth in answer to our prayers and labors. Go and see it springing up, for yourselves."

They were afraid to go near, but at last they formed a line, taking hold of hands, and each man thus came to the edge of the well and, leaning over, saw for himself the marvel of Jehovah's rain shining far below. When they had all seen it, and were weak with wonder, the old chief exclaimed: "Missi, wonderful, wonderful is the work of your Jehovah God ! No god of Aniwa ever helped us in this way. The world is turned upside down since Jehovah came to Aniwa!"

And so the back of heathenism was broken by the sinking of the well and the rain that came up from the ground.

A Hero Story for the Adolescent

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

More than a hundred years ago there was living in England a young girl, the daughter of a cultured and wealthy gentleman; a girl who was destined to be more than famous, a woman loved to the ends of the earth. It was not because of her wealth, though she had money; it was not because of her position in society, though she was highborn; it was not because of her comeliness, though she was beautiful; but it was because of her goodness, and her service, and her devotion to the needs of humanity that she has been enshrined in the hearts of men and women the world around. Her name--a name that, in its beauty, fits the beauty of her life--her name was Florence Nightingale.

As a girl she began her ministry of love. In her beautiful English country home in Derbyshire, where the river Derwent winds through green pastures below the stately hall of Lea Hurst, Florence Nightingale made friends with high and low, and never was she so happy as when she could do a service to those in need or in trouble. The creatures of air and land were her delight. In the garden and in the avenue behind the house, the birds came to her whistle and the squirrels ran down to her outstretched hands. Her pony was gentled by her touch, and the herd dogs of the shepherds round about knew her. She was a lover of flowers, as her name denotes, and with their gay cheer she brightened her own home and the rooms of the sick wherever she found them.

One day when she was about ten years old, she was out riding with her friend the vicar--that is, the minister of the parish--when they came in sight of an old shepherd who was having trouble with his sheep. It was in the spring of the year, and the gamboling lambs were frisking everywhere, leading their bleating mothers after them, and the old man was in despair of them.

"Look at old Roger!" cried Florence. "His sheep are scattered all over the hills, and he can't seem to keep them. Let's ride over and see what's the matter."

So they did. And, "Well, Roger, what's wrong with you?" shouted the minister, as they came up.

"Please, Your Reverence," said the shepherd, "them sheep, they be so skittish there's nothing doing with them."

"But where's Cap, your dog?" asked Florence.

"Ah, Missie, that's just the mischief," said old Roger. "Some boys, they throwed stones and smashed his leg till it's swoll up as big as my head. I'll have to kill him to put him out of his misery. And old Cap is a good dog. It likes to break my heart."

The old shepherd, looking at the little girl, saw tears in her eyes, and he added, "Good day, Missie, and don't you be for vexing yourself. You see, we must all die, and dogs ain't no exception."

"Good-by, Roger, I'm sorry," she said, as she turned and rode away with her friend. But they had not gone far, in silence, till the minister said, "I'm wondering, Florence, if the dog's as badly off as Roger thinks. A stone may have injured his leg, but hardly have smashed it."

"Let's go and see," cried Florence eagerly. And, the vicar agreeing, they rode over to the little hamlet where Roger had his cottage. Admitted by a neighbor boy who had the key, they found old Cap suffering indeed.

The dog lay quiet under Florence's gentle hand, and finally allowed the man to examine his swollen leg. The vicar had studied medicine, and had quite a little knowledge of how to treat troubles of men and beasts, and Florence was always learning something from him along this line. Now he said, "As far as I can tell, there are no broken bones. The leg is badly bruised, and it ought to be fomented to take the inflammation out."

"How do you foment?" asked Florence.

"With cloths dipped into boiling water," answered the vicar.

"Then that's easy. I'll stay here and do it," she said.

"But they'll be expecting you at home," said the vicar.

"Not if you tell them I'm here," she said. "And my sister and one of the maids can come and fetch me in time for tea."

So a fire was lighted, and the water was soon boiling. The little girl snatched an old smock of the shepherd's from the wall and tore it up for fomentation cloths, replying to the minister's question, "What will Roger say?"

"Oh, we'll give him another."

And so Florence Nightingale made her first compresses and spent the whole of that bright spring day nursing her first patient, the shepherd's dog.

When the shepherd came home at night, Florence was delighted to show him how much better his dog was. She taught him how to foment, as the minister had taught her, and the shepherd, happy as his dog, promised to keep it up till Cap should be well.

Florence Nightingale's nursing went on from that time. For there was sickness in her family, and then in the neighborhood ; and always, in the midst of her school studies, and her nature studies, and her play, and her work, she was ready to drop all to become the nurse. So she grew up into beautiful young womanhood, intelligent, cultured, often traveling with her father and sister in Europe (where she learned five languages), and becoming one of the most accomplished of the young women of England.

But when her family and friends wanted her to go into society, though to please them she tried, she found its idle pleasures did not satisfy her. Always her mind was upon the subject, "What are the causes of disease and suffering, and how can they be stopped?" She barely showed herself in society, and then disappeared. What was she about?

She said to her family and friends, "I am going to become a nurse."

"Oh, Florence," they exclaimed in dismay, "you never would do that, surely! No lady would become a nurse!"

For in that time, you must know, there were nowhere nurses, such ministering angels as we know to-day. Such hospitals as there were in England at that time were dark and dirty places, without system or science, where none but the poorest and most unfortunate ever were sent. And the only women who could be gotten to take care of the sick were, for the most part, broken-down, filthy old women who would drink and curse and rob their patients, and do none at all of gentle nursing. No wonder that Florence Nightingale's friends were aghast at the thought of her being a nurse. But it was Florence Nightingale who was to change all that, and to make the nursing profession one of the highest and noblest in the world.

She would not be turned back by the pleas of her friends or by the sneers of others who did not understand, and who thought it happier to be butterflies of society than angels of ministry. Florence set about to study the ways of nursing. There was very little she could learn in England, but she made the round of the few hospitals in England and Ireland and Scotland; and

when she could find no good things about them, she noted the bad things and how they might be improved.

Then she heard of an institution in Germany, the "Mother Homes" of the Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, founded a few years before by Pastor Fliedner for the help of released women prisoners. These Protestant ladies were trained, not only in ways of helping the sick and diseased, but in Christian ministry to sore and wounded hearts. Florence Nightingale went to Germany and lived with the deaconesses for some time, learning their organization and their ways. They made a great impression upon her, and their very helpful plans of organization she made the basis of her work, which is the foundation of all the great nursing work of to-day.

Then she went to France to study the work of the Catholic Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who nursed in the hospitals, orphanages, and foundling asylums. And there she gained a great deal also, especially as she fell ill and was herself nursed to health by the Sisters.

Then she went home to England and, not only from what she had learned, but from what her own keen, vigorous mind taught her, she began to train fine young women as nurses, the first in the wonderful modern profession of nursing. She took charge of an institution in London, and made it a bright and beautiful home for the sick. There she labored until the heavy work broke down her health and she had to retire to her father's country home, where first, as a little girl, she had learned to nurse.

While she was resting, there suddenly burst upon Europe the terrible Crimean War, in which Russia on one side and England, France, and Turkey on the other, fought. England sent her fleet and her army down through the Mediterranean and Black Seas to the Crimea, and there terrible battles were fought, like that charge at Balaklava of the Light Brigade

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred."

The word came to England that though the French army had its nurses and Sisters of Mercy, the English wounded were neglected and were dying by the thousands. Queen Victoria and all England called for nurses. But alas, who were there? They looked around and, while they saw many gentlewomen who were willing, few were there who were trained.

But one stood up above them all, and that one was Florence Nightingale. Her work was known at Court, and she was sent for. The letter from the government, calling her, crossed in the mails a letter of her own to the government, offering to go. And shortly Florence Nightingale was busiest of all the women in England, selecting nurses, gathering supplies, making arrangements

for sailing. Her health seemed to spring up to meet the need. She had a great cause, and she could not afford to be sick.

She gathered about forty nurses, whom the English people named "The Angel Band," and at last, with a shipload of supplies, they sailed for the seat of war. Just before they arrived, a terrible battle had been fought, and the wounded men were being brought in and laid on the floors or anywhere, for there were no more beds for them, neither was there anything fit for them to eat, nor enough doctors to attend to their wounds.

But Florence Nightingale, with her nurses, took hold and cleaned up the dirty place, and fixed beds with clean linen, and washed the wounded, dirty soldiers, and dressed their wounds. She had brought her own cooks along, too, and with them she established a model kitchen where good and palatable food for the sick was prepared. And this alone was a wonderful boon, for, before, there had been no proper food and no order in the eating. They who were least wounded and ill could seize the food, and they who were most sick went without.

There were thousands and thousands of wounded soldiers in the hospitals, and sixty out of every hundred died before Florence Nightingale came; but when she had changed things around, only one out of a hundred died. At first she was called The Lady in Chief; but after she had been there awhile, the soldiers in the hospitals began to call her by another name, The Lady with the Lamp. Do you know why? I will tell you.

All day long Florence Nightingale would be busy, nursing the sick, feeding the hungry, writing letters for the wounded, and showing hundreds of her helpers how to do the things that needed to be done. And when night came, she would be very tired. Yet, late at night, after nearly everybody had stopped the day's work, after the soldiers who could sleep were still, after the doctors had gone and almost all the nurses, then down through the wards, with their thousands of cots, miles upon miles of them, down the aisles would come a lady with a lamp. It was Florence Nightingale, come to see, the last thing in the night, that all her soldier boys were cared for.

And here and there would be some poor, sick, wounded soldier who could not sleep, but tossed and moaned in pain. And the Lady with the Lamp would stop and give him a drink, or change his bandages, or rub his head and soothe his pain. Or, perhaps, if he was dying, she would write for him his last words to his loved ones at home, and stay with him then till his eyes closed in their last long slumber.

And so, night after night, the soldiers looked to see come through their halls the Lady with the Lamp ; and as she passed, they would turn their heads to kiss her shadow as it fell upon their pillows; for to them she seemed like an angel from heaven.

At last the war was ended, and the dead were buried, and the wounded got well, and the hospitals were emptied. And then, when the last of the soldier boys was sent home, Florence Nightingale came back to England to rest. She had worn herself out in the long, long trial, and she was nevermore to be well, though she lived to be ninety years old. But deep in the hearts of the soldiers, deep in the hearts of the English people, and deep in the hearts of all the world, forever will be loved Florence Nightingale, the Lady with the Lamp.

"Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast,
From portals of the past.

"A Lady with a Lamp shall stand,
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."