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THE GREY STORY BOOK



BY
KATHERINE M.
YATES



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Nov 9, 1906.

BY KATHERINE M. YATES

WHAT THE PINE TREE HEARD. Strathmore
booklet, postpaid, 50 cents.

THE GREY STORY BOOK. Octavo, boards,
postpaid, 50 cents.

ON THE WAY THERE. Octavo, white leath-
erette, postpaid, 50 cents.

AT THE DOOR. Octavo, tan leatherette, post-
paid, 50 cents.

K. M. YATES & COMPANY

5340 Cornell Avenue
CHICAGO

The
Grey Story Book

By
Katherine M. Yates
Author of
"What the Pine Tree Heard"



Chicago
K. M. YATES & CO.
1905

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KATHERINE M. YATES

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A Word to the Grown-ups



LITTLE folks must read, and it seems that it were better that the stories intended for them should be such as will bring the facts and practical uses of Christian Science into their thoughts, rather than those which fail to teach the true sense of prayer and its purpose. We know that God answers prayer; but we must learn to go to Him "in Spirit and in Truth."

You may feel called upon to criticise the precocity of the little folks herein pictured, but they have several reasons for being as they are. In the first place, the stories are written for children and not for grown-up critics, and the effort is to interest the little one, and at the same time to let him see how he can utilize what he has learned in Science, in his everyday affairs. I do not know that this can be accomplished by better means than through the mouths of children who are meeting prob-

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lems of their own, even though the processes of reasoning may seem, especially to one who is not a Christian Scientist, too advanced for the child who brings them forth.

Secondly, one who has not been thrown among children who are being brought up in the knowledge of Christian Science, has no idea of their ready and intelligent adoption of Science words and phrases, and the logical conclusions which they are able to draw from the statements of Truth, particularly when they are lovingly trained to this process of reasoning.

Hoping, therefore, that the little folks who live between these covers will be graciously received, I send by them the greeting of a sister in Christian Science.

KATHERINE M. YATES.

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In the Tall Grass



IT'S the very finest ball I ever had in all my life," said Dicky, turning the smooth, white sphere over and over in his hands. "It's a fifty-cent base-ball, and I never had one better than fifteen cents before. Isn't it a fine one, Cousin Will?"

Cousin Will took the ball and felt it all over carefully and then bounced it on the step. "I never saw a better one," he said. "It's hard and it's springy, too. Let's try it. You stand over there by the fence and we'll pitch."

Dicky ran to the fence by the meadow and Cousin Will stood on the lawn near the flower beds, ready to throw. "Here she comes!" he shouted, and in a moment the smooth white ball was in Dicky's waiting hands. It was a delight just to feel it, and Dicky gave it a little squeeze and thought how good Uncle Charley was to send it to him.

IN THE TALL GRASS

Back it went to Cousin Will's hands, and then, for ten minutes it passed back and forth between the boys without once being dropped.

"I never saw such a ball," said Cousin Will. "It just comes right into my hands even when I don't half try to catch it. Now here comes a high one," and he threw it away up into the air.

Dicky's hands were ready; but though he jumped as high as he could when he saw it passing over his head, he could not quite reach it, and in a moment he heard it strike in the soft grass of the meadow.

"Too high for me!" he laughed, as he turned and climbed the fence and jumped down in the tall grass on the other side.

Will sat down on the lawn and began blowing on a blade of grass held between his thumbs, while he waited. By and by he grew tired of this and called out, "Hurry up, Dicky. Why don't you throw the ball?"

"I can't find it," came Dicky's voice from the fence. "The grass is so high that I can't see it. Come and help me."

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Cousin Will ran across the lawn and climbed upon the fence. "Whew!" he whistled when he saw the tall grass and weeds. "You'll never find it in there. There isn't much use looking for it." But he jumped down and joined in the search.

For a long time they looked, but could not find the ball. Dicky was almost crying. "And it was the very nicest ball I ever had in my life," he said with a sob in his voice, "and I didn't play with it more than ten minutes!"

"Well, there's no use looking any longer," said Cousin Will, at last. "We surely can't find it now that the grass is all trampled down like this. I'm real sorry it's lost, but there's no use feeling bad about it. Let's go out to the orchard and get some apples."

But Dicky was not ready to go. To tell the truth, he felt as if he must cry in about a minute, and he was ashamed to do so before Cousin Will, who was ten years old, while he was only eight.

"Well, I'm going, anyway," said Cousin Will. "And I'll bring you one of those

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big yellow sweet apples. I won't be gone long."

When Will had climbed over the fence again, Dicky's tears began to fall so that he could hardly see as he stumbled around in the long grass. "I didn't want to lose that ball," he sobbed. Then suddenly he remembered something that he had heard his papa say not long ago. "I use Christian Science for everything, all day, and every day, and it always helps me." That was what he had said.

Dicky brushed his tears away. "I wonder if I could use it to find this ball," he thought. Then he climbed up on the fence and covered his eyes with his hand as he had seen Mamma do.

"Let me think," he said to himself, trying to remember what had been told him about handling things in Science. "How shall I go to work? First I must know that the things that Cousin Will said about not finding it, were not true. *He* didn't know it, but I've got to. And I've got to know that everything that isn't good isn't true. It isn't good to lose

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balls, nice new balls that you haven't played with more than ten minutes, and to feel bad about it. If God takes care of me, He must take care of all my things. God couldn't lose anything," and Dicky almost laughed at the idea of God losing things. "Of course He couldn't," he cried, "and if He can't, I can't. Just as if I could do something that God can't!"

Dicky did laugh now, and jumped down from the fence, and then he laughed harder than ever; for as he jumped down, he tumbled over into a heap, for one foot had landed upon something smooth and round which lay hidden in the grass close to the fence.

Cousin Will came running across the lawn with the big yellow apple. He had heard the laugh, and couldn't understand it. "You haven't found it, have you?" he called out.

"Yes, I have," shouted Dicky, gleefully, holding up the recovered ball. "It wasn't lost at all. It was right here by the fence all the time."

Cousin Will peered over the fence at the

IN THE TALL GRASS

spot which Dicky pointed out. "Well, I don't see how you ever thought of looking there. I supposed that it went a lot farther over in the meadow than that. You surely are lucky. I didn't think you'd ever find it in the world."

"It wasn't luck," said Dicky, softly, to himself. "It was just knowing the truth, that it was not lost at all, and now I shall always know that God takes care of everything, and that Christian Science does help about everything, all day and every day."

“Tramp, Tramp, Tramp”



DON'T see why Teacher chose Mabelle Gates to play the piano for our drills, do you?"

"No," Kittie shook her head, thoughtfully. "I can't see why she did it," she said, puckering her forehead. "Mabelle don't play nearly so well as Bertha Allen or Nell Smith."

"Well, of course they are a good deal older than she is," said Grace, hastily. "You wouldn't expect her to play so well."

"No," agreed Kittie, "of course not, but the other girls would have done so much better. Mabelle keeps good time, but she doesn't know as many pieces or as pretty ones as the other girls. She hardly plays anything but exercises, and Bertha plays some beautiful marches and things."

"Yes, I know it, and I just can't think what made Teacher choose Mabelle to play the

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piano, and then have little Caroline Peck to lead the drills."

"Caroline isn't so young as Mabelle."

"No, but she's so small, and she isn't so straight and soldier-like as Nell Smith. I think that Bertha ought to play the piano, and Nell lead the drill."

"So do I," and the girls walked on in silence for a few moments.

"I like Mabelle, though," said Kittie, suddenly, "and Caroline, too. They are perfectly lovely girls; but I just don't understand Teacher's choosing them, that's all."

"Oh, of course! I like them, too," said Grace. "I always did, but I just wondered."

A good many of the girls and boys in school wondered, also; but they were very careful not to let the two favored girls know that the choice was not perfectly satisfactory to them.

Every day, at one of the recesses, the children went through what was called the fire drill, rising from their seats and marching out in order, to the tune of the simple march or exercise which Mabelle played for them. The

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP"

teacher stood by the door until they were all out of the room, and then Mabelle and she fell into line, and they went down the three flights of stairs and out of doors behind the others.

Mabelle worked hard at her music, out of school hours, though she was not very fond of it; but she felt the honor that the teacher had shown her in giving her the work, and though she guessed as to the reason, she kept it to herself, and tried to learn as many pretty marches as she could.

One morning she went to the piano with a pink little flush on her face, and in a moment the stirring strains of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," were ringing through the room.

Instantly there came a great hand-clapping from the girls' side, and some stamping and two or three shrill whistles from the boys' side, and Mabelle's cheeks flushed pinker than ever. This was worth the long hours of practice that she had put in.

The teacher smiled, but held up her hand in

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warning, and the drill went through with a great deal of enthusiasm.

And after this, the children always begged for "Tramp, Tramp," until the teacher had to limit its use to once a week, because the boys would "tramp, tramp" so loudly when they sang the words, and sometimes would even whistle, and that was entirely too noisy for a school-room.

One day, near the end of the term, the children were all sitting quietly, during study hour, when suddenly Nell Smith raised her head from her book and gave a prolonged sniff.

At the sound, other heads were raised and the sniffs were heard all about the room. The children glanced at each other apprehensively.

Presently the teacher looked up, cast her eyes about the room and then rose and went to the door leading into the hall. As she opened it, a little puff of smoke came into the room. She closed it quickly and went back to her desk. The children were watching her,

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP"

breathlessly. She raised her pencil for the drill to begin, and Mabelle went quietly to the piano and struck the first few notes of a little exercise, as the children rose to their feet to commence their march. The room seemed very quiet save for the music, as they fell into line and moved slowly forward.

The teacher returned to the door; but as she opened it again, a stronger puff of smoke came in, and there was a crackling sound from below. The hall and stairway were now quite dim with smoke, and as little Caroline Peck reached the door, leading the long line of white-faced children, the teacher bent over and whispered to her:—

“Are you afraid, Caroline?”

“No, ma’am,” said Caroline, quietly, looking up into her face, “I am being taken care of.”

Just then the children from one of the lower rooms rushed out into the hall below, pell-mell, screaming in fright. This was too much for some of the girls, and in a moment a half-dozen

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of them, led by Bertha Allen and Nell Smith, had broken ranks and were rushing toward the door, and others seemed ready to follow.

“Bertha, Nell, stop where you are!” called the teacher, sternly, catching Bertha by the arm.

“I won’t, I won’t!” screamed Bertha. “I won’t stay to be burned up!” and twisting herself free, she dashed out into the hall, followed by Nell and a few others.

Mabelle, sitting still and playing her little march, turned her head. Even some of the boys showed signs of breaking ranks, and others were beginning to crowd those in front of them. There was just a moment’s pause at the piano, and then the strains of “Tramp, Tramp,” took the place of the light march.

Almost without thinking, the children began once more to keep time to the music; but several of the girls were crying loudly and others looked ready to fall with fear. Then little Caroline Peck, who had just reached the head of the stairway, her head up and her eyes

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP"

shining, steadily keeping time and leading the others, struck up, in a clear little voice, the chorus of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

In an instant the others had joined in, some of the voices chokey by sobs or smoke, but all with hearty good will.

The jostling and pushing ceased, and the long lines of children became as straight and even as ever they were at recess.

Out of the door they marched, and down the three flights of stairs, singing loudly and tramping lustily, and led by the little bright-eyed girl whose head was high and whose face fairly shone with strength and courage.

As the last of the children filed out of the room, the teacher turned. She could scarcely see Mabelle, because of the smoke.

"Come, dearie," she called.

Mabelle played the last of the strain and then came quickly across the room. The teacher took her hand and they hurried after the others. They could hear the cheers of

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the people outside, as the head of the little column came out of the front door, still singing loudly, if chokily.

When they reached the lower floor, they found but little smoke, and as they paused for a moment, the teacher bent over and kissed Mabelle, tenderly. "I knew that you could do it, dearie," she whispered. "You are a brave little girl."

Mabelle looked up into her face, lovingly. "I knew that was what you chose me for," she said, simply.

As they came out of the school-house door, the last ones in the line, the fire-engines came rumbling up, and the children scattered in every direction, to be out of the way.

Presently little Caroline came and slipped her hand into Mabelle's. "Let's go home," she said. "We don't want to see any more. I guess it isn't much of a fire, anyway, most all smoke; but it looked pretty black when I started down stairs. It's on the third floor, and it wasn't so bad when we got below there.

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP"

There wasn't any school on that floor to-day, so that's the reason we didn't hear anything until after we smelled the smoke. There wasn't anybody to give the alarm."

"Was it the second floor children who screamed so?" asked Mabelle.

"Yes," said Caroline. "They got frightened and broke ranks and all rushed out together, and some of them fell and got hurt."

"I think you were ever so brave to march out and right down into all that smoke, when you didn't know what might be there," said Mabelle, "and the girls say that you didn't act a bit afraid."

"But that wasn't near so hard as to stay and play until the last one was out. You were braver than I was, and your starting 'Tramp, Tramp,' was what kept them from getting into a panic."

"And your singing! How could you ever sing in all that smoke?"

Caroline gave Mabelle's hand a little squeeze. "You know how," she said. "I knew that I

was God's child, and that He was leading me, and that smoke couldn't keep me from doing anything that He wanted me to do."

"Yes," said Mabelle, "and I knew that we were all God's children, and that God's children couldn't be frightened or forget themselves, and that there was no danger if we only knew that He was taking care of us,—and when the others were singing 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching,' I was singing 'Love, love, love, the good God loves us,' and I really wasn't afraid a bit. Teacher knew that we could do it; but I wonder how she knew. She isn't a Scientist."

Just then a gentle arm stole around the neck of each of them. "I want to thank you, girls," said the teacher, lovingly. "You both did all that any one could. You thought and acted quickly, and were brave and cool, and I'm proud of you. But I knew that you could do it," she finished, kissing first one and then the other.

Caroline looked up, patting the pretty teach-

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP"

er's hand, softly. "How did you know it?" she asked, seriously.

The teacher hesitated. "Why, I hardly know," she said, "only you both seem to be strong and loving, and always to have your wits about you. That is the reason I chose you instead of some of the older girls. By the way, you used to be such a timid little girl, Caroline," she added, as if just remembering. "What has made the difference?"

"Christian Science," said Caroline, softly, and Mabelle nodded her head several times, in approval.

What Margie Knew



MARGIE sat on the steps waiting for Papa to come home. It was almost dark and Margie was only seven years old; but it was her birthday and she felt very sure that Papa would have a gift for her when he jumped off of the car down at the corner, so she did not want to go into the house until he came.

It kept getting darker and darker, and there were ten steps to climb to the front door if one should want to go in very quickly, and Margie kept turning around to see if the door was still a little way open, as she had left it. It seemed to her that Papa was very late indeed; but every car went right by the corner without stopping to let him off.

"I'm not at all afraid," said Margie, looking up at the door, "at least, I don't think I

WHAT MARGIE KNEW

am, but I wish he would come. There isn't a single man in sight."

Just then a man did come in sight. He came around the corner down by the street car, and walked slowly along the street looking up at the houses. As he drew near, Margie saw that he was not a nice looking man at all and he had a big basket on his arm, with a piece of black oil-cloth thrown over it.

Margie looked back at the door and then up at the man. He was coming very near her, and was staring at her very hard indeed. His clothes were shabby and he had a big black beard, and the basket with the black cover was such a great large one. Margie remembered all the stories she had been told about little girls being stolen away from their homes, and she started to spring to her feet. Then suddenly she remembered what Mamma had told her that morning. "All of God's children love each other." That was what Mamma had said. This man was God's child just as much as she was; she knew that, so she sat quite still waiting for him to pass.

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But he didn't pass, and her face grew very white as he stopped right in front of her and bent down to look into her face.

"He's God's child. He's God's child. He's God's child," she kept whispering to herself, and then suddenly all of the fear left her, though a moment before she had longed to scream and fly up the steps to the door.

Then the man spoke. "Is your name Margie, little girl?" he asked, and his voice was so soft and kind behind the big black beard, that Margie looked up into his face and smiled.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"And what is your last name?" he asked, setting down the basket and beginning to loosen the cover.

"Green. I'm Margie Green," she replied, her eyes on the basket.

"That's it. That's the name," said the man, smiling. "I've got something for you here, but didn't know whether I was going to find you or not. Your papa bought it for you this morning and asked me to bring it to you," and he reached into the basket and drew out the

WHAT MARGIE KNEW

most beautiful little curly white puppy that Margie had ever seen. Such a darling little round, pink-nosed, bundle of white floss that she fairly screamed with delight.

“ Oh, is it for me? Did Papa really get it for me? Oh, you dear, dear little doggie!” and she held out her arms for it.

The man put it gently into them. “ I’m glad you were out here,” he said, “ for I didn’t know how I was going to find you. I lost the card your papa gave me, that told me where to bring it; but I remembered your first name, because my little girl’s name is Margie, too; and beside, your papa said that your hair was as fine and curly as this little fellow’s, only that it was yellow instead of white. I knew that the card said this street, but I don’t believe that I would ever have found the place if you hadn’t been out here. It’s pretty dark for you to be here alone, weren’t you afraid? ”

The puppy was nestling his warm curly head close into Margie’s neck and the little girl hugged him tight and looked up at the black bearded man, happily. “ I was a little bit

afraid at first," she said brightly, "but just as soon as I realized that you are God's child, I couldn't be afraid any more."

The man patted her on the head and went away smiling and Margie climbed the steps still hugging her new pet and whispering to him: "You dear, dear doggie, of course God wouldn't let me run away from you, and I am so glad that I remembered that everybody is God's child."

And that night when she and the curly pet sat on Papa's knee and she told him all about it, he hugged her lovingly and said: "I think that we will give this small dog the name of 'Brave,' to make us think of the little girl who, because she knew the truth, could not be afraid."

How Walter was Treed



HAVE you the bags for the nuts, Mattie?"

"Yes, and Helen has the luncheon basket. What are you going to do with that long pole,

Walter?"

"I'm going to use it to knock down nuts. I'm not a very good climber, we don't have much chance to climb, in the city. The country boys out here make me feel awfully ashamed; but I'm learning how, and next year I'll be as good as any of them. I'm not afraid, now, only I get sort of dizzy and shaky when I get up high."

The girls laughed. Mattie had been brought up in the country and was not afraid of anything on the farm, and she thought it was great fun to go about with her two city cousins, who were both a little older than she, and show them how brave she was. To-day they were

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going nutting, and expected to spend the entire day in the woods, gathering chestnuts, hickory nuts and walnuts for the city children to take home with them on the morrow.

It was only about a mile to the woods, and though they had a rather late start, yet by noon their bags were nearly full, and they sat down under a big chestnut tree to eat their luncheon.

"I think we have a fine lot!" exclaimed Helen, patting one of the fat bags, "only we have so few chestnuts. I did want a lot of chestnuts for Hallowe'en. Just look at them, up in the top of this tree. Oh, dear, if we could only reach them!"

"The next frost will bring them just rattling down," said Mattie, "but you'll be gone home by that time. It's too bad."

"Can't you reach some more with the pole, Walter?" asked Helen.

"No," said Walter, ruefully. "I've thrashed the tree just as high as I can reach. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll climb it."

"No, don't!" exclaimed Helen, hastily

HOW WALTER WAS TREED

"We've got enough, plenty. Please don't climb it, Walter."

"Yes," said Walter, decidedly, "I'm going to. If I can get up to the first branches, I guess I'll be all right, and then I can shake the boughs as I climb higher."

"Oh, please don't, Walter," cried Helen, clutching his arm. "You'll be sure to get dizzy up there, and then you'll fall."

"Helen!" exclaimed Walter, turning to her quickly, "you ought not to say things like that, and you a Christian Scientist. I'm surprised at you."

Helen dropped his arm and swallowed a sob. "Well," she said, "I won't say any more, but I do wish you wouldn't go up, Walter."

Walter laughed and patted her on the shoulder. "You're too careful of me, Sis," he said, affectionately, and began to climb the tree.

"There's no danger," he called out, presently; "hold your aprons ready, for it's going to rain chestnuts in about a minute."

And so it did. The chestnut burrs had

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cracked, and as the limbs were shaken, the glossy brown nuts came pattering thickly down upon the dry leaves.

Helen forgot her fear in the excitement of filling the luncheon basket, for all the bags were now stuffed to their utmost. "Come on down now, Walter," she called in a few minutes. "We have plenty, all we can carry."

"All right," answered Walter, and there was a rustling and scratching among the branches. Presently the sounds ceased. Helen noticed it.

"Come on, Walter," she called, again; "we can't carry any more."

"All right, in a minute," came from up in the tree, and then all was silent again for a time.

The girls sat on the grass chatting for a few moments, and then Helen grew impatient and getting up, approached the tree, coming close to the trunk and peering up into the branches. "Walter," she called, "why don't you come?"

Walter was sitting on one of the boughs

HOW WALTER WAS TREED

high up in the tree, with his arms clasped tightly about the trunk and his eyes closed.

“Oh, Walter!” cried Helen, in dismay, “you’re dizzy, I know you are, and you’ll fall and get killed. I knew how it would be when you went up there.”

Walter did not open his eyes; but he called down in a very sober voice: “Helen, if that’s what you’ve been thinking, and what you’re thinking now, you’d just better begin to think the other way as quick as ever you can. Can’t you see that it’s you, more than anything else, that’s making me feel this way? I have hardly a bit of trouble when I’m out with the boys. I’m trying to work in Science so that my head will be clear again, and you might just as well take that pole and try to poke me off of this branch as to stand there thinking that sort of thing. You know how to work in Science; why don’t you try to help me to feel all right, instead of helping me to tumble?”

Helen bravely choked back her sobs. “Oh, Walter, I didn’t think!” she exclaimed penitently. “Of course I’ll help you. God is tak-

ing care of you, you know. It's only mortal mind that says you're dizzy, and mortal mind doesn't know anything, and can't tell anything but lies. It really isn't anything but a lie, itself. You're God's child, and God always takes care of His children when they trust Him." Helen stopped for breath.

"Walter," called Mattie, "are you saying the Scientific Statement of Being?"

"Yes," said Walter.

"Well, then you know you are spiritual and not made of matter, and Spirit can't be dizzy or fall, can it?"

Walter opened his eyes. "No, it can't," he said stoutly, "and I can't, either," and he began climbing carefully down the tree. The girls did not watch him, but kept on doing their work, silently, until he dropped safely to the ground beside them.

"I'm all right," he said, stretching his arms and limbs, gratefully. "Just as soon as you girls began helping me instead of hindering me, I had no more trouble. Much obliged to you."

HOW WALTER WAS TREED

Helen gave him a little hug. "I've had a lesson, Walter," she said earnestly, "and I never will think error at you again, nor at anybody else. If anything had happened to you, it would have been all my fault."

"Not all your fault," he said, patting her shoulder, lovingly. "I ought to have been so sure of the truth that your thought couldn't hurt me; but you were helping mortal mind instead of me, and you should help your only brother, instead of an old fibber and know-nothing like that," and he gave her ear a little tweak.

Just then Mattie, whose lips had been twitching for some time, burst into a merry peal of laughter. "Oh, Walter!" she gasped, "if you only knew what you made me think of while you were up there! I wanted to laugh, even though I was so frightened," and she gave way to another peal of laughter.

"Well, what was it?" asked Walter, grinning ruefully. "I know I must have seemed awfully silly."

"Oh, it wasn't that; but — but — did you

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ever see a cat on the top of a telegraph pole, afraid to come down? Oh, dear, I kept thinking of that all the time until I almost expected you to cry 'meow'!" and Mattie dropped down upon the ground, overcome with laughter, in which the other children joined heartily.

"Well," said Walter, as soon as he could get his breath, "if you ever see me believing error again like that, just you saw 'meow,' and I'll remember the cat on the telegraph pole, and I'll brace up and give Mr. Mortal Mind his walking papers. It isn't the first time that I've been treed by mortal mind, but it's the last. Now come on, girls, it's time to go home."

The children gathered up their bags and baskets and set out for the farm-house. The distance was not long, but as they were heavily loaded it seemed much greater than when they came out in the morning.

As they neared the last field Mattie dropped her bag of hickory nuts upon the ground. "Let's go through the five-acre lot," she said.

HOW WALTER WAS TREED

“What for?” asked Walter. “It is hardly a bit nearer, and we will have two fences to climb instead of one.”

“And, beside,” put in Helen, “the cattle are in there, and Uncle Jim says that some of them are dangerous, and that we are not to go into that lot at all.”

But Mattie stood still, one foot on the lower rail of the fence. “I’m not afraid,” she said. “They probably wouldn’t notice us at all. I’m going this way, but you two can do as you choose. I’m a Christian Scientist and nothing can hurt me, you know that. Come and help me put my bag over the fence, Walter.”

But Walter stood looking at her, doubtfully. “There isn’t any reason why you should go that way, Mattie,” he said.

“Well, I don’t care if there isn’t,” said Mattie, sharply. “I want to go this way, and I shall. You needn’t help me if you don’t wish to,” and she began trying to hoist the bag of nuts over the fence.

Walter came slowly forward and took hold

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of the bag. "I don't think you are right, Mattie," he said, soberly. "Let's sit down and rest and talk it over for a few minutes."

Mattie let go of the bag and seated herself on the grass rather sullenly.

"Now," said Walter, "what is it that wants you to go across that field? Is it Truth or error?"

"Why," said Mattie, stoutly, "it's Truth, of course. I want to prove to you that Christian Scientists are not afraid."

"No," said Walter, thoughtfully, "I think it's error. You want to prove that *you* are not afraid, not that God will take care of you, for we know that already. Now, isn't that so? I think we have to use common sense in Science, and not go into danger just to show off. You know that Jesus wouldn't throw himself down from the high place, but said 'thou shalt not tempt.'"

"But suppose we had to go across the field," said Mattie, stubbornly.

"That would be very different," said Walter. "If we had to do it, and there wasn't any

HOW WALTER WAS TREED

other way, we would climb over and go right straight across, and work in Science, to know that God was protecting us, all the way; but when there isn't any reason for going that way, I don't think it would be right. What do you think, Helen?"

"I think it is error that's telling her to," said Helen, confidently, "especially as Uncle Jim said that we were not to go into that field, and if she goes, she will be disobeying him."

"Yes, we have to learn to be obedient, too," said Walter.

"But," argued Mattie, "suppose there was a little bit of a child over in the field, would it be error to disobey and go and save it?"

Walter laughed. "We don't have to suppose any of those things," he said. "If the child was there, God would let us know what was the best thing to do, if we had our hearts open to Him. Come on, Mattie," and he rose to his feet, "you don't want to go across there. It wouldn't look brave to me, at all, it would only look conceited and foolish."

Mattie chewed a blade of grass for a moment.

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thoughtfully, then her face brightened again and she jumped up. "All right," she said, cheerfully, "I guess error was trying to handle me, and I was trying to make myself believe that it was Truth. I was always doing things like that before I knew about Science, and I guess I was just making Science an excuse for showing off this time. Well, Walter, every time that I say 'meow' to you, you can say 'moo-o-o' to me, and I'll think of the cattle and remember. Come on, it's almost supper time, and there's going to be sponge cake and floating island."

"Well," said Helen, as she lifted her basket of chestnuts, "I've had two lessons to-day, and I have another to learn between here and the house."

"What is it?" asked Walter.

Helen glanced down at her basket and then smiled. "Well, I thought this basket was going to be as heavy as it was when I set it down — but as soon as I thought of to whom the 'weary and heavy laden' are to go, and realized that Christ is Understanding, and that

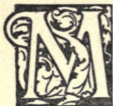
HOW WALTER WAS TREED

it meant for us just to know the truth, that God's child can't be tired, it don't seem heavy at all any more."

" ' I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away, ' "

sang Mattie, and as she started another verse, the other two joined in, and they walked on across the meadow, singing happily together.

The Grey and White Kitten.



AMMA, oh, Mamma, do come here!" called Jessie.

"Your mamma has gone out, Miss Jessie," said Katie, the maid, coming to the kitchen door. "She said to tell you that she would be home by six o'clock."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" exclaimed Jessie, the tears coming into her eyes. "My kitty is sick, awfully sick. She just lies still and cries. I found her that way just now, when I came home from school. Oh, dear, I know she'll die! I know she will!"

Katie came and stood looking down at the little grey and white kitten. "She does seem to be pretty sick," she said, shaking her head. "I'll make her some catnip tea. That's good for cats," and she turned toward the kitchen door.

"Do hurry," called Jessie after her, and then

THE GREY AND WHITE KITTEN

sat down on the floor and took the kitten into her arms. "You poor little darling," she whispered, "I know it hurts just dreadfully; but we will give you some medicine in a minute."

As she said the word medicine Jessie started and opened her eyes very widely. "Why," she exclaimed, "I can't give my kitty medicine. That wouldn't do at all. Christian Science is the only thing that really cures."

Placing the kitten back on its cushion, she ran to the kitchen door. "Katie," she called, "never mind about the catnip tea. We don't want it."

"It's all made, Miss Jessie," said Katie, lifting a steaming cup in one hand and a saucer of milk in the other. "We'll put some in the milk and she'll drink it, I guess."

Jessie glanced back at the little kitten, which was mewling very pitifully, but stood her ground, sturdily. "No," she said, "Mamma will treat her in Christian Science when she comes home."

Katie shook her head. "She won't be alive

when your Mamma gets home, likely as not. It's only half-past four now. Better let me give her some of this. I don't like to see her suffer."

"No," Jessie turned back and sat down beside the little cushion. "I'll treat her myself," she said, firmly. "Please go out and leave me alone with her, Katie. Thank you ever so much for fixing the tea, though."

Katie went out, without a word, and Jessie bowed her head upon her hands and tried to think how to begin; but the kitten's moans grew more and more piteous and heart-rending, so that the little girl had to put her fingers into her ears to shut out the mournful cries.

"Poor little thing! Poor little thing!" she kept saying to herself, dismally. "She's awfully sick and I don't know how to go to work to help her. I can't remember a thing, and I just expect she'll die before Mamma gets home. Oh, dear!" and she removed her fingers from her ears to feel for her handkerchief, just as a particularly piteous mew came from the

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little cat. This was too much, and burying her face in the cushion beside the kitten, she began to sob.

“Oh, my kitty, my kitty, I’m so sorry for you!” she wailed. “Oh, dear, I ought to be treating you! You’re not sick at all, kitty, you really are not. Oh, you poor, poor little kitten!”

Just here there came a giggle from the doorway. Jessie looked up with flashing eyes, to see her brother standing there, looking in, a broad grin upon his face.

“Why, Carl Ferry,” she exclaimed, angrily, “you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to stand there, laughing, and my poor kitten sick and dying!”

Carl’s face sobered. “Well, what were you trying to do when I came?” he asked.

“I was treating it in Christian Science,” said Jessie, forlornly. “Mamma is away and—oh dear—I don’t seem to do it any good at all!”

“Do you call that treating in Christian

Science, the way you were talking when I came? Well, you're very much mistaken if you do," said Carl, bluntly.

"Why, I said she wasn't sick," rejoined Jessie, in a hurt tone.

"So you did," said Carl, "and before and after it, you said how sorry you were for her. What are you sorry for, if she isn't really sick?"

Jessie hung her head.

"You know better than that, Jessie," went on Carl, more gently. "I'm sorry I laughed; but it did sound funny for a Science girl to talk that way and hope to do any good. I'll go now, and you try again, and know the truth while you're saying it. Don't just repeat the words like a parrot."

Carl walked away from the door, and Jessie hid her face in her hands again. "Dear God, please—" she began. "No, that's the way I used to pray before I learned about Science, and now I just have to know the truth, instead of coaxing God to do things; and the truth is

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that God has already done everything good for me, and what I have to do is to realize it. I have to realize that my kitten isn't sick, because everything God does is good, and it isn't good that a little kitten should be in pain. Then God didn't do it. Nobody did it, so it can't be sick. Kitty, you really and truly aren't sick and I know you're not."

Jessie sat for a long time, thinking over what she had been taught in Science, and then she put her face down on the cushion beside the little cat, which had grown quiet, and thought some more about how good God is, to do all things for us, and make everything smooth if we only have trust enough to know it, and then she went off to sleep.

When Mamma came home she found her there, with the kitten just waking up and stretching and yawning and catching at the little locks of brown, curly hair that had strayed over her.

Jessie sat up and rubbed her eyes and then caught the playful kitten in her arms. "Oh,

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Mamma, she's well!" she cried. "Sickness and other mortal mind things are just bad dreams, aren't they?"

"Yes, dearie," said Mamma, tenderly, "they are nothing but bad dreams and we cure them by knowing that they are dreams and by waking up to the truth."

Around the Corner



HERE'S Joe Briggs now. He peeked around the corner of the fence. I just saw him." Frances stopped short in the middle of the sidewalk.

"So did I," and little Bertha caught hold of Sister Marie's hand with both of hers.

Marie stood on tiptoe and looked toward the corner of the street. "Yes," she said, with a frown, "and I can see the red tassel of Fred's cap, over the top of the fence. They are waiting for us as usual, and I suppose they have a whole bushel of snow-balls."

"Oh, dear, and they are such hard ones!" wailed Bertha.

Marie put a protecting arm about her little sister. "It's a shame!" she exclaimed angrily. "I just wish I knew how to get even with them. It wouldn't be so bad if it was only once in a while; but every single night when

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we go home from school they wait for us and pelt us. I've a notion to tell Teacher."

"No," said Frances, "that would just make it worse. They only do it for fun now; but if you told, they would be mad and it would be worse than ever. Come on, let's cross the street here, and then run as soon as they begin to throw. We'll take Bertha between us."

"That's just the way we do every night," sobbed Bertha, "and it always frightens me so when they yell, and I got an awful bump on my head last night, where one hit."

"It makes me so mad!" exclaimed Marie, stamping her foot. "I wouldn't care so much if it wasn't for little Bertha. I'd just walk right up and tell them what I think of them."

"You told them that last night while we were running," laughed Frances; "but they didn't seem to mind it much."

"Oh, they don't mind anything! They're too mean. I think—" Marie stopped in the middle of her sentence and bit her lip.

"What?" Frances turned and looked at her.

AROUND THE CORNER

Marie was looking down and digging in the snow with the toe of her shoe.

"What did you say?" asked Frances again.

Marie's face flushed. "Nothing, only — I was just thinking — This week's lesson is on Love, you know."

Frances nodded slowly. "No one would think we were Christian Science children, would they?"

Marie shook her head. "I guess it's partly our fault," she said, thoughtfully. "We don't seem to be reflecting much love."

Frances leaned up against the fence. "Let's find out what's the trouble," she said, "and see if we can't help ourselves. When things go wrong it always means that mortal mind is talking to us, and we've got to find out what it is saying, and then know that the opposite is true."

"Well, it's telling me that I'm angry," said Marie with a good deal of vigor.

"And it's telling me that I'm awfully afraid," whimpered Bertha, still clinging to Marie's hand.

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“And it’s telling me that there’s some big, rough boys waiting around the corner, just on purpose to make us afraid and angry,” said Frances, looking grimly down the street.

“Then if the opposite of all this is true, I s’pose I’ve got to know that I’m not angry,” said Marie, slowly. “Of course I know it’s only mortal mind that says I am; but it seems awfully real.” She caught herself. “No, it don’t seem real. It isn’t real. Mortal mind can’t tell me anything, for it isn’t real itself. It can’t tell me that I’m angry. I won’t listen to it. I’m not, I’m not, I’m not! Love is the opposite of hate, and I do love everybody, everybody there is, and mortal mind can’t make me think any different.” Marie was doing her work out loud, and was doing it well and with zeal.

“And what’s the opposite of being afraid?” asked Bertha, clutching her sister’s hand tighter, as she saw a red cap appear around the corner of the fence.

Marie bent over and kissed the little one. “It’s trust, dearie. Trust in God, that he

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won't let anything hurt you. Just keep saying to yourself that you do trust God, and are not afraid. Isn't that right, Frances?"

"Yes," said Frances, "it seems so to me, and I suppose that I have got to know that instead of rough boys hiding around the corner, there's nothing but mortal mind there, and mortal mind can't hurt God's children."

"If there's only mortal mind there, then there really isn't anything," said Marie.

"That's so," said Frances; "but I guess I'm getting a little mixed up; because there's surely something there, and it looks like boys," and she shook her head with a puzzled little laugh.

"I know what is there," said Marie, suddenly. "It's God's children, just the same as we are. We can't be angry or afraid when there's only God's children there. Come on. I don't mind it a bit any more."

They started briskly forward, Bertha walking between the two older girls; but they had not advanced far when Joe's face peered out again, and then a big, hard snow-ball came

whizzing through the air and hit Frances' muff, nearly knocking it from her hands.

Frances only laughed. "I'm going to hoist a flag of truce," she said, stopping to tie her handkerchief to her ruler. "There, how is that?" and holding it well in view they walked forward once more.

In a moment Joe's face peered around the corner again to see why the girls did not scream and run, as they usually did when the attack began. He was just aiming another ball when he caught sight of Frances' flag of truce. He hesitated, uncertain what to do.

"What's the matter?" whispered Fred. "Are they going back?"

"No, they're waving a handkerchief on a ruler. I guess it means truce. Wonder what they're up to," said Joe in a puzzled tone.

"Well, we'll have to honor a flag of truce, that's sure," said Fred, laughing, "especially when they were smart enough to think of it. Come on, let's go and see what they want."

The boys dropped their snow-balls and came

AROUND THE CORNER

out from behind the fence. "What's the matter?" called Fred, as the girls approached.

"We're not afraid any more," explained little Bertha eagerly, before the others could speak, "because we know you don't want to hurt us or make us angry."

The boys glanced at each other, and their faces flushed. Bertha was such a very little girl, and she had always screamed so loudly when she ran from the hail of snow-balls.

Here Marie broke in. "We knew you didn't want to really hurt us," she said pleasantly, "but just thought it was fun to make us run and see us get angry and frightened; but it wasn't any fun for us, so we made up our minds that we wouldn't run any more, or say anything mean. We knew that you wouldn't be ugly to us if we did that way."

The boys both stood silent, their faces still red. Frances laughed merrily:—

"It's mean to spoil your fun this way, isn't it?" she said brightly. "But really, it wasn't much fun, after all, was it? Last night one

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of those hard balls raised a big lump on little Bertha's head, and she cried all the way home. You couldn't hurt her to-day, because she wasn't afraid."

"We're awfully sorry if we hurt her," said Fred, awkwardly. "We really didn't mean to. We just got interested in the chase, I suppose, and didn't know how hard we threw the balls. We won't bother you any more, will we, Joe?"

"No, we won't," said Joe, heartily. "We've been pretty mean to you, but it was just for fun. We didn't want to hurt you. You needn't be afraid any more."

"We're not," said Marie, quickly. "We have learned better. Good-bye, boys, and thank you for being nice to us."

"Good-bye, good-bye," called Bertha and Frances.

Fred had been busy for a few moments throwing a pile of snow-balls off of the long bod-sled which was drawn up behind the fence. Now he brought it forth, proudly.

AROUND THE CORNER

“Jump on, girls,” he cried gayly, “and we’ll give you a ride. We’re going your way, and we’ll draw you home. We’re on our way over to Black Hill, coasting, and say, any time that you come out to the hill, you come to us, and we’ll take you down on our sled as many times as you want to go. She’s the fastest one on the hill, and we don’t generally take girls, because they are always afraid; but you won’t be, so we’ll give you a good time whenever you come out.”

The girls thanked them delightedly, and then sat down on the sled and in a moment they were spinning down the street, the snow from the heels of their kindly steeds flying in their faces.

Presently Marie leaned forward over little Bertha’s shoulders and whispered in Frances’ ear: “Well, I’ve learned what love can do. Isn’t it wonderful?”

Frances turned her head and replied, softly, “Yes, and I have learned that ‘the truth *is* my shield and buckler.’”

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“And what have you learned, dearie?” whispered Marie, tightening her arms about her little sister.

“That being afraid isn’t anything,” gasped Bertha, her face shining with happiness and the cold wind, “and that Joe and Fred are awfully nice, kind boys, and I wish it was ten miles to our house.”

Who Owned the Rabbit?



'LL give you a quarter for him, Jim."

Jimmie pursed up his lips and shook his head, while he hugged close to his breast a little panting white rabbit with the longest of ears and the pinkest of eyes.

"No, I can't, Paul."

"Why not?" and Paul wrinkled his brow quite savagely. "He isn't yours, anyway."

"I know it, but I ran the fastest and caught him, and, if I had not got him just when I did, Brown's dog would have fairly eaten him up, poor little fellow," and Jimmie stroked the little thing affectionately.

"Well, of course you have the best right to him," acknowledged Fred, "but, you see, you live right in this block where we found him, so he belongs to some one near here, and if you keep him, folks will hear about it and take him away from you."

Jimmie opened his eyes very widely.

"Why, what did you boys think that I was going to do with him?" he asked in surprise.

"Keep him, of course," exclaimed both boys, and "Don't you like rabbits?" added Fred.

"Yes, I like rabbits," replied Jimmie slowly. "I have been just longing for months and months to have a dear little white fellow like this, but this one isn't mine, you know. I'll have to find out where he belongs and take him home."

"O pshaw!" exclaimed Fred, "don't you do it. Sell him to Paul for a quarter and you can buy that set of crayons that you wanted, and no one will know a thing about it, for Paul lives so far away that no one will ever recognize the rabbit."

"Come on, Jimmie, let me have him. I'll give you my box kite, too," coaxed Paul.

But Jimmie only stroked the fluffy white ball that nestled so closely in his arms.

"No, boys, I am going to begin right here and go to every house in the block until I find out where he belongs. I wouldn't steal him,"

WHO OWNED THE RABBIT?

indignantly, "but I do want him awfully," with a big sigh.

"It wouldn't be stealing, when you found him, and Brown's dog would have killed him if it hadn't been for you, but go on, be a baby if you want to. Come, Paul, let's leave him to look for Bunny's mamma; he is worse than any girl," and the two boys ran off down the street.

Jimmie swallowed the choke in his throat, and, with the rabbit in his arms, climbed the steps of the nearest house, rang the bell, and inquired if any one there had lost a white rabbit. No one had, nor in the next house, nor the next. However, Jimmie kept bravely on, climbing the steps of every house on both sides of the street for the whole length of the block, but to no purpose; no one seemed to own the rabbit, and at last Jimmie sat down on the steps of his own home, still hugging the homeless rabbit and thinking that he would rest for a few minutes and then try the next block.

"I am not tired," said Jimmie sturdily to

himself, as he stroked the rabbit lovingly. "God's child can't be tired, for He said so, and the little bunny isn't lost, either. Nothing can be lost, in God's world, and I ought to know it. Now, Bunny, don't you worry, for you have a nice home, and God knows just where it is, and where you are, so you needn't ever think you're lost." He hid his face for a moment in the soft fur. "We're glad we know Christian Science, aren't we, Bunny?" he whispered, "for then we know we are always safe, and never tired or afraid."

Just then the door behind him opened and he heard Uncle Harry's voice speaking to Mamma:

"I am very sorry that it happened. Don't tell Jimmie, for he would be so disappointed. You see, it was of an extra fine breed and I paid a good price for it, for I knew that he had been wanting one for so long, and then to think that it should escape from the yard while I was looking for a box for him to keep it in. It is too bad."

Jimmie's eyes grew big as he listened, but

WHO OWNED THE RABBIT?

Uncle Harry's grew bigger when a moment later, he turned and saw Jimmie sitting on the steps with the white rabbit in his arms.

Then followed the explanations of how Uncle Harry had bought the rabbit for Jimmie, and how it had escaped, and Jimmie told how he had saved it from Brown's dog and then scoured the neighborhood to find its owner.

"And to think," said he, hugging his treasure, "that I was your owner all the time, and just suppose that I had sold you to Paul for a quarter?"

The Skates and Charley



UT, Uncle Fred, it isn't the least bit of use for you to do it. You could offer me ten pairs of skates if I would stand eighty-five per cent in arithmetic examination, and it wouldn't make the least scrap of difference. I don't know fractions and I never will, and it's no use to try," and Charley threw his book half-way across the table and sent his tablet and pencil after it, in disgust.

"That's too bad," said Uncle Fred, soberly. "I always thought that you were as smart as other boys of your age. You see, it means not only the loss of the skates, but I can't see how you can ever keep a store like your papa's, when you grow up, if you don't know arithmetic."

"Well, I can't help it," said Charley, dismally. "I can get geography and spelling and

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reading and everything else; but I can't understand arithmetic. I can learn just to say the rules as they are written, but they don't seem to mean anything to me."

Uncle Fred got up to leave the room. "Well," he said, "my offer of the skates is still open, and you need them pretty badly, for your old ones are too small, and not very good, anyway. If you can win the new ones in the December examinations, they will be the very finest that I can find in the city."

"It isn't any use," repeated Charley, gloomily.

Uncle Fred stopped as he reached the door, and turned around with a queer little smile. "How about that headache you had this morning?" he asked.

"Mamma used Christian Science for it," replied Charley, quickly. "It was almost gone when I went to school, and I handled it myself until I forgot all about it."

Uncle Fred smiled again. "And isn't Christian Science good for — for —," he hesitated.

“For stupidity?” suggested Charley, his face flushing. “Yes, it is, or at least, it ought to be. I never thought of that.”

“I’d try it if I were you,” said Uncle Fred, still laughing as he went out of the door.

Charley looked after him, soberly. “Uncle Fred isn’t a Christian Scientist,” he reflected, “but he has given me a good thought. Of course Science ought to be good for — for — *that*, as well as for anything else. I’d just like to show him that Christian Science can do it.”

Charley sat for quite a while, thinking. “I’d like to do it all myself without getting Mamma to help me,” he mused. “She has told me so much about Science that I ought to be able to manage this; but I don’t seem to know just how to go to work, except that I’ve got to know the truth, and that’s just the opposite of anything that seems disagreeable. Mamma,” he called, as his mother passed the doorway, “what is the opposite of stupid?”

Mamma stopped and looked at him with a loving smile. “Perfect understanding, dearie,” she said. “Why? Can I help you any?”

THE SKATES AND CHARLEY

“No, thank you,” said Charley, quickly. “I just wanted to know. And perfect understanding is the truth, then, is it?”

“Yes. We reflect God, and He is Perfect Understanding. We have to know that we are His image and likeness in every way.”

“Thank you, Mamma, that’s all I wanted to know,” and as Mamma passed on up the stairs, Charley dropped his head on the table. “Oh, dear!” he thought, “I never could remember things, and how am I going to remember ‘perfect understanding,’ and about reflecting God, and all that, when they are such big words?” Then suddenly he looked up. “Why, if I reflect God I can’t forget things, and so I’m all right. I’ll hold on to that part of it, anyway.”

As the days went on and the December examinations drew near, Charley’s face grew brighter and brighter, and Uncle Fred noticed that instead of poring over his books for an hour or so every evening, he spent the time reading or drawing or playing parchesi with his sister; and that kind gentleman shook his

head gravely and said to himself: "He's given up trying. Well, I'm sorry, for I did hope that he would at least make an effort; but I am afraid that he is really stupid, and, what's worse, that he doesn't care if he is. It's too bad."

Even on the night before examination Charley studied for only an hour, and then held yarn for his mother to wind, and cut pen-wiper patterns for his sister, and was so bright and cheerful that he did not seem like the same boy who was usually so cross and gloomy at such times.

Examination day came and passed, and Charley never once lost his high spirits or his cheerful manner, but was unfailingly happy and good natured all through the week.

"Well, my boy," said Uncle Fred, with his teasing smile, as they sat down to dinner on the day when the children had been to school to get their examination marks, "I saw a brand new stock of skates down at Barker's this morning."

THE SKATES AND CHARLEY

“My size is number nine and a half,” said Charley in a very matter-of-fact tone, though his cheeks were flushed and his eyes shining.

Uncle Fred laughed. “That may be the size of your foot, all right, but what is the size of your arithmetic mark?” he asked.

“Ninety-five per cent,” said Charley, proudly, sitting up very straight.

“Whew!” whistled Uncle Fred, thoroughly astonished. “Is that so? Well, how on earth did you do it?”

Charley glanced at his mother and then back at Uncle Fred. “Christian Science did it,” he said, sturdily. “You advised me to try it, just to tease me, and I did, and I always will use it after this.”

Uncle Fred cleared his throat and looked at Charley over his glasses. Then he held out his hand.

“Shake, young man,” he said. “I don’t know just what there is in Christian Science, but you’ve done a good thing with it, and I’m proud of you. We will go after the skates

to-morrow, and you shall have any pair that you want, in the whole shop, no matter what they cost. You have surely earned them."

That night, when Mamma came to say good night, she kissed the boy even more tenderly than usual.

"And so you handled your trouble all yourself, did you, dearie?" she asked, smoothing back his hair, lovingly.

"Yes'm," said Charley, slipping an arm around her neck, "with what you told me that day about understanding, and about reflecting God. When I couldn't seem to understand my lessons, I knew that it was just mortal mind telling me lies, so I told it to get out, that I didn't believe it, because I reflected perfect Understanding; and then I just held on to that thought, and, why, Mamma, things got so easy, and I didn't worry a bit any more, and I didn't dread examination at all; because I knew I couldn't help but get good marks because I really did understand things and didn't get all mixed up any more."

Mamma hugged him a little closer. "And

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are you glad that you are going to have the fine skates?" she asked, a little twinkle in her eyes.

Charley laughed merrily at the remembrance of Uncle Fred's surprise. "Of course I am," he said, brightly; "but I'm a thousand times gladder that I have found out about understanding, and how to use Christian Science to make things come right. The skates don't count for as much as that."

"No," said Mamma, kissing him, tenderly, "the skates don't count for nearly so much as that."

**PRINTED BY R. R. DONNELLEY
AND SONS COMPANY, AT THE
LAKESIDE PRESS, CHICAGO, ILL.**

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