

greet the heart-broken mother. Father and son have been close together ever since.

the lord's day

"No, you can't go out to the barn to play today."

"Why not?"

"Because it's Sunday, that's why. Sunday is the Lord's day. We should rest and read the Bible on Sunday. Work and play on the Lord's day are sinful."

"But isn't every day the Lord's day? And why is it sinful to play on Sunday? What makes Sunday more sacred than the other days?"

This last question was never answered, even though the above conversation occurred every Sunday for some ten years. It was Robert Putt and his grandmother speaking. The poor old lady's Baptist doctrines caused her many a worry when it came to dealing with this grandson whose generation was so different from any of the others before it.

In the first place, all of Mrs. Baker's children had liked to go to church when they were young, but it took a weekly battle of wits and a little armed force thrown in to get this young imp of Satan off to Sunday school. Then, too, he showed no fear or special reverence for the Lord. He was always asking such disconcerting questions.

Robert Louis Stevenson told this story about himself. He had been prevailed upon by a friend to teach a church school class of boys in Samoa. He taught one lesson.

During this first and only lesson he ever taught, everything went well until the teacher ran out of teaching material. Then both R. L. S. and the class sat in stolid silence, each waiting for the other to say something. Finally, with the hope of securing some re-

sponse, Stevenson promised a shilling to the pupil who would ask a question. Still no response. The amount of the prize money was raised. No one said anything. At last, in desperation, Stevenson offered a half crown. A moment of silence elapsed; then a small boy in the corner raised his hand and timidly asked, "Please, Sir, Who made God?" Stevenson never did tell what happened after that.

It was this kind of thing that perplexed the grandmother in this story. Eventually she gave up trying to give her grandson theological instruction and decided that if she could get him to practice the Golden Rule, perhaps he would be saved anyhow. Thus ended the first lessons in Sunday school.

our ★ finale the puritans

by

mary stierwalt

"Gee whiz, Muth, ain't we ever gonna get anything to eat?" Bud's voice floating up the stairs rudely awakens me. I groan and pull the covers high over my head, but the raucous shouting continues to disturb the peace of the Sabbath morning.

"I'm goin' golfing with Jim, and I'm hungry." Bud draws out the last word plaintively.

"Be quiet, Bud," comes mother's penetrating whisper. "This is Sunday morning."

"I know it is, and I gotta date with Jim at seven o'clock, and, Muth, I'm hun—gry." This last is a wail.

I grind my teeth and dig down deeper into the pillow. But there is no escaping father's booming voice which now is added to the others.

"Bud, you aren't going golfing.

You are going to church with the rest of the family. You come right back here, young man. There are six other days in the week for golf."

"Aw, nuts," comes Bud's intelligent reply.

"Junior!" Dad's boom becomes a roar, and puts all end to further argument.

But the sweetness of the early morn is gone for me. Just as I am falling into a fitful and grouchy nap I am disturbed by a rustling sound. I try to ignore it, but even the Sphinx could not ignore that maddening sound of rustled papers. I open one eye and glare across the room at sister Sue, who is enthroned on her pillows with the Sunday morning papers strewn about her.

"For heaven's sake, stop that awful racket. Please, nerves."

"Oh, your nerves! There's nothing wrong with you but lack of sleep. What time did you get in this morning?"

I glare at her as she smiles sweetly at me and gayly turns the funny page inside out.

"Sue and Ann," mother calls, "it's time to get up now! We don't want to be late for Sunday school."

"But, mother, I don't want to go to Sunday school. I want to sleep," I moan. Sister chimes in.

"I'm not going, either. I don't believe anything they preach and I won't listen to it. Why Professor Strange said nobody but a moron could possibly believe that story about Adam and Eve, and Jonah and the whale and—"

"Why, Sue, how can you talk so frivolously about sacred things?" mother exclaims in a shocked voice. "Now come and get ready for breakfast."

Father frowns at us for appearing downstairs in pajamas. He is especially irritated by my heathenish creations in red and orange. Bud sulks and I read the paper. Sister, in her usual diplomatic manner, gets into a discussion with dad about evolution. Now, mentioning evolution to father, who is a dyed-in-the-wool Baptist, is like waving the red flag in front of a bull. Evolution means one thing to father --that man is descended from the hairy ape, and somehow or other, he accepts the whole theory as a personal affront to his dignity. He sets down his coffee cup with such force the coffee splashes over the saucer and on to the table cloth.

"Now, John," Mother tries to soothe him. e

"Well, I'll be damned if I'll have my own daughter throwing such ideas in to my face. That's gratitude for you, that's what I get for sending her through college. Modern science and Greek philosophy! Bah!"

The discussion continues as we finish the preparations for church. We are all piled in the car waiting for mother to get her hat tip-tilted at just the right angle.— At last, we reach church as services begin.

The sun is streaming in through the stained glass windows as we walk into the church. There we are—the whole family, Bud, sister Sue, mother, dad, and I. The pastor beams down upon us and the deacons cast benevolent smiles in our direction. As we take our places in the family pew, I hear a voice behind us whisper:

"My, dear, it does my heart good to see such a devoted family in this modern day and age—and so faithful they are."