

Children's Sermon

The Red, White and Blue.

By Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison, D. D.

Honor to whom honor is due. Romans 13:7.

Everywhere we go these days we see the American flag. We love the flag because it stands for our country. There are three colors in the flag, red, white and blue, and I am going to try and tell you what those colors mean, so that you will better know what that flag stands for.

First there is the red. Red stands for courage. It is bravery. A brave man is one who is willing to sacrifice himself for others. One of the men in the navy who was on the same ship with Admiral Dewey at the battle of Manila, was telling of his bravery in the battle. While the fight was going on, Dewey stood on the bridge of the Olympia, with the shot and shell flying and bursting about him, fanning himself with a palm-leaf fan. He was no more afraid than if he had been at an afternoon tea.

Boys sometimes think what a fine thing it would be to be a soldier or a sailor and show their courage, but we can all be brave even if we cannot go and fight. Courage is making sacrifices for others. There was a little boy not long ago who had been planning for a long time for a birthday party. He had invited his little friends and made all his arrangements to have a fine time. A day or two before they were to come a woman next door was taken very sick. He knew that the noise of the children would disturb the sick lady, so he gave up his party without a word. He was a brave little fellow to be willing to sacrifice his pleasure for the comfort of someone else. Red stands for courage. Let us all try to be brave.

The second color is white. White stands for purity. The very whitest thing that we know is the snow. It is white because it is pure. The least speck of dirt will soil the purity of the snow.

Every morning I see the little girls going by to school. Their dresses are so clean and white in the morning, but many of them are soiled before night. Now we cannot always keep our clothes from being soiled, but there is one thing we can all do. We can keep our hearts clean.

David said, "O Lord, create within me a clean heart." We ought to pray that prayer every day that we live. God can help us to keep our hearts pure and clean. The stars on the flag are all white. You know now what

that white stands for. It is for purity. If you want to be a good American and be loyal to your flag you must be pure.

The third color in the flag is blue. Blue stands for loyalty. Sometimes we hear it said of a person, "He is as true as steel." That is loyalty.

During our Revolutionary War, Lord Tarleton, the British commander, was very anxious to capture a certain American officer, who had done many brave deeds. They could not catch him. Finally they found his little boy and brought him in before General Tarleton. He asked him if he knew where his father was. The boy said, "Yes, I know, but I cannot tell you." He was told that he must tell or he would be killed. The little boy said, "You can kill me if you want to, but you can't make me tell." And they killed him. That boy was true as steel: he was loyal to his father. I wouldn't give much for a boy who wouldn't be true to his mother and sisters, or his friends.

We are reading wonderful stories of brave men and women these days. One of the bravest men who lived during the last century was General Gordon, of the British army. He was always true as steel to the things that he believed were right. Whenever he found a poor boy, who had no home, he cared for him and sent him somewhere where he could grow to be a useful man. He had a little map that he carried everywhere with him. There were a great many pins sticking in it. Someone asked him why he stuck those pins in the map. He said, "They are my boys." He never forgot his boys. And he never forgot God.

Every morning, soon after dawn, when the orders for the day had been issued, there was a little time of quiet. Outside the door of General Gordon's tent there hung a handkerchief. While that handkerchief was there everyone knew that the General was not to be disturbed. He was at prayer. That is the sort of boys and girls the nation needs, those who are true to Jesus Christ.

When you see the flags waving stop and think what those colors stand for. The red is for courage, the right kind of courage. The white is for purity of thought and word and deed. And the blue is for loyalty always to God and to country.

Norfolk, Va.

ty sitting room. In the afternoon Mrs. Roberts walked home to Elsie's rude cabin home, and stayed awhile. When Mr. Ferguson returned he found his little daughter sitting on the lap of a strange lady. He lit the old lamp, and looked at the group on the sofa. When he saw the lady he almost dropped the lamp. Mrs. Roberts looked up and started: "Can it be, Jim, Jim, where did you come from," she cried.

"Ellen, Ellen, this is a surprise. I never expected to see my sister again," returned her brother.

The two sat on the sofa and talked over their past life, while Elsie prepared the supper.

"Brother, won't you come back to civilization again, and let Elsie be educated properly," said Mrs. Roberts.

"Yes," he returned. "I am tired of being a crook, and I will start to the city tomorrow. Will you care for Elsie?"

"Yes, indeed, the dear little thing."

So Elsie went to live with her aunt and became like other children, and her father became a gentleman.

Baltimore, Md.

Dear Helen: I enjoyed your story so much and am sure all the girls and boys will, too. We like our own girls' and boys' stories very much, don't we?

H. A.

Children's Letters

BUNNY AND COTTONTAIL.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old. As I have never written to you, I will write now as I want to surprise my mother and father. My pastor is Mr. J. E. Purell. We all love him. I got a Testament for reciting the Child's Catechism. I am now studying the Shorter Catechism. My teacher is Miss May Hess. We have some pet rabbits. Their names are Bunny and Cottontail. I go to Greenville High School. I was promoted to the fourth grade.

Your little friend,

Greenville, Va. Mary Boone Haupe.

Dear Mary: We are all glad to have a letter from you and I am sure that mother and father will be pleased. I wish I could see your pet rabbits.—H. A.

COTTON PATCH IN FLORIDA.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy eight years old. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. Please print this, I want to surprise my mamma. She reads the letters to me and my two little brothers every Sunday. I live on a farm with my uncle. He gave my brother Lewis and me a cotton patch last year and one this year. We hoe and pick it. We have lots of little calves, pigs, mules and horses. I enjoy riding horseback.

Your little friend,

James Alex. McClinton.

Fort White, Fla., Route 1.

Dear James: It is fine to live on a farm, isn't it? And I think it very fine for you to be working your own cotton patch. I wonder if any of the rest of our girls or boys are doing anything like this.

THANK YOU!

Dear Boys and Girls: We are all so happy over the way we have been able to help the Belgian children. Isn't it splendid? We have several more gifts this week. I am especially delighted over the gifts from the boys and girls who have made the money themselves. Don't you agree with me that this is the finest way to do?

We have this week a gift from the Juniors of Bethesda Sunday-school, and I know another class that has made one dollar.

Best of all, I want to tell you that our Government has lent the Belgians a large sum of money and after this that will be used. Now, we are being asked to send all our gifts to the Armenians and Syrians, the people from the Bible lands. I will try to tell you more about them next week.

Isn't it fine to have two stories this week from our own girls? Just think one came all the way from China. I know some of you will want to write to Margaret about it.

Lovingly,

Helen Argyle.

that she had one like it. Run along and find out."

Elsie nodded and walked away. When she entered the lobby of the little country hotel she saw the lady sitting with a friend. Elsie crept up and shyly inquired about the necklace. The lady smiled at the quaint little figure and held out her hand.

"Let me see it, deary."

Elsie drew near and the lady inspected it and with a cry of recognition, said: "My wedding gift from John; oh, you dear little thing, where did you find it?"

Elsie explained, and told her name. "My name is Mrs. John Roberts," said the lady, smiling. "And remember, dear, that I am your friend."

The next day Elsie went to visit Mrs. Roberts, and spent a happy morning in her pret-