

people. She read: **"Jesus said, 'I have called you friends.'"** The next picture was the same as the one on the front page. She read: **"Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you."** The last picture was a boy giving a flower to a child in bed. Again Janet read, **"This is my commandment that ye love one another, even as I have loved you."**

"These are the verses I have to learn," said Janet to herself. "Did Grandma learn these verses when she was a little girl?"

Slowly Janet turned the pages over and over, reading the words which Grandma had written.

When Grandma called she tripped downstairs happily, the little scrap book in her hand. "Grandma, listen!" she said:

**"Jesus said, 'I have called you friends
Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you.**

This is my commandment that ye love one another, even as I have loved you.'"

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SOME FRIENDS OF JESUS

TWO JANETS

JANET was to spend the day with Grandma. Grandma's cookie jar was always full. Up in Grandma's attic was an old trunk with letters on the lid—J. M. That stood for Grandma's name when she was a girl—Janet Meredith. It was Janet's name too.

Just as Janet was running down the front steps her mother called, "Take this with you," said Mother, "so you can learn your Bible verses for tomorrow." Mother handed her a piece of paper.

Janet tucked the paper in the pocket of her sweater, and ran down the street. She was cross to be reminded of learning verses when she was to have a day at Grandma's.

It was not long before Janet, with a cookie in each hand, climbed the attic stairs to amuse herself until Grandma was ready to go to market. She went straight to the little old trunk marked J. M. on the lid. Only a few days ago she had found in it some scrap books, and she wanted to look at them more carefully.

She sat down on an old sofa cushion. Janet's sweater, with the paper about the Bible verses to learn in the pocket, was downstairs in the front hall. She forgot about them as she took out the

precious scrap books and began to turn the pages.

"I wonder," said Janet to herself, "if Grandma made these pretty books."

One of the books had Janet Meredith written on the cover. "My name," said Janet, "and just as I would write it. Grandma must have written it when she was a little girl."

Janet turned the pages carefully. There was a picture pasted on each page, and some writing.

One by one Janet looked at the pictures: a picture of Jesus, sitting in a boat talking to the

