

"appointment." Seven chapters was the rule, one for each day of the week. It was a sacred task, for it had been the mother's custom to lead in it, when she was with her flock, before she had gone to the home above.

The orchard, with its great spreading shade, was a great resource. Each one had his or her favorite tree; and with a shade tree and a book, and the summer breeze making its soft music in the branches above, the hours fly, as if on wings. And very close to heaven it often seemed. Talk of the immaturity of children! I wonder have any of us ever seen further into God's heart, or had truer desire to do valiantly in His service, than in those same golden days of childhood?

The Sabbath School was primitive enough in its methods. The teachers might all take their lesson from the same chapter and book, or, again, they might not, and the superintendent did his part at the close chiefly by reading long extracts from a tedious "commentary"; but oh! the joy of "saying verses"—fifty or a hundred of them at a time. That was where the rivalry came in. It was for who would say the most; and to wholesome children, wholesome rivalry is meat and drink.

There was no stint to the sermon or the prayers, and the singing took full time, as well; so that it was well nigh five before church was "out." Perhaps the children did not understand very much, for the sermons of our fathers were solid, packed full of doctrine, and some of the words were hard; but the solemnity of the service,—the careful reverence of the minister, the devoutness of the worshippers,—left its effect. It was God's house; God was there; it was He who spoke. It was for those who heard, reverently to obey.

There was a sharp appetite for "tea"—always some extra delicacy on the table on Sunday evening, and the very prettiest china brought out; then the walk to the woods in the cool of the evening—it was not permitted to go off the farm on that day; and then, as twilight fell, the gathering in the parlor again—there was a hush upon it that had not been in the morning, for the weary minister was resting after his day's work, as, stretched upon the couch, and with his eyes closed, he asked the questions of the Shorter Catechism.

It was from the beginning to the middle, one Sabbath, and from the middle to the end, the next. And it was no hardship to answer, for the boys and girls "knew their questions" well by heart. Nor has the evening hymn ever seemed more sweet, nor prayer more touching, than the few sentences with which all was closed. It had been a day well spent. There was a long night of dreamless sleep ahead, and the heartily-greeted tasks, or the merry play, of a new morning.

R. DOUGLAS FRASER

### Was it Worth While?

They came in hundreds and thousands, not only from every part of the Province, and of the Dominion, but there were full delegations from every state in the Union, and some even from across the sea. It was at no small outlay of time, and money, and toil, that these multitudes came together. Was it worth while? What are the net results? When the enthusiasm of the great International Sunday School Convention, which stirred the city of Toronto to its centre last month shall have passed away, will there be anything tangible left?

Let the answer be a simple recital of a few, a very few, points.

And, first, the devotional feature of the Convention. Every day had its half-hour of prayer, specially set apart. It was the scriptural preparation for Pentecost, "all with one accord in one place," waiting, pleading. And assuredly the Holy Spirit was there, and His presence and power will abide with many who shared in those rare opportunities.

The emphasis laid on the *child* was memorable, even for a Sunday School gathering. The adults had their share of discussion, and the course of instruction suited to their special needs was closely canvassed. Nor were the older boys and girls forgotten. But the yearning enthusiasm of the Primary workers in their three days preliminary Institute, passed over into the great Convention itself. The little child was in the midst. It has taken a long time even for child lovers and workers among the children to realize, that it is easier to train little ones