

lights at inconvenient times, and in general keep things lively.

One day, when a visiting minister was walking across the "commons", in the little town he spoke to a boy who was pelting stones at the cows that were grazing there. The boy was invited to come to some special meetings being held that week for boys and girls. "I never go to no church meetin's", he said somewhat surlily. When his case was spoken of to the minister and superintendent, it was felt that there were other boys and girls who needed looking after.

And so it came to pass that, after one of the meetings, Madge and several of her friends remained for half an hour longer to hear their minister talk about trying to help the boys and girls in town, some of whom were growing up "wild", as the people used to say,—and it seemed easy to grow up wild in that border town.

The result of the meeting was that Madge and her girl friend, Rosa, decided they would try to be among those who were going to be "good for something, and good to somebody", as the minister had put it. There was one girl whom they knew well, but to whom they had shown little friendliness. They thought they might do something for her. The girl in question was a palefaced, lonely-looking girl, rather poorly dressed. Many a time Etta Martin's mother sighed over what her poor daughter had to suffer because of the father she had. He earned enough money to buy good clothes for all his children, but most of it went over the bar.

Madge thought about Etta a good deal that night. There were times at school, when the girls might have been more thoughtful of the drunkard's daughter than they were. They had left her out of many a happy frolic. Often they made a jolly string of girls on the homeward journey, and no one walked with Etta.

The following day made a change in their conduct. Etta was much happier when she reached home that afternoon, and she told her mother that she liked Madge Bolton, and that she wasn't a bit proud, and that they had had "just a lovely time to-day." The tired mother kissed her, and the burdens on her own heart seemed lighter.

One Sunday afternoon two weeks later, we

saw Madge, the well-to-do merchant's daughter, and Etta, the drunken shoemaker's daughter, arm in arm near Etta's home.

In less than three months eleven boys and girls who had not been attending Sunday School were "rounded up" by the junior workers and brought to the little hall.

The home is not yet all it might be, but it is wonderfully changed, and I think Madge Bolton's religion is of the right kind. Her goodness is making her good for something and good to somebody. And Madge, as merry as before and as full of tricks, is happier than ever since she started to make others happy.

Toronto

### Old St. Andrew's Boys' Club

*By Waller A. Findlay, M.A.*

For an ordinary class of seven boys, averaging sixteen years of age, to expand within eighteen months, into a flourishing Club of twenty-eight members, is surely something worth while. This gratifying growth is due principally to two causes, enthusiastic leadership and excellent organization.

Nothing more need be said in regard to the leadership than that a successful young business man took hold of the class and made it his hobby,—the best hobby he ever had, so he affirms.

As to the organization, perhaps a fuller account may be given. The fourfold object of the Club, according to the minute book, is "to cultivate a spirit of brotherhood, to improve both body and mind, to practice helpfulness and benevolence, and to develop the social and educational aspects of life." Regular meetings are held in the boys' own room on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, the class following the prescribed course of Lessons and taking active part in the general work of the School. Each member carries a vest-pocket Lesson-Book, from which he prepares the Lesson for the day. Occasionally half a dozen of the boys undertake the exposition and illustration of the scripture passage themselves: for instance, on Temperance Sunday; while at times some specially qualified outsider is invited to give an