A CHILD'S LADDER.

BY M. G. R.

A little boy to his mamma said,
As she was putting him to bed,
"If I should pile up barrels high
Until they reached clear to the sky,
And then, dear mamma, if some time
I should up those barrels climb,
Would God from Heaven reach down His hand
And take me into the promised land?"

At such a thought the mother smiled,
But gently said, "Ah! no my child!
God tells us 'tis by faith and love
That we must enter heaven above;
By love to Him and faith alone
In Jesus Christ His only son,
Who died to save us from our sin
And make us fit to enter in.

"Jesus has told us o'er and o'er
That He the way is and the door;
He's the Good Shepherd, we are His sheep,
If we give to Him our hearts to keep;
But if we try to climb to heaven
In other ways than He has given,
But thieves and robbers we shall be,
And new in bliss His face shall see.

So learn, my boy, this story old,
Of the one Shepherd, the one fold;
How the Shepherd His life lay down,
Wearing meekly the thorny crown.
Listen at once and hear His voice;
It is a wise and happy choice;
'Twill lead you to the mansions fair;
And this dear good Shepherd will be there.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am glad that my grandfather was a christian. For example, here am I and here is the Telugu preacher who is with me constantly. My grandfather is gone, and his has gone. He has no reason to hope that his grandfather is any where but in that region whose name he trembles to pronounce. I look forward to meeting again in heaven the godly, grand old man, whom I loved and feared from my infancy, and on whose burial day I shed my first tears of bereavement. There is in my pocket, today, a silver watch which he bequeathed me in his last will. An aureole of sacredness envelopes it. Although it is now somewhat tarnished with the years, yet it often glistens in my eyes, as if it were a solid diamond; because it is the token of the love and approbation of one who was so strong in his love of righteousness and his hatred of iniquity. The older I grow, the more my reverence grows for him, whose word was gold, whose hands were hard, whose heart was warm, whose voice and soul were manly, and whose faith in Jesus was that of a little child. And when he died the neighbors said: "If there is a heaven, he is there!" Happy the orphan who can sing with Cowper, in his poem written when there came to him a picture of his departed mother:—

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
"From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
"But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
"The son of parents, passed into the skies."

But what of the Telugu preacher, who is with me every day. His grandfather, his father, his mother are gone—gone in the darkness of heathen unbelief. Their memory is burning coals upon his heart. He knows that if he is really a christian, his eternity shall be separated from theirs by an impassable gulf. If I had to look back upon such fathers, I would wish that "my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears."

My heart rejoices and leaps for joy because I was brought up in a christian land. If, while I was an infant, I had been wrapped up and exported to this idol-ridden Orient, to be brought up in a mud hut beneath the eaves of a Hindu temple, it is plain as day that I would have been an idolator, a liar, a child of the devil. Instead of praying with penitent tears to my Creator in the name of Jesus, to have mercy upon me, save my soul and let me live to honor Him, my whole body and spirit would have been steeped in the blackness of darkness, and I would have been bowing down to a hideous junk of stone.

A Mohemmedan paper, published at Madras, complains that at the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago, the oriental religions were not well enough represented. That is as true a word as ever was published in any paper. They should have taken up some typical Hindu village, transplanted it in Chicago and exhibited it as a fruit of Hinduism. Let American fathers and mothers pass through its lanes, enter its huts, visit its temples, listen to the talk on the corners of the streets, behold its dumb idols, meet its rude children, learn the lewd life of its priests, read the stories of its Gods, and then let those who wish their children brought up in that village hold up their hands. A feeling of shame often oppresses me to think I am living in such a land. Two years have not yet passed since landing on this shore, yet I sometimes wonder if respectable people at home would speak to me after seeing what I have seen and learning what I have learned. But I am here and God knows the reason. By Divine grace the missionary can be kept even purer in heart than if his lot had been cast in a garden of flowers. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were cast into the burning fiery furnace of Babylon; but because there was one with them like unto the Son of God, the fire had no power over them. When they came forth not a spot on their coats were scorched, not a hair of their heads was singed and there was not so much as the smell of fire upon them. So may God walk with His missionaries here and bring them forth from this sulphurous furnace unsinged by the flames, unpolluted by fumes, unspotted from the Pagan world!

Between a christian land and a heathen land there is all the difference in the world, and in the world to come. What makes the difference? Nothing more nor less than the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is this which has so enlightened the understanding of men, that our land is as full of civilization as Lebanon is full cedars. The mowing machine, the locomotive, the telegraph, the telephone, the printing press, the free public school, the happy home, and all our brightest privileges, and benisons have sprung to life beneath the benediction of the gospel as grass springs up on the hillside beneath warm showers from heaven. Greenland has no apple tree nor maple, no grasses nor roses, but mosses and lichens. On heathen soil grow only the mosses and lichens of civilization. True, here are the steamboat, the railroad and the telegraph, but they, like the missionaries, have come from a christian land. It is on christian ground that the great machinery of the world has burst forth, and whirled its magic wheels.

Yet all these are mere wooden blessings. What shall it profit a boy if he invent a balloon that can fly around the whole world and yet lose his own soul? The greatest blessing of the gospel is that countless sinners, such as you and I, have become children of God by faith in Jesus Christ. Men sinned, destroyed themselves and made this earth the mouth of hell. Jesus bore men's sins, tinged the blackened earth with His own precious blood and made it the threshold of the paradise of God. The material splendor of our land is only the spray of His salvation like the spray of the ocean on the shore. Those only are truly blest who feel the flood of His grace in their soul—are created anew in Christ Jesus and have "the peace of God which passeth understanding."

I once heard of a man who complained because the sun did not shine in the night, when it was needed. It seemed to him a piece of consummate folly that the sun should shine in the broad day light and then go down in the evening. It was as if men should light their lamps in the day-time and blow them out at night. But after watching a few sunrises and sunsets he came to his senses. "O!" he cried, "it is the sun; it is the sun that makes the day! I have been enjoying His light and upbraiding Him! Where the sun is, there it is day; where the sun is not, there it is night!" So in our native land many are walking in the brightness of civilization and boasting of the glory of this country, never dreaming that Jesus is the light thereof. He praises the mere spray of His salvation, but will not let the flood of His glory shine into his heart.

The nineteenth century! The nineteenth century!! How proudly we pronounce its name! But come and behold the nineteenth century in the village whence I write this letter, and which I hope to describe in my next! When a man has visited village after village where the "Sun of righteousness" has not yet arisen "with healing in His wings," his heart cries out like the voice of revelation: "It is Jesus, it is Jesus, who is the brightness and glory of my native land.

Then gazing in visions upon the face of the whole round earth, he beholds that where the gospel shines there it is day, and where it shines not, there it is night! Pray that long ere the twentieth century begins to dawn, we may sing of our Telugus, a new song:

"The morning light is breaking
"The darkness disappears."

Yours truly,
L. D. MORSE.

Padmanabam, eight miles north-west of Bimlipatam, India, Dec. 9th, 1893.

Rejoice in the Lord.

BY PRINCIPAL ROBERT RAINY, D. D., In "The Expositor's Bible."

"Rejoice in the Lord alway; again, I will say, Rejoice."—Phil. 4: 2.

If joy be possible, it would seem to need no great persuasion to induce men to embrace it. But, as a matter of fact, Christians fail greatly here. In the Old Testament there are abundant exhortations to Israel to rejoice in the Lord; the Lord being Jehovah, without further distinction or limitation; and the ground of rejoicing being His revealed character, especially His mercy and His truth, and the fact that he is Israel's God. Here the Lord is our Lord Jesus, in whom the Father is both known and found. For believers to rejoice in Him is the most direct inference from their faith. For if this Lord be what the believer holds Him to be, there is more in Christ to make him glad than there can be in anything to make him sorry. This applies even to remembered sin; for where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound.

If one will think of it, it will be plain that the rejoicing in the Lord just denotes this, namely, that the influence of the objects of faith has free play through the soul. When the conviction makes its way through all the soul that Christ is most real, that Christ is most good and desirable, and that Christ is for me, then gladness is the token that faith is playing freely through the human soul, throughout all its provinces. It is the flag hoisted to signify that Christ is believed and loved indeed. On the other hand, wrong is done the Lord, and an evil report is brought up upon Him, when those who profess to believe in Him, fail to rejoice in Him.

You may well rejoice in the Lord; you ought surely to do it. You ought to give yourselves then to think and feel so as to rejoice. You should be ashamed to fail to rejoice. You do not apprehend aright your position as a believer, you do not take the attitude that benefits you if the Lord believed in, though, perhaps, He makes you diligent, and patient, and penitent, and thankful, does not also make you heartily glad. Let the elements of this thankfulness come warm home to your heart and do their work. Then you will realize, as, short of this, you never can, how the believer rises above the things that threaten to entangle him, and can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth him.

And, in particular, how influential this is to preserve men from being unduly moved and swayed by the passing things of time! These sway us by joy and grief, hope and fear; and what an inordinate measure of these affections they do beget in us! But let the great joy of the Lord have its place, and then those lesser claimants will have to content themselves with smaller room. A great grief shuts out lesser grief. When a woman has lost her son, will she grieve greatly for the loss of her purse? So a greater joy keeps down the excess of lesser joys. A man who has just won the heart and hand of the woman he loves will not be greatly concerned about winning or losing at some game. He will be about equally glad either way. So he whose heart thrills with the joy of Christ will feel the pleasure and the pain of earthly things; but they will not master him nor run away with him.

According to the Apostle, a believer in the way of duty, if he cherishes this joy, may ordinarily have a great deal of it. And, as it were, he urges us: "Now do not be moved away from it. Do not be so foolish. Various things will come, all sorts of things, claiming to preoccupy your mind, so that for the present this joy will fall into the background. They claim it—and far too often they are allowed to succeed. Do not let them. Rejoice in the Lord alway; again I will say, rejoice." Always: for many believers rejoice in the Lord sometimes, for example, in hours of undisturbed meditation. But when they go out into the stir of life to meet experiences which either greatly gratify or greatly grieve them, then it seems fit that the new passion should have its turn, and the heart insists on this indulgence. So also when some great hope absorbs the mind, or some great anxiety weighs upon it, the soul seems fascinated with the coming good or ill, and hangs upon the prospect as if nothing else for the present could be minded. Now the Apostle does not say that insensibility is the duty of Christians in these circumstances. Indeed it is because these experiences do interest and impress, that they become an effective instrument of Divine training. But Christ is fit to be rejoiced in, right through all vicissitudes; and common experiences ought to throw into relief the reasons why He must still be the source of gladness, whatever may be felt about other things.

This maintained joy of the Lord—a rejoicing faith, a rejoicing love, a rejoicing obedience—this is the temper in virtue of which all else in life will fall into its due place, and will assume its just proportion. "Though the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. Hab. 3; 17, 18.

So, then, "Let your moderation (or forbearance) be known to all men." The word here used expresses a state of mind opposed to all the eagerness that overrates the worth of our personal objects and to the arrogance that insists upon our own will all to them. Some would render it "considerateness." It is a temper which dictates a gentle and forbearing way of dealing with men.

This is the appropriate evidence that the impetuosity of the heart about earthly things has been assuaged by the unseen presence and the influence of Christ. Christ seen, felt and rejoiced in, is the secret of this moderation. A great vision of faith, and that not a vision which is dreaded, but a vision which is loved, brings the movement of the soul into happy order.

Why Uzzah Touched the Ark, or Trifling and its Excuses.

BY REV. C. W. WILLIAMS.

Excuse No. 2.

"It was such a little thing." Error of errors. There are no little things in God's law. Saul tried to believe that he had fulfilled the most important part of God's commission concerning the Amalekites, but God taught him that *all* of it was important. There again was trifling with God's word, and its result. In Deuteronomy 22: 6, 7, there is what the Jews called the "bird's nest," or the "least of the commandments;" and the blessing promised upon its observance is the same as that promised in the fortieth verse of the fourth chapter, after Moses' sublime exhortation to obedience. This is most significant, for thus God teaches us that nothing he has commanded is trivial. Nadab and Abihu lost their lives for offering strange fire—just a little defect in ceremonial law. Moses was deprived of the privilege of Canaan, because of the spiritless manifested in striking instead of speaking to the rock. All this is because it is not the seeming importance of an act that is punished, but the simple fact of disobedience. Let a child deliberately refuse to pick up a piece of crust as his father has ordered, and he is as worthy of punishment as if he had refused to go to school. Whatever it is worth while for God to command, it is worth while for us to obey. "Oh, the main thing is to get the ark to Jerusalem. No matter how it is taken. No matter if I happen to touch it. These are little things." But Uzzah was struck dead. "Oh the main thing is to get to heaven. It doesn't matter what church I join." Be careful. To be particular about going to heaven and not particular about obedience, is to trifle with God's revealed will, and to invite judgment instead of reward. *What it is worth while for God to command, it is worth while for you to obey.*

Meetings in Atlanta.

BY E. P. HAMMOND.

The meeting of the Convention of Christian Workers increased in interest until the adjournment. On Sabbath evangelistic meetings were held in various parts of the city and suburbs and much good was accomplished. Quite a number of the delegates remained by invitation after the adjournment of the convention to conduct special evangelistic services.

We held one service in Agnes Scott Institute, Decatur. The building of that institute was erected by Col. George B. Scott, in memory of his daughter at an expense of over one hundred thousand dollars. We found about two hundred young ladies and girls present. Mr. Scott is a native of Pennsylvania. He is the main support of the institution. It is refreshing to meet such men. We found among the young ladies Prof. Totten's daughter, of New Haven, Conn. She told me her father had attended the meeting I had conducted in New Haven a few years ago.

I may say in general that in connection with the nine meetings which it was our privilege to hold in Atlanta, it would be safe to say between four and five hundred professed conversion. Many I am sure thank God for what they have felt of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit and His converting grace.

We shall long remember with pleasure and gratitude the many warm-hearted friends we made in Atlanta. The last meeting was in the First Baptist church, Rev. Dr. Hawthorn, pastor, who rejoiced in the work of God's Spirit.

At the last meeting it was voted to carry on these services after our departure. We came from Atlanta to Savannah, Thursday the 23rd. Our trip over the Georgia Central R. R. was delightful. The equipment of the railroad is very fine, which makes travelling not only comfortable, but luxurious. The day was perfect. Roses were in full bloom. I was reminded continually of the balmy climate of Italy. Our car windows were open most of the way. There was little if any dust. This road has had a special train going at the rate of a mile a minute—claimed to be the fastest train in the country. I had dreaded this long journey, but was delighted to find such excellent means of transportation. I don't wonder so many people from the north flock to this balmy southern climate of Georgia and Florida to spend their winters.

Our first union meeting in Savannah was held in the beautiful church occupied for awhile by Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., now of Norwich, Ct. Rev. Dr. Dripps from Philadelphia is now its pastor.

From the snow and the frost nature is storing up a supply which would elsewhere elude her. Nay, even the very cold itself mysteriously performs a service which no eye can see: but it is no less real. Plant your maize or your apple-tree, or your wheat in the tropics: you get the tree or the stalk and leaves, but no fruit. Not only to every tree and bush and stalk its kind, but its climate as well. Your cocoanut and date and olive count the sun and thrive in the enervating heat of the tropics, but your richest, most bountiful harvests, supplying bread for the eater, can be had only at the price of the cold of winter: the thought may be considered utilitarian and prosaic; but analogy lifts up its plane. As death alone brings perfection, and only through its gateway do we enter into the amaranthine fields beyond so from the sleep of winter and winter's cold come to us our spring days when the blood rushes leaping through the veins, when everything conspires to bring joy and exultation back again. And even here we find not the richest experience, for that comes in the autumn, rich in her fruitage, richer far in her suggestiveness of eternity; heaven never seems quite so near as then.

Therefore, reader, rebel not at Nature; least of all lay your head on the pillow of discontent because winter days are come and the darkness claims more hours than the light. To be a Nature pupil you must be at one with her in all seasons and at all times, remembering that it is not merely the multiplicity of tints, the gladness of tone or the balminess of the air in the spring that form her rich legacies, but they are to be found in the still consecrated spirit of hope, prophecy of happy days yet to come, the endless variety of her gifts, with presentiments of eternal glories which never shall fade, and sympathy with the blessedness of the ever developing world.—*Christian at Work.*

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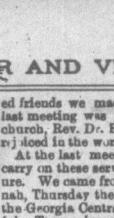

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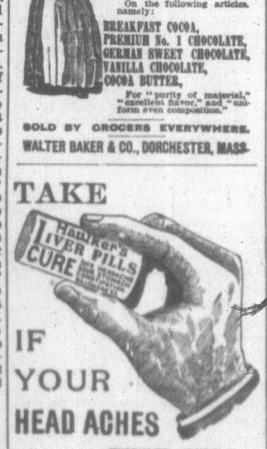

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In these closing years of the century the young people are cared for as never before. In interest, successful work, and helps for the young, the advancement made by all religious bodies is notable and praiseworthy. The stolid churches (if there were any such) have been compelled to go to work or die out, for their youngsters would get away into other schools and stay there. Nearly every church member in the world to day is in that particular denomination because his parents leaned that way or they went there to Sunday School. There is a special class of literature,—books, lesson helps, pictures, maps for little ones who cannot read well, of whom there are nearly two millions in the Sunday Schools of the U. States and Canada: there is quite a fund of literature for 2½ R. teachers, of whom there are about one million; and also for the 132,000 Superintendents.

At the World's S. S. Convention in St. Louis, last September, the S. S. statistics of all Nations were presented as follows:—

	Sunday Schools.	Teachers.	Scholars.	Total.
EUROPE.				
England and Wales,	37 201	585,457	5,976 557	6,561 994
Scotland,	6 275	62 994	694 260	757 254
Ireland,	3,584	27,740	308 516	336 256
Belgium,	89	310	4 112	4 422
Austria,	212	513	7,195	7,708
Denmark,	506	3 043	55 816	58 859
Finland,	6 853	11 534	147 134	158 668
France,	1 450	3 800	60 000	63 800
Germany,	5,900	34 983	749 786	784 769
Greece,	4	7	180	187
Holland,	1,560	4 600	163 000	167 600
Italy,	403	654	10 969	11 623
Norway,	550	4,390	63 980	68 370
Portugal,	11	56	1 066	1 122
Russia,	83	777	15 534	16 301
Spain,	88	180	3 230	3 410
Sweden,	5 750	17 200	241 150	259 350
Switzerland,	1,637	6,916	113 342	120,258
European Turkey,	35	175	1 564	1,739
ASIA.				
India, including Ceylon,	5,548	16,715	197,754	208 469
Persia,	107	440	4 876	5,316
Siam,	16	64	809	873
China,	105	1,063	5 254	6 317
Japan,	150	390	7 019	7,409
Central Turkey,	516	2,450	25 833	28,283
AFRICA.	4,246	8,455	161,394	169,849
NORTH AMERICA.				
United States,	123 173	1,305 939	9,718 432	11,024 371
Canada,	8 386	69 521	576 064	645 585
Newfoundland & Labrador,	359	2 275	22 976	25 251
West Indies,	2,185	9,673	110,233	119 906
Central America & Mexico,	550	1,300	15,000	16,300
SOUTH AMERICA.	350	3 000	150,000	153,000
OCEANICA.				
Australasia,	4,766	54 211	586 029	640,240
Fiji Islands,	1,474	2 700	42 909	45 609
Hawaiian Islands,	230	1,418	15 840	17,258
Other Islands,	210	800	10 000	10,800
World,	224,562	2,239,728	20,268,933	22,508,661

The following particulars for Canada show gratifying improvement, especially the figures from Nova Scotia, in comparison with the report of 1890, at Pittsburgh:—

	No. Schools.	Teachers and Officers.	Scholars.	Total.	Population
Ontario,	4 683	45 946	383 346	429 292	2,114 000
Quebec,	715	4 867	42 433	47 300	1,488 535
Nova Scotia,	1,372	8 961	72 704	81 665	450 396
New Brunswick,	904	5,158	38 875	44 033	321,000
Prince Edward Island,	234	1,335	12 770	14 106	109 500
Manitoba,	450	2,979	23,836	26 815	152,000
British Columbia,	28	275	2,100	2 375	.....
Totals for Canada, 1893,	8,386	69,521	576,064	645,585	4 635,431

It is exceedingly desirable that every S. School be reported: none are too insignificant. Some of the best work is done in the small schools. At the Pittsburgh Convention less than 800 schools were reported from Nova Scotia. That careless official report injured the good name of Nova Scotia more than we, to this day, realize. The schools of the Congregationalist, Lutherans, Free Baptists, Disciples, Advents, Kirk, and some church of England, were omitted, and thereby our standing in the S. S. world was put down to the level of Louisiana, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Nevada; —whereas we now stand, and ought to have stood then, with Connecticut, Illinois, Rhode Island and Vermont. Let us strive to have all the learners in school and every school reported. Even the Baptist schools are not all given. *Twenty five* churches in N. S. did not send any report of S. S. work to the last Associations: and I have reason to believe and do believe that quite a number of the S. S. reports from churches contains incorrect figures and blanks in important columns. Wherever you see a 0 or a 5 as the unit figure in a report you can, in three quarter the cases set that number as a *guess* on the part of those who made it up—yet an estimate is generally near the truth, and is far better than a *blank*. The N. S. Central Association declared when in session last summer that a "correct list would add upwards of 1000 names to our Sabbath Schools." This is somewhat beyond my estimate, but I may be wrong. I believe if all the Sunday Schools in N. S., N. B. and P. E. Island were noted and reported the aggregate would show that for our population these maritime provinces are among the most advanced states of Christendom. It behooves all denominations to so gather and publish their S. S. statistics that we may stand not low down in the scale, but in our proper place among the nations.

J. PARSONS.

Halifax, Jan'y 10th, 1894.

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B. Y. P. U.

OUR CHURCH.

The cultivation of Baptist young people around spirituality; their stimulation service; their edification in scriptural their instruction in Baptist history and their enlistment in missionary activity, being denominational institutions.

OUR FELLOWSHIP.

All Young People's Societies of whatever Baptist churches, and Baptist churches organizations are entitled to representation Depend for our unity not upon any system or method. Our common bond is Testament, in the full affirmation of which

WE ARE OUR PEOPLE WITH OUR

(Correspondents in this department should their communications to REV. J. J. BAR N. S.

For the Week beginning

Topic: The Supreme Questi 22: 42 "What think ye of th This is rightly called the Question. Issues of eternal hang on the answer. Christ He claims to be or He is must look at this question, here, and find an answer.

The question is personal. of us must give account of God. No one can settle it for Every one to whom Christ is stands in Pilate's place, and chide. "What shall I do then which is called Christ?"

It may become a very question if you try to answer wrong way. A Jewish Rabbi Matthew's Gospel until he ex anger, "The accursed Nazar flung the book away. If yo Jesus the Son of God why no Him as Saviour and obey Hi There is no other way of peace

This question *presses for an* cannot get rid of it if we wou Christ lived as a man in You must account for what H for what He said and did. the world to day. Turn whic will He meets you. He has lowers; a great and growing What do you think of t Some questions of general int not concern everyone. This ter answer at once your o questions about Christ.

WOLFVILLE, Jan.

The first of a course of l ranged for by the Wolfville was delivered by Rev. W. F. Immanuel church, Truro, evening, Jan. 16. Subject: T tion of the World for the Christ. The discourse was structive and interesting. M manner of address at once w the sympathy of the audienc the hearty thanks of the Wo P. Union.

President Seaman announ evident pleasure the names o Kinstead, Revs. G. R. Whit Adams as future speakers in

The choir of the Union leadership of Mrs. D. W. C nished excellent music.

M E. C., C

Dr. S. L. Walker, of Tru appointed transportation Nova Scotia, and A. H. Chi John, for New Brunswick Island. They begin almost ly to seek favorable arran the trip to Toronto. It will our unions at once to take t ation the question of delega can send a reasonably larg from these provinces, dou low rates can be secured. hear from the leaders just they have anything defini municate. In the mean *Toronto '94* in sight.

Whatever may be said of Boy's Brigade movement, it a movement. It is only a already 140 companies are you are thinking about org time. What may be very New York City Mission wo little service to you. I valuable if we have the work through it, but we ber that machinery is not self.

TO OUR MARITIME WORKERS

PEOPLE'S UNIO

Dear Brothers and Sisters of union prayer meetings we have returned to, I alm tled down to, our regul and now in little bands gether to train for the Ma

We find a good deal t cheer us. There is so m lessons on the Dawn of Cha will not stay remembered, it so hard to get time for s that sometimes we feel lik hum!—I wish I had not C. C. C. courses." After we ed we feel better, and the of last year's work comes t

"Yes, the Bible reader good, I am glad I took it u helped me a lot. And t Missionary Course—were prized? I am very glad I too. Again the Secre Course was so good and work that when we thin feel pleasant. Well, add we received, draw a line a up. Look at that! I t glad we have a union in C Cavendish, and are followi tian Culture Courses.

Let us suppose we have than sneared and blotted 98, and are beginning on one. Let us all ask God t honor him in every little this year. Consecrate "pu our Master's use, for you *that we may serve*, and p cration is necessary for ef If you and I and that frie does not join in lustily we the S. L. C. Banner. Ha are over. Come now—Re Work! *Work!*

How many of us will n zonto convention? I don brother or sister, but I fe for don't we read the same Bible every morning? and children of a King who lo says love one another? pursuade some one else the May exams. Yours

JERE

K. D. C. CUR
MIDNIGHT DYS