

drop our regular pennies into the little tin basin dressed with dainty ruffles and ribbons—we like to hear the pennies drop in the basin. And then, last of all, as many children as have brought *two* pennies come forward and drop the extra penny into the church bank.

Sometimes we let the children tell how each one earned this extra *debt penny*. Last Sunday, a rainy day, seventeen pennies went into the church bank. If only one penny is brought, it always goes into the pretty basin. Then we have found out just what it costs to carry this primary class through the year—graduating class and all, and the cost for each Sunday. So whatever is in the basin above the cost of the class for a week also goes into the church bank.

Missionary Sundays we try to make the basin offering as large as possible, and give it all.

By these plans we expect to raise the \$20 apportioned our primary class for this year toward the debt fund.

C. C. T.

Thanksgiving Day.

REV. E. A. RAND wisely and pertinently says: "There is nothing finer in this world than to have one heart feel for another heart, to send its voice of sympathy across a waste of sorrow, sickness, temptation, hands of help and feet of relief accompanying the voice. Sympathy; it had its highest expression in the ministry of Jesus. It is a great want of the world to-day, and the followers of Christ should meet it. It is painful to go into the streets of any town of size—and the country sometimes startles us—and as we look around we see frost-nipped cheeks and shrunken limbs and scanty clothing. It is a great thing to arouse in children's hearts a tender commiseration for the sufferings of humankind. The feeling is there, but it needs to be aroused and then directed. There is a big quantity of motive power in child nature, but it is a power that must be developed and then trained. A teacher thus developing and directing can do grand missionary work, helped by the warm hearts, and ready hands, and willing feet of the primary department. Let us enter upon this work with enthusiasm. Train the little folks to have great sympathy for anyone sick, maimed, poor, decrepit. Tell them in what way they may not only be sympathetic, but positively helpful, at home and wherever they go. Across such a work will fall the shadow of the approving presence of One whose name is Love, whose work is the healing of the nations."

Primary teachers should avail themselves of the Thanksgiving season to impress little hearts

with the joy and privilege of "helping." If the class can furnish one Thanksgiving dinner through the individual service or sacrifice of the children, how much sweeter will be the home feast.

Give them something to do. A "Thanksgiving Party" in the church, when each child brings a toy or an article of clothing to send to some home or hospital, is a good thing. In some way make the season to minister to your flock in the grace of thankful giving.

Signal Lights.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

Does it often occur to you, dear primary teacher, that you belong to a great company? Have you "a realizing sense" of it, and does your heart thrill with the privilege of this fellowship? Well and good. Surely it should do so!

The work is one, though the details and conditions are so different, and although the workers differ in personality and opportunity, the obligation is the same, and all have one aim. It is a goodly fellowship.

But the intercourse is limited. There are little circles of acquaintances here and there; but the hosts of those who are unfamiliar, each to each, may not be numbered. How delightful it might be if we could all come together. But we would need to annihilate space and lengthen the days to do it, for the distances are magnificent, and time is pressing, and we are all so hurried, and the hours overflow with the must-be-dones. What then? Since we cannot meet face to face, shall we be content to give no sign of the interest and affection with which we really regard each other? Never think it! We really care very much for our unseen fellow-workers, because the work makes our hearts one wherever we are. May there not be a passing salute, then, though we be like ships that pass in the dark? We may not see each other's faces, but we may flash a signal light that shall speak for us, and by such interchange come nearer, heart to heart.

The first possible signal light is

EXPERIENCE.

There are some experiences that are common, no matter how circumstances may differ, and when one who has had a long term of service and manifold opportunities signals from this general store an answering sign flashes in quick response from the consciousness of all who see the light.