

has made Mrs. N— a member of the Home Department, and once a week a library book is sent her. Members of the Epworth League visit her often, too, with flowers and other gifts. Occasionally someone comes with a wheel chair and takes the old lady to the various services of the church.

There are other lonely saints who need the help of the younger members of the church. Why wait for a deaconess to discover them?—*Deaconess Advo- cate.*

Easter Morning

"Break, dawn of the Easter Morning,
And scatter the night afar.
With thy serried ranks speeding,
In the wake of the morning star!
Break over the mountains hoary,
Break over the valleys dim,
Till the vales and the hills together
Shall thrill with the Easter hymn!"

"And the world that was gray with
winter,
Will blossom anew with spring;
There shall yet be beauty for ashes
And the soul that was dumb shall sing.
The night of the grave was heavy,
But the day of the Lord is nigh;
Break, dawn of the Easter glory
From the gates of the rifted sky!"

—Margaret Sangster.

Do You Know

- When the Committee to which you belong, last met?
- That it pays to re-arrange your meeting room occasionally?
- That it is better to have some sociability every evening than nothing but "social" some evening?
- How much a real hearty welcome is worth to a stranger or casual visitor in your League?
- That when one of your members leaves your society, you should follow him till he is located elsewhere?
- That there are aged people in your neighborhood whose hearts you may easily gladden with a song or a prayer?
- That there are quite a lot of young people in your community whom you have never really tried to interest in your Society?
- How much of some of your nearest and most intimate friends need your help to live right and how much they would like to help you live in the same way?

Some Qualifications for a League President

As brought out in the "Round Table Conference" at the Foxboro Convention, Nov. 26, 1909.

He should be a Christian, a consecrated Christian, with a live, strong personality—a personality of the heart—the personality that comes from much communion with God—for what he is of is vastly more important than what he does.

He should be a worker himself, and possess the ability to set others to work. He should not attempt to do all the work himself. He should be tactful, resourceful, with the quality of initiative, and the ability to plan and think out things for others to do. He should inform himself on League matters so as to be able to offer advice or suggestions when needed.

He should be punctual at all meetings, should be business-like in the business affairs of the League, should have regular business meetings with Department reports, and if any of the workers are

not working should find out why, and endeavor to get the work done.

A good officer is one who gets right to work as soon as he is appointed, and wants everybody else to get to work, and if they don't he wants to know why.

How the Boy Was Saved

It has been well said that if you would win a boy to Christian manliness you must trust him. This fact is well illustrated in the following incident, told by John Lindsay, of the Juvenile Court of Denver:

Shameful to relate, he was in jail. A strange place for a 12-year-old boy with a soul and heart.

The jailer had telephoned me one cold, wintry night that the boy was in a spasm of crying, and had so alarmed him that he urged me to come at once. I grabbed my coat and hat and went out into the night, feeling that the pitiless beat of the sleety rain was ever kinder than a criminal law that condemns little children to crime and iron cells. But



"WHAT MANNER OF CHILD SHALL THIS BE?"

this was before the fight against the jail was fought and won. This was before love and firmness had supplanted hatred and degradation.

Behind iron bars that would shame the king tiger of the jungle I found the boy. He was sleeping, and you would have thought not a care had ever visited that little tanned head, with its worn and tear-stained face. But he awakened, startled by the grating of iron bolts and bars, and clinking of great keys turning in their solemn, monotonous locks, as the jailer, leaving me alone with the boy, returned from the cell back into the dimly-lighted corridor.

The boy, frightened at these strange surroundings, looked at his new cell-mate at first cautiously—almost fearfully. Then a look of joy and gladness came to his eyes, as might come from the captive at the approach of deliverance. The boy knew me, for he had been a chronic little truant, and there may have been worse things, but they may be left unsaid, for it was the boy, and not the "things," we were trying to redeem.

I sat down in the cell on the iron floor

and put my arm around the boy. I told him how much I thought of him, and how I despised the bad things he did. Yet what could I do if he did not help me? I might help him, but I could not carry him; I would always be his friend, but he was getting both himself and me in trouble if he "swiped things," for if I should let him out and he "swiped things" again, would not the officer say that the judge made a mistake in not sending "that kid to the State Industrial School, where he would not have a chance to swipe things?" Then they would say both the judge and the boy should be in jail. How could he expect a judge to keep his job if his boys did such things? He saw the point, and, standing upright there in the cell, the light in his eyes speaking better than his words, the earnestness of his promise to "stay wld yer, Judge," as he fearfully declared he would never get me into any trouble, and we would both keep out of jail.

And so I almost as tearfully accepted his proffered protection, and out of the jail we walked together into the now raging storm. And yet it was no such storm as had raged in that boy's life—a home blighted by a father who had deserted and trodden under foot every vow he took at the marriage altar. And so a father's care, the Divine birth-right of every child—had been denied him. The boy was not bad. His opportunity had been poor; his environment was bad. I took him home to his mother, a poor, struggling woman deserving of a better fate than to toil all day to feed and clothe her hungry children. A child with no father and a mother, however noble, who under such handicaps and difficulties tries to perform the function of both, generally fails to perform that of either. Is it a wonder, then, that the child is not "brought up in the way it should go?" Is it the child's fault? If not, why then the jail and degradation?

The boy returned to school. He brought good reports for over two years, and with them he brought joy and gladness. We had, in a poor way, tried to supply what was lacking in his little life, but to do this well a spark had to be

struck somewhere, or heart-stirring had to be sounded that would respond.

One day his mother came at the end of a weary, toilsome day to tell me that Harry was a changed boy. She told me how thoughtful and loving he was, and that once when she had been sick he had, with the tenderness of a woman, waited on her and given up all the pleasures of the street. Finally the tears came into her eyes, and she said: "Judge, I never knew just why Harry changed so much till one day, while I was ill and he had been so sweet and kind, I asked him how it was he became good for the Judge, and, looking up into my face with a tear in his eye, he said: 'Well, mother, you see it's this way, if I ever gets bad, or swipes things again, the Judge—the Judge will lose his job—see?—and he is my friend—he is—and I am goin' to stay wld him.'"

He: "I can trace my ancestry back through nine generations." She: "What else can you do?" Then he blinked and looked at her as if he wondered where he was and how far he had dropped.—*Es.*

"By and by leads to the road of never."