

In all their affliction He was afflicted.  
Isaiah lxiii. 9.

## YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASS

Every MONDAY Evening,  
AT 8 O'CLOCK,

### INTERNATIONAL CONVEN- TION AND GENERAL SECRE- TARIES CONFERENCE.

**T**HE International Convention and General Secretaries Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States and British Provinces will be held at Atlanta, Georgia; and Chattanooga, Tenn., the former from May 13-17, and the latter from May 8-12. The last gathering of Association workers in the real South was the convention held at New Orleans in 1860, just twenty-five years between that and the coming Atlanta Convention. The entire work is almost entirely re-organized since that time, the "Young Man's" idea pervades the work as never before, and the many and varied features in the physical, social, intellectual and spiritual departments of the work organized and conducted with an impetus and zeal comparatively unknown to a quarter of a century ago.

The General Secretary has been appointed a delegate to represent our Association at these meetings. Very reasonable rates have been secured, and it is hoped that other members will avail themselves of this opportunity of visiting the Sunny South.

## EVANGELISTIC BIBLE CLASS

Every SUNDAY, at 3 p.m.  
Conducted by General Secretary.  
**ALL INVITED.**

### "WIPE MY TEARS."

**S**HE was nothing but a baby, a little, dimpled, old fashioned baby, with tumbled curls of sunny hair, and deep blue eyes that were always full of clouds or sunshine, one following the other in rapid succession. Only a baby, toddling about after her weary mother, falling down and hurting herself a dozen times a day, and going just as often to hold up a sweet, flower-fair face all wet and dewy, with the lisped request,

"Please, mamma, wipe my tears," or to other members of the family in a more dictatorial and peremptory voice, "Wipe my tears!"

Either she could not, or would not, make any attempts at brushing away the tears herself, and sometimes we laughed to see the shut eyes and tightly-drawn features bathed in a liquid shower; sometimes there was a pitiful accent in that little household wail that made our hearts ache, but oftener we talked nonsense as we wiped away the pretty drops from the long, curled lashes, the dainty cheeks, the small, quivering chin, and we drew gay pictures of the baby going about with tear-bottles hung around her neck, and crooned her to sleep with an idle repetition of Tennyson:

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean."

And we wondered among ourselves what she would do as she grew older and learned to know real sorrow, and if there would always be some dear one ready to wipe away the tears, as there was now

"And God Himself shall wipe away all tears."

We had never thought of Him, and she was still only a baby, a sweet, winsome little thing, that we thought we had safe in our hearts under lock and key, with love for the keeper; when all at once her tears were dried, and ours began to flow; for we all stood beside

He that is of God heareth God's words.  
John viii. 47.