

ment. The Boy was brighter than the average, but, in spite of pains of mother and teacher, his progress in Bible knowledge had so far been imperceptible.

"Did Miss Armson teach you?"

"Yes, she teachd some o' them. Me and Jimmie saw an awful funny toad right by the window. An' Jimmie had his new jack-knife at Sunday School!"

The mother sighed deeply. It was the old story. Miss Armson "taught" a few quiet ones in a corner, while the Boy and his lively chums watched for awful funny toads or displayed jack-knives! What could be done to interest him in the Lessons?

"Me and Jimmie went home with Miss Armson", the Boy's eager voice broke in upon her troubled thoughts. "An', oh say, mama, she got some crumbs an' fed the sparrows. An' they all came up to her as tame as tame! But they all flewed away 'cause Jimmie sneezed."

The mother's face brightened. "I was glad to see my boy remembered not to throw a stone at the little birds just now."

The Boy nodded. "I ain't goin' to do it never again", he announced firmly. "I promised her. An' she's going to teach me how to feed 'em the way she does."

The mother's hand went tenderly over the Boy's curls, and the mother's head was bowed for a moment in silent thankfulness. "He will care for his teacher now", she said to herself, "and will listen to the Lesson in the class."

Orillia, Ont.

A School With Only One Class

By Mrs. H. M. Kipp

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One lovely Sunday afternoon, about twenty boys and girls came to the Mission House at Sifton to attend Sunday School. Some were big, and some were little—but they were all taught in one class, for they had not a fine big Sunday School with separate rooms, such as we have in some of our towns and cities. Nearly all the children were foreigners, mostly Galicians, with two or three little Canadians. The Sunday School opened at

three o'clock, but long before that time the scholars could be seen coming towards the Mission House from all directions, for they wanted to be early, so as not to keep their teacher waiting.

It was Review Sunday, and the beautiful colored picture roll showed the Lessons for the past twelve Sundays, and helped to recall the stories. The scholars were quiet and respectful when their teacher was speaking, and answered the questions about the different pictures very, very well; they also repeated the Golden Texts and the Lord's Prayer.

We must remember that these foreign children do not speak as we do, and have to learn to speak in English; so it is much harder for them to understand the Bible stories and learn the hymns than for our little folk. After the lesson was over and the Sunday School papers distributed, about fifteen or twenty minutes was devoted to singing hymns; for the Galician children have good voices and love to sing. They sang, "Onward, Christian Soldiers", "Jesus Loves Me", "What a Friend We have in Jesus", "Precious Jewels", and others, assisted by the missionary, who played the dear old tunes on a tiny baby organ. As he played, the smaller children crowded around to watch him. When their little song service was ended, the missionary told them he was going to give one from each family a picture from the roll they had just been studying that afternoon, to take home with them; so twelve children went away happy, each carrying one of the beautiful pictures.

A few years ago, when our missionary, who is their teacher and kind friend, first went to Sifton, the little boys and girls used to come to Sunday School without having faces or hands washed or hair combed, and bare-footed and ragged; but now, although their parents are poor, they come with clean faces and hands, and the little girls have their hair tied with pretty ribbons and have shoes and stockings,—of course for Sundays only. In the winter, if they are too poor to buy shoes and stockings, they wrap their feet in straw and canvas, tied on tight with cord and strings, which keep them snug and warm.

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