

"Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed, "I will go right away and send our minister to see you."

"I don't want no minister, I want you. The day you taught us, you said David wur not afeared 'cause he trusted, an' I want you to tell me how to trust."

"But, Frank, the minister will do it so much better than I, and he will pray for you."

His strength was failing; he spoke very slowly.

"I don't want him, I want you to pray fur me."

Poor girl, her face paled and her heart beat wildly.

She had never thought of death, except to hope it might be long and late in coming to her, and this boy who was facing it, was asking her to help him ward off its terrors. All her soul went out to God in an intensified cry for help. She kneeled by the cot, buried her face in the pillow by his and prayed: "Dear Heavenly Father, please take the fear out of Frank's heart. I am sure he is sorry for the wrong things he has done. He would have been better, if he had had the chance. Forgive him, for Christ's sake."

She was sobbing.

"Don't cry," he said, "that wur all right. Tellin' Him 'bout my havin' no chance, wur the smartest thing you could a said. He won't turn me down now, an' I ain't goin' to be afeared. He spoke with great difficulty. "Wish you'd sing 'Jerusalem.'"

Tremulously she began, but each line grew stronger, clearer, until the fresh young voice was heard through all the ward. Patients turned on their pillows to catch a glimpse of the sweet singer.

One old lady, almost in sight of "those halls of Zion," clasped her hands, and with uncertain, quavering tones, joined in the familiar words:

"Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect;
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect;
Jesus in mercy bring us,
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest."

A strange light fell on the face of the dying boy, his lips moved—"I ain't—afeared—I ain't—one bit—afeared."

Dora Bradley's friends wondered at the great change wrought in her. Said one, "If we had been having special services, I would think she had been converted."

Only the young girl knew that there had been a "special" service at the bedside of the dying; and that she had been converted—turned round from her careless, selfish pursuit of pleasure; turned toward a useful Christian life.—From the *Baltimore Methodist*.

CHRISTMAS IN THE MISSION BANDS.

CHRISTMAS Services for Mission Bands! And why should not Mission Bands celebrate Christmas in some special way? Surely our Bands have been organized in obedience to Christ's last, and it would seem, His most important command. It appears then most fitting that they should celebrate by a service of some kind the Birthday of our blessed Saviour.

But what sort of a service shall it be? Not having any new ideas on the subject I shall simply draw attention to a few of the methods by which a certain Sunday School, not a thousand miles away, has presented its missionary offering each Christmas, and it may be that some of these suggestions will prove useful for Mission Bands.

On one occasion a representative was chosen from each class, who took the offering up to the desk, and recited a verse of Scripture, chosen by his or her class, suitable to the missionary idea. The service may be made more interesting by each class preparing a fancy bag for the money, and having them hung on a Christmas tree placed on the platform.

At another time a large wheel was introduced, to represent the school, the spokes of which had been distributed among the classes, and on each was printed what the respective classes considered their greatest causes for thankfulness during the year. "Health," "Spiritual Blessings," "Conversions," "Friends," "Unbroken ranks" were among the subjects for thanksgiving. These were taken up, one by one, by the representatives of the different classes, and placed in the wheel, until the whole had been completed. In another case the wheel might be altered so that the spokes would represent a number of heathen countries, and the hub Christ, to whom all the nations are turning, and in whom all people are made one.

Another method was the following:—One of the senior members of the school was chosen to collect the amount raised by each class. As a class was approached, one of the scholars stood as a representative, recited an appropriate text, and handed the money to the collector. After all the classes in one row had been visited, the collector paused at the end of the room while a musical selection was given from the platform; then continued along the next row, and so on, to the end.

Feeling that I have already exhausted the time allotted to me, I will close with one more remark, and that is, that to my mind the simpler these services are made, and the more closely they adhere to the missionary idea, the more acceptable they will be to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

St. John, N. B.

G. A.