

is published by your own Sabbath School Association, with a dear little baby face in the corner, which all Primary teachers should see.

This recognition card really finds a very warm entrance into the home, and does indeed help to multiply these same little threads of which we were speaking. Perhaps you would like to know how young the children are entered? The second Sunday we found in our cradle the name of a child, who was at that hour just nine hours old. (Applause.) Some of the homes had talked the matter over, and one morning we received a postal card, and it was dated five minutes past twelve, midnight: "Emily Ruth arrived at twelve. Please enroll her." When a home begins to talk about the Cradle Roll, even before the coming of the child, you may be sure the threads are growing very strong.

The church or school to keep the child constantly in remembrance does this thing: Every Sunday the children of the Cradle Roll are mentioned in prayer. They never are forgotten with us. One Sunday the superintendent came to our room and offered the opening prayer, and as he closed I said was anybody forgotten in the prayer? And out came: "The babies, the babies," showing two things, that the children followed the prayer; and, second, they realized that the babies should have been remembered. But we also remember them at our extra days. The great day of the year, is our anniversary. It is to the people the Feast of Tabernacles, as one woman said to me, "We, in Bethany, count our years from anniversary to anniversary." That is the day when all the little children, all the babies in the Cradle Roll receive their invitation to come to the anniversary occasion, and I will tell you when the Cradle Roll made its appearance, there were seventy-nine babies on the platform. We had music (laughter)—we had the dancing, too.

Another great day is our Home-Gathering Day. Perhaps you call it Rally Sunday, but on our Home-Gathering Day all the children receive an invitation to come. Our invitation reads somewhat like this: "Next Sunday will be Home-Gathering Day, when the Superintendents would like to see every member of the Sunday School family, the grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, big brothers and sisters, little boys and girls, and the babies on the Cradle Roll." And to our Cradle Roll members we send a postal card, with a little picture in the corner, of a baby hanging on the bow of a tree in a cradle. One woman's baby was only two months old; the mother was there, and you have heard it said: "He who puts his hand on the head of the child lays his hand on the heart of the parent." I was walking up the aisle while some little children upon the platform were singing "Children in the Rain." A little mother sat with a child in her arms on the end seat, and I put my hand on the baby's head. Sitting four seats away was another mother with her baby, and I never thought to stretch over for her. She immediately held her baby up and out, and I said, Oh, I see a thing I thought I knew before; that is, every mother loves to have you care