

Native Land, instil into their minds the principles of the great truths of temperance and purity.

But perhaps the work is at your hand and you feel that you have not a special gift in that line and there does not seem to be any one else to take it up. Then I implore you to consider whether there is not any connection between the need of a worker and the desire in your heart to see the work accomplished.

What will you do? Will you sit still and bemoan your weakness and lack of ability, and allow the little ones for whom Christ died to grow up and enter into conflict with the world and its temptations unguarded by the knowledge which you might have given, or will you rouse yourself, and, going forward in the strength of your Master, do the best you can trusting Him to supply all deficiencies. If so, will you permit me to speak of two or three points which I have learned in the school of experience. Study Child Nature and try to adapt yourself to it.

Have a definite programme of the meeting either on paper or firmly fixed in your mind, and then carry it out promptly and energetically. If disorder sometimes reigns "keep a stiff upper lip," never let a child see that you are disconcerted and at a loss to know what to do, what to say, or how to control them. Set your foot down firmly (every woman can do that) insist on order, and you will get it nine cases out of ten. Begin and continue your work in the spirit of prayer and above all *be faithful*; we have found that one great drawback is the irregularity of teachers, causing the mixing of classes and interfering with the proper care of absentee children.

What we need in this great work is not so much ability, although that is good, not so much knowledge, although some of that is necessary, but we do want faithfulness, and a certain measure of success will be ours, although that is not the only reward for which we look. We are desirous when we stand in the presence of our Divine Master, to hear Him say, "Well done, good and *faithful* servant." But I fancy just as I reach this point that some of my sisters—the younger ones especially—will say, "so much study and thought and work will take so much time it will leave none for pleasure."

It does take time to do this work well, but will you, can you, oh! my sister offer to the God of Heaven, who gave the richest treasure of His heart, His only son, His companion in the beginning of time—can you, I repeat, offer Him that which will not cost you any sacrifice, any self denial or any trouble; no, surely not—our *best* is far from being an adequate proof of our appreciation of His love—much less anything short of that.

But do not think that hard work is *all* that you will find.

From my own experience I can say that in addition to the approval of conscience there is very much that is pleasurable; some of the happiest hours I have ever spent have been in a Band of Hope. In contact with children they give expression to much that is laughable; for instance, I was talking on the subject of tobacco to a class of boys from 14 to 16 years of age, half of whom were dark brethren who had come from one of the most wretched streets in our most wretched ward, and after enlarging on the different losses from the use of this weed, I mentioned the loss of the good opinion of some of their friends, myself particularly. I was quite surprised to be met with the remark, "Oh! we know that, but perhaps when you get a little older you will think differently, there are lots of ladies on our street who smoke."

It is so seldom that my youth and inexperience are so freely commented upon that I positively enjoyed that plain opinion as to my crude ideas. Dear