

the house of an artist. She saw him at work. But she never dreamed he was glad of her song.

As the sun sank in the West, she started down the hill towards home. She could not help singing, even when she saw a mother weeping at the words her son was whispering to her, as they stood on the porch.

She passed a company of four girls, and they wondered what made the child so happy. Her voice floated in through the window of an old bishop's house, and to him it said: "A Happy New Year."

The people in the fine houses heard her words, and they said: "That child with the flowers and her song, is a thousand times happier than we are to-day." But Pippa did not know it then.

That night, when she went back to the attic, and sat on her straw bed taking off her worn shoes, she wondered if even the silk she should coil the next day would ever touch the fine people whom she had seen all about her that happy New Year's Day.

—Adapted from Browning.

"HOLD ON TO ME TIGHT"

We had been waiting at the station for a long time, little Ruth and I. As we paced up and down the platform the child prattled of one thing and another. I answered her absent-mindedly, for my heart was troubled. The inefficiency of my Christian life was the burden on my soul. I didn't love God as I should—that, I had decided, was why I was making such a dismal failure. What could I do to make myself love Him more? How could I save myself, even leaving out all thought of helping others to build on the sure foundation?

Owing to an accident farther along the road our car was crowded when it came, and, in the first few moments it seemed as if we would be swept off our feet. I heard little Ruth cry out, "Hold on to me tight, Auntie," as she felt the rush, and you may be sure I did hold her tight with both hands, my great fear being she would be torn away from me. At last, when we were seated safely in the car, she nestled up to me

in the dearest little confiding way:

"It's a lucky thing, Auntie, *you* kept tight hold of *me*. I held hard as I could with two fingers, but if you hadn't held on to me tight I guess I'd have been pulled right away. I'm glad you've got such strong hands."

"Out of the mouths of babes!" Here was my answer. I was trying to depend on the tiny clasp of my hand on God's, forgetting the strong clasp of His on mine.

THE LIVING CHRIST

In the lessons of this quarter, we return to our studies in the Acts of the Apostles which were interrupted six months ago. We are to follow the apostle Paul, as he goes from place to place making known to others the Saviour whom he learned so dearly to love.

But Paul would not have been able to do the great things which he did accomplish if he had been alone. Wherever he went there was One with him, who strengthened him and enabled him to help others. While we do not lose our interest in the servant, we ought ever to keep our eyes fixed upon the Master, who was always by Paul's side. And He will be as near to us as Paul, if we desire to have Him in our lives. Let it be the aim of the teacher during this Quarter to impress on the minds of the little ones that Jesus is not dead or far off, but living and near at hand. In these twelve lessons we see THE LIVING CHRIST:

1. Saving his servants from prison and their jailer from his sins.
2. Giving joy to His followers.
3. Convincing men that He was the promised Messiah.
4. Commanding His followers to live a holy life.
5. Declaring Himself to be the Judge of men.
6. Promising His servant protection.
7. Requiring self-denial for the sake of others.
8. Proclaiming the law of love.
9. Giving the Holy Spirit.
10. Showing His power over evil spirits.
11. Claiming worship given to idols.
12. Bringing the grace of God to men.