hard work." Daniel tells us how he dealt with his own class: "I get my own heart put into tune, and then the rest 'll take the right pitch from me; and then the fire burnin' I get away to meetin'; we always begin with a good, cheerful hymn, one o' them that do stir up your soul, and a good old tune that you can sing without thinkin' about it. Give me a 'trumpet metre' to 'Arise, My Soul, Arise,' or, dear old 'Jerusalem' to the hymn:

"'My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights.'

"Bless 'e, why, by the time you're gone through that, and had a bit o' downright earnest prayer, the fire is burnin' in every heart, and you're all aglow with joy, no fear of freezin' the tender lambs to death then; more likely to warm the old ones up to shoutin' pitch."

"The dullest class-meeting I ever attended," says one, "was where there were about twenty men and not one woman, and such singing. The atmosphere was warm on the street, but was exceedingly cool in the class-room."

An efficient class-leader gives his experience thus: "I devote one evening in a month to prayer and singing exclusively; one to an experience-meeting with an occasional word of encouragement, reproof, or advice; the other two evenings to Scripture recitations on some subject previously announced. I use every effort to make my meetings as varied as possible."

Another successful leader speaks thus: "The exercises are varied by good, earnest, quick-time singing. Sometimes I have volunteer speaking, at other times close, searching meetings of enquiry."

Another leader writes: "I sometimes announce a particular theme for prayer and study during the week. At intervals I request all the members to try and live nearer the cross than they ever did, and say to them, 'I want you on next Sabbath to tell how you have lived during the week.' O what meetings follow these individual weeks! What witnessings for Jesus! What seasons of grace! Both old and young love to attend."