

had dropped down from Paradise to earth. Think what such an outing means to little ones whose only playground is a hot, paved street, to get a chance to roll about on the grass under beautiful maple trees, looking up at the blue sky through waving green leaves. Then in the evenings we had amateur entertainments of various kinds, with occasional rushes into the bushes in chase of fireflies. One night we made a dwarf for the children's amusement. One big girl sat in a curtained doorway with a table, covered with a sheet, in front. Her hands, which rested on the table, were covered with stockings and boots, while another girl, standing behind her, provided arms for the funny little man who was dressed in a pair of little trousers and a coat—the latter put on wrong side before. The curtains were carefully pinned to hide the girl who was behind, and the dwarf waved his hands as he stood or danced on the table, while the children crowded round to shake hands and talk to him. Another evening we had Jack and Jill to entertain the company. The faces were made with bits of black cloth pinned to a sheet. Two people lay down on the floor with their bodies under the sofa and their clasped hands uplifted. The outlined faces were fastened over the clasped hands, with neckties tied round the wrists, and the sheet covered the performers. The room was nearly dark, and the children shrieked with delight as the two little figures nodded or shook their heads in answer to questions. We had many other performances, repeated each week with a new lot of children, for we could only keep them a week, as there were so many who needed an outing. I was kept busy telling stories, playing games, or making tiny dolls out of clothes-pins, clay pipes or wire. But this week, when we have the mothers and babies, you see I am getting plenty of time for my weekly chat with you. But, indeed, I enjoyed this new experience quite as much as the children, though I did not join in the riotous fun which they mis-called "going to bed" at night.

There was only one drawback to my enjoyment of this splendid holiday, and that is always present in connection with our neighborhood work amongst the Jews. Our orders are strict, and we are absolutely forbidden to preach Christ to them. It is very hard to obey orders, when these dear little children flock around me begging for a story. It is so easy to reach the hearts of children and to awaken in them a real love for the King.

and, if they consecrate themselves to His service in the freshness of their innocent childhood, their whole lives will be flooded with joy and sunshine. The soil is so good, the seed is in our hands, but we are forbidden to sow it. However, kindness is appreciated everywhere, by old and young, Jews and Gentiles, and the Jews have experienced so much unkindness and even cruelty at the hands of those who call themselves Christians that we have to teach them first by deeds rather than words that the right name for Christianity is Love. "God takes time," and so must we. In spite of my impatience, I fully understand the wisdom of the restrictions laid on us in this "settlement" or "neighborhood" work, and know that it is often best to "hasten slowly." Already our neighbors are beginning to say: "You Christians are far kinder to us than our own people." If we can first win their love and confidence, it may be possible, later on, to tell out the good news that the Messiah has come and has far more than fulfilled their highest hopes in connection with Him. Most of our children have come from Russia, and—naturally—expect anything but kind treatment from Christians.

But it is no wonder that we want to tell them of the love of God and of the holy gladness of the Communion of Saints, for many of them know almost nothing even of their own Scriptures. Sometimes they say that women have no souls until they get married. One dear little Jewish girl of ten years old, who came out to Crystal Springs with us this month, said that her father did not want to let her come because her mother had died a short time ago. She said she was not allowed to hear any music nor have any pleasure within the year. Her father told her that if she had any pleasure, her mother would come in the night and choke her. I hope and think that this was an extreme case, but how can we help trying to counteract such awful teaching as that? And, without direct Christian teaching, it is quite possible to awaken Christian ideals and teach them the glory and the gladness of loving service. Surely the many prophecies about the Jews' restoration have not yet been fully fulfilled. "Thus saith the Lord: I am returned to Jerusalem with mercies; My house shall be built in it, saith the LORD of hosts: My cities through prosperity shall yet be spread abroad; and the LORD shall yet comfort Zion, and shall yet choose Jerusalem. . . . and the LORD

shall inherit Judah as His portion in the holy land, and shall yet choose Jerusalem. . . . Thus saith the LORD of hosts: Behold, I will save My people from the east country, and from the west country. . . . and they shall be My people, and I will be their God, in truth and righteousness. . . . and it shall come to pass that, as ye were a curse among the nations, O house of Judah and house of Israel, so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing." And so, as St. Paul says, "all Israel shall be saved: as it is written, There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob: for this is My covenant unto them, when I shall take away their sins."

One thing is very certain, God loves these little children and their parents too, and the greater love we have for Him, the more eager we shall be in our desire to carry the Good News to them. As Browning says:

"For I, a man, with men am linked
And not a brute with brutes; no gain
That I experience, must remain
Unshared; but should my best endeavor
To share it, fail—subsisteth ever
GOD'S care above:—and I exult
That GOD, by GOD'S own ways occult,
May—doth, I will believe—bring back
All wanderers to a single track."

HOPE.

She and I.

(By James Berry Bensel.)

And I said, "She is dead; I could not brook
Again on that marvellous face to look."
But they took my hand and they led me in,
And left me alone with my nearest kin,
Once again alone in that silent place,
My beautiful dead and I, face to face.
And I could not speak, and I could not stir,
But I stood, and with love I looked on her.
With love, and with rapture, and strange surprise
I looked on the lips and the close-shut eyes;
On the perfect rest and the calm content,
And the happiness there in her features blent;
And the thin white hands that had wrought so much,
Now nerveless to kisses or fevered touch.

My beautiful dead who had known the strife,
The pain and the sorrow that we call Life.
Who had never faltered beneath her cross,
Nor murmured when loss followed swift on loss;
And the smile that sweetened her lips away
Lay light on her blessed mouth that day,
I smoothed from her hair a silver thread,
And I wept, but I could not think her dead.

I felt with a wonder too deep for speech,
She could tell what only the angels teach.
And down over her mouth I leaned my ear,
Lest there might be something I should not hear,
Then out from the silence between us stole
A message that reached to my inmost soul.

"Why weep you to-day, who have wept before
That the road was rough I must journey o'er?
Why mourn that my lips can answer you not
When anguish and sorrow are both forgot?
Behold, all my life I have longed for rest—
Yea, e'en when I held you upon my breast,
And now that I lie in a dreamless sleep,
Instead of rejoicing, you sigh and weep.
My dearest, I know that you would not break
If you could, my slumber, and have me wake;
For though life was full of the things that bless,
I have never till now known happiness."
Then I dried my tears, and with lifted head
I left my mother, my beautiful dead.

My Prayer.

(By Anna Bensel.)

Teach me to bear my cross and sing,
Send me Thy patience from above;
Teach me to bend my will to Thine;
So fold me in Thy perfect love.

He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful, and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope; for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust!
—John G. Whittier.

Children's Corner.

Post Card Collectors.

Lillian Mott, Box 39, Mt. Vernon, Ont.
Neta Charters, Sackville, N. B.
Dora Williams, White Oak P. O., Ont.

Teacher—What are marsupials?
Boy—Animals which have pouches in their stomachs.

Teacher—What do they have pouches for?

Boy—To crawl into and conceal themselves in when they are pursued.

Marie's Accident.

"Now, tell me why you cry, Marie?"
"I've had an accident," sobbed she.
"Where are your bruises? Deary me!
What was your accident, Marie?"
"I almost tumbled down," she said,
"And very nearly bumped my head!"

Rules for Dolls.

"A wooden-headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother's, lest she should hurt her.
"A wax doll should avoid the fire, if she wishes to preserve a good complexion.

"Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face.

"It is a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out on the floor, as people may tread upon them; and a doll that is trodden on is sure to go into a decline."

Madge was reading these rules to her dolly, with a very sober face. Then she laughed.

"Dolly," she said, "it's funny; but I really believe these rules are more for me than they are for you."

The Robins' Wedding.

(From "Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller.)

Young Robin Redbreast had a beautiful nest, an' he says to his love, says he:
"It's ready now on a rocking bough
In the top of a maple tree;
I've lined it with down an' the velvet brown on the waist of a Lumble-bee."

They were married next day, in the land of the hay, the lady bird an' he.
The Bobolink came, an' the wife of the same,
An' the Lark an' the fiddle de dee;

An' the Crow came down in a minister gown—there was nothing that he didn't see.

He fluttered his wing as they asked him to sing, an' he tried for to clear out his throat;
He hemmed an' he hawed an' he hawked an' he cawed,
But he couldn't deliver a note.
The Swallow was there, an' he ushered each pair with his linsey an' claw-hammer coat.

The Bobolink tried for to flirt with the bride in a way that was saucy and bold,
An' the notes that he took as he shivered an' shook

Had a sound like the jingle of gold;
He sat on a briar an' laughed at the choir an' said that the music was old.

The sexton he came—Mr. Spider by name—a citizen hairy an' grey;
His rope in a steeple, he called the good people
That live in the land of the hay.
The ants an' the bugs an' the crickets an' squigs—came out in a mighty array.

Some came down from Barleytown an' the neighboring city of Rye;
And the little black people they climbed every steeple,
An' sat looking up at the sky;
They came for to see what a wedding might be, an' they furnished the cake an' the pie.

The Letter Box.

(DON'T send letters for this "Corner" to the London office; send them to Cousin Dorothy, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto. I am afraid some of our little cousins have very short memories.)

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I live on a farm. We have six cows, two horses and eleven pigs. I like to watch the little pigs play. I have a dog; his name is Jack. We take "The Farmer's Advocate," and we like it very much. I go to school, and I am in the Senior Second class.

EWART FLETCHER (age 7).
Cardinal, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My father has been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" for three or four years,



Little Orphans.