

said a bearded man one day, and he was shocked when he saw her evident delight in his words, for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood.

Children Between Sundays

The problem of children on Sundays is at least partially provided for by the public services and the session of the school. But the care and culture of the children by the Church from Sunday to Sunday is too often neglected. What is there for the great mass of our boys and girls between Sundays? The average church is to all intents and purposes closed to them all through the week. Such mid-week services as are held are not appropriate to them, nor intended for them, neither are they expected to attend them. The ordinary boy and girl, in the great majority of neighborhoods, is practically ignored and forgotten by the Church all through the week. Is this right? And as long as it is the fact, can we expect an intelligent and affectionate interest in the Church by our children?

The half-hour class instruction on Sunday in the school is sadly insufficient for their spiritual development and culture. The public preaching service (which indeed but very few of the great mass of our children attend at all) is usually lacking in attractiveness to them, and their absence therefrom seems too often to be taken as a matter of course. The home training of many of our Sunday School scholars is not always of a high moral or spiritual character, and, taken all in all, the candid critic of the Church's work will be quite justified in bringing an indictment against it for leaving the children in a sadly neglected condition. The fault is not in our disciplinary provisions for them, but in our practice. Where are the Catechumen Classes or the Junior Leagues which are expected to exist on every Circuit, that there may

be a number of boys and girls in every congregation in training for church membership? Even a Mission Band is better than nothing, and yet even this worthy organization is but calculated to meet the need in part. The aim of the Band is but to contribute to the funds of the W. M. S. and to impart missionary information to the children. And these are mainly girls. The boys are not in it. No society can fill the real need that does not make its supreme purpose the gathering of the young into actual church membership, with its varied fellowship and service. The Sunday School even does this only in a limited degree, and almost wholly on Sundays. If our children grow up outside the Church all the week, it is little to be wondered at if the Church fails to interest and hold them. What is there in your church for your children between Sundays? If nothing, what are you going to do about it? Leave them to the deadening influences of the world and you need not be surprised if they grow careless to the later professional appeals of the pulpit. Open the church doors, throw around them the loving, sheltering care of warm, affectionate hearts, give them at least

a regular weekly service in which they may feel that they have a legitimate part, organize them for youthful ministry, and you may expect them to grow up within the courts of the Lord's house. God will surely hold us guilty of gross neglect of the spiritual culture of His little ones. Satan is satisfied with closed church doors, and sees that other doors are open for the little ones he would claim as his own. What are you doing about it?

Snowball

Don't you know Snowball? Why, she is our pussy and is just as white as snow. She is our pet. So one day when we were going to have a snow picture taken to send to grandma and Uncle Sam, of course we wanted Snowball in it. But there are no nice trees near our home, which is over papa's store, so we had to go a long way to find a real nice place for the picture. Mother was afraid that Snowball might run away, so we had to leave her home. Well, do you know, that just when we were all ready for the picture, who should come along but

right way. Can we not take a little time to help set their footsteps in the right path?

A Daily Record

That is a beautiful paragraph in "Sowing Seeds in Danny," in which the author says "There is no hour of the day so hushed and beautiful as the early morning, when the day is young, fresh from the hand of God. It is a new page, clean and white and pure, and the angel is saying unto us, 'Write!' and none there be who may refuse to obey. It may be gracious deeds and kindly words that we write upon it in letters of gold, or it may be that we blot and blur it with evil thoughts and stain it with unworthy actions, but write we must."

When You Feel Lonesome!

It is both sound and wholesome philosophy that the same author gives as in the entry that Pearl makes in her diary one day. The girl is away from her own folk, and in surroundings far from pleasant or easy, and she writes: "Some-



LOTS OF SNOW BUT NO SNOWBALL

this strange cat. She wanted her picture, too, I guess. We laughed so much that we spoiled the first picture, and that is why we look so sober in this one. Of course John didn't laugh, but Amy and Fanny (that's me, you know) did. Now you know how it was that we had lots of snow but no snowball.

"I Am a Stranger"

As a busy man was hurrying to his office, he was accosted by a stranger, who said in broken English: "Please, sir, can you show me the way to — Street? I am a stranger here, and it is hard to find the way." The one addressed was not familiar with the name or location of the street, and he was about to answer, "No," and pass on his way. But somehow the man's words gripped his heart, "I am a stranger here, and it is hard to find the way." So he said, "I do not know the street, but wait, and I will inquire." It took but a minute to step into a corner grocery and learn its location and send the stranger on his way. And the man went to his work with a lighter heart. Every day we are meeting those who find it hard to learn the

times I feel like gittin' lonesome but I jist keep puttin' it off. I say to myself I won't git lonesome till I git this corn milked, and then I say O shaw, I might as well do another, and then I say I won't git lonesome till I git the palls washed and the flore scrubbed, and I keep settin' it of and settin' it of till I forgit I was goin' to be." Many of us may well prove like Pearl, that there is no such cure for the blues as hard work. Keep busy and you will have no time to be lonesome.

The ill-timed truth we might have kept— Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?

The word he had not sense to say— Who knows how grandly it had rung? —Edward Hill.

"Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. They accomplish much. They make other people good natured." —Paschal.

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