

calling their attention to points of especial interest to look up, and, perhaps assigning a topic to each individual, the chances are that all will come full of interest, and ready to contribute to the general fund of information.

If a boy has reached a point where he really cannot be held in some such way as this, it is often wise to give him a position as assistant librarian, secretary or treasurer, even, if necessary, creating an office on purpose for him. In some cases, the very best course is to give him an opportunity to teach a class. In this way he will learn many lessons which he greatly needs.

As soon as a boy has something to do, he begins to feel that his presence is of importance, and he will cease to look upon the Sunday-school hour as time wasted. And, indeed, this is true of the younger boys and girls as well as the older. The more fully they are occupied, the better they will like their Sunday school.

As a rule, it is so much easier to keep girls in the school than boys, that superintendents and teachers are quite right in making extraordinary efforts to hold the boys, especially as they reach the age when they have a contempt for everything that seems childish, and resent being treated like children. A teacher of such boys who confines himself to the quarterly, and demands nothing from his scholars in the way of preparation, must not wonder if they drop out, weary of such child's play.

It pays to expect a good deal of one's scholars; they will usually try to come up to your expectations. Treat them as if they were intelligent, well-intentioned, helpful young men, and the chances are that you will find them so. Treat them with distrust and suspicion, and they will be pretty sure to show you the worst side of their characters. Show them that you think them capable of careful, intelligent study of the lesson, and give them a little judicious guidance, and the chances are they will come to the class with thoughts and ideas which you yourself have overlooked.

'I can't understand why the boys all drop out of our Sunday-school as soon as they get to be fourteen or fifteen,' says a discouraged superintendent. Has he asked himself the question, 'Have they plenty to do?'—*S. S. Times,* London.

A Soldier's Letter.

The front door bell rang at Ringland Manse, and Pastor Browne answered it.

'Do come and see old Mrs. Mason, for she is dying,' were the words of the importunate messenger who stood on the doorstep.

Pastor Browne was soon ready, and the pair at once proceeded to old Mrs. Mason's cottage, across the village green.

These greens are common in the fine old County of Norfolk, and Ringland 'piece' was one of the largest. Mrs. Mason was a member of the Ringland Baptist Church, and was, of course, well known to Mr. Browne.

The old lady was a widow with an only son, who was serving as a soldier in South Africa. She had been ill some time, and, like all mothers who have sons at the war, she had troubled a great deal about it.

She was a dear Christian soul, and her prayers had been incessant on her son's behalf. His letters had been few, but kind. He had gone away caring little or nothing about spiritual things, and this had been a real grief to his poor, old mother. Her late husband and she had been members of the Ringland church for years; but the worldliness of her son had caused her many

a sleepless night, especially since she had been bereaved.

She was dying now. The cold sweat was already on her wrinkled brow. Pastor Browne read and prayed with the old lady. The pastor could see that her end was nigh. She was calm; her mind was stayed on Christ. He was asked to sing her favorite hymn:

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.'

She closed, and then an angelic smile lit up her face. She paused, and looking earnestly upwards, 'I can see Jesus and angels. Ah! there's my husband; and lo! my darling boy, too. I can die now, for my boy is in heaven.'

She closed her eyes. Her spirit had gone.

A double knock at the cottage door roused Pastor Browne. He was met in the room below by the village postman, who had two letters for the late Mrs. Mason. They were both from South Africa. One was official, and contained the sad news that Private Mason had died in active service. The other was from the minister with the troops, who, in answer to a dying request, had promised to write to the soldier's mother, and tell her that her son had passed away, confessing Christ as his Saviour.

The angelic vision had forestalled the letter.—*W. H. Berry, in 'English Baptist.'*

Straws.

'Why didn't you keep that boy?' asked one merchant of another referring to a boy who had applied for a position in his office. 'I tried him, but he wrote all morning with a hair on his pen. I don't want a boy who hasn't sufficient gumption to remove a hair from his pen.'

'That was a very slight thing for which to condemn a lad.'

'Pardon me, but I think it is a very sufficient reason. There was a hair on the pen when he began to write, but I put it there to test him. I am satisfied that I read his character from that one thing.'

'I didn't keep her because her finger nails would turn her down anywhere,' said one member of a law firm to another, in response to a question about a stenographer and typewriter whom he had on trial. 'She was a competent person, I think, but her nails'—he shrugged his shoulders, and the subject was dropped.

'Oh, yes, she wrote a good letter,' said the same man, speaking of another applicant. 'There was one thing I didn't like, and that more than counterbalanced the good points in her application. I don't want a typewriter who is careless about her machine. Her letters were blurred; her machine needed cleaning. If she wasn't careful enough to clean her typewriter when writing a letter of such importance to herself, she would be sure to be slovenly in her every-day work.'

'I can't stand his voice. I'd as lief hear a buzz-saw,' said a man about a boy who applied for a position in an office.

'Tell that young woman we can't take her. She wears too many rings for us,' said an editor-in-chief to his associate, speaking of a lady who was seeking a position as sub-editor.

One might go on indefinitely quoting similar cases. Trifles, perhaps some young man

or woman may call them. But in reality there are no trifles, and in the business world nothing is trifling. Even straws may serve to show which way the wind blows.—*'Well-spring.'*

The Song of the Lonely Seamstress.

He is my only Master,
I work for Him alone;
My fingers fly the faster
To feel I'm all His own.

And as I work He watches,
And cheers me with a smile;
I answer Him in snatches
Of love-notes all the while.

And when I stop to measure,
Or breathe a moment free,
He, too, has ample leisure,
And spends it all with me.

I love to entertain Him,
All through the livelong day;
And though my sins have slain Him,
He will not go away.

He is my own dear Master,
And still, as Cana's Lord,
He wardeth from disaster
His child's poor, scanty board.

Sometimes when I am pining
For human friends to come,
I see a sudden shining
Fill all my little room.

Through the dark night He eyes me,
And should the tear-drop start,
His whispered sweets surprise me
Like music in my heart.

Then when the dawn has painted
With gold my casement dim,
'Thou'st borne, and hast not fainted!'—
Awakes me straight from Him.

'For my sake hast not fainted—'
I say it o'er and o'er;
The Man with grief acquainted,
I love Him more and more!

I rise, and boldly yield me
To love where'er it lead;
I know that grace will shield me
From sin and want's dire need.

And though sweet gleams of childhood,
White cot and sunny stream,
The tangled copse and wildwood,
Will haunt me like a dream—

I kneel, and desperate, borrow
New strength from Him each hour;
Till lo, my dark to-morrow
Seems yesterday in flower!
Charles A. Fox, in *'The Christian.'*

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

Oct. 7, Sun.—Remember them that are in bonds.

Oct. 8, Mon.—God will judge.

Oct. 9, Tues.—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and forever.

Oct. 10, Wed.—I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.

Oct. 11, Thurs.—The Lord is my helper.

Oct. 12, Fri.—I will not fear.

Oct. 13, Sat.—Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.