

school much on Sunday, I have a meeting of the young people on Monday evening, and teach them to sing by note, and talk a little while on some scriptural subject and pray with them, and they are taking an increasing interest in the class. If you can see your way to assist us for the present we shall be very glad indeed."

A missionary in British Columbia writes: "In this country there are a great many of the older people who care nothing for religion. By the Sunday-school we reach the children, and through the children we reach the parents. Such papers as the *Pleasant Hours or Home and School* carry the truth into homes otherwise inaccessible. I have seen many Sunday-school papers, but none equal to our own."

A missionary in Muskoka writes: "We have just succeeded in organizing a connexional school that promises to be one of the best in this missionary district. Our people here are in very limited circumstances, and but for our Sabbath-school Aid and Extension Fund we dared not to have attempted to organize a school."

Another superintendent in Muskoka writes: "We labour under great difficulties up here in this new country. The superintendent of this Mission has only paid us one visit since Conference. The young man who has supplied has been obliged to leave on account of ill health, so that our services have been only occasional lately. Hope the new appointee will be able to be more punctual. The whiskey influence has done our cause much damage; we fought hard to keep it at a distance. I enclose \$2.00, all the funds in hand at present."

Another missionary writes: "Enclosed you will please find \$5.00. This is the best we can do at this time. If you can favour us with some help we would be very thankful. We have never received any help from the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund, and consequently our school has been greatly neglected. The required collection will be taken up. This is a new country, and if help was given now when the school is young, it would greatly strengthen it. I believe that the Sunday-school papers would be the means of putting new life into our school, as the old library is now useless; and we trust, through God's blessing, to see better things in the future."

Another Sunday-school superintendent writes: "I hope that you may aid us in some way. I feel alone in this work, as our people are discouraged. But I wish to follow Him who 'never failed or was discouraged.' He will guide and lead."

Supplying just such needs as these all over the continent, from Labrador to the borders of Alaska, and helping to plant new schools wherever a handful of children can be gathered together, and a loving heart to point them to the Saviour, is the work that the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund is doing. But it needs funds

to do this work, and appeals to every school to give one good collection in the year. Even the schools that receive help, no matter how poor, are required to contribute what they can to this fund.

Written for the BANNER.

Our Morning Shadow.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

OUR morning shadow runs before our feet,
When we give note at all
It is to think of it as heralding
Our joy. Our thought doth call
To it in merriment, as it glad heart
Companioned our glad deed.
The silver-footed shade is beautiful,
We laugh to see it start,

And shift, and change. We are not lone at all,
Our pulses beat so strong,
And we can make as if part of their life
To the shade did belong.

OUR EVENING SHADOW.

Slowly the silver-shodded feet have turned,
And shifted, growing grey
In place of silver. Now they follow us;
We have no quaint by-play.
And this dark shade that slides so close to us
Hath taken other mood;
'Tis leaden-footed—does not seem at one
With echoes from the wood

That once seemed voice for it—a fitting voice,
With the same tremblement.
This shadow does not catch up any voice,
It follows as if sent
To haunt the guilty, or to track the hurt,
This leaden-footed one;
Is it the flickering, changing shape that with
Our morning heart did run?

The shadows fall behind thee! lift thou up,
O face, toward the west! [changed,
The shadows fall behind! thou shouldst be
Transfigured, by that test.
God throws the shadows so: thou shouldst divine
The sweetest of all clews,—
The tenderest thought of God in this still hour,
O heart, be quick to see!

The shadow falls away, that all the west's
Full glory may be seen;
There is no flicker of a grey, weird shape—
Nothing to intervene.
God maketh all the shadows of our life
To fall behind our feet;
We quite forget the shapes that haunted us,
The gloaming is so sweet.

If in the grooves of silence, gates of pearl
Should open on our eyes,
(Our soul so long has looked steadfastly on
heaven,)
'Twould scarcely give surprise.

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