

"No, it is not a man at all."

"Oh, it is a woman then?"

"Yes."

"Was she a prophetess?"

"No."

"Do we read about her in the Old Testament?"

"No."

"In the New Testament, then?"

"Yes."

"Was she a very good and benevolent woman?"

"Yes."

"Did she make clothing and give to the poor, and was she raised from the dead by one of Christ's disciples?"

"Yes."

"Dorcas," was the general exclamation.

"That is right."

After several other characters had been named, Auntie suggested that we vary the programme, and let each in turn give a passage of Scripture, from memory, bearing upon a certain subject, if possible.

"We will take that of trust," said she, and each give some text that tells us of God."

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding," promptly began Royal.

"Very good, Royal, now the next."

"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

"Now, May."

"What time I am afraid I will trust in thee."

"Good."

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass." And so on around the circle. "Now," said Auntie, "we will change the topic to love."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; that is easy," exclaimed Ernest.

"I am glad you find it so easy to keep that commandment, Ernest, I am afraid it is rather difficult for most of us."

"Now, Auntie, you know I did not mean that; I meant it was easy to find passages of Scripture with love in them."

"You are right, my boy; the Bible, especially the New Testament, is full of love."

"Because 'God is love,'" spoke up Royal.

"And if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another," continued May.

"If ye love me keep my commandments," said Auntie. And so we finished the circle. Rest was the next subject given us, then others followed, until it was long past the boys' bedtime. Royal wanted to sing one more hymn before leaving us, so we all joined in "Home Sweet Home," a fitting ending to an enjoyable and profitable evening. As the happy children bade us good-night, I thought how good a thing it would be if the same simple custom were carried into many other households.—*The Observer*

What Makes It Go?

(See Lesson XII.)

Harry lived in the country. Last summer he went to the city to visit. How he did enjoy it! What he liked best was to ride with Uncle Edgar on the electric cars. It was such fun to climb up beside the window and see the houses and shops flying past.

"But, uncle, what makes it go? There are no horses."

"It's electricity, my boy."

"What's that," said Harry. "Where is it, uncle?"

"It's running along that wire up there."

"I don't see anything," said Harry. "I don't believe it is there at all."

Just then some people got out. The bell rang for the car to go on. But it didn't move.

"What's the matter, uncle?"

"Power's off," said he, looking up from his paper.

Harry saw the driver sit down on the step.

"How long before we start?" asked a man.

"Don't know, sir."

After they had sat a long time a light flashed from the lamps, the bell rang, the wheels turned, and away the great car went bounding down the track. "That's queer stuff, that electricity," said Harry.

Strange too, is it not, how the Spirit of God works in our hearts? No eye has ever seen Him, no hand has ever touched Him, and yet He is there, and He moves us more powerfully than electricity moves the laden car—moves us forward in the way of goodness and of joy.