

every Leaguer, always helping Jesus, at home, in the office, on the street, at league, and in the church. May every Leaguer be filled with the spirit of helping others."

### Hints on Junior League Management

At the recent convention of the Brandon-Souris District Epworth League, Miss Goddard, Brandon, gave a most instructive paper on Junior League work. "The Junior League," said Miss Goddard, "is to the boys and girls between the ages of six and sixteen what the Epworth League is to the young men and women—a place where they may be trained in the knowledge and use of the Bible, drilled in the doctrines, history and institutions of the church, developed in Christian character, and fitted for the practical and social life of the church. Wesley termed the Sunday School the 'Nursery of the Church.' We may surely call the Junior League its 'drill shed.'"

In Junior work the main objects are to build up the character so that the child will find his or her happiness in right-doing and unselfish living, and to train him to do his share of work in the church.

There is much discouragement attached to the work, but start where you are with what you have and work up to something better. Arouse the interest of the children by the entertainments made by the Pastor and Superintendent, calling the interested ones together at some suitable time and place. After singing one or two suitable hymns, follow by prayer, present the Junior League idea, outline briefly each department of work; send to each family present a copy of the Junior League constitution, to be studied at home. It would also be wise to send a note to every mother whose children desire to unite with the League, so gaining the co-operation of the parents and bringing them into practical touch with your work.

At the second meeting have the pledge explained and give a copy of it to each child. At the third meeting begin your roll, but go slowly. It is easier to enroll the children than it is to get them to fulfill their obligations.

Do not try to form more committees than you can really work, but see that all you do form are worked. After carefully electing your officers, viz., President, Secretary, Treasurer, First Vice-President and Second Vice-President, have your Prayer-meeting and Look-out Committees get to work. Be careful to let your League be a growth; do not try to have everything you have heard of at once. Go slowly, and your society will always have something ahead to which it reaches out. The aim should be definite, the work planned.

How are we going to get the boys and girls to take part in the meetings so that when they go into the senior society they will have confidence in themselves and feel that they are not raw recruits, but soldiers of Christ already trained and familiar with the work required of them? Have them write short essays on the topic, sing solos, announce the songs, make the first short prayer, or have a number of sentence prayers, read the Scripture lessons, and always have a Junior fill the chair. Let them feel it is their meeting. Have the roll-call at every meeting, and have the members respond with a verse of Scripture. Have the social committee arrange for social evenings occasionally, and work in a Missionary meeting every month.

Avoid monotony. Change or vary your order of service at every meeting. Do not discourage the most imperfect ac-

tion, but stimulate to better things. Strive to overcome the evil and develop the good in each individual character. Always remember that it is "not by might or by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

### A Step-Friend

Phyllis came up the stone steps and into the hall with an energy that gave her mother smile. She had been watching from the window, and was not surprised when her daughter began:

"Mamma, she tags me every step. She kept hold of my dress all the way to school this morning and this afternoon, and she wanted to look in store windows, and said 'Hullo to an ice man. What do you think of that?' Right on the street. And the girls laughed and said, 'Oh, you're Silly Proctor's friend. They say 'Silly' instead of 'Sylvy,' because she isn't."

"Sit right down here, dear, and we'll talk it over. I have been thinking about

school began she thought if you would be willing to let Sylvya go and come with you, she would feel perfectly easy. She wants you to be a sor-fair sister—not an older one, but a brighter and stronger sister."

"Mamma, I'm no sister to Sylvya Proctor."  
"Well, call it step-sister, then. You know Lulu Webb is Himmie's step-sister, but she takes care of him and loves him—"

"He's a dear, cuddly baby. I couldn't be that big girl's step-sister, nor step-cousin, nor—just even her step-friend."  
"Phyllis' eyes were full of hot tears, and she could scarcely speak for the choking in her throat."

"Never mind, then. Go up stairs and get ready for dinner and see how you feel about it to-morrow morning."

Phyllis ran away to her room, but because she was a girl who had to think of things, she could not forget Sylvya.

"She can find some other girl to be her sister—she'd hope," she said to herself, scrubbing her face in cold water.

Over the mirror before which she brushed out her curly hair hung a text of which Phyllis had been quite proud the Christmas before. It had been sent from her old home by her old Sabbath-school teacher, and she had not seen it until it was handed down from the Christmas tree of her new church home.

The number of postage stamps on the wrapper had excited the curiosity of a seat full of little girls, and when she finally got it free from the strings and paper she exclaimed over the lovely frame, reading the words wonderingly, "For even Christ pleased not himself."

"That means we shouldn't be selfish," Phyllis explained, "and my teacher use to talk a lot about poor folks and the heathen and as giving help to 'em."

But now, standing with her brush uplifted, Phyllis saw something in the words which made her toss her head and say:

"But that doesn't mean for me to take care of Sylvy, I sh'd hope. It would wear me out."

After dinner she said to her mother:

"I've thought of a good way! I'm just going to sneak out of our back door and go to school round by Elm street to-morrow morning. Then Sylvya can wait all day out in front if she wants to."

As Phyllis was packing her book-bag, she said in a motherly tone: "As long as Sylvya likes me best, maybe I'd ought to take care of her till she gets acquainted, so I'm going to be just a step-friend. But, mamma"—and the little girl's voice quivered—"I'd rather take care of a real lame girl than a girl that is lame in her brains."

Her mother kissed her twice, and then watched at the window as she went bravely down the stone walk. Sylvya came across the street, timidly and awkwardly, as if she hardly dared walk alone, but her face brightened as she reached Phyllis and grasped her skirt. Then Phyllis gently loosened her hold and evidently told her how she must walk, squaring her shoulders and lifting her chin. Sylvya immediately straightened up, and the two girls started briskly down the street.

The lace curtains at the front window in Sylvya's home were as gently as her mother turned away with a great sense of relief, saying:

"That dear little Graham girl has taken Sylvya under her wing, and I really believe she will do more for her than all the doctors."

And the "dear little Graham girl's" mother turned from her window at the same time with tears in her eyes because she was so glad that Phyllis had had courage to do a hard thing.

"Bless the little step-friend," she said.—*Southern Presbyterian.*



"I WANT A RIDE"

you, for Sylvya's mother came in to see me this morning."

"Sylvya's mother?"

"Yes, and I'm sure you would have been interested in her story."

Phyllis drew her chair nearer, drew a long breath, and waited.

"You see, when Sylvya was a tiny girl she had a long sickness, and they thought she would die. But by and by she got better. Then they said that she must begin her life over again. She was five years old, but she had to learn to walk and talk—just like a baby. Her brain was weak, and Mrs. Proctor feared she would never be able to go to school and learn like other girls. They had a nurse to take care of her, and a teacher just as soon as she was strong enough to study, and for eight years that has been the way she had lived. But now the doctor says all she needs is to be with other children. He told Mrs. Proctor that having a nurse kept a little child dependent. And she is thirteen years old."

"And I'm only eleven, and she holds my dress and tags—"

"Yes, but let me tell you. Her mother said she didn't know what to do till we moved here last June, and Sylvya took such a fancy to you. Then when

"Live the life of love that others may love the life you live."