

interesting program of sign recitations, character sketches etc. The appreciation of the members was manifested by frequent and hearty applause, and those taking part in the exercises felt repaid for their efforts. Judging from the remarks of many of the members, it will not be long until we will have the pleasure of another visit.

Our school will close on June 8th and on that day we expect all the children to leave for their homes. The session now drawing to a close has been a most eventful one, and while there were times when we could not reconcile ourselves calmly to circumstances without protesting that we were receiving more than our share of misfortunes, we are in a mood, at the present writing, to look upon our past misfortunes as blessings in disguise.

The term had no more than nicely started when we were summarily turned out of doors by the burning of our building and when we were settled in our new quarters about, a month, a scarlet fever epidemic broke out, taking down eight of our children with the dread disease. This sickness continued over a period of two months and it was with feelings of thankfulness that we were able to report the epidemic at an end. Results growing out of these two experiences, strange to say, are the blessing to which we refer.

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WE do not remember ever to have read any personal description so perfect, beautiful and vivid as the following of our Saviour by a Roman ruler. It is so clear and complete, that the artist can take and produce his portrait without difficulty. At the period when His fame began to spread in Judea, Publius, Leutulus, who was then its governor, wrote to the Roman Senate: "There is here at the present time, a man of singular virtue, who is called Jesus Christ, the barbarians esteem him as a prophet, but his sect adore him as a descendant of the immortal gods. He restores the dead to life, and heals diseases by a word and by his touch. He is of a tall and graceful stature; his aspect is mild and venerable. His hair of a color which cannot be described, falling in ringlets below his ears, and spreading over his shoulders with infinite grace. He wears it parted on the top of his head, after the manner of the Nazarenes. His forehead is broad and smooth; his cheeks are tinged with a lovely bloom. His nose and mouth are admirably regular, his beard bushy, and of the same color as his hair, descends an inch, and separates in the middle, it assumes the form of a fork. His eyes are beautiful, sparkling, clear and vivid. He reproves with majesty, and his exhortations are full of sweetness; whether he speaks or acts he does all with eloquence and gravity. *He has never*

been seen to laugh, but has often been seen to weep. He is very temperate, very modest, and very wise. In a word, he is a man, who by his great beauty, and his divine perfections, surpasses the children of men."

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Amenities.



Mrs. Muslin—I was really quite concerned for you this morning during the Easter sermon. Mrs. Poplin.

Mrs. Poplin—Indeed. How so?

Mrs. Muslin—I was so afraid that you couldn't hear well. You see, your sitting is so far back of my pew.

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A Practiced Arm.



Briggs—Didn't you think the organ was unusually loud during the Easter services?

Griggs—Yes. I understand they hired the village milkman to pump it.