

6. What does the Bible say about converting the sinner from the error of his ways?

—Tidings

MY CHOICE

The world is such a lovely place
When I've been good
And done through all the livelong day
The things I should.
The sun is bright as bright can be,
The birds sing, too,
And I can't help but just be glad.
Now, shouldn't you?
And when I go to bed at night,
The stars above
Seem kindly eyes that shine on me
With smiles of love.

The world is such a dreary place
When I've been bad.
The sun won't shine; the birds won't sing
To make me glad.
My kite just will not fly at all,
My horse won't go,
My tower of blocks all tumbles down,
How do they know?
And when I go to bed at night,
The stars just seem
To be glittering eyes of beasts
That glow and gleam.

I like the sunny days the best
When I've been good
And all through the day I've done
The things I should.

—Selected.

MORE ABOUT LITTLE PEOPLE

Have you ever thought for awhile about what our Sunday Schools mean to us in Canada? True, father and mother may be too big or too tired to attend but it is a joy to see the little folk setting out so merrily of a Sunday afternoon and to hear their excited accounts of the happenings when they return, is it not? And we are never too old to enjoy the children's concert or tree at Christmas time, nor to attend on Mother's Day or on Rally Day, are we? All these good times because there are Sunday Schools. But is that all? Some day these boys and girls will be

leaving the family circle to start on the journey of life by themselves. Some of them may gather all together and take a journey into a far country. Even there these priceless gems gleaned in the S. S.'s of their childhood will still be theirs, beckoning hands calling them back to themselves and home and God. Yes, we might manage without a good many of our very fine organizations but we just couldn't risk it to let our dear boys and girls grow up without the influence of the S. S. could we?

And if we need S. S.'s so much in Canada where there are praying fathers and mothers and family altars and children's sermons, and where there is never a poisonous breath from an ugly Hindu temple, never a grain of superstition in the healthy minds of our children and where instead of the invincible chains of caste and custom there is Light and Liberty, Christ's Light and the Liberty of the Spirit, then, dear reader, how infinitely much, much more do we need S. S.'s in India where in spite of 50 years of helping hands from across the sea meeting outstretched hands in India there still pervades in thousands of villages that "thick darkness that can be felt."

What do we need to dispel the darkness and make India a land of Light and Liberty, Christ's land? Sunday Schools. Yes, Sunday Schools, one in every village on little low verandahs or under spreading banyon trees, for of course there aren't Sunday School rooms in India. There aren't picture rolls and attendance cards and dozens of other devices for interesting little folk. (not unless YOU send them). But there ARE hundreds and hundreds of children just bursting with happiness every time "teacher" comes to the banyan tree and says the verse over and over and OVER until they can't help saying it too and sings the song over and over and OVER until they can't help singing it too. You would want to stop your ears, I think, when they come to the chorus, for choruses 'come' sooner in India than the rest just like they do in other countries. But you wouldn't. That would make them unhappy. You would just sing along with the rest and they would be so happy to find out that the song they were learning 'comes' to the white lady too. And