

HOW TO MAINTAIN INTEREST IN BANDS.

(Continued from December number.)

Not the work, but the child should be constantly in the mind of the leader. In this way are brought out and emphasized individual gifts, and each one is led to feel individual responsibility, and in this way good results are often obtained. Personally, I have seen a noisy, restless, careless boy transformed into a useful, dignified member by being appointed president for a few weeks of the Band to which he belonged.

By all available means insure variety in the meetings—novelty attracts—monotony repels children. "I am tired playing that old thing" is a phrase frequently heard on the play ground, and a reason so often given for neglecting to be present at Band meetings is very similar, "Oh, I don't want to go—it's just the same thing over and over." Unfortunately it is too true. But some one may say: "Why, we do have a different programme each time!" Do not be content with a merely different programme. Vary the form of meeting. Never, if it can be avoided, open two sessions in succession in a similar manner. Of course it will take time and trouble to accomplish this, but results are gratifying. It is well to re-appoint the literary committee, at least, once in three months, and let the leader see to it that each member of that committee does the work assigned. Do not wait until the time of meeting and then allow yourself to be put off with the excuse, "I forgot," or "I could not find any thing." See that no one forgets, and that each one finds something to present for the good of the meeting. Just here, a clear understanding of the duties of the literary committee should be had. In some Bands this committee itself provides the entertainment, in others the committee sets the rest to work. The latter seems to me the better plan, as the services of a greater number are enlisted—and the interest is correspondingly greater. To illustrate, instead of herself giving a recitation, let No. 1 of committee secure a recitation from some other member; No. 2 a reading, and, perhaps, No. 3 will be a proud little body to eagerly announce, "Oh Miss ———, Aunt Emma promised me she would come and sing for us next Band day, because I told her I had to have a solo." In such ways many an older person has become interested, for it is written, "A little child shall lead them." Do not exclude even the dullest from active participation. Find time to instruct the poorest reader, patiently hearing and correcting his mistakes, until he is able to present a properly rendered selection within hearing of his fellows.

During the summer months it seems unwise to disband. Rather let the meetings be held, if possible, out of doors—something of the nature of a berry picking party, and let the berries be sold for the benefit of missions.

It is well, sometimes, to have a service of song, and teach the children bright, ringing songs, easily within the compass of young voices. Take note of any par-

ticularly good reading, recitation or other feature of any ordinary session that might be suitable for a public meeting, and express a desire to have it perfected for such an occasion. This will encourage children to do their best for every day, and will greatly facilitate the labor of "getting up" a public entertainment.

N. S.

(To be continued.)

J. J.

IN MEMORY OF HERBIE BELLAMY.

BY REV. R. G. MARTIN.

One day when sunbeam's glancing light
Made each dewdrop sparkling bright,
I saw a field of flax in flower,
Each bud a little fairy bower,
Turn gently in the morning breeze,
Though not a rustle stirred the trees.

Just then I saw one little nest,
Fairer far than all the rest,
It nestling down so near the ground,
As with a forest circling round,
Its fellows hid from it the world,
While close upon the earth it curled.

But hidden thus its little cup
Was to Heaven lifted up,
It drank full freely of the light
That made its beauty clear and bright,
Till all the rest it far outshone—
Lived, when for it all life seemed gone.

I, stooping low, with gentle hand
Raised the stalk that could not stand;
For just above the root I found
It crushed and broken near the ground,
And while I looked in pity on
Each petal dropped, the flower was gone!

While yet on it I gazed and thought,
Sad to see such ruin wrought—
The Master of the field drew near.
Softly he spoke, yet I could hear
A loving voice that gently said,
While I listening bowed my head,

"Mourn not the flower that thus doth fall,
Sign of life, not life at all.
The life is deeper, greater far,
So passing ills can never mar.
What seems to you the end of all
Is but to higher life a call.

"Lo, I will take this bruised plant,
If some little time you grant,
Of it will make a linen strand,
Like silken thread so white and grand;
And thus its life no end shall know
Though many ages come and go."

Thus was it with that little life
Taken from this world of strife;
Shut in from men, he lived with God
And loved the hand that held the rod;
Peace filled his life and love his heart,
In work he bore a willing part.

A life thus spent cannot be done,
Weakness gone, glory begun.
The flowered dead, "The soul redeemed,"
The life that all of earth has seemed,
Will ever be a living band
To bind us to the Father Land,