

necessary always to preach children's sermons, but reference to them in illustration and in prayer and one hymn selected for their participation will be appropriate.

In Sunday-school the superintendent always asks all to rise who were present at the service in the morning. A rapid count is made, the teacher reports to the secretary, and he includes in his report for the day the figures for attendance of Sunday-school at church. In each term several Sundays' absence is allowed, but beyond this strictness must be employed. The reward should be something enjoyed in common, such as an excursion, a sleigh ride, a banquet, etc. For the expense of this, provision may be made by an entertainment for which the children will sell the tickets. My testimony is that this plan has revolutionized the morning congregation. From an attendance of hardly half a dozen children, we have arrived at an enrollment of ninety-three, and the movement is growing. A recent analysis of the roll shows that fifty families are represented; sixteen of these send thirty-three children to church, whose parents are members; thirty-four families send fifty-six children to church whose parents neither of them are members of nor attend this church. I can only say that such changes in the church-going habits of children, if they should extend throughout the churches, would ensure a heavy percentage of churchgoers in the population of the coming generation.—Exchange.

The Teacher's Object.

Sunday-school teachers have only one object in teaching, and that is, to keep the living, personal Christ, to stamp that image upon the heart, to plant that glorious image there, to plant it so that it cannot be removed. Teachers who work effectually must let Christ be their theme. The Spirit's power lies in the development of the personal Saviour. It is just the teaching that God will honor. It is trying to make Christ the object of all teaching.—The Right Rev. Bishop of Huron.

A Bible Class of 60,000 Men.

In the fall of 1890, in the city of Syracuse, there was organized the first Young Men's Baraca Bible Class. After an existence of thirteen years this class reports a National Association of 1,058 Men's Baraca Classes in the United States, with 60,000 members. The Baraca Union of America is the name of the National Union. The largest Baraca classes are in the city of Brooklyn, N.Y., the largest one being in the Baptist Temple, of which the Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D., is pastor. In this class over 150 men have been converted, and in the parent class at Syracuse, N.Y., 141 have joined the church from the Baraca Class. In Atlanta, Ga., no room could be found in the church large enough for the class and several thousand dollars have been raised to build Baraca Hall. At Raleigh, N.C., a similar case prevailed and the class have a new hall for their own use.

J. H. Guyett, of St. Louis, Mo., has a Baraca Class of 300 men, and upon a recent occasion in September a reception was given by this class to men and over 7,500 attended. California has over 1,000 men in Baraca Classes, New Jersey, 1,000, and New York State has 8,000 men enrolled. New Jersey, North Carolina, Georgia and New York State have state affiliations with secretaries and officers. The classes meet with the schools, and are a part of the schools, but during the week their rooms are open for reading, games, lectures, etc. They are fast solving the great problem of how to keep the churches open during the week and making that the rallying place for the men of the city.

The wonderful growth of this movement has been blessed of God and it continues to grow. Many classes are being formed every month, and embrace all denominations. The National classes in convention at Binghamton, N.Y., last May, appointed M. A. Hudson, its National president and founder, as their delegate to Jerusalem at the World's Sunday-school Convention. Mr. Hudson, who is a business man conducting two stores, will retire from the business world and devote his whole time to the work of the Baraca Union of America.—'Ram's Horn.'



The Drunkard's Soliloquy.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
And make me a man again, just for to-night;
Let me shake off these vile rags that I wear,
Cleanse me from all this foul stain that I bear;
Oh, let me stand where I stood long ago,
Freed from these sorrows, unknown to this woe;
Freed from a life that is cursing my soul
Unto death while the years of eternity roll.
Backward, turn backward, oh, fast-flowing stream,
Would that my life could prove only a dream!
Let me forget the black sins of the past;
Let me undo all my folly so vast;
Let me live over the dark life that is gone;
Bring back the dark, wasted years that are flown;
Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
And make me a man again, just for to-night.
Back! Yes, turn backward, ye swift-rolling years!
Why does your memory bring forth these hot tears?
Why comes this vision of life lost in sin?
Why am I thinking of what might have been?
Where is my home, once so happy and bright?
Where is that face whose own presence was light?
Where are the children who climbed on my knee?
Back, flowing tide! bring them once more to me.
Yet the tide rushes on, this wild flight of the years,
And the days only deepen my sorrow and fears.
I call, but no answer comes back to me now,
Naught but an echo as weak as my vow.
For 'neath the sad cypress tree, low in the sod,
Lies the body whose soul has gone back to its God,
And out of the silence no child voices come,
As in days long ago in my sweet, happy home.
Backward? Nay, Time rushes onward and on;
'Tis the dream that comes back of the days that are gone;
I yielded my strength when I could have been strong;
I would fly, but, alas! I had lingered too long.
The hell hound had seized me—my will was not mine,
Destruction was born in the sparkling of wine!
So, in weakness, I totter through gloom to the grave,
A sovereign in birth, but in dying—a slave.
—Texas 'Advocate.'

An Indian Temperance Pledge

The Rev. J. D. McDonald, of Detroit, contributed the following incident from his missionary life to the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

The morning was perfect.
The blue of the sky was intensely blue, and the grass-blades had a new dress, for a frost had settled upon mother earth during the night.

A walk of four or five miles took me from the station through the white settlement. Two miles further through the woods lay the little Indian village with the log church.

The leaves were falling from the maples. Occasionally a squirrel gave vent to his joy.

But sounds were few. It is a time for meditation. The glory of God seemed to fill the forests. The soul was stirred with a new reverence and love.

While I was quietly walking, and meditating upon the message to which the patient Indians were to listen, this exquisite solitude was abruptly ended.

The intruder proved to be a white settler returning from the Indian village.

By his attitude it appeared that some startling news was in store. Anxious to relate it, he introduced his remarks with, 'Say, elder,

don't think your preaching's quite reached all the Indians yet.'

Then he recited the sad tragedy of 'Big Jack's' death.

Big Jack was known as a jolly good fellow, tall and strong. He had earned 'a stake' loading vessels.

It was the sad story of many an Indian, and white man, too, in that north country. Some one had treated him, and then, they said, 'he had gone crazy, and would not stop.' He had lost his money, of course; no one knew how; and at a late hour they started him on the Chicago and Northwestern railway for his home. The next morning his mangled remains were found. My thoughts quickly changed. What could I say to those people to help them? The fact was that the Indians had been ashamed to send for me, and had buried Jack among the hemlocks and maples.

That day I talked to them, not upon the subject which I had prepared, but upon intemperance, and pressing home the truth that the Master was able to keep them if they would trust him.

They listened attentively; some of them wept. The older women, who always insisted on sitting upon the floor instead of in the pews, swayed and moaned.

The meeting was followed by the usual handshaking, and the frequent 'That's so,' 'Good talk for Indian,' 'Me need that so,' 'Poor Jack!' etc., gave promise that good results would come.

Two weeks passed; the scattered field of eight places was traversed; and now the walk once more to the Indian village, this time in the midst of a cold November storm.

My thoughts went back to the bitterness and sorrow attending the previous meeting.

The same respectful audience of men, women and children were assembled. As I walked up the steps into the pulpit, something strange greeted my eye. It was a temperance pledge pinned to the wall.

While I read it there was a deathlike silence. After reading it some moments were spent, still facing the wall, in the endeavor to regain my usual gravity.

The pledge was as follows:

'We know whiskey bad. Jack dead because of whiskey. We 'gree not touch whiskey. Trust God keep us.'

Then followed a long list of the names of men, women and children. Some said, 'Me 'gree not touch whiskey for six months;' another could hold out only three months; still another one month; some could keep the pledge as long 'as mother or wife not want to touch,' but all pledges were given in good faith and with perfect sincerity.

What Becomes of the Saloon-keeper.

In the 'Ram's Horn' some time ago the subscribers were invited to state what their observations had been concerning the fate of saloon-keepers. Among the replies received was the following:

'I have watched with interest for forty years the incoming and outgoing of the saloon-keepers of a town of Tennessee of 4,000 inhabitants. None of them have gone down to the grave in old age in peace and prosperity. Three have died in the worst of poverty; four have died drunk; two have died of loathsome diseases; two have been killed in saloons; one young man accumulated a fortune of \$60,000 in a few years, and died a raving maniac; one, after having five shooting scapes, quit the saloon business, and at last, in his poverty, joined the church. He is yet living. One, an old man, yet living in his poverty, is a dependent; two are yet living, confirmed drunkards; four are young men, now running saloons, and seem to be prospering so far.'

Another subscriber writes:

'You ask "what becomes of the saloon-keeper?" I have been a close observer on this subject all my life. One of the first saloon-keepers I ever knew, lived and died a miserable wretch. One of his sons fell out of a buggy and broke his neck. Another committed suicide. Another saloon-keeper of our town had one son, a murderer. He shot down in cold blood an employee. A daughter of the same saloon-keeper married one of the brightest lawyers of our state, a man of ability, who had a wonderful memory. He is now in the