

WHERE SHALL BABY'S DIMPLE BE.

OVER her baby the mother hung,
Softly cooing a slumber song;
And these were the simple words she sung
All the evening long:

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakens my baby again?"

Still as she bent and sang so low,
A murmur into her, music broke,
And she paused to hear, for she could but
know
The baby's angel spoke:

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall my finger fall and rest
When I come down to the baby's nest?
Where shall my finger's touch remain
When I wake your baby again?"

Silent the mother sat, and dwelt
Long on the sweet delay of choice;
And then by her baby's side she knelt,
And sang with a pleasant voice:

"Not on the limb, O angel dear!
For the charms with its youth will disappear;
Not on the cheek shall the dimple be
For the harboring smile will fade and flee;
But touch thou the chin with impress deep,
And my baby the angel's soul shall keep."

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

FROM his relation to the Sunday-school work of the Methodist Church of Canada, the Editor of the PLEASANT HOURS felt it to be his duty to be present at the fourth triennial Sunday-School Convention held in Louisville, Kentucky, during the second week in June. It was a great privilege to enjoy its services and share its inspiration. The most earnest-hearted Sunday-school workers of the continent brought their contributions of hallowed zeal, and kindled such a fire of enthusiasm as should wrap the whole hemisphere in its flame. The Convention was much more largely attended than any previously held. Louisville is very near the geographical centre of population of the continent, and is very easily accessible by rail from every direction. The proverbial southern hospitality of its people provided a cordial welcome to heart and home for the many hundreds from all parts of the continent. The meetings were held in the large opera-house, which was never put to better use. It was beautifully draped with the blended Stars and Stripes and Union Jack, and adorned with appropriate mottoes and eloquent Sunday statistics, and by a star-studded map indicating the S. S. progress of the triennium. A large open Bible, formed of lilies of the valley and other fragrant flowers, adorned the stage, and row behind row among the "flies," slides, and painted pageantry of the theatre sat the array of appointed speakers, who thus saw more of life behind the scenes than they ever did before. Parquette and balconies were crowded with delegates and visitors, and overflow meetings were held in neighbouring churches.

It was an inspiring sight to see marshalled under the standards of their several States and provinces the representatives of the great army of Sunday-school workers of the continent. Here side by side were delegates from New Hampshire and Colorado, Maine and California, New Brunswick and Mexico, Ontario and Florida. Many

of the most distinguished laymen and ministers of the continent were present—Judges, Colonels, Professors, Merchants, Doctors of Law, of Medicine, of Divinity—Vincent, Jacobs, Porter, Reynolds and Haygood, Gillet, McLean, and a host of others, including English, French, German, and Italian. Canada received even more than her share of honours. Among the appointed speakers were the Rev. John McEwen, the Rev. Thomas Griffith, S. H. Blake, Esq., and the present writer, and D. McLean, Esq., was one of the most active and efficient members of the Executive Committee. Mr. Blake who acted as chairman at the opening of the Convention and at several of its meetings, captured all hearts by the eloquence of his response to the address of welcome, and the wit and humour of his interjected remarks from the chair. He well said that this great Convention of Christian workers, representing on this continent alone a great army of nearly ten millions of scholars and teachers, was of greater moral importance than the recent great Convention in Chicago, assembled to select a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

One of the marked advantages of such international and interdenominational Conventions is the friendly feeling between nations and Churches that they cultivate. The most cordial co-operation in Christian work is exhibited, and it is only by inquiry that one can find out to what Church any speaker belongs. This cordial co-operation and fraternity is the first essential to any scheme for Christian unity and fellowship. The references to Canada, to England, and to our good Queen, were most kindly, and were applauded to the echo. The best part of the American nation is the loving sympathy with the dear old land which is the "mother of us all." The blatant dynamiters represent only the vilest dregs of a heterogeneous foreign population.

The temperance sentiment of the Convention was most marked. Nothing woke such thunders of applause as the report from the great State of Georgia, that whiskey had been legislated out of three-fourths of its counties. Much prominence was given to temperance work in the Sabbath-school. Miss Frances Willard, Miss Sallie Chapman, and other temperance workers spoke on this subject, and a strong desire was expressed for more frequent and definite temperance lessons.

Dr. John H. Vincent was, of course, a prominent feature in the Convention. He delivered two set addresses with his characteristic eloquence and vivacity. One on the Bible—the teachers' text-book and weapon; the other on his favourite theme—the Chautauquan idea. This idea is spreading in ever-widening circles, and touching every class in society and almost every part of the continent. It is one of the most important educational agencies of the day. The Church is to be congratulated that Dr. Vincent was not diverted from his grand Sunday-school and Chautauqua work by being made a bishop at the late General Conference—a fate which he narrowly escaped. As Dr. Cunyngnam, of the M. E. Church South, remarked, the General Conference found that there would be so much waste in cutting him down to the size of an ordinary bishop that it wisely concluded not to make the sacrifice.

One of the most important transactions of the Convention was the appointment of the International Committee of fourteen to select the Lessons for the seven years following the expiration of the present series. Here, again, Canada was honoured by the appointment of Mr. S. H. Blake, the only layman, besides Mr. Jacobs, one of the originators of the scheme, on the committee. The Rev. Dr. Potts, who was a most efficient member of the old committee, was reappointed. Among the other prominent members are Dr. J. H. Vincent, Chairman, Dr. J. Hall, Dr. Broadies, Dr. Burgher, Dr. Cunyngnam and Bishop Chiney. No greater honour could be done these men, and no greater responsibility imposed than to assign them the task of selecting the world's Sunday-school study of the Word of God for the period of seven years.

The music of the Convention was an inspiration—it was so hearty, so fervid, so spiritual in its character. The interest continued to cumulate till the end. The closing service was one of deep emotion, and re-enacted the scene witnessed in Toronto three years ago. The Executive of the International S. S. Association purpose to carry on aggressive Sunday-school work more vigorously than ever. The progress of the last three years has been very great, but it is anticipated that that of the near future shall outdistance anything hitherto attempted.

THE STORM AND ITS LESSON.

A N awful thunderstorm was raging one evening. One flash of lightning followed another so quickly, that the bedroom in which two little girls were lying was brilliantly lighted up every few seconds, and the roar of the thunder, harmless if they had but known it, had a terrible sound in the ears of the children. They hid their heads beneath the bedclothes trembling and afraid, or peeped out for a moment, only to shrink again below the welcome covering.

It was still early in the evening and only the children were in bed. Passing backwards and forwards on the landing outside their door, went a young housemaid who was arranging the other rooms for the night. As she moved briskly from place to place, she lifted up her sweet young voice and sang a favourite hymn:

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

"Jane, Jane," cried a little voice from the bedroom, "are you not afraid? How can you go on singing when it lightens so and the thunder makes such a noise?"

"Afraid, Miss Annie? Oh, no," said the girl. "How can I be afraid, when I know that God is here? He takes care of me and nothing can hurt me without his will. Beside, he made the lightning and thunder and rain, and they all do a great deal of good too, each in its way."

"Do they?" said the child, venturing her head outside the clothes and taking courage. "But lightning kills

people sometimes," she added, with a shudder.

"Yes, dear," said Jane, "but it is only as God wills. It cannot do anything but just what he sends it to do. Don't be afraid; just try to think that you must be safe in God's keeping. He will take care both of you and me."

Then Jane kissed the young faces, and bade them notice how already the lightning did not come so frequently or the voice of the thunder sound so loudly. Her words left them comforted, and, with the sweet thought in their minds, "God will take care of us;" whilst the young housemaid resumed alike her work and her song:

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

It was noticed in after years that when older people showed fear during a storm these children were calm, cheerful and always ready to cheer others. Their confidence arose from the lesson of trust taught them by the young servant's words and example. They learned to say, "These are God's works. They are only fulfilling his word. Under the shadow of his wings we rejoice."—*Child's Companion.*

WORK AWAY!

Work away!
For the Master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us
Night and day.

Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying,
See that never thread lies wrong;
Let not clash nor clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels confound us,
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long.
Work away!

Work away!
For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us
Night and day.

Work and pray!
Work, and prayer will be the sweeter;
Pray, and work will be completer;
Love, and prayer and work the fleetest
Will ascend upon their way.
Work away!

A CHANGED MAN.

A SOLDIER in India, a stout, fine-looking, lion-hearted man, had been a noted prize-fighter, and was a terror to all who knew him; but he happened to hear a missionary talk to some men—listened—heard again—began to read his Bible, and from that time was a changed man—so changed that every one marked it.

Some months after this some of his comrades, who had before been most afraid of him, began to ridicule him in the mess-room.

One whispered to the others, "I'll try whether he's a Christian;" and taking up a basin of hot soup, he threw it into his bosom.

All the soldiers gazed in silence, awe-struck, for they expected the outraged man would start up and murder his assailant on the spot.

But he tore open his shirt, wiped his scalded breast, and turning round, said calmly, "This is what I must expect, if I become a Christian; I must bear persecution."

His comrades were filled with astonishment, and he became the most popular man in the mess, and best friend to the man who had so insulted him.