

with his mother about his Mission Band; he had then himself \$69, and said he was going to work hard to make \$75 by New Year's. He wished he could make twice as much, for Jesus was so good to him. The following week he was taken ill, and, after six weeks of intense suffering, "he was not, for God took him."

All through his life he was subject to sickness and great pain. He was a tender-hearted child, and his own experience of suffering gave him keen sympathy with the sufferings and sorrows of others. Very early in life his mother wisely sought to guard against any spirit of discontent that might possibly arise, by telling him of the good and pleasant things in his life and surroundings, thus fostering a spirit of gratitude in his heart. And, indeed, his was a remarkably happy and thankful spirit. Missionary literature furnished just the material for this purpose, which the mother needed, and the boy loved. Out of such teaching, and from such influences, the child developed a lovely, unselfish nature. It was a happy day for him when Rev. T. Ferrier, his pastor, introduced him to the Conference in Winnipeg last June, not because of any personal gratification, but because it widened his circle of friends, and that meant more work and more money for his boy in Japan, and so he was very glad and thankful. This spirit characterized him till the last. When his poor, shrunken frame was racked with pain, and his lips were parched with fever, the little suffering saint simply said, "God is good to give me such nice cold water." There is a touch of true heroism in the closing scenes of this Christian life. The Lord's work had grown to be with him a spiritual passion, and it was strong even in death. The unselfish, generous nature was beautifully revealed in his last request, "Keep up my Mission Band."

For many years the memory of this child and his noble work will stir the hearts of those who knew and loved him, and, perhaps, to some others the story of his simple faith, his missionary zeal, and his whole-souled devotion, will prove a comfort or an inspiration.

Crystal City, Man.

Trusting.

By Manfred J. Gaskell.

IT matters not how dark or drear
The path of life may seem,
I know that He will still my fear,
If I but trust in Him.
Leaning and trusting, He will guide,
Along life's stormy way;
No deed too small, no gift too great,
No debt, but He will pay.
His perfect love will banish ill,
With good replace the wrong;
The empty vessel He will fill,
To silent lips give song.
Nor human mind can sound the depths,
Nor reach to Heaven above,
Nor heart can dry the living fount
Of God's eternal love.

Music in the Church.

By N. F. Caswell.

TO the ear which is rightly attuned, nature is full of music through every part of her vast domain. Music in the early hours of morning, when the first rays of the rising sun waken the earth to melody, and the air is aquiver with the song of birds, the lowing of herds, and the hum of myriads of insects' wings. Music at noon, when the rippling rivulets sing themselves along their way, darting and dashing and flashing in the sunlight, to lose their liquid treble notes in the deep bass of the ever-restless ocean waves. Music in the sweet and tranquil evening hours, as earth's weary creatures gently lullaby themselves to rest. Music in the solemn midnight, when the arching heavens declare the glory of God, and the twinkling stars "utter forth a glorious voice,"

"Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine."

Music in the heavy diapason of the thunderclap and in the gentle patter of the pearly raindrop. Music in the woods, as the breeze sweeps her fingers over the responsive keys of the tree-tops; and music in the daisy-spangled meadow, where the bee croons his love-song to the beckoning flowers, and where the lark soars aloft on his airy pinions, sending down such marvellous strains of melody that they seem to be echoes from the celestial city. Music in the home, poured forth from the dear voices of loved ones, and rippling in the merry laughter of little children. Music in the church, where our ears oftentimes catch snatches of heaven's harmonies that lift our souls Godward.

Yes, our Maker has placed us in a world full of delightful music; and if our heartstrings are but rightly attuned by faith in His fatherly love and care, they will quiver with melody, and we will make our pilgrim way vocal with praise.

One of the brightest glories of our Christianity is that it is a religion of song. When our illustrious founder, the Lord Jesus, was born, it was amid the joyful chorus of the angelic hosts, and the anthem they sang that first Christmas morning still abides as the sweetest sound that ever reached human ears.

The church of God possesses in her hymnology a priceless treasure. The rivulet of divine song implanted by the All-Father in the first human breast has received fresh accessions as the centuries have rolled by, until it has become a mighty river of praise, blessing and ennobling mankind the world over. From the time when the morning-stars sang together, and the sons of God rejoiced at the creation of our world, down to the present, through all the changes and turmoils which have characterized the progress of the race in every age, men and women have been inspired to breathe out the songs which have stirred their fellows to increased diligence in the Master's service, lightened many a load of care,