

refer briefly to the faithful labors of our beloved Superintendent and her worthy companion, our Bible Class teacher, to whose united, earnest and well directed efforts in the past, though met by many discouragements, we owe the first establishment of our First-day School and its subsequent growth and usefulness. I feel that we all appreciate more deeply than words can express, their help and encouragement, and that our loving Father will amply reward all His faithful followers.

Then let us both individually and collectively put our necks to the yoke and our backs to the burden, we shall then know for ourselves "That His yoke is easy and His burden is light." In conclusion may His indwelling Spirit and loving presence continue to dwell with us till we meet again.

THE ARMOR OF GOD.

Composed and read by Elston E. Willson, at the closing of Pelham First-day School for the winter, 10th mo. 28th, 1894.

How blessed is that light within
Which leads and guards us from all sin ;
If we will let it be our guide
We safely then can stem life's tide.

Now let God's armor be our stay,
That we withstand the evil day ;
With truth may we be strongly girt
The tempter then can do no hurt.

And truly we should all possess
The strong breast-plate of righteousness ;
Then firmly may we take our stand
To watch and follow God's command.

And let upon our feet be found
Gospel of peace most tightly bound ;
When with this preparation shod,
No evil ways will then be trod.

Above all, take faith for a shield,
For fiery darts the wicked wield,
But ever stand steadfast, and strong,
And it will guard against the wrong.

The helmet of salvation wear ;
The keen sword of the spirit bear ;
This weapon is God's Holy word,
If listened for, it will be heard.

Now thus equipped with arms of might
Let us against all evil fight ;
With Christ for leader, let us go
And conquer over every foe.

But we must ever watch, and pray,
And go not in temptation's way,
For though the spirit willing be,
The flesh is weak, the sin to flee.

O ! that we all might see God's light,
And be led out of sin's dark night ;
His grace to all is freely giv'n,
And they who trust shall rest in heav'n.

OUR KNOTTED THREADS.

An Essay written by a young girl, Emma C. Brown, and read at Kenneth, Pa., F. D. School Union, 10th mo. 20.

While wondering what I should prepare for to-day that would, in a measure at least, satisfy myself as to having performed an appointed duty, my eye fell upon a short story for children, concerning a baby girl, who, having watched her mother busily engaged with sewing, begged for a needle to do likewise. The needful things were supplied, and a knot placed on the thread. The little eyes sparkled with joy, and the baby fingers began passing the needle to and fro. But soon the smiling face changes to one of troubled impatience for, to her baby ideas, she is making no progress. She pricks her chubby fingers, and is almost ready to quit, for the stubborn knot at the end of the thread won't budge; but mamma cuts away the knot, smiles again appear, but soon vanish, for as through and through the thread goes, nothing but the needlemark is left; it doesn't look like mamma's after all her work, and so she quits trying, and here the story closes. Yet it remained with me, and as I thought it over ideas suggested themselves. But thoughts are one thing, and the intelligent expression of them another. However, to me there seemed a sermon hidden here

Since circumstance is the great web in which God clothes us, some thread seems constantly getting tangled. The trials that meet us in daily life, the hindrances to hands and feet, seem to mean that to every thread there is a knot, which a wise Father has placed for our advantage. Like the child