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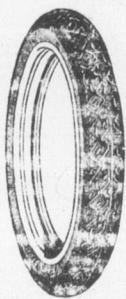
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**LITTLE CHILDREN
SAVIORS OF
THE WORLD**

Continued from page 3

my own frightened childhood. I could hear the cries of hate and war and injustice. The little dark children whose song I had silenced and I with my own frequently silenced songs were one.

It was one o'clock in the morning. I tossed and turned. My heart was cold and uneasy. I could not sleep. Strange and haunting and painful was the night. The two little dark faces loomed before my eyes. They shrank and cowered. Their puzzled glances were more than I could bear. One little boy about seven. The other about ten.

I could see a Negro church upon a small hill from where one looked down into a sluggish stream to watch the sticks and fallen leaves float upon its surface—a polluted stream. On the other side by the railroad tracks dirty wooden houses, dirtier with the soot from trains. Little children dangerously near the tracks and care less of the whistles of the trains and the smoke and grime.

What was there that robbed me of peace? The thought of injustice for which, indirectly, I was responsible?

On a sleepless night things come back with greater vividness, and the truth unfolds more clearly and the pain of truth pierces more deeply. "Oh, Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, Thou that hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto babes..." How much of the hurt do children feel? I recalled my own childish days. The hurts and the pains and the humiliations. "Out of hurt these children may become saviors of the world," I mumbled and fell asleep as the picture faded.

Dawn. The coming of another day. Half awakened from my heavy sleep and half conscious I saw the rising sun of mingled red and yellow and black and white, and little faces red and yellow and black and white all working together—probable saviors of a humanity that would know no polluted streams.

And from far away I felt rather than I heard the song, "Come to Jesus... hm... hm..." And while I reached out to catch the dying tune, I heard another muffled distant note, "Little children—saviors of the world."

TORONTO NOTES

Mrs. R. Williams is able to be about after suffering from injuries received when she was knocked down by a truck while alighting from a street car.

Mrs. Lillian Richardson is quite ill in the hospital. Her condition is somewhat improved.

Master Ernest Richardson underwent a slight operation having his tonsils removed. He is doing nicely.

Dr. Wyke is still away on his honeymoon.

Mr. J. A. Pinkney has returned to his home from the hospital after an attack of pneumonia.

Little Miss Ross, daughter of the late Mrs. J. Ross, D'Arcy St., is unable to be about suffering from injuries received while playing on the street.

SHALL WE LIVE AGAIN?

Victor Hugo's great soul found utterance in his later years for these thoughts, which will find an echo in many hearts:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know towards the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds."

"You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history."

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, song; I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, romance, tradition, satire, ode and it opens on the dawn."

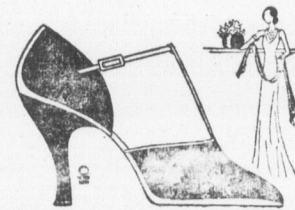
"Christian preaching was never, I am convinced, as generally intelligent, as reasonable, as helpful, as Christian in its ethical quality as it is in these countries to-day. Speaking still generally, preachers to-day understand the Bible better than they ever did before, are quite as honest and sincere as preachers ever were, are immeasurably better trained with immeasurably broader and more sympathetic outlook, and on the whole are more conscientious and earnest than ever before—Here and there may possibly be found a bitter hostility to everything that is believed to be erroneous, but that most effective of all the devil's schemes for destroying Christianity—the persuading of Christian people to show their love for God by hating some of His possibly mistaken children, has never found the hearts of men as unresponsive to its poisonous influence as to-day."

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