

we found a sweet girl, who was most welcome. While the nurse was busy, the visitor closely watched the little maid, who apparently did not seem to appreciate the kind offices of the lady in uniform. With a marvellous pair of lungs she made us understand that she was very much alive. For a time she refused to be comforted, until at last she peacefully slept. Let us hope that with a voice equally as strong, and activity as great, she may be a daughter of the King.

Before returning we wended our way through the snow up one of our lanes, arriving at length at a little shack, for it is not much else, situated in what the nurse took the name from its mother's arms, sitting beside a miserable fire in the dirty kitchen, we thought, in the midst of such unwholesome, unhealthy, and cold surroundings, even the most stalwart of human beings would have a fight for existence. The visitor asked the little daughter if she attended school. "Oh, yes, mamam," was the quick reply, "but me and my brother couldn't go until Miss M. (the Deaconess) brought us some new boots, see! I am going this afternoon." Into such a home no one is more welcome than the good, kind Deaconess.

The bright little woman down another side street was equally glad to receive a morning call, apologizing because her house was not in order so early in the year. Her baby was sick, too. It was amusing to hear of some of the remedies she had applied. In her own tactful way nurse C. sought to enlighten her. A tiny girl perched upon a bench was busily engaged rolling out biscuits for "baby food," with an empty glass jar. She was "helping" mother.

Who like the poor are so kind to the poor?

In this home we learned that a very old lady, not a relative, had taken up her abode in one of the rooms. In glowing terms the mother of the household spoke of the old lady's neatness, cleanliness, order, etc., and with sympathy referred to her need of some care. The bright little woman, with all her troubles and difficulties, made us feel happier because of our visit, and we had been taught something more of the love of human hearts.

Yet another home will we peep into. Here we found two children joyous and happy, playing with their mother, who industriously attended to household tasks. Words of gratitude were spoken to the Deaconess, for not long ago her services had been needed and cheerfully given in that home.

Everywhere it was evident that the Deaconess had entered as an angel of love and mercy, to take possession for a time at least of the humble abode. We indeed felt on these two occasions that a veritable benediction had been bestowed whosoever she entered. It was a great privilege to be permitted to spend a day with these devoted Christian women, who like Christ "came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

If you are really interested in mission work, here is one of the grandest opportunities ever presented to the young women of our church. Think seriously about it, pray often over it, become more informed concerning the Deaconess Movement, then offer yourselves to enter more fully into the Master's service.

If circumstances are such that it is impossible for you to engage in this great work yourself, you surely can help to send one in your place.

Our Fire Bird and Some of His Neighbors

The following exercise has been prepared by the Rev. Jos. Philp, B.D., of Essex, Ont. It is intended for social evenings for Epworth Leagues, and its purpose is to increase our knowledge of and love for the little feathered fairies of our forests and fields. Mr. Philp contributed to the February Era of 1908 an exercise known as "A Floral Romance, or Love Among the Flowers." This was so popular that enquiries for the solution came from every province of the Dominion, and from eight States of the Union. We have no doubt that this exercise will prove to be equally attractive and useful. Mark the "N.B." at the close.—Ed.

'Twas early morning, fourth of May,
A bright and lovely springtime day,
I saw what seemed a burning coal,
But proved a charming 1. _____

With mate he sought, as proper realm,
A slender branch of stately 2. _____
A 3. _____ nest built of various things.
As horse-hair, rags and 4. _____ and
5. _____.

Of neighbors he'd the very best,
So brave and true, they stood the test
Of "g 6. _____" and "Wandering
7. _____".

Voices of love, heralds of 7. _____.

A gray-backed finch, with striped breast,
And blue-white eggs in grass-lined nest,
Would sing all day, so free from sorrow,
A five-songed friend was this 8. _____.

An apple tree with branching boughs,
Supplied a place for neat 9. _____
house,
Where 10. _____ redbreast neighbor
strong.

Would sing all day his 11. _____ song.

The nest was full of callow birds,
Whose mouths spoke hunger if not
words;
The father brought them every hour
12. _____ and 13. _____ to devour.

Within a shrub quite near the ground
A cup-shaped hair-lined nest was found.
The chirping 14. _____, lively clip,
Who owned it sang his 15. _____
16. _____ 17. _____.

In fence rail near the elm tree
A hole two feet, or perhaps three,
Was home for birds with wings of blue,
18. _____ whose songs no harsh notes
knew.

A crevice in a gate-post high
Was filled with grass and weeds and rye,
Where little House 19. _____ built a
home,
20. _____ to nurse Jimmy to roam.

A slate-gray friend, with large dark
eyes,
Would warn of foes with strange wild
cries,
A mocking-bird whose song was heard
From spruce tree near, this strange
21. _____.

In meadow sweet a merry mink
Lived black-and-white-robed 22. _____;
His mate, the color of the ground,
The nest and young are seldom found.

In pasture green, with shielded breasts,
Large yellow birds had low-built nests,
Where rats and cats in deeds most dark
Would slay each youthful 23. _____.

In gentle stream, not deep or wide,
Two belted birds their labor plied,
By fishing in the stream all day
24. _____ you should say.

By marshy pond some rods away
Two red-winged 25. _____ loved to stay.
On 26. _____ fed they cried with glee
To dragon-flies now 27. _____.

Another pair, good for defence,
Ate flies and bees, 'twas just immense.
They'd fight like fun, claim everything,
For she was 28. _____ and he was
29. _____.

From out the forest, clear and strong,
There came a patriotic song.
A white-throat sang at close of day,
30. _____.

Our golden Robin, Oriole,
Our Fire Bird, like a living coal,
Our hero had just one name more,
A city name, 'twas 31. _____.

N.B.—To obtain the key to above,
send to The Editor, or to Rev. J. Philp,
B.D., Essex, Ont., enclosing ten cents.

A Sample Programme

The Stayner Epworth League had an enjoyable evening not long ago after the following order, which may be suggestive to you:

SUBJECT: SEVEN OPEN THINGS, Acts 16.
Programme.

Opening Exercises—Conducted by President Mr. G. A. Clemence.

1. An Open Door—Service, v. 9. By Mr. J. O. Carter.

2. An Open Ear—Sincerity, v. 14. By Miss Millie Wilson.

3. Solo. By Miss Jean Thistlethwaite.

4. An Open Heart—Salvation, v. 14. By Mr. Vernon Johnson.

5. An Open House—Sympathy, v. 15. By Miss Cassie Baker.

6. An Open Mouth—Supplication and Song, v. 25. By Miss Essie Bizer.

7. Soli. By Miss Pearl Z. Baker.

8. An Open Prison—Safety, v. 26. By Mr. Douglas.

9. An Open Hand—Success, v. 33-34. By Mr. A. Brown.

Closing.

Photograph Social

Miss Mabel Smith, corresponding secretary of the Little Britain Epworth League, thus describes an entertaining social hour which the members recently spent together: "After an interesting literary and musical programme, part of which consisted of the reports of the Co-bourg Convention from our delegates, we had a Photo Contest. Each member had been requested to hand to the Social Committee a photo of his or her own, taken when under ten years of age. These were arranged on small tables, each photo being numbered. Booklets, bearing corresponding numbers, and also pencils, were distributed among the members, and for a short time all mingled freely together, guessing the photographs at the same time. A correct list was afterwards read by the president, after which refreshments were served."

Request!

If your League officers have not already been reported to the General Secretary, will you kindly send their names and post office addresses to the Central office at once? We need them every one.

"It takes more than Sunday dreams of heaven to make a heavenly week."