

me. I have wished many times I had the strength and ability to gather in all the little ones who receive no religious teaching, and lead them to know and love the Saviour.

To see a little child, formed in the image of its Maker, but never hearing his name except in an oath, learning the name of Jesus only to blaspheme, growing up in the deadly atmosphere of pollution and crime, what can we expect of this coming man or woman? Would we judge them so harshly could we see before us as they passed, the years of this life from childhood up, and the influences brought to bear upon this immortal soul?

When we stop a moment and think of the hordes of ignorant foreigners constantly landing on our shores, the thought is truly appalling. Schools are provided them and laws are passed to compel attendance, but what heathens they are in regard to true religion? Boasting at the most of vain superstitions, knowing naught of Christ's saving power, they grow up a menace to our institutions and to our country itself. If every church member did all he or she could in this matter, realizing that in so doing they are but following the Master's example and obeying his injunction, "As ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me." Then would not this fair broad land of ours be a haven of rest, not only to the weary bodies, but to the souls sitting in darkness, and often hungering and thirsting for the "bread of life" and the water which alone satisfies those who drink that they "thirst no more." This work will never be accomplished until every Church and Sunday School awakens to its true mission, and in the name of Him who "went about doing good," accepts the work of uplifting humanity," seeing in the lowest specimen one formed in His image, within whose soul, though dimmed by clouds of prejudice and seered by acts of sin, there is still the spirit of Him who "never leaves Himself without a witness."

May we all, as Sunday school workers, make for ourselves a broader and a higher aim, thus hastening the day when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

And let us obey the command, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

"Ho! thou traveller on life's highway,

Moving carelessly along—

Pausing not to watch the shadows

Lowering o'er the mighty throng!

Stand aside and mark how feebly

Some are struggling in the fight;

Turning on thee wistful glances

Begging thee to hold the light.

"Look! upon thy right a brother

Wanders blindly from the way,

And upon they left a sister,

Frail and erring, turns astray.

One kind word, perchance, may save them,

Guide their wayward steps aright.

Canst thou then withhold thy counsel?

No, but fly and hold the light!

"Hark! a feeble wail of sorrow

Bursts from the advancing throng,

And a little child is groping

Through the darkness, deep and long.

'Tis a timid orphan, shivering

'Neath misfortune's withering blight;

Friends, home, love are all denied her.

Oh! in pity, hold the light!

"Not alone from heathen darkness,

Where the Pagan bows the knee,

Worshipping his brazen image

With a blind idolatry.

Where no blessed Gospel teachings

E'er illumine the soul's dark night.

Comes the cry to fellow-mortals,

Wild and pleading, 'Hold the light!'

"Here, as well in life's broad highway,

Are benighted wanderers found;

And if all the strong would heed them,

Lights would glimmer all around.

Acts of love and deeds of kindness

Then would make earth's pathway bright,

And there'd be no need of calling,

'Ho! thou traveller; hold the light.'

Every mass of rock has an ore of some kind within its hard embrace; every wild herb has some healing virtue; every sky, however inclement, sheds some beneficent influence. So the character of every man holds the Divine somewhere.