

character moulded by hypnotic influence. These wise men purpose making a child think he has certain qualities or is doing certain things. The result will be, they declare, that he will become and will do what his thoughts have prescribed for him, that he will even be influenced in his physical appearance. There is historic support for this. The Greeks, who were the handsomest people of history, were accustomed to surround the expectant mother with their wonderful statues and paintings, so that the young life might be moulded to beauty in its first throbbings.

Walking through the streets of the little Bavarian village of Oberammergau, two years ago, several days before the first performance of the great Passion Play, I saw, in the window of a modest art store, photographs of the German peasant Meyer, who for thirty years has personified the Saviour of the world. Photographs taken when he first assumed the role of Christ on the stage show him the typical Bavarian peasant that he was—with all the crudeness, coarseness, untamed humanity in the rough, which characterizes the peasant. A likeness of him in 1900, when he ceased to play and

THE PASTOR AND THE JUNIOR LEAGUE.

WHO are these happy-looking boys and girls, and why are they grouped thus?

They are the members of the Junior Epworth League of Chapleau, Ont., who meet every week with their pastor, Rev. W. A. Potter, B.A. They number fifty-two when they are all out in full force, and every one of them takes a great interest in the society.

Not long ago we had a talk with Bro. Potter about this work.

"Do you give the Junior League your personal attention?" was the first question.

"Yes," was the reply, "I meet the boys and girls every Thursday, after four o'clock."

"Do you think it pays a pastor to do work of this kind himself?"

"Yes, by all means. I believe that it is largely through the Junior League that I have such a hold upon the homes of the people."

"How do you conduct the meetings?"  
"We usually take up a portion of

passed away, and now there is no difficulty whatever."

This conversation with Brother Potter leads to the question: Why do not more of our ministers do work of this kind? When a pastor is asked why he has no Junior League, the usual reply is that no suitable superintendent can be secured. In such cases the preacher could do no better than to undertake it himself, if he has any aptitude whatever for such work. As a matter of fact, nearly all of the pastor's time is taken up with the old folks, feeding, instructing and comforting the adult portion of the congregation. It would pay to give the sheep less attention and look after the lambs a little more carefully.

The pastor of one of the largest churches in Canada spends every Saturday afternoon with the children of his congregation, and considers it the best employed half day of the week.

THE BOY'S MISTAKE.

A BOY applied to a city merchant for a situation. Incidentally he mentioned that he attended St. Luke's Sunday-school.

"St. Luke?" said the merchant.  
"Does he carry on the Sunday-school?"

"Why, no," answered the boy, with evident disgust at such deplorable ignorance; "the saints are all dead."

The boy's mistake was a common and not unnatural one. In a literal sense, it is true. One must be dead before he can have a place in the formal and official calendar of saints. But not all the saints have been canonized; nor are they all dead. There are saints of whom the world has never heard, and in whose honor no church is ever likely to be named—men and women who are bearing heavy burdens and wearing unseen the crown of thorns. No halo surrounds their brow, no poet sings their praise, and no artist glorifies them in marble or upon canvas.

There is the mother broken in health and spirits, with a family of little ones to care for, and having a dissolute and worthless husband. God alone knows how hard she toils and how much she suffers. There is that poor, patient, bed-ridden sufferer, year after year bearing her burden of pain, and growing sweeter and stronger all the while.

Far out on the frontier is the home missionary, on meagre fare and with threadbare coat, preaching the Gospel in rough mining camps and small settlements, while the faithful wife at home mends and patches, pinches and saves, that there may be fire upon the hearth and food upon the table.

Our idea of sainthood is different from that of former days. The old-time saint was mostly intent upon saving his own soul. He fled to the desert, dwelt in a cave, and dozed and dreamed the hours away, and the more dirty and wretched his personal appearance the greater de-



JUNIOR LEAGUE AT CHAPLEAU, ONT.

stepped aside for another, seems scarcely that of the same man—it is such a noble, spiritual, almost ideal face. How this change? Representing the acts and the life of the Christ, speaking the words and trying to think the thoughts which animated the Divine Being, all unconsciously he had grown like the Being he represented. These acts and thoughts, repeated every day, worked their way into the very tissue and fibre of the rough nature and moulded it to higher, more spiritual lines. In trying to act, and talk, and think like the Christ, he actually became, not only more like his great pattern in character, but in very facial appearance. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Scripture for study, as a rule the Sunday-school lesson."

"Do the members attempt any church work?"

"O yes, they supply the church with flowers, and last year they raised \$20 for missions, which was more than the whole congregation contributed the year before."

"How was it done?"

"The Juniors gave their own pennies, and did no general collecting."

"Is the interest kept up?"

"Wonderfully well, and the average attendance is excellent."

"Do you find any trouble in keeping order?"

"At first there was, but that has