

sang numerous selections from familiar operas, popular songs and melodies and college glees.

The Sunflower Chorus was voted a great success, and those not in the secret begged Miss Abbott to tell them how it was done. And this was her explanation:

One foot behind the stage curtain hang another curtain of dark-brown cambric, ten feet square; attach this by rings to a wire stretched nine feet from the floor; tie cords to the first and last rings, and, drawing the curtain tightly, fasten these rings to the wall on each side. The top being now secured, let the curtain hang naturally; wrap the surplus cloth about a strip of wood twelve feet long, two inches wide, and one inch thick; fasten this to the floor by two large screws, and the flower screen will be tightly stretched.

Group the singers in a picturesque cluster behind the screen, with their faces pressed against the cloth, and at distances from the floor varying from one to eight feet; mark the position of each face, and cut in the screen a hole into which the face will closely fit. Going now to the front of the screen, arrange the flowers and leaves, which should be fully prepared beforehand. The rays of the sunflowers may be cut from yellow paper, and the leaves and stalks from green paper. Paste the rays around the openings, then arrange the stalks and leaves in proper position.

When the paste is dry, remove the strip of wood from the bottom of the screen, unfasten one of the cords at the top and slide it back until needed for use, when it may easily be put into position.

In summer the natural stalks and leaves of the sunflower may be used instead of those made from paper.

THE Rev. Mr. Silcox, of the Congregational Church, Winnipeg, has undertaken to conduct the religious department of the *Sun*, published in the Manitoban capital. He makes a good start by saying: I do this partly because I have an innate love for doing newspaper work. If I was not a preacher I would be an editor; that is, provided I had brains and money enough. There is no higher throne—outside the pulpit—than an editor's chair. It is a position that an angel might covet to fill. We who are not editors sometimes think we could make a better paper than our editor does, just as some people think that they could make a better sermon than the preacher. On the same principle, editors are quite confident that they would make better papers than do the most of those who are elevated to these serene heights. We sometimes think the editor is not religious enough, and that he gives too much space to the baseball brigade, the slugger, etc. We forget that the paper is a condensed history of every day's doings, and must therefore record deaths as well as births, and chronicle the deeds of demons as well as narrate the exploits of angels. In this department I will try, in the space allotted to me, to keep the readers of the *Sun* posted on the most important doings in the religious world. I am sure there are many who will gladly turn to this department to know

how the King's cause prospers. I will do my best to make it wholly unsectarian. I will not push my own denomination prominently before you. In this column we may from time to time be able to say words that will comfort the sorrowing, strengthen the wavering and turn the wanderers back to their Father's home. Our Saviour used a boat for a pulpit. We may turn a newspaper column into a pulpit, and from it preach to a larger audience than the church will accommodate.

A WORD TO SUNDAY TEACHERS.

I wonder if he remembers—

That good old man in heaven—
The class in the old red school-house
Known as the "Noisy Seven,"

I wonder if he remembers

How restless we used to be,
Or thinks we forgot the lessons
Of Christ and Gethsemane.

I wish I could tell the story

As he used to tell it then;
I'm sure—that, with heaven's blessing
I could reach the hearts of men.

That voice, so touchingly tender,

Comes down to me through the years—
A pathos which seemed to mingle
His own with the Saviour's tears.

I often wish I could tell him—

Though we caused him so much pain
By our thoughtless boyish frolic—
His lessons were not in vain.

I'd like to tell him how Harry,

The merriest one of all,
From the bloody field of Shiloh
Went home at the Master's call.

I'd like to tell him how Stephen,

So brimming with mirth and fun,
Now tells the heathen of China
The tale of the Crucified One.

I'd like to tell him how Joseph

And Philip and Jack and Jay
Are honoured among their churches,
The foremost men of their day.

I'd like, yes, I'd like to tell him,

What his lessons did for me,
And how I'm trying to follow
That Christ of Gethsemane.

Perhaps he knows it already,

For Harry has told, may be,
That we all are coming—coming
Through Christ of Gethsemane.

How many beside, I know not,

Will gather at last in heaven
The fruit of that faithful sowing,
But the sheaves are surely seven.

THE Chinese Governor of the large island of Formosa is starting a college, and has chosen a missionary to inaugurate and organize the institution.