

and is content to let it lie in the ground all winter, protected by the snow, and waits in patience for the spring to come and the summer rains and sunshine, till all is ready for garnering the sheaves. The peach trees are planted, and the fruit-grower has to wait four or five years for much reward in the way of peaches. Shall we who sow seeds in children's minds—the garden of destiny—expect to reap our harvest in a few short hours or days? Sometimes we poke up the seeds to see how they are growing, and mar the developing of the roots that should fasten themselves securely in thought and character. From nature let us learn not to be in such great haste, but wait patiently for the great fruition of life's habits in the one thing which God and the angels seek on our planet—"character."

In the great work of the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor, the results are great if the seed-sowing is done and the sunshine, moisture, and all needful culture be given. Never wearying, "for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." But, alas! some one puts his hand to train the girls and boys "for Christ and the Church"—and all is not easy, or quick of attainment—and then, the superintendent resigns, discouraged. The greatest source of discouragement to the superintendent does not so often come from the children, however, as from the older people,—the Young People's society; even the fathers and mothers are woefully indifferent. When the Junior society is deserted by the superintendent, or disbanded from any cause, how often the Juniors ask, "When is the Junior society going to meet again?" "When are we going on with our missionary work? our temperance work?" But the mothers say: "I cannot take my boy away from play to go to the Junior meeting," "My girl has music and painting lessons." Now, "best beloved of human hearts"—the mothers—is play of the greatest importance, and must the pleasures of life crowd out the service? These all have their legitimate place, but to the child trained to give absorbing attention to these, and these only, there will come an hour when character and life's record shall "be weighed in the balance and found wanting." Is it not that we have put so little value upon the moral and spiritual things of life, that the purely material has crowded out the greater things? Will not every church, pastor, father, mother, and Young People's society consider these things, and plan in some way for the training as well as teaching of the girls and boys for Christian service?

In a certain community in Ontario the Church is in a most apathetic state with regard to spiritual matters—the money for the furthering of the Church's interests is also not forthcoming. When asked what they were doing to remedy this state, the workers said: "The case is hopeless." Then the question was asked, "What are you doing for the children?" Please weigh the answer. "We

have Sunday-school in the summer months, but we never take up a collection." Yet these children go to day-school through the winter, and though Sundays are probably no colder than Mondays or Fridays, they are excused from making the effort for the Sunday-school. And then, too, no training in the grace of giving. What is going to become of that community in the days to come? It seems as if the prospects are that the future will be darker than the present experience.

On the other hand, in many a community where the girls and boys are being trained to lead their own meetings, work on committees, raise money for missions, the outlook is that in the future the church will have no dumb and idle Christians, but all be busy, earnest, consecrated witnesses and workers. Who will share in the joy of hastening this glad day? Will not every Young People's society think and pray over this important work?

Bright, Quaint, and Beautiful.

True Stories of the Sayings and Doings of our Juniors.

In the Show Business.

A WELL known Episcopal minister in Toronto has a little son, who is a constant source of interest and entertainment to all who know him. Among his more intimate acquaintances he is known by the pet name of "Baby," but when on his dignity claims for himself the title of Master Aubrey. Last summer I was happy in spending an occasional day at his father's home. One afternoon Master Aubrey took me out into the garden where my reverend host had a little summer house which he used for a study, and where, among other things, he kept his surplice. Baby led me over to the little building and pointing at it with one chubby finger, said with evident pride in the saying of it, "There, Mr. Dun-can-Cla-ark; there's where father keeps his circus!"

On another occasion Aubrey and I were at a Sunday-school picnic together. We had been having a good time romping with a number of other youngsters, and at last I proposed standing treat for the little group of five. Grab-bags were the popular choice, so we hied ourselves to the candy stand and I invested five cents in grab-bags—one for each. Some few minutes later, having been attending to some other matters, I passed Master Aubrey seated by himself on a bench, and lo! in his hands, not one, but five grab-bags tightly grasped. I sat down beside him and asked solemnly, "Aubrey, where did you get those grab-bags?" He slowly withdrew one sticky finger from his mouth, and with an inscrutable look in his eyes, pointed it at me, wagging his head slowly but venturing never a word of explanation, and no amount of coaxing could secure further satisfaction. From that day