

speaks for itself. Great results are expected from this organization—so increased and more regular attendance—a much larger offertory—a broader class sympathy—a deeper interest in the lessons and a more earnest application of their teachings.

Frequent reunions and the cultivation of a healthy class sentiment is a most efficient way to secure class control.

Ah, but some teacher may say, your suggestions won't apply to one of my boys. I don't believe any scheme will reach him. He is a problem no one can solve. If I was but free of that one boy I would have a fair class. I was in that position myself one time. I have always regretted I let that boy conquer me. I don't believe he could do it now. There is a spark of humanity in every boy—a fire in every soul that can be kindled for good. Don't put that boy away. There is a way to win him.

Remember Dr. Morrison. For years the worst boy in the town. Three times expelled from the Sunday-school. He then became one of the most successful of missionaries. Don't be too niggardly of your time. Don't think the effort too great. For oh! what a reward will be ours if through our instrumentality the Holy Spirit breathes upon the smouldering spark of good in even one boy's heart that it may burst into flame to illumine the rugged pathway that leads to life eternal.

CALL OF THE BELLS.

It was a lonely Sabbath afternoon. I sat in the doorway, looking out upon green fields which stretched away before me, with groves of trees farther on, and here and there a roof peeping out between. On one side rose a tall hill crowned with a lighthouse, and in the distance lay the sea, intensely blue and beautiful. The sun shone brightly overhead, and sky and earth seemed to bask in its smile. But the central point of the landscape was the old church tower, from which the bells now began to ring out for afternoon service—such a sweet, joyous, inviting sound, as though they would say, "Come! come! We can promise you better things than

even the bright sunshine and the beauty round about you. Come and see! Come and hear! Come and taste! Come and possess!"

It sounded to me like the Divine call in the sunny days of youth. When the world seems fresh and bright, when sorrow falls but as a momentary shadow across the path, when new scenes of interest are constantly opening before the eye, when the heart is light and the mind yet unacquainted with care, it is then that *the Lord calls the child* (1 Sam. iii. 8). It may be through the gentle voice of a mother; it may be through the friendly word of a teacher, or the kindly yet solemn admonition of a pastor; it may be through the pleasant page of some book; it may be through the holy lessons of Scripture, that the call comes. The child hears of the love of God, of the Saviour who died for sinners, of the home prepared above, and of the unfailing provision for the saint below; and the sound is sweet and pleasant, and the heart feels its attraction. But how often does the matter seem to end here! The inviting call from the old church tower ended here for the writer, for I was unable to leave my sheltered seat and accept its friendly offer. And as I sat there I sadly thought of the numbers who heard the Divine call, and whose ears were pleased for a time by its sweet music, yet who never gave heed to it, never followed it!

And as I sat and mused, a change came over the scene. Dark, threatening clouds spread themselves over the smiling sky. The soft blue of the sea turned to a sober gray, and the whole character of the landscape was altered, and whether it were imagination or not I cannot tell—the church bells seemed to take a different sound. Instead of the sweet, serene, gently inviting tone I had first heard, they now struck a harsher, sharper, more imperative note. It was not now a pleasant, alluring invitation; it was an urgent summons. It seemed to say, "The time is passing! The hour is close at hand! Delay not! Haste! Come before it be too late!"

So it is with the Divine call. In early life it says: "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" "My

son, give me thine heart." But as life goes on, and the call, often heard, is still neglected, the invitation slighted, the gracious offer trifled with, the strain alters. Now it is: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found;" "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts;" "Escape for thy life;" "Flee from the wrath to come." And yet, as clouds of care and trouble obscure the sky, that call, though urgent and imperative and, in a manner, stern, is yet a call to shelter, to refuge, to safety, to rest. It is still a call of pleading love:

"Sill open stands the gate—
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room! Room!—still room! O enter,
enter now!"

But it will not always sound. When the hour struck on that summer's day the church bells ceased, the invitation no longer floated on the air, the time for the call was over. In that earthly building (though such is not always the case) there was still place for a late comer. But when the heavenly call has ceased, he who may yet come up to the door will find it *shut*, and will have to say, mournfully: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!"—*Sarah Geraldina Stock, in "Light in the Home."*

Men long for riches as they long for food. They crave love, they crave fame, they crave power, they crave knowledge, they crave silver and gold; and they live and die with their cravings unsatisfied. Many a man who has given his life to the pursuit of material wealth has died in want. This is the story of the alchemists of old, who devoted themselves to a search for the secret of turning all things to gold. There was one Gabriel Plattes, for example, who gave long years to this study, and wrote a book on the subject, more than two centuries ago. He told how he had at last succeeded in making pure gold; but before he could avail himself of his discovery he "dropped down dead in the London streets for want of food." There is a longing that shall be satisfied, but it is not for gold. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."