

But there are special experiences which may mean much to others who have not had them, and when these beam out in the signal flame it may be a revelation to those who are watching. These may be the very things needed by which to direct an uncertain course, and their value is great.

Have you thought much about the less highly favored ones, you who have every advantage of surroundings and appliances? Have you stopped often to estimate the numbers of those who toil under difficulties in obscure places, loving their work, and longing ardently to do it well, laboring, as they do, for immortals no less than others whose scholars may present a different outward appearance? Have you considered how you might come into closer fellowship with these? Pass on a bit of your experience. You must pass some of them somewhere, or at least come in contact with those who are in touch with them. Reach out, even at a distance; send out the signal light, and it will not be in vain. Look about for the chance to share what you have gained with some worker in a smaller school near by, or at a distance which may be covered by the United States mail. Have you nothing which you have used which you might send on to be used again? "Let your light so shine."

But another signal flame is

#### SYMPATHY.

Common experience and labor will bring common feeling. There is mutual understanding in the very nature of things. But it must be shown, or how shall any darkness be illuminated? Why is it that so many go their ways and give no sign of what they really feel? Is it not a distinct loss to others and to themselves as well? Consider the experiences and needs of others, call to mind the sacred tie that binds, listen to the appeal which comes from those who crave sympathy, and while you muse the fire will burn. The signal fire will glow, and presently kindle and flash, and those who pass will be gladdened and grateful. The sin of concealment may not be thought a very heinous crime, but when actual good feeling is covered from sight, and has never a revealing light, making others poor by what they miss, then is it not culpable? It is not hard to manifest sympathy if one feels it genuinely. This, too, may be passed on along the line. There is always some one near enough to each of us to answer the signal, and not only respond, but pass it on. "Let your light so shine."

And there is another—a white light, a ray of blessing, warming and illuminating. It is—O, you know that it must be

#### LOVE.

There is no signal light which receives so quick an answer as this. "Love is of God," and all who are "born of God" and who are engaged in his own loving work for the little ones must surely love each other. "The children's bread" is put into our hands "for finest breaking" and for distribution to the little ones, "whose angels do always behold the face of the Father." Unless we break it for love's dear sake, how shall they be fed? If we have love enough for the work we must do, will we not love other workers too? Shall we not let them see it everywhere and always, if it be by no more than a passing salute as we sail the sea that is often tempestuous and where the friendly signal light is welcome and precious beyond measure?

Somehow let us show it, by spoken, written, or printed word; or, best of all, by prayer for all engaged as we are. Let the light so shine that our Father will be glorified.

### The Cradle Roll.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

ONE of the latest ventures in the primary department work is the Cradle Roll. This consists of an enrollment of the babies of the parish and neighborhood, in case little ones come to families who claim no church home. I have never yet heard of parents who refused to have their little ones thus made members of the school. In fact, they are pleased that so much notice is taken of the wee newcomers, for what father or mother does not, even from the birth of a child, begin to desire for it an upright career? Not long ago a father, who was not a churchgoing man himself, said in regard to his baby boy, "O, I want him to begin to go to Sunday school when he is old enough. I want him to be a good boy."

The teacher of the class who has a baby roll is, of course, expected to call upon these tiny members as surely as upon the other scholars who attend the sessions; also to observe their birthdays by sending them birthday letters, cards, flowers, or some appropriate gifts. There might be, if desired, a special collection box for the babies. Its contents, doubtless, would not be burdensome, provided a cent for each year lived be the basis of contribution, but it would early imbue the future pillars of the church with the principles of benevolence.

A pleasant feature is to have hanging to the wall of the primary room the names of all on the Cradle Roll, and what is even more pleasant is to have as many pictures of the little ones as