

there were deeper depths of poverty than any hunger of the body or homelessness; there was a far emptier life than that of men standing idle because no one will hire them.

Alas! how many there are in our churches whose lives are worn thin because they have starved their finer feelings. They are athirst for true love, and they have not yet found it; they are an hungered for something to fill the heart, and they know not what aileth them.

Knowledge and capacity there are in abundance in the membership of the Christian congregations. Many highly educated men and women, who have had the advantages that towns and cities can afford, as well as those that come from travel and the possession of comfort, are standing idle to-day, as though no service were required of them. But what are art, music, intellectual accomplishment, knowledge, unless they are shared with others, and increase with the expenditure? Our heart ceases to love unless we love. Our love to God dies unless we love our fellows also.

The children of our churches and homes and the open street are an expanse of human life richer by far than the golden acres of our North-west. Richer, did I say? Nay, rich beyond comparison, for they yield that harvest of human love for which the world's lone heart is longing to-day. In those young, beautiful lives, tantalizing almost because of their variety and uncertainty, there is at least one sure return, if only they are approached with love—love itself. Love never faileth, even though we may think so at times.

"Ah! but the children are so wilful, and I have no tact. I have tried to love them, but see no success. Let another take my place." May it not be that your heart needs more practice in loving, and that your head is disciplined better than the heart? If that may be a possible reason of what you deem to be your failure, do not yield too soon to your discontent, for the young, wilful heart of the child may be God's instrument for training you to love. And in this child you may be discovering a deeper depth in the love of God Himself. Redeeming love is the new love which has been made known to the world in Jesus Christ. That is true

love indeed. But it had its agony. It also has its joy in the bringing to the Father, through the wondrous sacrifice of Calvary, His wandering sons. That joy will be in some measure ours, when the impenetrable or elusive heart of the child yields at last to our unwearied service and affection.

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### How Sir Galahad Got Hold of a Class

*By Rev. A. L. Phillips, D.D.*

One Sunday afternoon my boy came home with a book under his arm, and when I asked what it was, he replied, "Sir Galahad." "Who is he," I asked. "Don't you know Sir Galahad? Our teacher has been telling us about him, and we have got very much interested in him, and this is his picture." I watched the boy, and in a few minutes he went up to his room and hung the picture beside his mirror; and now, if you are looking for trouble, just you interfere with Sir Galahad. Why? Because their teacher had enthused the boys by holding up to their gaze this great hero, and their ideals had been touched by coming in contact with him.

Try the story of David. The boys don't care about his having written the Psalms particularly; what does David say about himself, that fresh, ruddy-complexioned boy? I like to think of him as he came up to King Saul and requested to be allowed to fight the enemy of Israel. Saul asked him, "Can you fight?" and he replied, "Yes." "But you are a very little chap"; and he then tells the king how he had slain a bear and a lion in defending his father's sheep, and says, "By the help of the God of Israel I will slay this giant." You know all about Goliath. We would think it a miracle to-day; but have you not seen a man who could take a rifle and hit a target with a bullet? Well, David could do the same with a stone from a sling. The boys nowadays would say, "He is a great shot." And David said, "My feet are like hinds' feet." Your boy would no doubt say, "He is a great sprinter." And again he said, "I can run through a troop." Whatever that means I should like to know; but if it were in our day and