

class passes into a room off one end the chapel verandah. Before taking up the lesson for the day, it is our custom to spend a few moments in prayer. The children are taught that Jesus loves to hear them pray if they mean the words they say, and are encouraged to do so at this time. Often we begin with a short talk on prayer, after which each child is asked to name some one thing for which he desires to thank the Father or for which he wishes to ask. Then all heads are bowed and as many as feel moved to do so, offer short sentence prayers for that which they previously specified. Thus we have a variety of petitions and each feels he has a part in this blessed season.

Sunday, Oct. 1st, we commenced in this way, when my turn came, I said I had some thing very special to ask Jesus and went on to tell the children that baby Frances was not well, all night she had suffered so she could not sleep. She was better, but I wanted to ask Jesus to please make her entirely well.

The same evening the Lord sent his angels to this home. We did not see them enter: we hardly realized they might be hovering over her whose every movement we anxiously watched. She was dear to each of us; she had brought much sunshine into each of our lives; day by day she was growing inexpressibly sweeter and dearer and more essential, we thought to the happiness of this home. But the loving Father who never makes the slightest error, had sent that ray of sunshine for four short months only, and the time had come when He wanted that darling one in Heaven, wanted her there free from all pain and free from all sin, wanted her sweet baby voice to swell the angelic chorus of praise from infant lips, wanted her to draw the thoughts of those who loved her most, more from earth to Heaven. So the angels carried the little lamb to Jesus' bosom and the hearts which had thrilled with joy and gladness unspeakable, when they had received that precious treasure, were aching and bleeding because of what it cost to give her again to the Giver. But the God of all comfort stood by them, so-laced them, wiped the tears from their eyes, filled with His own blessed presence the lonely hours, opened Heaven to them and shewed them its beauty and freedom from pain and sickness and all of those things which had made their hearts

qui
who
liev
trea
defi
The
the
the
Th
nev

the
clir
to
Th
so. ;
bet

me
hac
sor
of
wo
wh
thi
us
wh
tuc
cou
sti
ge

ha
sh
G
sw
"C
th
tic
pr
he