

A FAMOUS VIOLINIST SURRENDERS

A great violinist, Frederick Van Fossen, had made a wonderful offer to the boys under thirteen. A valuable violin was to be given to one who, on the first day of January, played the most skilfully and pleasantly for him.

Knowing the old musician's odd ways, William was working hard on an especially difficult piece, hoping that he would be the fortunate boy to win the violin.

William belonged to a Sunday school class which had as its motto, "Win One." He had never tried to do this, for he himself had not yet been won for Jesus Christ. But on this New Year's Day, as he listened to the earnest words of his teacher, a new light entered his soul, and he resolved that not only would he take Jesus as his Saviour, but he would try to "Win One" for Him.

That afternoon he was to play before Van Fossen. As he was walking toward the studio, a great conflict was raging in his soul.

Knowing the old gentleman to be an infidel,

William felt that here was his opportunity to "Win One" for Jesus. But what could he do or say? If he asked Van Fossen to take Jesus as his Saviour, the old man might become angry and refuse to listen to his playing.

Then suddenly as he stood in the presence of the noted musician, a great resolve formed in his mind. Quickly, lest he become faint-hearted, he drew his bow across the strings. Then softly and tenderly he played the strains of an old familiar hymn—"Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken."

As he finished playing, Mr. Fossen arose and led him to the door. "My chance to win the violin is gone, Mother," said William a little later, as he told her the story. "I did not play the piece on which I had practised for I wanted to win him for Jesus, and now I have lost everything."

But just as the sun was touching with golden fingers the peaks of the distant hills, and painting the sky with myriads of wonderful colours, a note was delivered to William. The words of the message were, "Come and see me at once.—Frederick Van Fossen."

Breathlessly, William entered for the second time the beautiful studio of the noted infidel. Would he be angry with him?

"My boy," said the old gentleman, "Why did you play that hymn for me today?" As William told of his resolution to start the New Year by taking Jesus as his Saviour, and explained his desire to "Win One" for Him, the tears trickled down the man's cheeks.

"That was my mother's favourite hymn," he said. "When you played it this afternoon, I fancied I heard her voice calling me to take Jesus as my Saviour. My boy, your Captain is my Captain. This New Year's Day begins a new life for me. Here is the violin. You have not only won it, but you have 'Won One' for Jesus Christ."—The Flame.

The first Tent Meeting of this summer's Crusade efforts will be held at Sussex, N. B., June 7—21. The Crusade Evangelistic Team, Rev. B. C. Cochrane, Deverne and Paul Mullen, will assist Rev. R. H. Nicholson in this campaign. Your prayers are requested.

I have a request to make of every teacher in our Sunday school," said the pastor, smiling, as he rose to his feet.

It was near the close of the regular monthly meeting of the teachers and officers of our Sunday school. Every eye was upon the speaker. Just what could his request be? He was such a kind, devoted pastor, always greatly concerned for the best interests of his people. From the oldest to the youngest, he shared their joys and sorrows, and he was always anxious for the well-being of everyone under his care.

"I want every teacher to visit the home of every pupil in her class, at least once a year," he said. "I hope you can manage more than one visit a year, but don't fail to make at least one. Please!" That is all he said.

I do not know what experience the other teachers had the following week, but mine was enough to cause me to do some deep thinking. I called at two homes the first night, and what a pleasant reception I had! I must confess I had never done any systematic visiting among my pupils—I had made several calls on the sick, but I had never called at their homes with the purpose of having a friendly chat with them about the Sunday school. I was amazed to discover how eager parents were to discuss the Sunday school and the religious development of their children.

I had never done any work which gave me such an insight into the real needs of my pupils. By the end of the week, I had visited the homes of all the pupils in my class. The next Sunday morning I had ten smiling faces in my class—a perfect attendance—the first in many months. Several other classes had a perfect attendance, and I suspected that several others had done as I had—called at the homes of the pupils.

The attendance of our Sunday school began to grow, but it was not till the next teachers' meeting that the truth was revealed.

The teachers had called upon their pupils, and a more enthusiastic group of teachers you never saw. They had learned to know their pupils and their home environment. They began to realize just how deeply some of those pupils' parents were interested in their work. It humbled every teacher to know how great was the opportunity of teaching a group of children.

That was the beginning of greater things in our Sunday school. Slowly and gradually a feeling of warmth began to creep over our school. The old discipline problem of former days seemed to vanish into thin air. Many of the discipline problems centered in a misunderstanding between teacher and pupils. Somehow the pupils knew now that the teachers were interested in them and in their homes. And because the teachers knew home conditions, they were able to apply their teaching in a far more effective manner.

Almost every visit brought information about a neighbor who wanted to start a child in some good Sunday school. Just a friendly invitation and a request for one of the pupils to stop by for the new recruit brought many new pupils into our school.

This business of being a teacher in our school began to assume the mark of a sacred adventure. It began to be a joy to be a teacher—we no longer thought of it as a duty. Our

We record the passing of Mrs. Margaret M. Bradley, wife of Mr. Steven H. Bradley, at her home at Grey's Mills. She had been an invalid for several years, but the end came unexpectedly on the 11th of May. She will be greatly missed, not only by her family, but also by the community and the great number of others who had made her acquaintance and enjoyed the hospitality of her home, as well as the Christian fellowship. During her long Christian life she was much interested in and helped greatly to carry on the work of God in the home, the church and the community. She leaves to regret her passing, her husband, Mr. S. H. Bradley, who for many years worked as colporteur for the British and Foreign Bible Society, and who now is in poor health; five daughters, Mrs. George E. MacCallum, of Edmundston, N. B.; Mrs. Raymond H. Parks, of Calais, Me.; Miss Eldora Bradley, Wollaston, Mass.; Miss Margaret E. G. Bradley and Miss Alice A. Bradley, R. N., of Grey's Mills; four sons: Mr. James H. Bradley, Moncton, N. B.; John W. Bradley, Saint John; Rev. Ernest R. Bradley, Lowell, Mass., and David E. Bradley, Grey's Mills; thirteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted at the home and at the church on May 13th by her pastor, Rev. P. H. Green, assisted by Rev. D. H. Ramsay and Rev. T. F. Rowley.

We extend our sincere sympathy to the sorrowing ones, and look forward with them to the time when "We shall meet to part, no never, on the resurrection morn." Interment was in the local cemetery.

BURNING LOVE

A widespread visitation of love is more needed by our poor undone world than all else beside.

There is much that is lukewarm; true love, beyond question, it often is, and unselfish, too, but so feeble as to be scarcely worthy of the name.

There is love that is fickle and spasmodic. Hot and ready to promise to do and to be and to suffer today, but cold, powerless and all but extinct tomorrow.

Then there is the steady, earnest, burning passion, which, whatever feelings may come and go, whatever advantages may promise, or whatever threatenings may frown, is ever the same overpowering principle in the soul.

It was burning love that carried the prophets of old through hardships, suffering and death.

It was this burning love that carried Jesus Christ to the Cross.

It was this burning love that carried millions and millions more since that day to a triumphant finish.

Burning love will make you preach, pray, visit, deal with difficulties, and go to the end of the earth to save souls.

Burning love, the most precious of all gifts, is within reach of all. The human gifts counted of most value by man are denied to many. All cannot excel in the gift of praying and talking. But all can have the spirit of burning love.—War Cry.

teachers are all happy in their work, and our pupils are happy, too. We love our Sunday school because we have learned to love one another.—Sunday School Times.