THE IDEAL S. S.

A Paper Read by Miss F. E. Murray, of St. John,

At the Fredericton Diocesan Sunday School Conference Held at Sussex, N. B., on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 17th and 18th.

Assembled as we are at this Sunday school conference, I may take it for granted that we all agree in the importance, nay the necessity of Sunday schools. We are not working under protest, only half assured that home teaching may not be quite as efficient. But seeing that the social sympathy of the kindergarten is brought at a very early age to assist in secular education, we feel that children's religious training ought especially at this time to receive all possible help from outside influences.

Taking then this for granted, the first thought in connection with the subject on which I have been asked to write is which of the different definitions of the word ideal is meant when a paper is requested on The Ideal Sunday School.

The Standard Dictionary tells us, among other definitions, that the "ideal (Sunday school) is imaginary and ordinarily unattainable." This is discouraging. Let us consult Ruskin. He says, "The ideal of virtue is the mental concept or image of virtue in its highest conceivable perfection."

Applying this meaning to our subject, we should say that the ideal of a Sunday school is a picture in our minds of a Sunday school in its highest degree of perfection. But here a difficulty at once presents itself—How can we form a mental picture, a model, an ideal of a Sunday school in its highest degree of perfection, when Sunday school work has so many different aspects. It adapts itself to the city, to the country, to the missionary field and to our wealthy parishes. Several strong contrasts present themselves to my memory. I can recall a Sunday school in a pretty village in Dorsetshire. Laurels sheltered it, and laburnums "leant over and arched the way" that led from the school past the quiet green graves to the old grey church. The village children, their hands filled with violets or primroses, made as they entered school their curtsies to their teachers, one of whom, the clergyman's neice, just 8 years old, felt more important at the head of her little class than she does now, when addressing this conference.

Then may I ask you to accompany me to a missionary school in the far south, shaded by magnolias, palmetto and live oaks from the fierce glare of the almost tropical sun. The seats are filled with dusky scholars, their eager upturned faces, their large dark eyes are full of intelligence and enthusiasm. When the singing begins not a voice is silent. The full tide of harmony rolls on whether it be the Magnificat, chanted at their opening service, or a plantation hymn, as "Bell done ring in t'oder bright world, I heard from heaben today," or our own familiar "Onward Christian Soldiers." Sunday after Sunday these 400 negro children trudge six or seven miles to gather round their beloved white teacher, who has given a life's work to their education. She is now assisted by a band of intelligent colored teachers, her former scholars, and I venture to say that these little darkies know as much or perhaps more of their Bible than many white children who have leaflets and Bible helps and all other modern aids to study.

Coming nearer home, the picture of a log school house in the backwoods of our own province crosses my mind. The school house is almost hidden by spruce trees, and is filled by a motley group of children of various denominations, gathered from a sparsely settled district, through which the clergyman drives many a weary mile to his Sunday services. During the rector's absence I took the Bible class, and standing before a promiscuous row of scholars I began, "What is your name?" then proceeding, "Who gave you this name?" The unexpected answer was, "Parson says I needn't learn that, I ain't been sprinkled." It is right to add that this log school house of thirty years ago has been replaced by a pretty gothic building, where, presumably, more satisfactory catechism answers are given.

Then of course we are all familiar with our city Sunday schools, thriving descendants of old Trinity's Sunday school under Dr. Gray. That lacked indeed many modern appliances, but its attendance was good, its teachers enthusiastic, with a far larger proportion of men than there are at present. There were no leaflets then and no machines for multiplying writings. The rector drew up the lesson scheme, the teachers copied. From this worthy progenitor our ten city schools, with their 2,214 scholars and 213 teachers, have branched out.

Now for these varied forms of this widespread Sunday school work; how can we find an ideal, a model? This is one difficulty in my way. The other is the complex nature of the subject. An ideal Sunday school implies an ideal Sunday school house, ideal teachers, an ideal superintendent, an ideal parish and an ideal rector. It will be seen therefore that in speaking of an ideal Sunday school I may have to touch on points apparently outside of my subject, but which are in reality as closely connected with it as is the dynamo with the electric cars some miles distant.

To begin with the ideal school house. The Sunday school house in its highest state of perfection is as near the parish church as possible, as like it as possible in architecture, to symbolize, to emphasize the close connection between the church and the Sunday school. Within, comfort, as regards light, heat, ventilation and beauty, no bare, whitewashed walls, but all that can arouse a child's interest and imagination, plans, maps, and above all suitable pictures. The youngest, the lowest, are open to ideas imparted in this way. In St. John last month some of the waifs gathered in the Protestant Orphan Asylum were taken to the loan collection of pictures from Montreal, exhibited at the Y. M. C. A. Some thought this an useless proceeding, as the pictures would be far beyond the comprehension of the children. But they went, they clustered round their matron and moved with interest from picture to picture; but once having seen Gabriel Max's great picture, "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," they would steal back from other parts of the hall two and three at a time and stand perfectly absorbed and silent before the great masterpiece. This is an age of illustrative art. So let us have in our ideal school house pictures as many and as good as can be afforded. The mind is taught through the eye as well as through the ear.

The next requisite is a boys' Bible class room, and also one for girls. Young people do not like to be classed with children, and separate class rooms might prevent the departure of many scholars, who are apt to leave soon after confirmation. I saw in Wannamaker's large Sunday school in Philadelphia that all the older classes were separated from the main school by plate glass slides, which were rolled back at the opening and closing services. The seats in our ideal school house should be of different heights, and a table in the middle of each class is a great aid in concentrating and securing attention. I first saw them in the school of Christ's church cathedral, Montreal. There each class gathered round its table, which had a drawer for papers and books. A room for the infant class with a blackboard is almost indispensable. The last thing I would mention is that perplexing and much abused Sunday school library. So difficult is it to manage that some would abolish it altogether and thus abandon a great aid in influencing and instructing young people. Each Sunday school should have a library of books or reference for teachers and a list of carefully selected works of fiction. I say deliberately works of fiction. What are good works of fiction but parables of life? A lesson impressed by living examples is remembered when good advice is forgotten. These books generally reach the parents of the scholars, and will aid in enforcing the rector's admonition and in supplementing his teaching. That noble society for promoting Christian knowledge, the S. P. C. K. as we call it, provides at its depositaries in St. John and elsewhere a very good selection of interesting books at moderate prices. Pictures, texts, illuminated cards can be had from the same society. This is our ideal school house. An impossibility it may be thought in a country parish. But if we cannot reach we can strike towards an ideal. A small building may be as well proportioned, as well heated, lighted annd ventilated as a large school house, and in these days of chromolithographs and photogravures, reprints of good pictures are not difficult to procure.

I have not said anything about what might be called the commisariat department of the ideal Sunday school. If possible it would be well to relegate these arrangements to the parish house. But in parishes without this useful building the basement of the Sunday school might be utilized for the purpose, and provided with crockery, cutlery and other appliances for the Sunday school feasts and entertainments which are so popular at the present day.

The next part of my subject is the ideal teacher. What are the chief requisites. Presupposing deep religious feeling and a fair amount of biblical and prayer book knowledge the chief requisite for an ideal teacher is the power of control, without which all other gifts are useless. A noisy, undisciplined class is a reproach to the teacher.

"There are no bad regiments," said the great Napoleon, "but there are bad colonels." The next best power is that of winning the affection of the young—so only can you mould the character. The third requisite is the power of teaching and imparting knowledge. These are the three important requisites for a successful teacher. The power of controlling, the power of attracting, the power of imparting.

The ideal teacher will, of course, be punctual and regular in attendance, will get up the lesson carefully during the week, will occasionally visit the parents, so that knowledge may be gained of the home life of the scholars. Ideal teachers will qualify themselves for their work by study and by submitting if possible to examinations. They will not allow social engagements to interfere with teachers' meetings. They will be loyal to rector and superintendent, never indulging in criticism among themselves, always promptly repressing it in the young people and children in their charge. Lastly they will remember their scholars in their prayers. The words of that beautiful prayer hymn will often recur to their minds and be involuntarily breathed from their hearts:

"Speak to me, Lord, that I may speak
In loving echoes of Thy tones."

The next subject is the ideal superintendent. A difficult and most important office. In St. John, in the long past, it has sometimes fallen to the lot of women, and in old Trinity the names of Miss DeBlois, and later Miss Sarah Peters, are recalled with affection, respect and esteem. The position however seems more appropriate to men. It requires a man of ability and energy, with strong vitality, which will keep him in touch with the bounding exuberance of youth, and at the same time give him power when necessary to control. He ought also to be progressive, well acquainted with all new notions and plans of Sunday school work, and ready, with the rector's consent, to adopt any that seem suitable. A little knowledge of music and a little enthusiasm about it is also of great advantage to a superintendent. In St. Paul's school, among our many good superintendents, we have had two who might be said to have almost reached the ideal standard of excellence. I may be allowed to allude to them, as they both left St. John some years ago. One, the present Archdeacon Sill of Cohoes, Diocese of Albany, was for many years Canon DeVeber's curate. He was given complete charge of the Sunday school, which increased rapidly under his management. He had a wonderful memory of faces and names, and never passed one of the 300 scholars in the street without a friendly recognition. His rule was strict, yet loving. His power of controlling, attracting and instructing was particularly marked when he catechised. The scholars would sit perfectly quiet, their attention fixed on him, while by skilful questioning he roused the mind and drew out intelligent answers. He also took much interest in the singing of the school, and being very musical himself he brought it up to a high standard.

The other model superintendent was Mr. Montague Chamberlain, a layman, a business man. He is now assistant librarian in Harvard college, Boston. He brought his exact and business-like ways into every department of our Sunday school. He was ready to adopt new plans and methods when old ones seemed to be losing their power. His zeal and self-denial were shown in one instance by his spending one of his rare holidays—May 24th—in the Sunday school library, arranging and selecting books.

In these days of eagerly competing business life it is most difficult to find any one who, after a week of hard work, is willing to give up his day of rest and act as superintendent of a Sunday school. All honor to those who do so. Let us appreciate their self-denying labor and support them in their work.

The ideal parish—In the ideal parish the parishioners take a deep interest in the Sunday school. They see that their children attend punctually and regularly, they enquire about the lessons, assist children in finding texts and in every possible way co-operate with the teachers. In the ideal parish school sessions are so arranged that the little ones have an opportunity of going with their parents to the house of God. In some parishes, such as St. Mary's and St. Paul's in St. John, a morning and an afternoon school have for various reasons been deemed advisable, but these are exceptional cases. As a rule children cannot attend two Sunday school sessions and a church service without much weariness. In a general way the afternon Sunday school seems to answer best. It avoids the hurry and scramble of the average family on Sunday morning. "The Sabbath was made for man," for a brainworker or a handworker, and an hour's later rest on Sunday morning is no sin. Then after a comfortable family meal, a little attention to the children's dress, the whole family proceed with a restful, quiet feeling to the parish church. This plan affords also ample opportunity to attend an early celebration.

Then after a frugal dinner or lunch the afternoon school begins with fresh zest and vigor. It is closed in time enough for a Sunday walk. Then the older ones will be ready for evening service, after which each family in our ideal parish will gather in friendly intercourse. Such is Sunday life in the ideal parish—the parish in its highest state of perfection.

Then the ideal parish will support its Sunday school. Books, fuel, lighting, repairs—all the needs of the school, should be supplied by the parish. The children's offerings, dedicated by a hymn or prayer, should be appropriated as thought fit by rector, superintendent and teachers in friendly conclave. A portion doubtless will be given to the parish funds, a portion donated to home missions, and a portion, only a tithe it may be, ought to be appropriated to foreign missions—the salt on the sacrifice.

The ideal rector—Very careful must I be in handling this part of my subject, especially after my remarks about criticism. But I may say that the ideal rector will give the Sunday school a foremost place in his parish arrangements. Remembering that Sunday school work originated less than 150 years ago from a tiny seed dropped by the Great Sower, in the heart of one of His humble servants, seeing that since then, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, the Guide of the church, this field of work has overspread the various Christian communities of the English speaking Anglo-Saxon race, the ideal rector will estimate at its full value the agency thus placed within his reach and use it to the best advantage. He will be in his Sunday school as often as is possible in these days of hard-working, over-worked clergy. He will select the opening and closing services of his school—the course of yearly lessons by leaflets or otherwise and the hymns. Let us have one hymn book for church and Sunday school services. It binds the Sunday school closer to the church. And if the hymns selected are beyond the appreciation of the Sunday scholar they are probably beyond that of many of the congregation.

The ideal rector holds regular teacher's meetings. Teachers are like telephonic wires By them the rector's influence reaches many more families than would otherwise be possible.

Then our ideal rector has an ideal wife, who strengthens his authority and deepens his influence in the Sunday school. I know there is a difference of opinion on this subject. A long controversy was carried on about it last year in the London Guardian.

Some think that the wife need not, nay, ought not to take interest in her husband's professional duties; that her family, her household cares, her social duties, her legitimate recreations will amply occupy her time. Doubtless there are many such cases.

Others contend that the bond of mutual interest and mutual work increases the sympathy and enjoyment of married life; that in these days of woman's influence it will be one of the highest, sweetest duties of a clergyman's wife to share her husband's interests, and to assist in the parish and in the Sunday school in the many ways a wife alone can do.

I know a parish in which the rector's wife comes into the Sunday school every Sunday morning and takes the register of attendance. As she walks down the aisle of the school, bright faces and pleasant smiles greet her. She thus becomes acquainted with the young people of the parish. The work done, she returns to her household duties. Sometimes a sister or a grown up daughter can take a post of usefulness in the Sunday school.

but nothing can quite replace the gentle, unobtrusive influence of the rector's wife. As I read these words many here will doubtless recall the beloved memory of the wife of a former rector of this parish. I mean Mrs. Charles Medley, who has so lately entered into rest and rejoined her husband in the paradise of God.

In loving companionship in mutual work, in kind hospitality, in sympathy with the sick, the sad and the sorrowing, she seemed to fill out the ideal of a rector's wife. I only knew her in the retirement of her widowhood, so that I cannot speak more definitely of her active life.

Lastly, the ideal rector will encourage the attendance of his teachers at Sunday school conferences.

Here again we meet with a difference of opinion. "What is the benefit of conferences?" we are asked. We see that attendance at them is one of the features of the day. There are church conferences, Sunday school conferences, missionary conferences, and, may I add women's conferences. What is the benefit of conferences? we are again asked. Are they merely a fad, a fashion? No, certainly not. There is no great movement of humanity but has some deep meaning. The spirit of the living God still broods over the world of men as formerly over the face of the waters, gradually evolving unexpected results, which are at first but partially understood. The future will probably show more plainly than the present the benefit of these numerous conferences, but even now we can see many good results. Conferences tend to widen sympathy, to arouse energy, to suggest new ideas. While we are listening to the earnest address of another, fresh thoughts come up in our own minds; while we are speaking, others catch the glow of our enthusiasm. But in order to experience the full benefit of a conference we must do our share of the work. We must not be merely attentive listeners; we must take an active part. A remark, or indeed only a question, from each member will add to the interest of all.

So only shall we feel a fresh impulse given to our own life, so only shall we pass it on to others, so only shall we leave this conference stirred up and encouraged to fresh efforts in our Sunday school work.

I have now presented you with a picture of the ideal Sunday school, its school house, its teachers, its superintendent, its rector and the parish in which it stands. I have said nothing of opening or closing responsive services, of bright recessionals while marching in order out of school, of the hearty singing of hymns, of periodical children's services, monthly, quarterly, annually; of mixed services, such as we hold in St. John on Ascension day, when all our schools join in an interesting evening service; of methods of teaching, of lesson leaflets, of memorizing, of home compositions, of catechising by rector or superintendent, of grading, of prizes. It would require another paper as long as this to enter on these subjects. Some of them will be touched upon during the course of this conference.

As regards the whole work I will only add that it is the noblest, the most interesting upon which we can have the privilege of being engaged. It has its difficulties, but it has also its encouragements. Both are alluded to in this simple poem, selected by a friend, with which I conclude my paper:

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

"O sweetest of all legends
That down the centuries come,
The story of St. Christopher
Amid the tempest's gloom,
The dark and stormy midnight,
The tempest raging wild,
Yet safely bearing in his arms
The little wandering child.

He holds him high above the flood,
With an arm that never fails;
Yet now the giant strength grows weak
The giant courage quails.
Around him and above him
The watery blackness whirled,
"Messeems, fair child, I bear in thee
The weight of all the world."

Yet for the sake of Christ the Lord
He struggles bravely on;
At last he staggers to the bank,
The perilous journey done.
Before his glad adoring eyes
The child form changed and glowed,
Till he knew the Master of his love,
The risen Christ of God.

"O brothers, sisters, ye whose task
From toilsome day to day,
Is still to guide the little ones
Across the dangerous way,
The work of brave St. Christopher
Ye carry forward still,
Worthy the proudest strength of man
And woman's finest skill.

What marvel if your spirits quail
At the perils of the road;
What marvel if ye sometimes faint
Beneath the heavy load.
It is the weight of all the world,
Ye bear mid gathering gloom;
The burden of the darkening years
Hope of the age to come.
Although for you no childish form
May ever change or shine
With white celestial splendor,
With majesty divine;
Yet clearly echoes down the years,
A voice from Galilee:
"As ye do it to the least of these,
Ye do it unto Me."

FRANCES E. MURRAY.

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About 3 years ago, Mrs. Bindon, of 11 Maitland St., Toronto, was attacked with la Grippe, which affected her hearing to such an extent that she was completely deaf. It was a serious affliction and she tried many remedies and consulted a prominent specialist on ear diseases, but derived no benefit. By a happy circumstance she was led to use Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and before she had completed 3 boxes her hearing had partially returned.

She persisted in the application of the remedy, so confident was she of ultimate cure, and by the time 12 boxes had been used her hearing was completely restored. For 3 months now she has been free from deafness, and no emancipated sufferer was ever more delighted than Mrs. Bindon. On Sunday she goes to church and enjoys the service, a thing she was unable to do before Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure gave her back her hearing.

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To be idle is the hardest of all tasks. Our grandmothers understood this and even in their leisure moments were never found without some little task in their hands, if it were only knitting, tatting or crocheting. There was a reason for this that does not appear upon the surface. Our grandmothers were healthy women, imbued with a spirit of ambition and activity that would not permit them to be idle.

If many modern women are much less active and more given to idleness than the stately dames of yore, it is because they enjoy a smaller measure of good health. A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organs, who is racked with pain, and tortured with headaches and nervousness, cannot be active and helpful. Idleness and invalidism are the natural results of suffering of this description. The poor invalid woman is not at fault, save in her ignorance of her own physical make-up or neglect of her womanly health.

Thousands of women are neglectful in this way because they shrink from the embarrassing examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the majority of obscure physicians. Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has discovered a wonderful medicine that cures all diseases peculiar to women, in the privacy of the home, without the necessity of these embarrassing ordeals. This great medicine is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of wifehood and motherhood. It makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It heals internal ulceration and inflammation and stops debilitating drains. It transforms weak, nervous invalids into healthy women.

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THE SAGAMORE

Manifests an Interest in the Spaniards and the Cubans.

The Reporter Sets Him Right on One or Two Points, and Utters a Warning.

Some Very Important Despatches Relative to the Prospects of a Great Sea Fight.

Paul the Milicete, with his hand on his knife-hilt, his tread cat-like, and his eyes roving like those of a warrior on the death trail, leaped into the reporter's den and quickly closed the door.

The reporter was wholly unprepared for war. It was a comfort to him in that supreme moment to remember that he had been at church twice on Sunday, and had heard one man say salvation depended on deeds, and the other say it depended on faith. Between the two, in the flash of consciousness which he believed preceded a violent extinction, he felt that he might squeeze through.

But the first words of the sagamore disarmed his fears.

"Any Spaniards here?"

"Spaniards? No. What would Spaniards be doing here?"

"Where they gone?" was the counter question?"

"To what particular Spaniards do you allude?"

"Them Spaniards been drove 'way from Cuba," replied the Milicete.

"I had not heard," said the reporter, "that any of them had started yet."

Mr. Paul stared at the reporter for a full minute, and then sat down.

"Aint them Yankess drove 'em all out?" he demanded.

"Not yet. The three weeks' war is still in progress. But the Spaniards are dying rapidly. Numbers of them have been killed, several times. And the bloody work goes on. They will be killed several times more. They appear to like it—even to thrive on it. I see no reason why they should not continue the cheerful pastime all summer."

"That man Cervera," queried Mr. Paul. "Is he bottled up?"

"Not as much as he was. When the Americans wanted to keep him in, the Merrimac blocked the channel. Now that they talk of going in themselves, the channel is not blocked."

"Then," said the sagamore, "I s'pose they won't need any St. John man with his corkscrew."

There are some things which ruffle the serenity even of a reporter. The venerable corkscrew joke is one of them.

"Old man," he said, "remove your hat. You are an infant in the presence of that joke. It had raised a whisker before the mountains were brought forth. It was ancient of days when the moon and the stars sang together in the morning of the world. It is older than the commercial ideas of Halifax. If you ever uncover the relic again in my presence, you will think you have struck the war nose of a torpedo."

Mr. Paul's apology was humble and ample. He added that in his own view it was much easier to knock the neck off a bottle than to use a corkscrew, and he believed St. John men were of the same opinion.

The reporter was about to offer some further observations when the Sagamore suddenly burst into tears. Such conduct on the part of a warrior was amazing, and the reporter asked for an explanation.

"Them poor Cubans," cried the old man. "I'm so sorry for them—it makes me cry. Forty hundred thousand been killed by the Spaniards. Best men ever lived—the Cubans."

"But they are not as good as they were," said the reporter. "Of course they were patriots of noble soul and lofty courage—and they were martyrs. And their blood cried out to humanity. And a war for their deliverance was a holy war. We know that. The congressional record says so. Also Dr. Talmage. But since they have taken to lying in the shade all day and eating the rations of the American soldiers and smoking cigarettes all night—while the Americans do the work and the fighting—they are not quite as noble as they were. In fact, there is a suspicion in the American press that they wouldn't recognize liberty if they saw it—if it was made fast to anything.—But you must excuse me, Mr. Paul. I have a few despatches to fix up, and it is late."

Mr. Paul bowed himself out, and the reporter fixed up the following important despatches, hot from the wires.

CADIZ, June 29.—The fleet has sailed.

CADIZ, June 29, 2 p. m.—The fleet has not sailed.

CADIZ, June 29, 4 p. m.—The fleet has returned here.

CADIZ, June 29, 4.15 p. m.—Despite all rumors to the contrary, it is positively known that the fleet has sailed.

CADIZ, June 29, 5 p. m.—The report that the fleet had sailed is premature.

CADIZ, June 29, 6 p. m.—Persistent reports regarding the movements of the fleet have been sent out, doubtless with a view to give some information. It may be stated on absolutely unquestionable authority that the fleet never had any intention of sailing. It is at this moment sitting on the edge of the wharf combing its whiskers.

CADIZ, June 29, 10 p. m.—The fleet has sailed.

SUNBURY COUNTY S. S. CONVENTION.

FREDERICTON JUNCTION, June 23.—A number of superintendents, teachers and Sabbath school workers gathered at the F. C. Baptist church at Fredericton Junction for their annual convention. There were present at the first meeting: Rev. James Robertson, the pastor, Col. T. L. Alexander, the president, the secretary, Ernest L. Tracey, the field secretary, Miss Lucas and others.

After a half hour of devotional service, the field secretary gave a spirited address on the Word and the Work, appealing strongly to the numbers of young people who were present. Miss Lucas then spoke for a few minutes, addressing earnest words to the teachers who were present. The president spoke briefly of his joy at seeing so many present, and gave all a hearty welcome.

The following day, of three sessions, was one of deep interest in the Sunday school work of the County. The morning session was opened by a Bible reading by the field secretary. The number of delegates was considerably increased over that of last evening, including strong men and women, superintendents and leaders from distant schools.

The report of the county secretary, Ernest L. Tracey, was a complete and clear presentation of the work as far as can be given up to date. There are about thirty schools in this county, but only twenty had reported as yet. The others will be obtained by the secretary as quickly as possible. The twenty schools contain 886 scholars and 139 officers and teachers; a total of 1,095. There are two normal classes, against none last year; and 120 in the home department instead of 40 last year. There is an advance in the work, and when the other schools report the aggregate, it is believed, will be much beyond that of last year.

Some parishes are not yet organized and it was observed that vice presidents of unorganized parishes were not present, nor did they send any report; but the two organized parishes made excellent reports of improved conditions. The comparison furnished good evidence in favor of parish organization.

Rev. J. A. Robertson conducted the devotional services of the afternoon. The election of officers following was a season of much profit, information being given on the work of the department officers. The following is the list: President, Col. T. L. Alexander; vice president, Rev. J. Robertson; sec. treasurer, Ernest L. Tracy; home department superintendent, Mrs. W. D. Smith, Blissville; normal superintendent, Miss Minnie Mersereau, Fredericton Junction; primary superintendent, Miss Myrtle Hayward, Fredericton Junction.

Vice-presidents of parishes: Blissville, Weyman Kirkpatrick; Gladstone, C. L. Tracey; Lincoln, Taylor Mersereau; Burton, Samuel J. Kinnie; Sheffield, Rev. J. M. Austin; Maugerville, Jas. A. Raymond.

Miss Lucas' address was to the weakest of teachers in the smallest primary departments, and showed how they could truly become "models" as well as those in large schools. It was full of encouragement.

This session was greatly enjoyed by all, judging from the expressions heard when leaving the church. Miss Lucas was accompanied by her friend, Miss Worden, and together they sang duets in morning and afternoon sessions. A resolution expressing the deep sense of loss sustained by this county convention in the recent death of Mr. Kinnie of Oromocto was passed unanimously.

The last session had a very full house. Spiritual power for the teacher was the theme for the opening exercises. The next annual convention was invited to Tracey Station. The address of the field secretary was a plea for acquirement of good knowledge on the part of the young people, concerning the Bible and the S. S. movement. The five delegates elected to represent this convention at the provincial convention at Moncton are the president, secretary and the three county superintendents of department work.

Miss Lucas again addressed the convention, urging sympathetic study of the child, and true relationship between the home and the school.

Brief words of the value of this convention were said by Dr. A. J. Murray, the pastor, and others, and these profitable sessions were closed with the benediction.

An angry small boy was pelting stones at a noisy dog, when a venerable passer-by stopped and addressed him. "Little boy," the stranger remonstrated, "don't you know you should be kind to dumb animals?" "Yes," replied the angry boy, "but what's dumb animals got to do with yelping dogs?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I guess we better not take Waddderberry as a risk," said the insurance agent. "He is talking of wanting to go to war." "We cannot refuse a man on such unpatriotic grounds," said his partner. "It would ruin our business." "It ain't that at all. I know he would not talk that way unless he had some organic trouble."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Kean—Isn't your wife afraid to drive that horse? Steam—Not at all. It's the people she meets who are scared.

Little Mary was discovered one day by her mother vigorously applying the oil-can to the kitten's mouth. On being reproved, she replied: "Why, mamma, kitty squeaks so awfully when I pull her tail."