

Y. PAGE.

*"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood sweet."*

*"The Flower of Youth never looks
so lovely as when it bends before
the Sun of Righteousness."*

My Dear Y's,—

Have you ever visited our House of Representatives in Session? If not, you will have read much about them, and have heard how they hold high revel while waiting for the adjournment of the House.

The following account of the close of Congress in U.S.A. is furnished by a correspondent: "Yesterday (March 4th, 1927) was the close of this Congress. The House spent its last few minutes paying tribute to its leaders. The Republican told how much respected were their Democratic Colleagues, and the Democrats praised the Republicans. The Navy Band came in and one member, quite a singer, sang: "The End of a Perfect Day." State songs were sung, and and then an old coloured attendant in the barber's shop was brought in and sang an old coloured or negro spiritual: "Swing lo, sweet Chariot, coming to carry me home." It was beautiful, and in that spirit the whole assemblage joined in "God be with you till we meet again." It was a clear demonstration of harmony or good sportsmanship—of broad-minded public servants. They fight for their special hobbies, and then are able to be friends when the smoke of legislative battle is over."

CONVENTION ECHOES.

The Reception was held in Unity Hall, on Wednesday, March 23rd. A very hearty welcome was extended to delegates by His Worship the Mayor, by representatives of Churches and Temperance Organisations. In the absence of our Dominion President, Mrs T. E. Taylor, who was recovering from an attack of the prevailing epidemic, Mrs Hiatt replied, and in a neat little speech thanked all for their kindly welcome. Musical items were rendered; a quartet by Mrs Kasper, Misses Evans, Woods and Heap; a pianoforte solo by Miss Dora Judson; solos by Mrs A. E. Schade and Miss Evans. Very fine bouquets

were presented to the Dominion Officers.

On Sunday, Convention attended the Baptist Tabernacle where Rev. J. North preached the Convention Sermon. He spoke from the text: "I rejoice! Rejoice ye!" which he stated was in ordinary language: "I am happy; Be ye happy." Paul was in a dungeon, hanging over him the sword of Nero; and yet to his loved Phillipian Church he sends no gloomy greeting. The Hebrew salutation "Shalomar" meant Peace; its Greek equivalent "Xairo" meant "I am happy," and to Phillipi he sends this greeting. How sharp the contrast with the Hebrew Synagogues, where gloomy men with furrowed brow were trying to keep impossible laws. The light of Christianity is a God who loves. Christianity was launched in a song: "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." St. Francis of Assissi, sang the downfall of medieval darkness and gloom. Wesley sang the dawn of a new day. Happy men win victories. The Christians rejoice even in the flames.

The Convention, though strictly dry, had both a Port and a Barrel present all the time. Isaac and Jacob were there side by side with Moses.

"If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,

No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard

'Twould open, I know, for me.

Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces would hold them fast

For many and many a day."

Let us seek from Him the willingness to toil, the ability to watch, and the power to pray.



THE CIGARETTE GOBLINS.

James had been given a cigarette by an old, old man. James said, "Daddy says cigarettes aren't good for anybody, and he'd sure whip me if I smoked."

"Why I am eighty-two and I started to smoke when I was seven. You will be an old man like me if you start right now. Your daddy doesn't know what he's talking about."

So James smoked the cigarette for a while, but he soon threw it away because it made him feel sick. He went home and excused himself from supper because he had a headache, and wasn't hungry. He went to bed and went to sleep and dreamed that he saw all the cigarettes get out of the gutter with goblin faces and arms and legs, and sit on the curb.

The goblin that James had smoked said: "An old man gave me to a nice little boy and told him a lot of things that were not true. For instance, he said that he was so old because he had smoked. I made the boy sick and he threw me away; that is why I am so tall. We ought not to be given to little boys."

Half of the goblins agreed with him, and one said, "A young man threw me away because he could not get work. So many of the companies