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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PRELIMINARY SUGGESTIONS	9
Recitation and Prayer, to follow the Collection. — Caution. — Roll-Call. — Memorizing Scripture. — Il- lustrations. — Importance of Method. — Danger of Attempting too Much. — Don't Forget the Applica- tion. — Lesson Hymns. — Primary Lesson on the Ten Commandments.	
SERVICE OF PRAISE—FOR THE HOUSE OF THE LORD	29
JOHNNIE'S THREE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS	42
SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONCERT EXERCISE ON THE BEATITUDES	67
LESSON HYMNS	75
CARDS	77
WHAT NOT TO DO	78
Don't Leave out the Lesson. — Don't Select Objec- tionable Recitations. — Don't Waste Workers. — Don't be above Anything that will Help your Scholars. — Don't Omit the Application.	
BIBLE READING	97
The Covenant. — Our Covenant with God. — Covenant with Abraham. — Covenant of Works. — Condition. — Everlasting Covenant. — A New Covenant. — New Covenant Better. — The Covenant Made. — Teach- er's Covenant. — Foreign Mission Covenant. — Home Mission Covenant. — Benediction.	
SIMPLE BLACKBOARD EXERCISES	106

V.

	PAGE.
OBSCURE TEACHING	108
Importance of the Subject. — A Blundering World. — Abuse of Blackboard. — Chief Cause of Trouble. — Forced Blackboard Work. — Wrong Deductions. — The Fitness of Things. — An Unprepared Teacher. — Practical Results. — Too Much Attempted. — The End in View. — Lesson Hymn.	
BIBLE READING: ON THE HEART	129
Blackboard Lesson. — Lesson Hymn.	
GIFTS	131
SIMPLE BLACKBOARD EXERCISES	135
A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER.	137
Lesson Hymn.	
A CHRISTMAS EXERCISE	139
A NEW YEAR'S EXERCISE.	140
WHAT SHOULD WE TEACH IN PRIMARY CLASS- ES?	141
SIMPLE BLACKBOARD WORK	146
The Blackboard a Help to Those who Cannot Read. — "Two Big 'Ifs.'" — Use the Same Work Again. — Strictly Correct Outlines Not a Necessity. — Extreme Simplicity Helpful. — Artistic Skill Not Underval- ued. — Illustration of Simplicity in the Use of the Blackboard. — Blackboard Helps. — Lesson Hymns. — Sample Primary Lesson, with Simple Blackboard Work. — Lesson Hymn.	
A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER	170
Lesson Hymns.	
AN EXERCISE ON MISSIONS	172
EARLY CONVERSION	190
The Child of his Love. — What is the Special End of Sabbath-school Teaching? — Begin Early to Work for Results. — Different Methods for Teaching the Same Lesson. — The Teacher's Central Point.	
PERSONAL EFFORT	201
Mrs. Parkhurst's Mistake. — False Pride. — Make the S. S. Room as Beautiful as Possible.	

CONTENTS.

vii.

	PAGE.
MONEY TO PURCHASE HELPS	210
S. S. Concerts for the Purpose of Raising Money.	
SIMPLE BLACKBOARD EXERCISES	215
EXAMPLES	220
Lesson Hymn. — Lesson on Love Your Enemies.	
— Blackboard Lesson and Hymn.	
THE TEACHER OUT OF SCHOOL	225
A Little Bunch of Weeds. — Notice the Babies. — An	
Important Question — Shall We Call on Our Schol-	
ars? — Don't be Afraid of having Children Memo-	
rize Verses before they are Explained. — Different	
Ways of Visiting. — Child Pharisees.	
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.	239

THE TEACHER'S HELPER.

PRELIMINARY SUGGESTIONS.

RECITATION AND PRAYER, TO FOLLOW THE COL-
LECTION.

Jesus sat beside the treasury,
Saw the pennies, as they came ;
Knew the hearts that loved to bring them,
For the sake of his dear name.

PRAYER.

Jesus, bless the ones we brought thee,
Give them something sweet to do ;
May they help some one to love thee,
Jesus, may we love thee, too.

The prayer should be repeated in the attitude
of prayer, with bowed heads, and folded hands.

If your scholars come from homes where a penny could be secured every Sabbath, invite only those who have "remembered their pennies," to rise and join with you in this recitation and prayer. Call attention to the mockery involved in saying, "Bless the ones we brought thee," if they have brought none.

CAUTION.

Some scholars are from homes where pennies cannot be had. Yet it is important to develop the missionary spirit in such.

Some teachers prepare little cards in the shape of pennies, marked *one cent*, and give to such of their scholars as cannot earn money at home, a chance to *earn* missionary money, by doing some bit of work for teacher. This way has to be carefully managed, but has been fruitful of good, in the hands of certain judicious teachers.

ROLL CALL.

I thoroughly believe in some system of calling the roll in primary classes. My methods are as follows :

When a class is small, the old-fashioned way of allowing each child to answer to his name, cau

be followed with very little loss of time, and has the advantage of acquainting the teacher at once with the fact that certain ones, for whom she may desire to make special inquiry, are absent. Moreover, the little people like the sound of their own names, and enjoy the privilege of answering to them.

In large classes, this method is not expedient. I have used with success the following.

Teach each scholar to occupy always a certain seat.

Name one child in each line or row, as "monitor," call the roll of the monitors, and it shall be their duty to respond, giving the names of the *absent* scholars who belong to their row. If, in addition to this, you accustom the monitors to be prepared, if possible, to give a cause for the absence of his or her charge, or to report next Sabbath, in event of their present lack of information, you make them very useful helpers to yourself, and are also educating them to future usefulness.

Besides, if you change your monitors often enough, say at the beginning of each month, you make a great many little people very happy, and accustom all to methods of order and system.

MEMORIZING SCRIPTURE.

We are not educating our little ones to memorize Scripture. We start out with the supposition that they are so young, mere babies, that it is impossible to teach them, and absurd to expect others to teach them long verses of Scripture; yet think of the amount and variety of prose and poetry, sense and nonsense, chiefly nonsense, which these same morsels of humanity learn! It is simply marvellous. Isn't it a strange idea that Scripture is the one thing which they are supposed to be unable to memorize? Now, this is certainly a mistake. I am not about to advocate a return to the old days of barbarism, when Sabbath-school children staggered under the weight of a hundred, two hundred, actually, sometimes, a *thousand* verses, which their victimized teachers were expected to hear them rattle through, the object being to learn more verses than Susan or Tommy, who were prodigies in that line. Those were days in which the teacher made no preparation for class, had nothing to teach, and therefore submitted with meekness to the rattling of numerous parrots during her hour of penance.

We are not in danger of a return to any such

sins. Rather than the hundred verses, or the forty, or even the seven, one for each day in the week, I prefer for the babies one single verse; yet in no instance would I allow myself to omit that one verse. It is absurd to say that a child of four, with brains enough to comprehend in the least what is said to him, can not, in the course of a week, memorize one Bible verse. Help he needs, certainly, and it is in the power of the primary teacher to so awaken and stimulate his little brain, to so arouse his desire for the attainment of this grand end, that he will become an object of absolute torment to any person who can read, with whom he spends his six days of the week. There are, doubtless, in the homes of the abject poor, little, pitiful, neglected souls, who actually have no contact during the week with any one who can, in any sense, be termed a helper; but such the teacher of the primary class must patiently wait for, while she works toward the accomplishment of her end by slow degrees. By bright-colored cards, bearing in glowing letters a precious thought from God's word, by story illustrations of the verse she would impress, and lo! some day the neglected child will have a glimpse of brain-

power that he did not dream of. He will find that he knows certain very brightly-colored letters; that the same letters in other colors are found on the signs that he passes, on the newspapers in the windows of reading-rooms or book-stores; aye, that certain words familiar to him from long looking at his cards are to be found elsewhere; that he can read them! Glorious moment! The heights of learning have suddenly become to him mountains that he can climb. The door at the bottom has opened; he has found the key; in short, he has learned to read! Only two words, maybe. Never mind. If his brain has been properly stimulated in the primary Sunday-school class; if he has a teacher who has prayed over those little cards before she gave them out; who has selected them with care and thought, and longed for the time of harvest, be sure he will rapidly add to those two words.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

On the street the other day I met a bit of a child; she was a stranger to me, but she looked up at me with the brightest possible face, and said, with the assured air of one who expected

sympathy: "I go to Sunday-school, and I can spell 'gate.' It is on my card, and a picture of it, and I can *say* it without any spelling every time I see it. It's in books, and papers, and on signs, and everywhere, and it *always* spells just that." When that child graduates, with the highest honors, from some of our seminaries, I doubt if she will feel any prouder than she did at that moment.

My own boy had a similar experience when he was four. "Mamma," he said, and the air with which he spoke was too important to admit of description, "did you know that when you put a *w* and an *i* and two *l*'s together, it always made 'will?' I found it in a book all over the leaves, and grandma said it was always 'will.'"

"Aye," I said, "and, my boy, when you put a letter I before it, what does it make then?"

He thought a moment, and then his eye flashed with triumph as he said, "'I will!' Mamma, that's *truly* reading." He will readily learn the "I will's" of the Bible.

The average child, in these days of the free graded school system, is pretty sure to have brothers and sisters, if not *parents*, who can read.

Stimulate the desire to acquire; make an item of importance of every perfectly-recited Bible verse; don't be afraid of a little *parade* over each new acquisition in that line, and you will gradually develop a public sentiment among your scholars that it is being pretty low down in the moral and social scale to come to class without a Bible lesson.

IMPORTANCE OF METHOD.

Here let me bring a word of protest against those scattering verses that are reproduced so often for recitation. The little people think no harm of re-recitation, unless they are taught that their verse must fit a certain subject, and apply to a special time. You have heard of the boy who recited the same verse twenty-seven times, and thought he was doing nobly. To guard against this we want to have the verse selected by the teacher. We want it to belong to the lesson *for the day*, and we need to have the lesson so built on it, that the class will recognize its necessity, and see that if they couldn't produce that particular block at the right moment, to fit in its place, the building would be defective.

There are primary teachers, who, while they aim to teach religious truth, in a general way, or certainly not to teach anything irreligious, have yet no conception of the importance of taking up a special lesson and confining the thoughts of the children to it, following it out to its logical conclusion. Those are the teachers who have much singing in their classes, and much catechism of that sort which the babies have learned at home before ever they went to Sunday-school at all, and which they like to recite, and much story, whether in the Bible or out, it doesn't matter, so the teachers are able to *entertain* their classes.

While on a vacation this summer I went to visit a Sabbath-school in New York State, and was promptly asked to take the primary class.

“Is not the teacher present?” I asked.

“O, yes! but she is very anxious to have you teach the class for her.”

“But,” I said, “I am on a vacation, and this last week it has been so complete a one that I have made no preparation of the lesson for the day.”

“O! never mind that; I dare say you are sufficiently prepared for that little class. Why, none of them are over seven years old.”

“I beg pardon,” I said. “Then, of course, they need the very highest kind of preparation. My general knowledge of the lesson might enable me to teach a Bible class to-day, if one no better prepared could be found; but to teach seven-year-old children this lesson, without careful exhaustive preparation, is simply impossible.”

“Well, then, come in and talk to them; they will like to see you, and you needn't say a word to them about the lesson. Just talk about anything you choose. The Gospel is a broad platform, you know. You will be sure to interest them, and you will really confer a great favor on the primary teacher, as she says she hasn't made the slightest preparation for to-day.”

I am sure, primary teachers, you do not need to be told that I did not confer a favor on that teacher at that time, it being utterly against my principles to talk to Sabbath-school children, in Sabbath-school, during the lesson hour, on any theme *whatever* save the lesson for the day. Yet this is by no means an isolated experience; on the other hand, it is startlingly common.

One lady, who had charge of forty-seven little people, told me she never made any preparation;

she depended on impulse ; that she never taught the International Lesson, anyway. She considered it absurd to try to pin little people down to those abstruse themes — and so long as she depended solely on impulse, I think she was wise. I suppose you have, numberless times, heard the complaint that the International Lessons are not suited to childhood ?

I cannot forbear giving you a bit of conversation that I once overheard between two primary teachers — it so perfectly illustrates this feeling. One spoke in a weary, fretful tone.

“It is simply impossible,” she said, “to get anything out of the lessons of this quarter for the children ; I think it is ridiculous to try. What do they know about Paul, or care for his missionary travels ? I am utterly discouraged. If we are obliged to confine ourselves to those lessons, I believe I will give up my class.”

“I feel a good deal so,” said the other. “Now, last winter I could do a little with the lessons, they were so sort of wild and fanciful. The children liked them almost as well as fairy stories. Why, they had a regular shout over the fire that fell from heaven ; and when we had the lesson of

the man who came to life just as soon as his bones touched Elisha's, that wild little Johnnie Martin said: 'I tell you, I wish that old fellow was buried in our cemetery!' But I'm sure I don't know how to teach 'Paul's travels' to them."

Think of such a teacher not knowing how to handle the lesson that has in it the ringing sentence, "Of the hope and the resurrection of the *dead*, I am called in question." She had dramatic power enough to vivify those solemn days of miracle, till Johnnie felt that they actually happened to actual people; and she had not spiritual discernment enough, or spiritual strength enough, or consecration enough, to teach Johnnie that Paul's hope arose from the same source; that it was the resurrection of the dead that interested, not him alone, but Johnnie; that his hope and Elisha's, and Johnnie's, must all find their centre in Him who is the resurrection and the life. Johnnie knows that he must *die*. Why does not his teacher recognize in that longing call after an Elisha, the blind reaching out of his heart toward a Saviour who promised to include not only him, but all the Johnnies of the world, in victorious triumph over the grave?

DANGER OF ATTEMPTING TOO MUCH.

We are very apt to make shipwreck of our work, even after earnest study and thought have been expended on the preparation of the lesson, by trying to teach too much. Some of the stories are so vivid, so striking, so overflowing with thought, that it is almost impossible to get away from them. I know of a teacher who tried, in the space of her half hour, to teach her class of little children all about the trance that Paul had when he came to Jerusalem and prayed in the temple; all about how he had imprisoned Christians, and helped at Stephen's stoning; all about how the mob grew angry with him, and threw dust, and tore their clothes, and shouted, "Away with him!" all about how he was brought to the castle, and preparations were made for scourging, and the Roman method for inflicting this punishment; and how Paul made known to them that they had no right to scourge him, and all the reasons why they had no right; and the difference between buying one's freedom and being free-born; and why the chief captain was afraid because of what he had done; all the details of the Roman law concerning this matter; and, finally, how the coun-

cil convened again the next day for a further examination, and this included a description of the council and the council-chamber; and then there was the golden text to be disposed of, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men." How was that to be fitted to the mass of history before her? How was anything to be fitted to anything, or anything accomplished? Think of the children going home with such a confusion of scenes and historic ideas! Do you wonder that the teacher floundered, and lost her way in a maze of by-ways, and went home with a sense of utter failure, and a firm belief that the International course of lessons was not adapted to the little ones? I believe this to be a very common error, and made by conscientious teachers. The remedy is to carefully study out the thought or thoughts. If you believe your class capable of grasping two lines of thought, without confusing them, study out the thoughts that, in your prayerful opinion, will best suit them, will best develop in their hearts the desire for knowing more about Christ and heaven, and then rigidly adhere to these, closing your eyes to all the fascinations of the paths that wind out

from these thoughts. Perhaps as helpful a sentence as I have ever found for my work, was that uttered by Dr. Vincent, in an address given to primary teachers at Chautauqua, three years ago. This was it: "Do not teach *ten* things, but teach the same thing in ten different ways." How? I asked myself; and after that I studied ways of repeating the same thought; not by repeating it verbatim — children soon tire of that. I find that the thought of the lesson is generally subject to the following rules:

1. It can be taught in exact Scripture language.
2. It can be illustrated by a story, and thus taught again.
3. It can be symbolized by a picture on the blackboard. It can be paralleled by a scene that accords with it in some vivid particulars. It can be woven into a hymn and taught in song. It can be fitted to the actual experiences of the child's daily life. It can be recalled in detail by a careful review, by which time, if the work has been well done, it will surely be impressed on the brains and hearts of the scholars.

DON'T FORGET THE APPLICATION.

Passing over a great number of minor errors that might be mentioned, let me suggest to you one which seems to be more general in its application, and more fatal in its results, than almost any other form of evil in our classes. There are those who carefully prepare and carefully teach the lessons for the day; who select the salient points in the lesson and present them well, so that their classes make a better show on review on Sunday than perhaps most of the advanced classes of the school, and yet their teaching is a failure. Their lessons are without practical point, or personal application. This mistake is more serious in the primary class than anywhere else. A well-taught Bible class may be safely left sometimes to follow out in silence, with the aid of their own consciences, the personal application of the solemn truth. But the *little* ones need help in this very direction. They are not going to see in what possible way the experiences of one Paul, who lived and who *died* so many years ago, can affect them, unless the teacher, with unmistakable clearness, points out the way. This primary teachers sometimes forget to do.

LESSON HYMN. To follow a lesson on the text:
“There is a friend that sticketh closer than a
brother.”

Teach us, Lord, what friends to choose,
May we not thy love abuse ;
Thou dost hear and thou dost see,
So may we remember thee.
Help us heed what thou hast said,
So within thy pathway tread ;
Always serving let us be,
Here and in eternity.

LESSON HYMN.— Lesson. *The way to Jesus.*

The steps that lead to Jesus
Are all for me to take.
Hear, and believe him ;
Come, and receive him ;
Give up sin for his sake.
My work should be
Just where he leadeth me.

CHORUS.

God's Spirit is beside me,
And God's own book will guide me,
And Jesus Christ will hide me,
I'll ask for Jesus' sake.

26 *Primary Lesson on the Ten Commandments.*

LESSON HYMN.

Lord, I give myself to thee,
Thine in earth and heaven to be;
Keep me safe within thy fold,
Now I'm young, and when I'm old.

CHORUS.

O, let me serve thee!
O, let me praise thee!
Let nothing move me,
From thee, my dearest Friend.

PRIMARY LESSON ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

A good blackboard illustration for this lesson is a row of steps, ten in number, with figures, standing for the ten commandments. That is a road to heaven. If every little boy and girl kept perfectly each command, they would reach the heavenly city at last. The importance of this lesson is involved in the fact that the average boy believes, that, in the main, he keeps the ten commandments pretty well. He doesn't "steal, nor murder, nor lie," etc. It is well to take the command which Jesus himself uses, for illustration — "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall

be in danger of the judgment." Do the children realize that an exhibition of anger is really a breaking of the spirit of the sixth command? So Jesus says. As you explain this to your class, erase part of the sixth step, to indicate that it is broken. There is no safety in trying to climb a broken staircase. Other commands, as, for instance, the fourth and fifth, may be used in the same way. Suppose, now, that but one of these commands had been broken, and that but once, that *one* sin makes it impossible for the child to reach heaven by that road.

Careful preparation and earnest illustration will enable you to convince all the children that their road to heaven is simply a row of broken steps, which they can never mend; because, however good a child may try to be, how will that mend the sin that she has already done? Children need to realize the fact that being sorry for a sin will not take away the consequences.

What, then, shall be done? Which question brings you to the important thought of the necessity for a Saviour, who could and would "fulfill the law." Print the name "Jesus" across the broken steps. He kept the law perfectly. More

28 *Primary Lesson on the Ten Commandments.*

than that, he said that every one who would give love and service to him should be looked upon by his Father as belonging to him, and his perfect goodness would be accepted instead of theirs.

SERVICE OF PRAISE—FOR THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

PREPARED BY REV. G. R. ALDEN.

Leader.—The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him. Hab. ii. 20.

People.—Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord: for he is raised up out of his holy habitation. Zech. ii. 13.

Leader.—Lord, remember David, ... how he swore unto the Lord, and vowed unto the mighty God of Jacob. Ps. cxxxii. 1, 2.

People.—Surely, I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed; I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob. Ps. cxxxii. 3-5.

Leader.— Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah; we found it in the fields of the wood. Ps. cxxxii. 6.

People.— And when the builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord, they set the priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites the sons of Asaph with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David king of Israel. Ezra iii. 10.

Leader.— And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord; because he is good, for his mercy endureth forever toward Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid. Ezra iii. 11.

HYMN.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,

Zion, city of our God!

He whose word can not be broken,

Formed thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded,

What can shake thy sure repose?

With salvation's walls surrounded,

Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

People.— But many of the priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice ; and many shouted aloud for joy. Ezra iii. 12.

Leader.— So that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people ; for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off. Ezra iii. 13.

People.— So he built the house, and finished it; and covered the house with beams and boards of cedar. 1 Kings vi. 9. Now therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name. 1 Chron. xxix. 13.

Leader.— But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? For all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee. 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

People.— And the Lord said unto him, I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication that thou hast made before me : I have hallowed this house which thou hast built, to put my name there for-

ever; and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually. 1 Kings ix. 3.

Leader.—Now mine eyes shall be open, and mine ears attent unto the prayer that is made in this place. 2 Chron. vii. 15.

HYMN.

O, where are kings and empires now
 Of old, that went and came?
 But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet—
 A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,
 And her foundations strong;
 We hear within the solemn voice
 Of her unending song.

Unshaken as eternal hills,
 Immovable she stands,
 A mountain that shall fill the earth—
 A house not made with hands.

People.—One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I will seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to be-

hold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. Ps. xxvii. 4.

Leader.— Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth. Ps. xxvi. 8. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

People.— My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Ps. lxxxiv. 2. To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. Ps. lxiii. 2.

Leader.— Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. Ps. lxxxiv. 4, 10.

People.— They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God. Ps. lxxxiv. 7.

Leader.— O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Ps. lxxxiv. 8.

People.— Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to

give thanks unto the name of the Lord. Ps. cxxii. 2, 4.

Leader.— I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord. Ps. cxxii. 1.

People.— We will go into his tabernacles: **we**
will worship at his footstool. Ps. cxxxii. 7.

HYMN.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
The tribes devoutly say,
In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day.

I love her gates, I love the road.
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.

Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

Leader.— Arise, O Lord, into thy rest; thou,
and the ark of thy strength. Ps. cxxxii. 8.

People.— Let thy priests be clothed with right-

eousness; and let thy saints shout for joy. Ps. cxxxii. 9.

Leader.— The Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation. This is my rest forever: here will I dwell; for I have desired it. Ps. cxxxii. 13, 14.

People.— We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple. Ps. xlviii. 9.

Leader.— Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine annointed. Ps. lxxxiv. 9.

People.— Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Ps. cxxii. 6.

Leader.— Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. Ps. cxxii. 7.

People.— For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Ps. cxxii. 8.

Leader.— Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good. Ps. cxxii. 9.

HYMN.

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;

With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell ;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Leader.— And the Lord appeared to Solomon by night, and said unto him, I have heard thy prayer, and have chosen this place to myself for an house of sacrifice. 2 Chron. vii. 12.

People.— But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens can not contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded? 1 Kings viii. 27.

Leader.— Then said Solomon, the Lord hath said that he would dwell in the thick darkness. But I have built an house of habitation for thee, and a place for thy dwelling forever. 2 Chron. vi. 1, 2.

People.— If my people which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive

their sin, and will heal their land. 2 Chron. vii. 14.

Leader.— For now have I chosen and sanctified this house, that my name may be there forever: and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually. 2 Chron. vii. 16.

People.— Thus all the work that Solomon made for the house of the Lord was finished. 2 Chron. v. 1.

Leader.— Then Solomon assembled the elders of Israel, and all the heads of the tribes, the chief of the fathers of the children of Israel unto Jerusalem. 2 Chron. v. 2

People.— It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth forever; that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord. 2 Chron. v. 13.

Leader.— The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. Ps. cxlv. 18.

People.— He will fulfill the desire of them that

fear him : he also will hear their cry and save them.
Ps. cxlv. 19.

Leader.— O Lord God of Israel, there is no God like thee in the heaven, nor in the earth ; which keepest covenant and showest mercy unto thy servants, that walk before thee with all their hearts. 2 Chron. vi. 14.

People.— O give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is good ; for his mercy endureth forever. Ps. cxxxvi. 1.

HYMN.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PRAYER.

Selections from Solomon's prayer, found in 2 Chron. vi. :

Leader and People. — O Lord God of Israel, have respect to the prayer of thy servant, and to his supplication. O Lord my God, hearken unto the cry, and the prayer which thy servant prayeth before thee: that thine eyes may be open upon this house, day and night, upon the place whereof thou hast said that thou wouldest put thy name there. Hearken therefore unto the supplications of thy servant and of thy people Israel which they shall make toward this place. Hear thou from thy dwelling-place, from heaven, and when thou hearest forgive; then what prayer or what supplication soever shall be made of any man, or of all thy people Israel, when every one shall know his own sore and his own grief, and shall spread forth his hands in this house: then hear thou from heaven thy dwelling-place, and forgive. Moreover concerning the stranger which is not of thy people Israel, but is come from a far country, if they come and pray in this house: then hear thou from the heavens, from thy dwelling-place, and do according to all that the stranger calleth to thee

for; that all people of the earth may know thy name, and fear thee as doth thy people Israel. If thy people go out to war against their enemies by the way that thou shalt send them, and they pray unto thee, then hear thou their prayer, and maintain their cause. If they sin against thee, for there is no man which sinneth not: yet, if they bethink themselves, and turn, and pray unto thee, saying, We have sinned, we have done amiss, and have dealt wickedly; if they return to thee with all their heart, and with all their soul, then hear thou from the heavens their prayer and their supplications, and maintain their cause, and forgive thy people. O Lord God turn not away the face of thine annointed. Arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou, and the ark of thy strength.

HYMN.

With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill;
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,

Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well ;

The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

How decent, and how wise,
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

JOHNNIE'S THREE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

All managed in one day, too. It required some pushing, but Johnnie was a pushing boy. He belonged to the primary class of the First Church; not that he was very young, but he was decidedly limited in his biblical knowledge. But there were matters in which his knowledge was *not* limited: he knew all the men in town, and which ones smoked cigars, and which ones chewed tobacco, and which ones drank a glass of beer now and then, and which ones drank only cider. Also, he knew those men, by *sight*, who set their faces like a flint against all these things. In fact, Johnnie would have done for a vigilance committee, so watchful was he, so thoroughly posted as to what was going on at the street corners. But when it came to such minor matters as reading, and writing, and geography, and *Bible*, why, Johnnie was woefully in the background. He was just such a boy as you will find

two or three of in every good-sized primary class; the infants are not all *infants*, except in certain branches of education.

Well, Johnnie went to Sunday-school on this particular morning; it was painfully near to the Fourth of July; almost impossible to settle down to Sunday propriety. He *did* fire off two crackers and a torpedo in the back yard, but he was sorry two minutes afterward; he even muttered, as he stuffed the rest into his jacket-pocket:

“You old things, you! Why don't you keep still? Can't you be decent? This is Sunday!”

Then he started. There was a large class; many of them boys; Johnnie wasn't in time for the opening hymn; the fire-crackers had delayed him. Miss Marks was just calling the roll as he slipped into his seat.

“Johnnie Jones,” she said, just at that moment.

“Here!” said Johnnie, promptly. The teacher glanced up sharply.

“Johnnie Jones, were you here during the opening exercises?”

“Yes'm,” said Johnnie. Then he chuckles, and winks to the boy next him. “I was last Sunday” (he whispers); “she didn't say when.” And he

actually doesn't realize that he has told a lie, so ignorant is Johnnie.

"No whispering," says the teacher, and Johnnie doesn't whisper for two minutes.

That roll is a troublesome matter; there are so many names, and it takes so long to determine who really is present, and not answering, and who is absent, that the children grow weary — Johnnie does, anyway, and kicks his heels against the seat. It makes a noise, but a noise of some sort is precisely what he feels the need of, so he continues. He hits the shin of the boy next him; he doesn't mean to, but the boy doesn't believe it, and hits back again. This Johnnie doesn't like, and now he hits in right good earnest. Then there is an outcry, and a complaint to the teacher, and she tries to investigate, but as both boys talk at once she gets little light, and, concluding that Johnnie is at fault, as he generally is, she says:

"Johnnie Jones, you are always making trouble. I shall have to tell your father how you act."

This is *horrid!* Johnnie's father has no more sympathy with him than his teacher has. Johnnie feels awfully belligerent, but he keeps still.

Finally the roll is called; then comes the pen-

nies. Johnnie's turn; a penny, not he. He has fish-hooks in his pocket, and strings, and torpedoes, and fire-crackers, and two jack-knives, and a whistle, and a bird's nest, and a slate-pencil, and a piece of a horse-shoe, but no penny.

"Johnnie Jones, you haven't brought a penny in six weeks. I should think you would feel *very much ashamed*."

Johnnie's face actually grew red, but Johnnie muttered that he wasn't ashamed a bit; and he began to kick his heels against the seat again, muttering meantime that he wasn't going to bring pennies for the old missionaries; he didn't care if they all starved to death; he didn't know who they were, anyway, nor what they were about, nor nothing; and he didn't want to.

There is no singing in Johnnie's class, though the teacher is a musician — too much of a one; Therein lies the trouble; she has *a cultivated ear*. If a thousand angels were singing, and one poor waif, with a low-keyed voice, joined in, she could detect the discord, and would curl her lips, and stop her splendid voice. She couldn't endure the children's singing. "Their voices sound like little frogs croaking," she said, contemptuously. They

had no prayer. "The school unites with the main room in the opening exercises; what is the use of having them over again?" says the teacher.

They had verses to recite, these little people; they recited them; not very perfectly; strange selections, many of them, filled with words that their little mouths could not pronounce, and which they no more understood than if they had been in Hebrew. While one recited the others whispered; the teacher saw it, and called them to order often. They came to order promptly enough; the trouble was they didn't stay there. The teacher saw that, too, and didn't know how to help it.

What should the children do, anyway, while verses were being recited? She didn't know. Johnnie did; he gave his attention to the contents of his pocket. He nudged the boy on his left.

"Look here," he whispered, and out peeped an end of his bunch of fire-crackers.

"O, my!" said the admiring boy. "What a big bunch! Where'd you get 'em? Does your father know you brought 'em to Sunday-school?"

"Guess he don't!" says Johnnie, with unusual energy.

“Johnnie Jones,” says the teacher, “you are talking aloud again. I shall have to report you to the superintendent.”

This is the way the teacher is used to talking in the *day* school, only she says the principal instead of the superintendent; and privately it is that teacher's belief that it would be for Johnnie's spiritual growth, if the superintendent were empowered by public opinion to use the same form of punishment on Sunday, that the principal of the day school is pretty sure to use on Monday. Johnnie agrees with her; he doesn't care very much for that sort of punishment; if he did he is smart enough to avoid it oftener than he does. But there is something in the superintendent's eyes, as he looks at him, that is apt to make Johnnie feel like choking. He doesn't like that feeling, so he doesn't speak aloud again for some minutes.

Some of the babies are smart; they learn two verses, three verses, even four and five. They like to be called “smart.” To be sure they can't pronounce any of the large words. To be sure they think most of the Bible verses are written in an unknown tongue, if they think anything about

them ; what of that ? The teacher keeps a record of the number of verses recited, and the superintendent reads it at the quarterly concert, and everybody says those children learn a remarkable number of verses for such little things. Besides, if they don't recite verses what will they do ?

Finally it is time for the lesson.

"Now," says the teacher, "be good children and I will read the lesson to you." She reads : "Now there were in the church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers, as Barnabas and Simeon, that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which has been brought up with Herod the Tetrarch, and Saul."

"My!" says Johnnie, with open-mouthed admiration. "How she does read that off; just like a minister!" (Johnnie is a dreadful reader.) "I wonder if some of it is Greek?"

Johnnie has a dim memory that someone has told him there are Bibles written in Greek. He hasn't the very dimmest idea what the verse is about; he hasn't the very faintest conception that he has been hearing the names of *people*. On goes the reading. What remarkable Greek it is! "Selucia," and "Cyprus," and "synagogue," and

“Salamis,” and “Paphos,” and “sorcerer,” and “Sergius Paulus,” and “Elymas.” Johnnie does not hear a third of them. He isn't in Greek yet; he devoutly hopes he never will be. Then he gives himself to a matter of interest. What is it? Why, it is to take a long tow string, which is in his pocket, and slip one end of it through a hole that he had found in his seat and tie a knot in it, and wind the other end around the brass button of the jacket of the boy who sits before him. What is the fun? Why, to see the boy jump and stare, and wonder, when he finds out he is fast. The thought tickles Johnnie; he understands that. But the boy in front with brass buttons is very little and very shy. When he finds he is fast he neither jumps nor stares. Instead, he cries low, pitiful wails. They go to Johnnie's heart; he didn't think of such a thing; he wouldn't have “scairt” him for anything; he thinks of telling him so, and leans forward to release the button as fast as he can. But the teacher is there; she comprehends the situation.

“Johnnie Jones!” she says, severely, “I don't know what will become of you! You are a very wicked boy.”

And now Johnnie isn't sorry he did it; he thinks the little boy in front is a cry-baby; he stops trying to untie him; the teacher cuts the string, carries off one end of it in severe triumph, and Johnnie mutters:

"I don't care! jest as lives you'd have it as not; 'tain't good for nothin'."

By this time he is ripe for any sort of mischief that can be devised. How funny that bird's-nest in his pocket would look in Nellie Tucker's curls! Nellie Tucker sits right before him; he could fasten it there as well as not. A fish-hook would keep it in place, and Nellie would think the birds had built it while she was on her way to Sunday-school. He sets about this with alacrity. The teacher is reading, but that is Greek; he doesn't want to hear it, though a dim sound of Paphos and Perga and Pamphilia floats through his brain. As he sticks the fish-hook into Nellie's hair, of course he pulls. He hadn't planned for that. Of course Nellie squeals, and of course the teacher comes to the rescue. She has reached the last verse of the lesson, and any diversion relieves the horrible wonderment as to what she shall do next. The magnitude of this sin is great. The teacher

has curly hair herself; she knows how it feels to have it pulled. She unceremoniously orders the wicked Johnnie to take his hat and go directly out to the superintendent, and tell him they can't have him in the primary room any more, he is such a bad boy. Now Johnnie honestly thinks he would rather be hung than to do such a thing. How can he help it? There stands the teacher, waiting. He knows very well if he doesn't go to the superintendent, the superintendent will be called to come to him. So he starts. The superintendent draws a heavy sigh when he sees him coming, slowly, his eyes on the ground, his face very red. The superintendent doesn't know what to do with the boy. He waits for no explanations. He asks no questions. He understands the situation but too well. Hasn't Johnnie often been there before?

“O, Johnnie!” he says, “I am sorry.”

Now, as true as you live, so is Johnnie. Nobody knows it; he doesn't say so; what is the use? He almost knows he will be as bad, if not worse, next Sunday. He doesn't know what is the matter with him. The superintendent hasn't the least idea that he is sorry. He gives the boy a

seat near the desk and rings the signal-bell. Then he remarks to the assistant superintendent that he is afraid Johnnie Jones is a very bad boy; he doesn't know but they will have to expel him, in justice to the school.

Johnnie hears that, and now he is disgusted with himself to think that he has been guilty of feeling sorry.

Johnnie doesn't go to church; he has had enough of the whole thing; he feels that he would even rather go home and rock the cradle. So he goes. But by noon he is very tired of that employment, and, after he has eaten his Sunday lunch of bread and milk he goes out on the south piazza to wonder what he *shall* do with himself for the rest of the day. Down the street comes Will Barnes, swinging his Bible and library book. He goes to the Second Church Sabbath-school, and it meets at noon.

"Go with me to Sunday-school?" says Will, halting.

Johnnie shrugs his shoulders; he thinks that he has had Sunday-school enough. Yet the thought of the walk and the chat with Will are too much for him; so he gets permission, and off they go.

Another primary class-room, full of moving life; a brisk, energetic teacher, who marshals the little people into right seats, and disposes of extra hats in a twinkling. They sing, there, too; and, strange to say, Johnnie likes singing, and nearly always does no mischief while it lasts. The strangeness of the place keeps him moderately quiet during the infliction of that roll and the collection of pennies. Then there is more singing.

"Now," said the teacher, "our lesson to-day is about a great many people; we want first to learn their names. There was Barnabas, and Simeon, and Lucius and *Manaen*."

"My!" says Johnnie. "What names!"

He doesn't recognize the "Greek" that he heard in the morning; these are names of *people*. Still, he doesn't care to learn them. Yet he blunders over and over the four names with the rest; it is pleasant to hear one's own voice, if one only says over queer-sounding names.

Presently the brighter portion have learned the names, and are commended; the dull ones haven't, and are discouraged. They don't believe they can ever pronounce such words. Johnnie is neither bright nor dull at such work; rather, he could he

bright if he chose, and saw any end to be gained, but he doesn't; and when it comes to names of places — Cyprus, and Salamis, and Cilicia, and Paphos, and Perga, and Pamphilia — he is disgusted; he wonders what they meant by giving such horrid names to places. Why didn't they say New York, and Boston, and Chicago? Something sensible. He doesn't believe there ever *were* any such places; he never heard of them, and he knows the names of *all* the big cities. They couldn't have been much, anyway. He more than half suspects it is a sham list, gotten up to *aid the memory*. He doesn't say this; he doesn't know; he feels it. But things that he hears about in school take vague shape in his brain sometimes. Of one thing he is sure — it is horribly stupid.

“Look here,” he whispers to Will, and those fire-crackers peep out again.

“My!” says Will. “Have you tried any of 'em? Dick Warren bought a string, and they wouldn't any of 'em go off. They were all damp.”

Horrible suspicion! Johnnie's last pocket-money spent for them! What if they don't go

off! To be sure he tried those two; but, now that he thinks of it, they didn't make so loud a *bang* as they ought.

"I don't believe that is a good one," whispers Will, as the list of names whiz around his head, in all sorts of drawls and pronunciations. "It looks damp."

"If it is I'll take 'em all back," says Johnnie, in an injured tone.

"I know it won't go off," says Will, speaking louder, those names making such a noise he can safely talk. "If we had a match we might try it, and then you'd know."

"I've got a match," said Johnnie. "But, then, I'm afraid it will make a noise."

"It can't, you know, if it's damp, and I'm 'most sure of it."

For thirty long seconds Johnnie hesitated. I am not sure that the angels didn't rejoice over that hesitation; it was such a struggle to overcome. But the fire-cracker triumphed. A softly scratch of the match on Johnnie's gray trowsers; a smell of brimstone; a lurid little light, that Will covered with his hat, while the little girls curled up their noses and looked around suspiciously.

"Are you sure it won't go off?" whispered Johnnie, as a last salve to his conscience.

Fizz! Snap! Bang!

"What on earth is that?" says the startled teacher, and the children right in front of it jump and scream, and the wee ones cry. And poor Johnnie can not, to save his wicked little life, keep from laughing. It is all so sudden, so unexpected, and the silly little girls are so *awfully* scared just over one fire-cracker.

But who shall describe the enormity of the sin of a little boy who comes to Sunday-school for no other purpose than to fire off crackers! The teacher tried to, but words failed her; she could only pause at last and look her awful indignation.

Johnnie passes through rapid stages of feeling. The fun over, he is genuinely sorry — sorry that he brought the crackers there; sorry that he tried the damp one; sorry that it went off; sorry that he laughed; sorry most of all that he came to that dreadful Sunday-school. But as the storm of rebuke goes on he lapses into sullenness; thinks it wasn't such an awful thing after all. More fun in it than in that lot of horrid words the teacher is firing at them, for Johnnie is sharp.

By and by he is rather glad that he did it; almost wishes that he could fire another. If he had a match maybe he would. There is just enough conscience left to put that "maybe" in.

It was in the soft and hazy afternoon of that same eventful day that our luckless Johnnie sat on the front steps waiting to get in. Mother had locked the door and taken the baby for a ride in the baby-carriage; mother and father often did that on a summer Sunday; it was their way of keeping the Sabbath day holy. Part of Johnnie's ignorance of Sunday-school lessons was owing to that fact. The immediate result was that he couldn't get in.

"Halloo!" says his friend, George Parker. "Are you locked out? Come along with me."

Now, George Parker goes to the Third Church Sunday-school, and it holds its sessions at half past three o'clock.

"You don't catch me," says Johnnie, with an emphatic shrug of his shoulders. "I've had two Sunday-schools too many to-day."

"O, well, come to mine; it is nicer than sitting there all alone. We've got a new organ in our school, and we all sing like sixty."

Now that tender spot is touched. Johnnie not only likes singing, he likes organs. He makes up his mind to endure even another Sunday-school, and he makes a concession, too. He takes that bunch of crackers out and hides them under the mat; they shan't get him into trouble, anyhow.

Miss Myron's primary class; the prettiest room Johnnie ever saw — light, and bright, and aglow with pictures and flowers. Johnnie doesn't know what is the matter with it; he only knows that he likes it. He likes the music, too, and joins in it; he sings like *sixty* himself; there are so many singing with all their might that he is not afraid of being heard.

The roll is called in the queerest way. At the end of the seat before him sits Lillie Bates; her name is called, and behold she answers, "Absent Nos. 1 and 5." Johnnie doesn't know what in the world she means; he whispers a question about it to George.

"She's the secretary of her seat," says George, promptly.

Johnnie doesn't know any more, but the teacher seems to understand it, and so do the children, and while he is considering it the roll-work is all done, and they are singing again.

The next thing that arrests Johnnie's attention is the blackboard. It has two words on it, in large capitals; he spells at them. All the time the collection is being handed in and reported by those secretaries, who are also treasurers, he is at those words; he conquers them. "Work," "Called." That is what they say; the question is, What do they mean? Johnnie would really like to know.

"Now," said the teacher, "a great many years ago some good people lived in Antioch. Charlie knows where Antioch is; he may come to the map and point it out."

Away went Charlie; he was only six years old; he could point out Antioch. Johnnie looked at him with respect.

"These people were together in Church one day, and God spoke to them so they could understand. He said: 'There are two men among you whom I have called to do work for me; I want them; their names are Barnabas and Paul.' George and Willie may come and print their names, while the rest of us study them."

"O!" said Johnnie. "They are the ones who were set to work; God called them. How queer. Wonder what they were to do?"

“Now,” said the teacher, “these two men were to be sent as missionaries, away off to Cyprus, to tell the people about Jesus. Cyprus was an island, water all around it. They had to go in a ship. I’m going to make a picture of Cyprus. Look, now. Right here was a place with a queer name, Salamis. I’ll put an S to stand for it. That is where the ship landed; this mark is the ship; it went sailing along on this sea here till it came to Salamis.”

“Did they go all alone?” burst forth Johnnie.

“O, no! I’m glad Johnnie asked that question. They had a man named John with them. And then I suppose there were sailors to take care of the ship. They preached to the people about Jesus, travelling all through the island, and soon they came to this place, called Paphos. Here they found a wicked man; he tried to make the people believe that he could do wonderful things such as no man could do. He tried to make them think that what these missionaries were preaching about wasn’t true. There was one man listening to the missionaries who wanted to hear, and wanted to understand, and this wicked fellow wouldn’t let him; he kept telling him these things

were not true. At last that missionary who had the shortest name — what was it ? ”

“ Paul,” chorused the eager listeners.

“ So it was. He turned to the wicked man, and what do you think he said? Look here. Spell these words that I print: ‘ Child of ’ — whom, do you think? He called him somebody’s child. Katy says she guesses he was Satan’s child. Katy is right. ‘ Child of the Devil,’ said Paul. Think what an *awful* name! Now, why do you think he called him that? Do you know the Bible says the Devil is the father of lies? And this man had been telling lies; he had been acting like Satan; he had been trying, like Satan, to lead people the wrong way; so Paul called him Satan’s child. He said he was full of something. I’m going to print it: ‘ Full of mischief.’ ”

“ *Mischief!* ” spelled Johnnie, in dismay.

How often had that boy been told that he was too full of mischief to live!

“ Now,” said the teacher, “ Paul knew this man ought to be punished, so he wouldn’t try to do more evil, and so the people would know which was the true prophet. And he told him that God was going to make him *blind* — so blind that he

could not even see the light of the sun. And right away he became blind, and went to seeking for some one to take hold of his hand and lead him."

All this was interspersed with questions which the class seemed delighted to answer; even our Johnnie found, to his amazement, that he could answer some of them.

"Now, do you know," said the teacher, "I thought about two things that I wanted to teach my class. This child of the Devil made me feel sad; I wondered if any of my dear boys and girls were acting like him — full of mischief, telling lies, nodding their heads sometimes when they ought to shake them; that is a lie."

"O, my sakes!" murmured Johnnie. How lately he had done that; pointing to the wrong road instead of the right one. Johnnie began to look guiltily down; it wasn't twenty-four hours since he had done that very thing.

How earnest the talk was about the thoughtless, careless things that they did and said that made mischief. Yet here was Paul, God's servant, saying that such was the description of the Devil's child. There were other kinds of children;

Jesus gave a name for them. And again Johnnie spelled slowly, as they were printed: "Child of God" (full of love). It made the little boy feel still more solemn to spell out those wonderful words. He listened, and was astonished over the many little ways in which the teacher said this love could be shown.

"Do you know," said she, "that God has called you? He says to you, 'Charlie, Mary, Johnnie, each one of you, I want you to love me; to be my child; to work for me. Don't work for the Devil; work for *me*; be my *missionaries*. I don't want you to go to *Cyprus*; not to-day; but I've work for you; I want you to show how true, and brave, and kind a boy or girl can be who is *my child*.'"

Johnnie listened; his cheeks glowed; his eyes were bright. Johnnie was an ambitious boy; he wanted, *just then*, to be a *worker* of that kind; he wanted to be a child of God. For the moment he *hated* Satan and *mischiefs*; he wanted to get away. Yes, the teacher was coming to that.

"He wants you to come away from that leader over there — that *Devil*. He wants you to come over to his side; Jesus wants you, calls you. He

wants you to come to-day. He will help you; he will love you and take care of you. When you want to be naughty he will whisper, 'You are *my* child; be careful.' When you want to be angry he will say, 'Satan's children get angry; don't be like Satan, be like me,' and he will give you strength to be like him. The way is to ask him to do it; let us all ask him now."

Down went every head, Johnnie's among the number, and the teacher said:

"Dear Jesus, take our hearts and make them clean. Make each child here a child of God. For thy sake. Amen."

"Wasn't it nice?" said Johnnie to George, as they passed out of the room.

"What, the lesson? Yes, I think it's nice. I'd like to go a-sailing in a ship to Cyprus and those places. Don't you have that lesson in your school?"

"No!" said Johnnie, in contempt. "We don't have no lessons at all; only reading and the collection. And they don't have it in the Second Church, either; they have names there."

"Names?"

"Yes; Greek names, or something. Some of

them were like those names, though. But there's hundreds and hundreds of 'em. It's horrid."

"Ain't she nice?" said Johnnie to Fred Myron, meaning the teacher. Fred would think so, of course; she was his sister. "Wasn't it a big talk we got?"

"Pooh!" said Fred, uneasily. "She don't mean it. All that about lying, now — little bits of lies, nodding your head, and such things — that's no hurt. When folks come to see her, and she isn't dressed or don't want to see them, she sends down word she isn't at home; and she says she is glad to see people, just after she has said what a plague it is to have them come. I've heard her, lots of times. And that about getting angry, now. She was awful mad at me this morning because I broke her calla lily; and I didn't do it on purpose, neither."

Johnnie gave a quick little sigh. *Was the world made up of shams?*

There is a bright side to this sombre picture. There was a quick step behind the two boys. A light, daintily-gloved hand rested on Fred's shoulder. It was the hand of the bright young teacher.

"Fred, dear," she said, speaking in a quick,

eager voice, that had a tremble in it, "I never dreamed of such a thing as your thinking my 'not at home' wasn't true. It means 'not at home to company.' People all understand it. It would be better, though, to say 'I'm engaged.' I'll do it, after this. And, Fred, I'm so sorry that I spoke crossly to you this morning. I didn't mean it. Johnnie, my boy, we'll *try* to do right, and do work for the dear Lord Jesus, won't we?"

Poor, wild, willful, mischievous, warm-hearted Johnnie! There was a choking in his throat; his sturdy lip quivered and his eyes suddenly dimmed. He *said* not a word, but in his heart he felt a blind, and yet an eager outstretching after purity, after help, after the Lord Jesus Christ. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the *least* of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONCERT EXERCISE
ON THE BEATITUDES.

(For Primary Classes.)

It is suggested that this be used in divisions for opening exercises, one section at a time; combining them for a concert exercise:

First Scholar:

The story is sweet that He tells in his Word
Of those who are blessed and safe. Have you
heard?

Second Scholar:

All the weak ones,

Third Scholar:

All the mourners who sorrow for sin,

Fourth Scholar:

All the hungry, all the thirsty for Jesus within;

Fifth Scholar:

For those who show mercy,

Sixth Scholar:

For those who are pure,

Seventh Scholar :

And those who are trying good will to secure.

Eighth Scholar :

All the tried ones,

Ninth Scholar :

All the faithful through trouble and pain.

Class :

O, listen while we tell you what they have to
gain.

*After this verse is recited, it may be sung to the
tune, "Revive us Again."*

Teacher.— "Blessed are the pure in spirit,"

Class.— "For theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Recitation by one Scholar :

O, let us pray to our Saviour to give
Strength to his children, in love so to live
That nothing vain in our hearts shall be seen,
For in his blood he can wash us all clean.

Class (with folded hands and raised eyes) :

Jesus, to thee we pray to be free ;
Free from all sin — evil within.
Make our hearts right, dear Christ, in thy sight ;
Then we shall live with thee.

Now let this verse be sung to the familiar tune, "Jesus Loves Me." After singing, Class with folded hands and bowed heads, repeat :

"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

Teacher. — "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, saith the Lord."

Teacher. — "Blessed are they that mourn,"

Class. — "For they shall be comforted."

Recitation by one Scholar :

Jesus, we would truly be,
Sorry for our sinning ;
We can only look to thee ;
Come we at thy bidding.

Two Voices :

Comfort us and give us rest,
In thy love may we be blest.

Class :

We are coming to our loving Saviour ;
We are coming, coming now to thee.

Sing the same verse to the tune, "Lo, a Fountain." Page 12, Royal Diadem.

After singing, Class recite with clasped hands ;

“Let, I pray thee, thy merciful kindness be for my comfort, according to thy word.”

Teacher.—“I, even I, am he that comforteth you, saith the Lord.” “As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.”

Teacher.—“Blessed are the meek,”

Class.—“For they shall inherit the earth.”

Recitation by one Scholar :

He was gentle and loving and quick to forgive ;
And he left a sweet blessing for those who so live.

Four Scholars :

O, Jesus, in love, look down from above,
And fill our hearts with the heavenly Dove.

Sing the verse to the tune, “Hallelujah 'Tis Done !” Gospel Hymns, page 4.

After singing, Class recite with folded hands :

“Give unto each of us the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

Teacher.—“The Lord taketh pleasure in his people ; he will beautify the meek with salvation.”

Teacher.—“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness,”

Class. — “For they shall be filled.”

Recitation by Class:

O, to know Him ! O, to love him !
With a love so strong,
That our lips and steps shall bravely
Turn from every wrong.
O, to feed on bread from heaven !
O, to live for him,
Till he takes us home to heaven !
O, to live with him !

Sing the same with tune, “Hold the Fort.” Gospel Hymns, page 15.

Class. — “The bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.” [*Fold hands — look up.*] “Lord, evermore give us this bread.”

Teacher. — “Jesus said, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.”

Teacher. — “Blessed are the merciful,”

Class. — “For they shall obtain mercy.”

Recitation for one Scholar :

To be gentle, to be tender, showing mercy to all,

Is the way for the blessing even on us to fall.

Class :

Blessed Jesus, ever lead us; make us loving and
kind;

And the blessing of pardon in thee may we find.

Sing the verses to the tune, "Come to Jesus."

Class. — "Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant
us thy salvation."

Teacher. — "The Lord your God is gracious
and merciful, and will not turn away his face from
you."

Teacher. — "Blessed are the pure in heart,"

Class. — "For they shall see God."

Recitation for one Scholar :

O God, thine eye can see
Right to my heart;
Nothing can hide from thee;
Wash every part.
May I be clean, I pray,
Fit in thy sight to stay;
Take every stain away;
Wash me to-day.

Sing the same to the tune, "Happy Land."

Class. — “Who can say, I have made my heart clean; I am pure from sin?” [*With folded hands.*] “Wash me, O God, and I shall be clean.”

Teacher. — “The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

Teacher. — “Blessed are the peacemakers,”

Class. — “For they shall be called the children of God.”

Recitation by class :

Jesus, teach us to be mild ;
Sweet and mild, sweet and mild ;
Gentle as a little child
Whose hand is held by thee.
We would have thee lead the way,
All the way, all the way,
Where our feet should walk each day.
O, may we follow thee.

O, call us thy children ;
O, lead us to heaven ;
We would be peacemakers,
O, show us each the way.

Sing the same to the tune, “Loving Saviour, Hear my Cry.” Page 46, Winnowed Hymns.

Class. — “Show us thy way, O God.” “Guide our feet into the way of peace.”

Teacher. — “The Lord will bless his people with peace.” “Acquaint thyself now with him and be at peace.”

Teacher. — “Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake,”

Class. — “For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

Recitation for one Scholar :

Never mind a naughty world, —

Class :

O, the love of Jesus !

First Scholar :

He has told us in his word, —

Class :

O, the love of Jesus !

First Scholar :

If we suffer for his sake, —

Class :

O, the love of Jesus !

First Scholar :

He will all his children take

Up to live with Jesus !

Class :

O the love, the precious love,
Constant love of Jesus!
He will give us heaven at last, —
O the love of Jesus!

— *Tune, page 32, Gospel Hymns.*

LESSON HYMNS.

LESSON HYMN. — To follow a lesson on *The Judgment.*

Before the great white throne
Each one of us must stand ;
But I shall have no thought of fear,
If Jesus holds my hand.

For he will be the Judge,
And he is now my King ;
And with the thousands gathered there
I'll join the song they sing.

LESSON HYMN. — To follow a lesson on *Obedience.* — *Tune, "Jesus Loves Me."*

When the Saviour says to you,
This, or that, for him to do ;

Lesson Hymns.

If his children you would be,
Then obey him cheerfully.

CHORUS.

Do what he bids you,
Do *when* he bids you,
Do *as* he bids you,
And do it cheerfully.

LESSON HYMN. — To follow a lesson on Faith.

I know God's Holy Spirit
Will help us every day.
He waits beside us,
To lead and guide us;
He'll teach us how to pray.
Spirit of light,
Our hearts are in thy sight.

CHORUS.

Teach us the way to Jesus,
Fill us with love for Jesus,
Help us to pray to Jesus,
Stay with us day and night.

CARDS.

Do you use cards in your classes?—reward cards, I mean. Bright little colored letters, with a picture in colors? You do not know what a help they are, if you have never tried them; and if your attention has not been called to the matter you will be astonished to find how cheap they are. Have a consecrated fund in your Sunday-school for such helps as these. The children love them, and who can tell to whom they will show the pretty Bible verse, nor how many sermons the “sword of the Spirit” may preach for you during the week.

WHAT NOT TO DO.

In one of Dickens' works there is an account of the "Circumlocution Office," whose particular line of duty was to see "How *not* to do it;" at least, that is as I remember it. The book but dimly lingers in mind; but the idea that the world was full of schools, in which we might at least learn the important lesson of "What *not* to do," I found to be helpful. Motes are very easily found; in fact, it is the easiest and most natural thing in the world to criticize — perhaps it is well to turn that disposition to account. With this thought in view, let me give you a bit of personal experience.

Among other Sabbath-school rooms that I have had the pleasure of visiting, was one that in many respects is considered a model. And truly its rooms were models! I rather envied them the brightness and the beauty and the conveniences

everywhere lavishly displayed. The teacher of the primary department was a young, bright-faced lady, who, I feel persuaded, was there because she wanted to do work for the Master; and who, if she had but known how, would have done good work for him.

But the folding-doors between her and the main room were instituted by Satan; at least he manipulated them. First came the secretary, and took note of the number present; then came the treasurer, to take up the amount of money collected; then the librarian, with a box of books for the wee beings to select from; then the superintendent, to see if anything was wanted; then the leader of the choir, to see if the children had been told to come to practice singing the next afternoon; then the usher, with two ladies who wanted to visit the school; finally, the minister, to say a word. All these during the twenty-five minutes the folding-doors were closed between them and the outer world, and they were supposed to be left alone together. In the intervals between those interruptions the teacher struggled to suit every little mouse to a book, to hear a few of those scattering verses, and then — she told

them a story! A sweet little one I think it would have been; neither I nor they heard the end of it, for there was not time. But it was not a lesson; it was not even a *Bible* story; it was just a pleasant little account of a pleasant little girl.

What *not* to do, again. Never occupy a primary room that hasn't a lock and key. Don't forget to lock the door. Don't *touch* a library book until the lesson is over, nor then, if you can help it. Don't teach a class without *teaching* them something. Never substitute a pretty story for the *story* of the *cross* in some of its forms or phases.

DON'T LEAVE OUT THE LESSON.

My next experience was in another bright, beautiful room. The class was large and most attractive-looking; and how they sang! I sometimes fancy I can hear their sweet voices. They had evidently received careful training. They sang exercise songs, using their pretty, chubby fingers in a most effective way. They sang choruses, and duets, and quartets, and solos. They recited Bible verses, many of them selected

with great care, and arranged with a special eye to the general effect.

Suddenly there came the sound of a bell! The sweet-voiced teacher paused in the midst of a poem she was teaching.

“O, dear!” she said, “we have taken up all our time! There is the bell for closing! I am sorry not to have heard your verses, and we have passed over the lesson again to-day; but we have had a nice time, haven't we?”

“Yes, ma'am,” chorused many voices.

And so they had. But, alas! alas! had it been a Sunday-school, in the true sense of the term, or a delightful, thoroughly arranged exhibition of youthful talent?

I recalled the lesson for the day. It was “Samuel's Parting Words,” the solemn, tender words of the glorious old saint, who, his work finished, was about to enter into rest. Would all these children ever have a chance to hear his farewell message? Certainly the young teacher could not be sure that they would, and, for that time at least, her opportunity was gone.

How could one help adding to the list of what *not* to do: Never have a *feast* simply of rich

desserts, while the bread of life is passed by in silence. Never give up the earnest work of the half hour, the work of feeding the lambs, and have in that time a concert or a festival.

A certain ministerial friend of mine; on exchange with a brother minister, unwittingly added to this list of what not to do by giving me this bit of experience :

“They invited me in to see the primary class, and a charming set of little people they were. They were evidently having a good time when I appeared. I presume they wished me in Jericho. They had reason to. You have no idea what a sudden extinguisher I was to their lesson. In a twinkling the class was turned into an exhibition, and the midgets were put through a course of ‘Who was the first man? The first woman? The first murderer? The first martyr? And all those items which well-taught children have breathed in with their first dolls in their arms. I hinted, and questioned, and coaxed, but not a word of the lesson proper could I get to appear.”

I felt sorry for that teacher. I understand her perfectly. We who have charge of primary classes have all been in her place. The habit of

indulging in these exhibitions is not an outgrowth of vanity, but has its rise in a horror of having the little ones put to confusion by making a failure before company; hence the temptation to flee back to "Adam and Eve," people with whom we are sure they are acquainted, and have been for so long a time that no amount of timidity will cause them to forget. We need to rise above the feeling that our classes are on exhibition, and remember that they are made up of immortal souls, intrusted to our care for half an hour, that we may tell them about Jesus Christ in such a way that they will be drawn to him. Therefore I put to my list this sentence: Do not allow yourself to be driven by timidity and the presence of a stranger *away* from the subject which you have studied and prayed over *for that day*.

DON'T SELECT OBJECTIONABLE RECITATIONS.

Speaking of exhibitions, there are other dangers connected with them. When we are preparing for concert exercises the feverish desire to get something new, coupled with the frightful dearth there is of exercises suitable for Sabbath-school

84 *Don't Select Objectionable Recitations.*

children, drives us to terrible straits sometimes. "Of making many books there is no end," said Solomon. I hope the end will not be until some consecrated genius arises who will give us true religious *poetry*, not merely *rhyme*, that will be suited to the tongues and brains of the little ones.

Let me tell you of a certain concert held on the Sabbath day which I attended. A band of little people, so little that they looked like specks beside the banners under which they tottered, came on the platform and recited a temperance poem. Let me give you one choice extract, recited by a six-year-old child, with a face pure enough for an angel:

"L is for loafer, either bloated or lean;
There's no object in nature one quarter so mean.
He hangs round the dram-shops, that, once in a while,
Some *toper* with *stamps* may ask him to 'smile.'"

Now, I protest that the Christian parents of our land do not want slang words and phrases taught to their pure-minded *babies* even in the Sunday-school, and under the guise of temperance. There is actually more danger in this direction than many, who have not thought of the subject, would suppose. The poem (?) from

which this extract is taken, is to be found in a recent publication, a book dedicated to the Sabbath-school, and the said poem is specially recommended as suited to the use of *primary* classes. Every letter in the alphabet is represented, even to X, and many of the verses are as objectionable as the one quoted.

Dear teachers, let us who have the "lambs" in our care teach *temperance* — by which I mean total abstinence — in the strongest, purest sense of that term. Teach it earnestly, persistently, both by precept and example. But so long as we have within our reach the simple, solemn warning, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder," there is certainly no excuse for us, if we descend to such doggerel as has been quoted.

DON'T WASTE WORKERS.

There is a certain school, which, in its way, is considered a model. There are many respects in which it is worthy of imitation. Let me introduce you to the primary class. It was large; on the

day in question there were over a hundred present. There were twenty sub-teachers — no, I mistake, I mean there were seats for twenty, and work laid out *for* twenty. Of that number three were absent; the little people belonging to those three were in a flutter; they were afraid they would get no teaching. The head teacher evidently feared the same; she looked about her in a perplexed way; she sent out to the main room for recruits; she secured *one*; she instructed her what to do. There were no more who could be prevailed upon to give impromptu assistance in the primary room. The other sub-classes were to be disposed of; it required ingenuity; the seats were all filled; they tried to crowd, putting an extra one on each seat; the seats refused to stretch, and the little morsels refused to be crowded — that is, they scowled over it, pushed, and nudged with their elbows, and were uncomfortable. Besides, some of them had choices, and wanted to go to certain seats, and *couldn't*, and shed a tear or two over it, and had to be comforted. It all took *time*. At last they were ready; the opening exercises followed; they were beautiful; then the sub-teachers set to work; I listened; it was their duty

to teach the *beatitudes* ; the one nearest to me did *not* do it well ; she allowed the scholars to drawl wretchedly ; she needed training herself, in the art of good recitation — most people do. The teacher at my right let three of her little people whisper together while the three others recited. The head teacher saw *some* of these things. They tried her — wearied her : she looked as though she would have enjoyed standing up on the floor and saying, in a clear, ringing voice, “Here, children, look at me. Repeat after me this sentence, just as if there were but one saying it, ‘Blessed are the pure in heart.’” I think she would have enjoyed it ; I know *they* would. The wonder was, why didn't she do it, instead of sitting there, being tried with the sort of half-way doing that was in progress ? But in that case what would the sub-teachers have done ? I don't know. . The *beauty* about it all was that it lasted but ten minutes, then the head-teacher came to the rescue ; she gave the International Lesson to the entire class ; she did it grandly ; they listened and answered and enjoyed ; she showed that she was entirely capable of controlling and marshalling that army of little children, and that she had that rare and happy faculty

of making them enjoy her control. Despite the interest, however, I had to pay some attention to the sub-teachers; they needed attention; two of them whispered; one wrote a note, or a sermon it might have been. I don't know what it was; she scribbled, I know, while a lesson was being given, and two hundred bright eyes, from time to time, glanced her way; they were receiving lessons. Another read a Sabbath-school book. For the rest, they listened some of the time, with a listless air. How should they, young ladies, be able to give their attention to a lesson that was being taught the infants? I should have liked to have formed them into a Bible class, and sent them into the main room; I think they would have enjoyed it; I *know* the children would. Meantime, I heard the superintendent of the main room say that they were short of teachers that day (I wonder does there ever come a day, in any school, when all the teachers are present?); that they had to double up two classes, and that he had to take one class himself, thereby neglecting certain other duties. Yet here are seventeen young ladies unoccupied during the greater portion of the session! One of the worst features being that

during the short time in which they *were* occupied they were only learning to teach by rote a few Bible verses. When they shall scatter to other homes and fields, as young ladies will, they, with their three, five, or seven years of experience, will have learned, *perhaps*, how to teach children to whisper the beatitudes. Let me not be understood to hint that out of all these young ladies none were alert and eager. There were two! I picked them out as girls who would train into grand helpers, and, in time, successors to the main teacher. But either one of them could have taught the hundred children the verse they were learning as well or better, than they taught their six. Do you wonder that I wrote in my memorandum, Do not waste material by giving to twenty people the work that can be better done by one. Let nineteen of the twenty be employed where their work will *tell*, or where they will be feeding their *souls*, preparing in the best way for future work.

DON'T BE ABOVE ANYTHING THAT WILL HELP
YOUR SCHOLARS.

Once, during a vacation extending over some weeks, I had the pleasure of visiting several

primary class-rooms in an eastern city. One that I found was a perfect delight just to see — carpeted floor, rows and rows of comfortable little seats, set tier on tier, so that each scholar could be seen by the teacher, and could have a fair view of whatever was to be seen. The well-lighted, well-apportioned accommodation called forth nothing but praise. Then there were pictures, and charts, and song-rolls, and mottoes — *help* in abundance. There were seventy-two little people in that class, and it was such a pretty picture! Presently the exercise commenced. There was a recitation of Bible verses. No international system about that, nor any other system. The selections were from almost every book in the Bible. The necessity of hearing so many, and so diverse gifts, made *speed* the important thought of the hour. There was no time for comment, no time for illustration, no possible way of *knowing* whether the verse had been *prepared* for that day's feast, or was simply produced from one of the Sabbaths of the past, for recitation.

One bright little six year-old at my left said, in a satisfied whisper, "That makes twenty-seven times that I have said that verse this year!" He

evidently thought he had done his duty nobly. The scramble of verses over, the teacher proceeded to the work of the hour, which was to give the lesson coming next in the International programme. It was noticeable that not *one* of the verses recited had happened to bear directly on that lesson. The scholars were totally ignorant of it. To my mental memoranda I added this thought: Do not encourage the repetition of Bible verses that have nothing to do with the subject of the hour. It is like letting an arithmetic class indulge in the reading of a few pages of choice poetry, during the half hour that has been allotted to *arithmetic*. The thoughts of the class should be concentrated on the work in hand.

The lesson was, "The choosing of Saul as king." There was no review of previous work. There were almost no questions asked, but the story was well told. It had to be told rapidly, for much time had been consumed in that rush of Bible verses. There was no blackboard, no object used, and among all the pictures that adorned the walls, not one that bore upon the lesson for the day. The teacher made one single gesticulation, when she told of Saul being higher

than any of the people, from his shoulders and upward — she touched her hands with a graceful motion to her shoulders, and raised them toward her head. Presently came the review.

“Children, what is our lesson about to-day?”

No answer.

“Why, children, I am sure you know. Isn't it about a king?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“Well, what king? Who was he?”

Some said “Solomon,” some “David,” many of them said “Jesus;” and one boy, whose verse had happened to be in that line, said “Belshazzar.” Five out of the seventy-two said “Saul.” Those five were duly commended, and the review proceeded with about the same encouraging degree of success, until the question, “How much taller was this man than any of the others?” “Head and shoulders,” shouted fifty voices at once, eager and proud that they had remembered one thing and were certain of it. A curious feature about this answer was, that, instinctively, a hundred little hands came up to the shoulders, and copied the graceful motion headward, that the teacher had given them. I had known of this element of

the child-mind for years, but my notions were greatly strengthened that day, insomuch that I wrote on my list: Do not attempt to teach a lesson without a blackboard outline, or a picture of some feature of the story, or an object that shall illustrate it, or a gesture that shall fix it—something to appeal to the eyes and imitative faculties of little children.” In conversation with that teacher after class, I said: “You have so many beautiful things to help you, I wonder that the leaf cluster is not among them.”

“O, I have it,” she said quickly; “it is rolled up there behind the desk. I never use it. The pictures are so rude and coarse I don’t like them at all. They offend my sense of beauty so much that it is impossible to endure them.”

“You don’t make use of a blackboard, I conclude?” I said.

“Not at all. I could have one if I chose, but I don’t want it. I am not an artist; in fact, I may say that I have no creative talent—indeed, I can not even copy, and I do so dislike bungling attempts at pictures, that I never allow a blackboard in my room. I want the real thing—third-rate articles of any kind offend me wonderfully.”

Think of the Lord refusing her work as a Sunday-school teacher because she was only third-rate! Surely her very best must have been far from perfect in his eyes. Out came my mental memoranda, down went this item: Never be so artistic that you fail to use a picture that will explain your lesson, because its bold, rude outlines offend your taste! Never so put "self" between Christ and your scholars, as to refuse to use chalk lines, because you may not be able to make them straight, or at right angles.

DON'T OMIT THE APPLICATION.

Just one more experience of mine: It was in a school where almost everything done could be copied with profit; but being in search of notes, of course I found them, though verily it seemed for a time that I should look in vain. In the primary class, which was large and grandly managed, the teacher gave the lesson for the day with earnestness and power. It was the story of Naaman the leper. And, really, the description and the blackboard-work were so graphic that it almost seemed as though we stood on the highway, and watched the elegant carriage and its splendid

train as they drew up before the home of Elisha. Or, as if we stood beside the swelling Jordan and waited and watched while the great man went again, and again, and again, beneath the waters that were to prove their healing power, But the story closed and the bell rang, and the little people filed decorously out to the main room, and not one word had been said to them of the leprosy of sin, that had appeared with its terrible spots all over little human souls; nor of the Jordan, that flowed to-day for sin and uncleanness, where every one who would, might wash and be clean. O, that blessed prayer in that golden text! — golden in every word: “Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.” Why did that teacher think she was keeping holy the Sabbath day, and doing work for the great Shepherd, to gather the lambs, and tell them that wonderful story of healing, when she forgot to say: “My darlings, there is a sickness to-day like unto the leprosy! Its name is *sin*. Its end is *death*. But there is a *Jordan*, and it is filled with *blood* — the precious blood of Jesus, that washes from all sin; and the promise is to every one who will come and wash that their sin-sick hearts shall be whiter than snow; and

the prayer is just two simple words, spoken right to the ear of that wonderful Jesus, 'Wash me.'

What *not* to do. Can it be made too emphatic? Never, *never, never* forget or pass over the application — the *present, personal, application!* Put your little children and your Saviour into every lesson that you dare to teach. More than that, let it not be left to the word at the close; let it run like a scarlet thread through the entire lesson; the warp into which you weave.

BIBLE READING.

BY REV. G. R. ALDEN.

THE COVENANT.

1. *Leader or Pastor.* — Jer. l. 5: “Come and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten.”

2. *Congregation.* — Deut. xxxii. 9: “For the Lord’s portion is his people.”

OUR COVENANT WITH GOD.

3. *L. or P.* — Deut. xxix. 10: “Ye stand this day all of you before the Lord your God; your captains of your tribes, your elders, and your officers, with all the men of Israel.”

4. *Superintendent.* — Deut. xxix. 11: “Your little ones, your wives, and thy stranger that is in thy camp, from the hewer of thy wood unto the drawer of thy water.”

5. *Asst. Superintendent.* — Deut. xxix, 12: “That thou shouldest enter into covenant with

the Lord thy God, and into his oath, which the Lord thy God maketh with thee this day.”

6. *Secretary.*—Deut. xxix. 13: “That he may establish thee to-day for a people unto himself, and that he may be unto thee a God, as he hath said unto thee, and as he has sworn unto thy fathers.”

7. *L. or P.*—Jer. xi. 2: “Hear ye the words of this covenant.”

8. *C.*—Gen. xvii. 2: “And I will make my covenant between me and thee.”

COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM.

9. *C.*—Gen. xvii. 7: “And I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee.”

10. *C.*—Gen. xxii. 18: “And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed my voice.”

11. *C.*—Heb. vi. 13: “For when God made promise to Abraham, because he could swear by no greater, he sware by himself.”

12. *C.*—Heb. vi. 17: “Wherein God, willing

more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath.”

13. *C.* — Heb. vi. 18: “That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.”

14. *C.* — Gal. iii. 15: “Though it be but a man’s covenant, yet if it be confirmed, no man disannulleth, or addeth thereto.”

15. *L. or P.* — Rom. iv. 3: “For what saith the Scripture? Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness.”

COVENANT OF WORKS.

16. *C.* — Lev. xviii. 1, 2: “And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, I am the Lord your God.”

17. *C.* — Lev. xviii. 5: “Ye shall therefore keep my statutes, and my judgments: which if a man do, he shall live in them: I am the Lord.”

CONDITION.

18. *L. or P.* — Exod. xix. 5: “Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine.”

EVERLASTING COVENANT.

19. *C.* — Isa. lv. 3: “Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.”

20. *C.* — Jer. xxxiii. 20, 21: “Thus saith the Lord, If ye can break my covenant of the day, and my covenant of the night, and that there should not be day and night in their season, then may also my covenant be broken.”

A NEW COVENANT.

21. *C.* — Jer. xxxi. 31: “Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel.”

22. *C.* — Jer. xxxi. 32: “Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers, in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they

brake, although I was a husband unto them, saith the Lord.”

23. *C.*—Jer. xxxi. 33: “But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel: After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people.”

24. *L. or P.*—John vi. 29: “This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.”

25. *S.*—Acts xvi. 31: “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.”

26. *C.*—Gal. iii. 17: “And this I say, that the covenant, that was confirmed before of God in Christ, the law, which was four hundred and thirty years after, cannot disannul, that it should make the promise of none effect.”

27. *L. or P.*—Deut. xxix. 14, 15: “Neither with you only do I make this covenant and this oath; but with him that standeth here with us this day before the Lord our God, and also with him that is not here with us this day.”

NEW COVENANT BETTER.

28. *C.*—Acts xiii. 39: “By him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.”

29. *C.*—Heb. viii. 13: “In that he saith, A new covenant, he hath made the first old. Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away.”

30. *C.*—Heb. viii. 7: “For if that first covenant had been faultless, then should no place have been sought for the second.”

31. *C.*—Heb. viii. 8, 9; “For finding fault with them, he saith; Behold, the day is come, saith the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers.”

32. *C.*—Heb. ix. 28: “So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.”

33. *C.*—Heb. x. 14: “For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified.”

34. *I. or P.*—Gen. xvii. 4: “Behold, my covenant is with thee.”

THE COVENANT MADE.

35. *L. or P.*—Deut. xxvi. 17: “Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be the Lord thy God, and to walk in his ways, and to keep his statutes, and his commandments, and his judgments, and to hearken unto his voice.”

36. *S.*—Deut. xxvi. 18: “And the Lord hath avouched thee this day to be his peculiar people.”

37. *C.*—Deut. v. 3: “The Lord made not this covenant with our fathers but with us, even us, who are all of us here alive this day.”

TEACHER'S COVENANT.

38. *C.*—Isa. xxx. 20: “And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers.”

39. *L. or P.*—Isa. xxx. 21: “Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.”

FOREIGN MISSION COVENANT.

40. *C.*—Ps. ii. 8: “Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and

the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

41. *C.*— Josh. i. 3: "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses."

HOME MISSION COVENANT.

42. *C.*— 2 Kings xxi. 8: "Neither will I make the feet of Israel move any more out of the land which I gave their fathers; only if they will observe to do according to all that I have commanded them, and according to all the law that my servant Moses commanded them."

43. *C.*— 1 Chron. xxviii. 8: "Now therefore, in the sight of all Israel, the congregation of the Lord, and in the audience of our God, keep and seek for all the commandments of the Lord your God: that ye may possess this good land, and leave it for an inheritance for your children after you forever."

44. *C.*— Ezek. xxxvi. 28: "And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God."

45. *C.*— Deut. xxviii. 10: "And all the people of the earth shall see that thou art called by the name of the Lord."

BENEDICTION.

46. *P. or L.* — Ps. cxv. 14: "The Lord shall increase you more and more, you and your children."

47. *C.* — Ps. cxv. 12: "The Lord hath been mindful of us; he will bless us; he will bless the house of Israel."

48. *S.* — Ps. cxv. 15: "Ye are blessed of the Lord which made heaven and earth."

49. *A. S.* — Deut. xxviii. 3: "Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the field."

50. *Sec'y* — Deut. xxviii. 5: "Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store."

51. *Sup't.* — Deut. xxviii. 6: "Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out."

52. *L. or P.* — Rev. xxii. 20: "He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen."

53. *C.* — Rev. xxii. 20: "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

54. *L. or P.* — Rev. xxii. 21: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

SIMPLE BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

BY REV. G. R. ALDEN.

The Bereans.

THESE MORE NOBLE THAN THOSE:

BECAUSE they

RECEIVED & SEARCHED the
READILY SCRIPTURES

DAILY.

Lesson on Obedience.

BECAUSE



THEY

OBEYED

NOT

REMOVED.



THEY

OBEYED

UNMOVED.

WE DECLARE unto YOU

GOOD TIDINGS FOR SALVATION
FOR SINNERS.

F
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NOTE—God's throne is forever in the past and forever in the future; so covering the eternity of the past and of the future.

THE TWO HINGES.

T H E R E F O R E	Sinned Removed	Believed Established
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Look **NOT** upon the **W** **I** **N** **E** **T** **O** **U** **C** **H** **A** **S** **T** **E** **N** **O** **T**
 HANDLE

OBSCURE TEACHING.

The genius that people manifest in misunderstanding what you say is one of the marked features of all mental work. Sometimes I have thought this to be especially the case in the matter of Sunday-school work. To illustrate: I am an advocate of the blackboard; I believe in it to such a degree that in all printed lessons, prepared to afford suggestions to teachers, I have talked about it; urged its advantages; urged its adoption; suggested ways and means of using it simply and constantly; suggested actual *work* on it for each lesson. Sometimes I have approached the subject almost nervously, feeling that I was saying too much; that I was riding my hobby too constantly; that certainly everybody who made any use of my lessons must by this time know all that *I* did, on that subject, at least. Yet, remembering the necessity for "line upon line" in all

effective work, I have resolutely shut my eyes to the critics who stood all ready to say that I repeated myself, and sturdily *repeated* myself at every opportunity. Now what is the result? A few weeks ago I received a letter from a Sabbath-school worker, who kindly complimented my method of teaching, who declared herself a constant student of my work, a firm believer in my hobbies, etc., etc., and then followed this sentence: "Now I have a favor to ask: Won't you be so kind, through the columns of some of your periodicals, as to give us a few hints on *how to use the blackboard?*" Well the conclusion is inevitable: My work in that direction must have been very *obscure*.

IMPORTANCE OF THE SUBJECT.

Now, this question of obscure teaching is an important one. It demands careful attention. Especially is it important that everything one attempts to teach *little* children should be as clearly expressed as language will do it. And every one who has attempted it, knows that this is by no means an easy thing to do. The average teacher may succeed in making her boys and girls,

who are somewhat advanced, understand what she means, even if she is somewhat foggy in her sentences. But the queer, keen, questioning, literal, visionary, altogether contradictory *child*-mind must be managed carefully. These little morsels, not yet grown away from their lips, and their various other pretty tokens of babyhood, have flashes of logic that are like chain-lightning. They don't know it by that name; they don't express it in such a way that you call it logic; but they shake their little heads, and look you through with dreamy, far-seeing eyes, and know perfectly well that you are talking about something that you don't understand, and trying to teach from it, you don't know what. If your lesson is not most carefully prepared, and most thoroughly digested, beware of the babies.

A BLUNDERING WORLD.

Obscurity is a double misfortune, because the world is full of idiots who mistake effect for cause. It isn't a month ago that I was talking with a gentleman, who said: "Now, I tell you what it is, you Sunday-school people have some new ideas that are very good, but there's one thing I don't

believe in, and that's your blackboards. I'll just tell you *why*. I used to think it was a splendid idea to use a blackboard in the Sabbath-school. I went into the practical study of it, with all my prejudices in its favor. I went down here on the railroad to a Sunday-school Institute, and they had a fellow there with a blackboard. He was announced to give a model lesson. Well, he went into it, and he took two hours, and had us all for scholars, and he made rings, and curves, and diamonds, and parallelograms, and crowns, and moons, and stars, and I don't know what he *didn't* make, to illustrate that lesson with. And when he got through, as true as you live, I couldn't make out what the man had been driving at, and I don't believe he knew himself. *I* hadn't got a single idea, anyhow, and I've believed that the blackboard was a humbug ever since."

Now, he was a sensible man, and he didn't reason in that way about anything else under the sun. Said I to him: "Suppose that same man had undertaken a lesson in the Bible, and spent two hours in talking, and, WITHOUT the addition of a blackboard, had failed to give you a single idea, would you have believed ever since that the

Bible was a humbug? Do you really think it was the blackboard that made that man a simpleton? Wouldn't it be reasonable to suppose that a man who took two hours in which to give a lesson, and used crowns, and moons, and rings, and stars, and curves, and diamonds, and parallelograms, all to illustrate one *single* lesson, was somewhat misty, *anyway*, whether hidden behind a blackboard or not?"

"Well," he said, "of course the man was a fool, but then—" and there he stopped. Such logicians always *do* stop just there. And the next time he talks on that subject he will say that "blackboards are humbugs," and he will instance the man who once gave a lesson at an Institute to prove it. You can't make some people understand that the *effect* is one thing and the *cause* another. So much the more necessary is it to guard our work with careful eye.

ABUSE OF BLACKBOARD.

While we are on the subject of blackboards let us admit everything that can be said in regard to its abuse. It can be made a nuisance, a laughing-stock, a perfect bore, a fatal blunder. There is

nothing in the way of folly that can not be perpetrated with it, from the grotesque and be-twisted acrostic that it is made to uphold, to the more grotesque caricatures of human beings, or animals, or angels (and it is often difficult to determine which class is meant), that the abused board is often obliged to represent. But there is certainly nothing in that line that we are not willing to admit as possible of being achieved with the aid of the blackboard. Yet, let us try to exercise sufficient common sense to remember that it is *always* the fault of the man or woman behind the work, if the work is senseless and grotesque. Let us also remember that *obscurity* to the eyes of most people is senselessness.

CHIEF CAUSE OF TROUBLE.

What is the main element that produces obscure teaching? That question might be differently answered by different persons. To my mind the main trouble is, a state of uncertainty in the brain of a teacher, as to what she wants to teach by the lesson; an indefiniteness as to *any* special point which she desires to make. This, coupled with a desire to bring in some picture, or some

story that *cannot* be brought in wisely in that lesson, and is therefore *lugged* in to the obscurity of the aim that the teacher *should* have. Said a gentleman the other day, speaking of a certain other gentleman: "He is very fond of making *speeches*; he has four or five good yarns and he lugs them in on all occasions. They are first-rate things in themselves, but they have been twisted so often to make them match what they *won't* match, that the man himself has pretty nearly come to feel that they don't mean *anything*, and will fit in one place as well as another." Is it so with some of our Sabbath teaching?

FORCED BLACKBOARD WORK.

There is that other manner of teaching — the forcing in of something that *will not* fit. This form of error appears more often with the blackboard for an auxiliary. Let me illustrate: A certain teacher of little children had, during the week, achieved the art of making a respectable-looking ladder on the blackboard, a by no means easy thing for amateurs to accomplish. Hurried with other cares, and fascinated during her leisure moments with that ladder which she has seen

present so fine an appearance at a recent Sunday-school Institute, she has little time for the lesson. Very late in the week she discovers it to be "The Captives in Babylon." Now the point is not, "What shall I teach my class that shall be helpful to them?" but "How shall I put a ladder into this lesson?" Toward that thought she labors and struggles. She is by no means clear as to how it can be done. Yet the ladder is so pretty, and the children would be *so* interested in it. How *can* she give it up? After much effort she has an idea. Daniel was certainly led by the Lord, cared for by him, and his life, which begins so far as her knowledge of him is concerned, in Babylon, ended at last in heaven. So she outlines her ladder, making the base of it Babylon and the summit heaven. Now behold her in class, telling the story of the lesson and fitting it to a ladder.

"Children, you see this ladder reaches to heaven. Our lesson to-day is about Daniel, and this stands for the ladder that he travelled on his way from earth to heaven. To-day he is in Babylon. He was a prisoner, and the king sent word that he was to eat certain kinds of food and drink

wine, and Daniel didn't want to, because he thought it would be wrong; he wanted to obey the rules that he had learned at home. In fact, Daniel always obeyed God; and I am going to print that word on the first round of the ladder, for it had a great deal to do with Daniel's life. Now, though he didn't want to do this thing, and indeed had decided in his heart that he wouldn't, he wasn't cross about it. Instead, he coaxed the man who had charge of him to try his way. It is a great deal better to try to coax people to do right than it is to be cross about it. I am going to print 'coaxed' on this round, to help you remember what Daniel did when he wanted his way, and knew it was a right way. Then he was willing to have his way proved. Little boys and girls are not always willing to have people decide by their actions whether they are living right or not; but that is the way in which people judge them. We will print 'proved' on the next round. Now, God was pleased with Daniel because he was anxious to do right, and so he rewarded him. The Bible says he gave him knowledge and skill. Those are excellent rounds for our ladder."

Now the ladder is completed; that is, all the

rounds that she has room for are filled. Now for the review.

“Children, about whom is our lesson to-day?”

“Daniel!” shouts every voice in triumph. They have been looking and listening. When a thing is made before the eyes of the children be sure they will look at it. Whether they learn anything from it or not depends upon what the teacher has selected to make, and the words with which she illumines her work.

“That is right,” says our complacent teacher.

“What did Daniel do?”

“Went to Babylon on a ladder,” shouts one voice.

“Went to heaven on a ladder,” shouts another voice.

Still another: “He came down from heaven on a ladder, and went to Babylon, and coaxed a man.”

You perceive that here is a confusion of ideas, and they are all swimming in chaos around that ladder. The teacher, standing back, and viewing it as a whole for the first time, is mortified to discover that, according to its teaching, the steps to heaven are, first “obedience;” second, “coax-

ing ;” third, “proving ;” fourth, “knowledge,” and fifth, “skill.” She is afraid this is theologically unsound. She is glad the children don’t understand her. She is glad that she has been so obscure that they haven’t caught her idea, or any other, with sufficient force to be unanimous about anything. She is confused and utterly disappointed, and she goes home feeling that the blackboard is a snare of Satan.

WRONG DEDUCTIONS.

This is an extreme case, you say. So it is ; nearly all illustrations are ; the actual work tends toward them only. The all-important question is, Toward what issue is my teaching tending ? The superficial looker-on lays all the fault to the blackboard. “ Ah,” he says, “ there is a specimen of your blackboard teaching ! I never believed in it.” But is his conclusion a correct one ? Is a ladder an improper symbol to use in presenting Bible truth ? Was Jacob’s dream a misfortune, in which he saw that wonderful ladder, reaching to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending on it ? On reflection one must decide that the difficulty is not in the illustration, but in the present fitness of it. A brick is certainly a

useful thing, and when one is building a brick house may be sure to find its proper place in the wall. But place it on a centre-table, and force it to try to pass for a book, and you force its incongruity on all observers. Meantime, won't you please take note of this fact? What the class took in, and remembered, was what their eyes beheld! And such is invariably the case.

THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

Now suppose that that teacher, in her studying had laid aside all thought of the beautiful ladder that she could make, until such time as that object suddenly flashed itself before her as the very one of all others to aid in making clear some other lesson. Suppose she had outlined the map of Babylon, and made a square therein to stand for the room where Daniel and his friends assembled. Suppose she had used initial letters of different colored crayon to represent the different names in the lesson. Then, having told her story, what if she had outlined a scroll as of parchment, and had printed thereon the simple, earnest pledge which they purposed in their hearts, "We will not defile ourselves," and then had signed the

names of the four young men, wouldn't it have helped her in her explanation of the sources of defilement of the body, the temptations to which the little Daniels of to-day are to be exposed very early in life — the wine, the cider, the cigar — wouldn't it have helped her to awaken the desire to purpose in their hearts according to this good example, and sign their names to a simple manly, womanly pledge to touch nothing that will defile the temple that God has made for each soul to live in? Such use of the blackboard would certainly be simple enough and plain enough, and probably only those who have tried these methods with little children can realize the degree of help afforded their brains by this use of their eyes.

The truth is, it seems often to be the desire to use again some pretty design that has worked well elsewhere, rather than to take time and give study to the working out of a new plan. That produces obscure teaching, and obscure teaching among the little ones is productive of results either in burlesque or in utter listlessness and weariness.

AN UNPREPARED TEACHER.

There was once a teacher who actually did not

know what she wanted to teach her children, from that sublime lesson, "The Lamentation of Amos." Though three distinct times it repeats the all-important sentence, "Seek the Lord, and ye shall live;" though it says, "Hate the evil, love the good;" though it says, "The Lord shall be with those who seek him;" yet she did not see these points. The lesson looked bewildering — too old for the children. She read it to them; much of it might as well have been in Greek — the peculiar imagery in which it is shrouded making it doubly obscure to the child. Yet some of them were listening.

There is no knowing what verse in the lesson will arrest the wonderings of these queer babies. And, behold, one boy was struck with the verse, "Ye who turn judgment to wormwood." He was acquainted with wormwood. It so happened that he had one of those miserable mothers, who steep the horrid stuff and give their babies drinks of it occasionally. Rob was curious about it. He didn't suppose there was anything about wormwood in the Bible.

"What does that mean?" he called out in a loud, eager voice.

“What does what mean, Robbie?”

“That about wormwood.”

Then there was a puzzled teacher! She had not planned to make this figurative language plain to the children; but, on the other hand, she had not planned to do anything else, and to such a teacher a question from the class is a real angel of mercy. Why not as well try to teach them about that as anything, especially since Robbie was interested in it? So she tried:

“Why, Robbie, that is a figure of speech!”

Robbie stared at her. He hadn't heard anything about figures — he knew those when he saw them.

“It means,” said the teacher, “that there are wicked people who try to turn right things, into bitter things, like wormwood; that, you know is bitter.”

Yes, Robbie knew that.

“Such people are very wicked, and God says they must be punished. God wants everybody to do right and not turn away from good things, and try to make other people go wrong and do wrong, so they shall be bitter, like wormwood.”

By this time you will observe that the teacher

herself was getting confused as to the meaning. Is it any wonder that Robbie was? However, she went on, floundering through words, piling them on in her anxiety to be clear, and in her uncomfortable conviction that she was not clear; earnestly anxious to teach something; to get it from the lesson; and not knowing what to take, not having prepared herself with absolute and exhaustive thoroughness on any single point, and being suddenly called upon for an explanation of a passage difficult to make clear to children, her failure was inevitable.

PRACTICAL RESULTS.

“But, should the teacher be prepared to explain everything in the lesson to a child?” asks the earnest listener.

By no means; it would need the wisdom of Solomon and the tongue of an angel. Even to questions asked, often the safest, wisest answer, and the one that will win the most respect, even from a child, is, “My boy, I don’t know how to explain that to you, yet. When you are older you will be able to study out what it means.” The teacher who has a special thought that she

does know how to explain, and that she is eager to present to her class, will pass swiftly over such questions to the work in hand; but the teacher who has planned nothing is as likely to be caught with one verse as another.

“Robbie,” says that boy’s mother, as he lounges wearily about the sitting-room on Sunday afternoon, wishing the long day was done, “come and tell me about your lesson this morning; what was it about?”

“It was about wormwood,” says Robbie, searching slowly through the regions of his memory for the morning lesson, and bringing forth the word that made an impression.

“Wormwood!” repeats the amazed mother. “What in the world could you have in a Sunday-school lesson about wormwood? that isn’t a Bible lesson, I’m sure.”

“Yes,” says Robbie, “it is; she read it out of the Bible. Some kinds of wicked folks are all made out of wormwood, every bit; and they can’t help doing bad things then, ’cause they are made out of wormwood, and God doesn’t love them a bit, and he’ll boil them up, or make tea of them, or something, I’ve forgot what.”

“Well, of all the things in this world!” says the amazed mother. “What stuff has she been teaching you? If that is the way they manage their Sunday-schools I don’t think much of them.”

You perceive that what Robbie did not actually hear at Sunday-school he can add from his own vivid imagination. There is hardly a baby among them who can’t do that for himself.

After a thoughtful pause this boy brought forth the personal, practical application. They are nearly always able to accomplish that, also.

“Mamma, I shouldn’t think he’d have made any people out of bad stuff, so they would have to be wicked, should you?”

And this is what Robbie has learned at Sabbath-school! Deduced, too, from an actual, sincere effort to teach something.

TOO MUCH ATTEMPTED.

A lesson may be carefully prepared and carefully taught, and yet the class may go home with a confusion of ideas, all more or less vague, rather than with any clear knowledge. And the difficulty will be found to lie in the number of

thoughts that the teacher has attempted to fix, in the number and variety of the objects shown or outlined. Each may fit well in some portion of the lesson, but the teacher who tries to impress too many points will, as a rule, fail in all. In every lesson there are perhaps four or five clear, vivid points that force themselves upon the thoughts of the teacher, and one who has a class of older scholars may perhaps with safety and profit touch on them. But the teacher of little children must resolutely select one, or, at most, two points, and force her mind down to them, to the exclusion of the other pearls which she longs to touch. This being done, there is no danger of using too many illustrations; no fear of too many outlines on the board; it may be filled with objects of different shapes, and yet they may point by different trains of thought to the one central theme. Such a method of teaching is, in fact, but the going over and over the same road, for review, by a process that looks new and inviting to the child, and yet leads to the same gate. And that gate, what should it be?

THE END IN VIEW.

This brings us to the solemn portion of this subject: If the grand object of Sabbath-school teaching is either to lead scholars to the cross of Christ or to lead them to a higher reach of faith, then it is painfully true that much of our teaching, which is perfect as to history and geography; a marvel of clearness as regards points of doctrine, vivid as regards practical illustration, yet shrouds the cross in such a mist of obscurity that the child thinks it is not there at all. The most fatal of all obscurity is this. The teaching of the ten commandments is important, the beatitudes are priceless in value, the twenty-third Psalm is as precious as diamonds, but the centre of every lesson, the main gateway toward which all roads lead, the central star in all the cluster of diamonds, is the cross of Christ, forever encircled by that eternal call ringing through the earth, "Come unto me!" Forever hallowed by that ten thousand times repeated promise, "I will give you — O, what will he not give! Teachers, whatever else is obscure, whatever of geography or history or biography you forget, or enshroud in fog, make clear as the light of a glowing noonday

sun, shining in every lesson, that call centred in Calvary, repeated every hour of every day, one day to cease, never to be heard again. Remember that the call is to the buds as well as to the full blossoms, "Come unto me," "Give me thine heart," "Abide in me." So teaching, embalming your work in prayer, there shall no veil of mist cover or dim the shining of the stars that the Lord of the kingdom shall set in your crowns of glory, even those which fade not away.

Remember, teacher, it is your privilege to present Jesus as the children's Friend, one to be trusted with very small troubles as well as with great waves of sorrow or fear.

LESSON HYMN.—Tune, "*Almost Persuaded.*"

Fear not to trust him, Jesus is near;

Whisper it to him, Jesus will hear.

Through all the stormy way

Hold to his hand each day,

And don't forget to pray —

Jesus will hear.

BIBLE READING: ON THE HEART.

The Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Sam. xvi. 7.

He that is of a perverse heart shall be despised. Prov. xii. 8.

“Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord.” Prov. xvi. 5.

The Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts.” 1 Chron. xxviii. 9.

If thou sayest, Behold we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works? Prov. xxiv. 12.

Every way of a man is right in his own eyes: but the Lord pondereth the heart. Prov. xxi. 2.

He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool. Prov. xxviii. 26.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it? Jer. xvii. 9

I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins,
 even to give every man according to his ways,
 and according to the fruit of his doings. Jer.
 xvii. 10.

BLACKBOARD LESSON.

For the text: "*Thou shalt have no other gods
 before me.*"

Outline a heart which shall stand for each one
 in your class. Leave it blank—you can not see
 their hearts. Print over it "God's eye," and
 leave on their hearts the thought that he is look-
 ing, and can see just how much or how little of
 each heart belongs to him.

LESSON HYMN.

He wants no gods before him ;
 He asks for all the heart.
 Has mine been given to him,
 Or do I keep back part?

CHORUS.

O, Jesus, call me to thee !
 Wash every sin away.
 O, Jesus, I would love thee !
 I come to thee to-day.

GIFTS.

A Selection of Bible Verses, Suited to Christmas Times.

No. 1. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. — James i. 17.

2. The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. — Ps. lxxviii. 35.

3. He giveth grace unto the lowly. — Prov. iii. 34.

4. The Lord giveth wisdom. — Prov. ii. 6.

5. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. — Isa. xl. 29.

6. The Lord will give grace and glory. — Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

7. God giveth grace unto the humble. — James iv. 6.

8. The Lord will give strength unto his people.
— Ps. xxix. 11.

9. The Lord is able to give thee much more than this. — 2. Chron. xxv. 9.

10. The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve. — Isa. xiv. 3.

11. For so he giveth his beloved sleep. — Ps. cxxvii. 2.

12. Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good. — Ps. lxxxv. 12.

13. He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things. — Acts xvii. 25.

14. Thus saith the Lord, which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for a light by night, which divideth the sea when the waves thereof roar; The Lord of hosts is his name. — Jer. xxxi. 35.

15. He that created the heavens, and stretched them out; he that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein. — Isa. xlii. 5.

16. Who giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth waters upon the fields. — Job v. 10.

17. Who giveth songs in the night. — Job xxxv. 10.

18. The living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. — 1 Tim. vi. 17.

19. I will give to Jerusalem one that bringeth good tidings. — Isa. xli. 27.

20. And I will give them an heart to know me that I am the Lord; and they shall be my people, and I will be their God. — Jer. xxiv. 7.

21. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. — Rev. xxi. 6.

22. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. — Rev. ii. 17.

23. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. — Matt. xi. 28.

24. A new heart will I also give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. — Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

25. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto

you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. — John xiv. 27.

26. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. — Rev. ii. 10.

27. The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. — Rom. vi. 23.

28. For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God. — Eph. ii. 8.

29. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever. — Rev. xxii. 5.

30. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. — John iii. 16.

31. He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things? — Rom. viii. 32.

SIMPLE BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

BY REV. G. R. ALDEN.

GOD IS ABLE TO MAKE
TOW ALL GRACE
ARD BOUND YOU.

BLACKBOARD NOTE.— At the opening of the school, let only the words "GOD" and "YOU" appear on the board; then, at the close fill out with one word at a time. It will then appear: "God is," then "God is able," then "God is able to make all grace, etc.," dividing to meet the taste and time of the teacher.

WILL HE PLEAD AGAINST ME WITH HIS
No; BUT HE *would* put STRENGTH in ME GREAT
POWER?

BUT IF THE LORD BE GOD THEN FOLLOW HIM.
BAAL, FOLLOW HIM.

SERPENT
SATAN.
SIN.



LOOK AND LIVE.

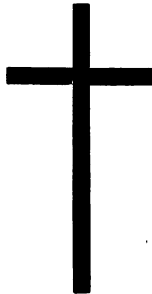
So Shall We Be
EVER?

H^L WITH
the^{OR} D^N
E A V E N

NOTE.—Dwell on the *interrogation*. Must we read
“Shall we be ever with the Lord?” or “We *shall* be?”

T H O U	A R T	W E I G H E D
L A W	O	L A W
T	M	T
R	N	R
U	I	U
T	P	T
H	O	H
J U S T I C E	T	M A N
	E	J E S U S .
	N	
	C	
	E	

I
G L O R Y
I N



A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER.

FELLOW TEACHERS :

In view of the numberless letters that come to me ringing the changes on the question, "What hymns do you use for the little ones?" I am moved to tell you all what I do, and give you a chance to follow the same line of thought if you choose. I close my class exercises with a hymn ; the trouble has been to embody all or some of the points in the lesson in this hymn. Failing in finding many that fitted, I have taken to weaving the lesson into rhyme for my children, taking care to use such language as they can understand. In order to avoid burdening them with too-many tunes, I have chosen one tune for the month, generally one with a ringing chorus, and fitted a verse connected with each lesson to the same tune, trying to preserve enough of connection in the hymn story to enable the children to group the verses

for a review hymn at the end of the month; and I teach them not only to sing, but recite it, with what hand movements I can introduce.

LESSON HYMN. On the text: *Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.*

Called on to show their colors,
This motto was their choice:
Jesus before all others,
We listen to his voice.
Him we will choose to follow —
He shall direct our way.
Why should we fear or tremble
While by his side we stay?

CHORUS.

So would *we* follow Jesus;
Stand up and work for Jesus.
O, on the side of Jesus
May we be found at last.

A CHRISTMAS EXERCISE.

C — ome unto me all ye that labor and are
H — eavy laden, and I will give you
R — est. A new heart also will
I — give you, and a new
S — pirit will I put within you.
T — o him that overcometh will I give to eat of
the hidden
M — anna, and I will give him
A — white stone, and in the
S — tone a new name. I will

G — ive thee a crown of life.
I — will give unto him that is athirst of the
F — ountain of the water of life, freely.
T — he Lord will give
S — trength unto his people. The Lord is able
to give thee much more than this.

A NEW YEAR'S EXERCISE.

H—appy is he that hath the God of Jacob for
his help.

A—nd whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is
he. O

P—eople saved by the Lord! Happy is that
P—eople that is in such a case.

Y—ea, happy is that people whose God is the
Lord. Sing unto him a

N—ew song. His tender mercies are over all
his works. They are new

E—very morning. Thus saith the Lord: Be-
hold I

W—ill do a new thing. Shall

Y—e not know it? I will

E—ven make a way in the wilderness. If

A—ny man be in Christ he is a new creature.
Let the

R—edeemed of the Lord say so.

WHAT SHOULD WE TEACH IN PRIMARY CLASSES?

There is a strange notion abroad that little children must be entertained, must be made happy, must be taught to sing, to recite in concert, to give their pennies, to behave prettily, to answer promptly when questioned, but that they need not, and can not be taught theology. Now, what is theology? By a reference to Webster I have it defined as "The science of God, and his relations to his creatures." The children, even the very youngest and feeblest of them, are among God's creatures — his immortal creatures — bearing to him strange and solemn relations that are to continue forever and ever. Can they begin too early to learn about this God and their relations to him? Is Sabbath-school teaching worthy the name, which does not send the child home each Sabbath-day revolving in its little

wondering mind the fact that God, even God, loved him so much as to die for him, because he had been naughty, and because for reasons that he does not now understand? There was really no other possible way for him to get to heaven; and that there is certainly a heaven, and certainly a hell, and Jesus Christ wants him in heaven, and Satan wants him in hell, but that, after all, it is left to him to decide. He can go to heaven if he will, and there is no power on earth, or in hell, that can hinder him. There is only one if — *if he will.*

Much of our difficulty grows out of the fact, that while we are theoretically all right, we are practical skeptics, as regards our belief in the conversion of very young children. We believe that they must be taught to “be good,” whatever that may mean; that they must pray for a “new heart,” whatever that means to a child, when not carefully explained. But the fact that they can and do receive very early in life an answer to this solemn prayer; the fact that God’s Spirit takes up his permanent abode in the hearts of our very babes, oftentimes is received with much fear and doubting. There need to be certain questions

carefully asked, and answered by the conscience of every primary teacher.

1. Do I believe that the children under my care have, by nature, sinful hearts?

2. Do I believe that those hearts must be changed by the direct interposition of God's Spirit, before those children can get to heaven?

3. Do I believe that it is possible for God to change a child's heart, when very young, or must he wait until a certain number of years are passed?

4. Do I believe that he ever has bestowed a change of heart upon a very young child?

5. If he has, is he able and willing to do it again? and is he as willing to hear my prayers, as ready to save my children, as any?

If these questions be answered in the affirmative, then it follows that every teacher is bound to pray for, work for, teach for this result, viz: the immediate conversion of the children committed to her care. Are we so teaching? Did we prepare last Sabbath's lesson, with the immediate end in view of impressing upon the hearts of the little ones a longing for the assurance of the hope of the resurrection of the dead? Did we find the

Lord Jesus Christ, in that lesson, the rock on which all such hope is built, if its foundation is sure?

Is there any hope in a resurrection which does not blossom into the glory of an eternity spent with our risen Lord? Let me urge upon primary teachers the importance of teaching always with that eternity in view. The nearness of it to some of your little children may well make you tremble. The solemnities of life, as they stretch out before the others, who are destined to grow into men and women, may well make you long to see the little feet started on the safe road. It is your blessed privilege to see this result. It is your right to ask for it in the name of Him who died for each little soul. It is your joy to remember that you cannot desire such a result so much as does He who has become their advocate before the throne. Actually, you are laboring with Him. Do you ever dishonor Him so much as to teach a Sunday-school lesson, leaving Him out? Remember that it is no true Bible lesson which does not find a pathway through its history, or symbol, or ceremony, or story, straight to the cross of Christ — straight to the flowing blood that was shed to

make little souls whiter in His sight than snow. Be sure you study to find that path. Be sure you pray for wisdom to direct the little feet into it. Be sure you keep ever the end, the great end, in view; even that end which has no end, but shall go on, growing and widening and glowing through all the endless — mind you — endless ages of eternity. And may that path of glory be peopled with those whose little feet were directed by you, their teacher, early through the straight gate, up the narrow way that leadeth to eternal life.

SIMPLE BLACKBOARD WORK.

I desire to admit at the starting-point that the blackboard is one of my hobbies. I look forward to the time when workers in the Sabbath-school shall have come into the full light and help which this much-abused instrument stands waiting to afford. Don't be beguiled into thinking that because you are not artists you cannot use the blackboard. There never was a greater mistake. Because we honor artistic gifts, and musical gifts, or any other special gifts, shall we therefore not make our lines, and dots, and printed words, nor sing our simple and unpretending songs of praise because we are neither artists nor musicians? Moreover, we are better off in some respects than though we were artists. I am sure that you must all know what a trying thing an artistic eye is. Aren't the visionary owners thereof forever striving after perfection, talking about "perspective,"

and "illumination," and "lights," and "shadows," and "tints," and "tones," in a way that bewilders us? And are we not serenely indifferent to all these things? I make an arch on my blackboard; I vivify it with rainbow hues; I print over it the blessed words, "I do set my bow in the clouds." I am rejoiced, because I know by past experience that with the help of that rainbow-arch I can impress the thought of God's faithfulness to his promises as I could not hope to do without it.

But here comes my artist friend. "Isn't that nice?" I say joyfully to her, meaning the lesson that can be drawn from the symbol. "Y-e-s," she says, with a hesitating and dispiriting drawl. "Only the arch isn't *quite* correct; the curve is not according to the law of curves; and the rainbow-tints do not *blend* as they should; in fact, that is not a *true* violet at all — it is more a shade of purple."

Now, what did I care about the "law of curves," and the "blending of tints," or whether I had used a "true" violet or a false one, provided the lesson drawn from the work were true and forceful? But, beloved fellow-blunderers, take heart. Our *children* do not care any more about "lines,"

and "curves," and "blending" than we do. But they know a rainbow when they see it, and can get our thought from it.

If it so happen that our blackboard must needs pass under the eye of a genuine artist, who has the skill to criticise, and not the time, nor the tact, nor the *heart*, to come in and do good work for you, just shut your teeth firmly, and resolve to care neither for smiles nor sneers; your work is for the little people, not for the grown-up ones who criticise. It is well to bear in mind that of all the work in this world that of criticising others is the very easiest, requiring less talent and tact than any other known performance. I think, after all, this matter of self-consciousness, which name most of us like better than "pride," is at the bottom of many of our blackboard troubles. We know our unskillful lines and curves will help our children, but we are not so sure of the pastor or the superintendent, or the distinguished stranger who may visit the school. Let us remember to teach the lesson for the benefit of our classes, leaving all others for the time being out of view.

THE BLACKBOARD A HELP TO THOSE WHO CANNOT READ.

It is a mistake to suppose that children who cannot yet read are unhelped by plain lettering on the blackboard. In this age of precocious childhood and graded schools, it is a rare thing to find children in the Sabbath-school who do not know their letters, and, indeed, who cannot read short, easy words. But even if they *cannot* they are helped to remember the names of the words taught them, by associating them with the signs on the board. I am not able to explain why this is so, but those who have tried it *know* it to be a fact.

I once worked out on the board a lesson about the "six things that the Lord hates." The lesson came in last year's regular course. For the sentence, "A heart that deviseth wicked imaginations," I outlined a heart, and printed in it the word "wicked;" to teach the way of cleansing, I made a line of red around the heart, and printed over "wicked," the word "clean," in such large, heavy letters that the original word was hidden. This was, of course, to be worked out before the class; but I was preparing the lesson on my blackboard at home. While I was thus engaged my

little boy, then three years old, came to the study. The work on the board arrested his instant attention.

“There’s a heart !” he said. “Whose heart is it? What does that say inside of it?”

I explained that the word was “clean;” that it meant that the heart had been made clean and sweet in God’s sight. While I was considering how to present to his mind the next thought, he opened the way by a question.

“Mamma, why do you put that red line all around the heart?”

I submit it to you, how long would I have had to talk to my three-year-old boy about the sinfulness of the human heart, about the need for purity in God’s sight, about the power of the cleansing blood, before he would have understood it as he did with the rude symbol before him?

“TWO BIG ‘IFS.’”

There was a lesson worked out on the board involving contrasts between two lives; the *safe* way, the *unsafe* way; the sure results connected with each, suggested by the word “if” at the head of each road. My boy, in his play from

room to room, came presently to the study. As he threw open the door, cart and horses were alike forgotten for the moment. He flung aside his whip and came toward me, his eyes fixed on the board.

“Two big ‘ifs,’ mamma,” he said. “What do they mean?”

Had I not secured what is the first element of success, viz: attention? You are sure to *arrest* attention by the help of the blackboard. A skillful way of using it will *hold* the attention. Always bear in mind that by “skillful,” one does not necessarily mean “elaborate” or “artistic” or “elegant.” One can be skillful without being *any* of those things.

USE THE SAME WORK AGAIN.

It is a mistake to be afraid of using the same sign or symbol over and over again, if thereby you impress your point. The whole story of teaching is in one sense the same story. In the matter of pictures or illustrations the teacher need not be afraid of repeating herself. Childhood is not critical in that way. My boy has a picture-book which is the terror of my life. It has two hun-

dred pictures in it, and to each picture is attached a story. Now, it is safe to say, that *that* boy has looked at those pictures and heard those stories *fifty* times. And yet, when the book is hidden behind a pile of papers, or pushed into a remote corner of the shelf, and we have a few days of blessed rest from it, just so surely is it dragged forth again on some unlucky morning, with a shout of delight; and when I see it, and hear that shout, I know what my fate is — *I am to read those stories over again.* There are certain *Bible* stories which have been told him with the help of the board. He has them laid away in his brain; he knows every detail; he can supply any omission on my part; he can correct any misstatement, however slight. Yet the fact remains that he persistently calls for those *same* stories, accompanied by those same signs and wonders with which they are illustrated, and listens with undivided attention to the end.

This being an illustration of one of the common characteristics of childhood, why should we not take advantage of it in teaching the children? I know of but one potent reason: The fear that some one will say we have the very same outline

on our board to-day that we had last Sunday. I heard a certain teacher in a Sabbath-school say, as she passed out one morning: "I wonder if Miss Smith thinks she draws hearts remarkably well? She is forever making them." And yet it is of just such shallow criticism as this that we allow ourselves to stand in dread!

STRICTLY CORRECT OUTLINES NOT A NECESSITY.

This is an item of immense comfort to the unartistic worker. There is not the smallest necessity for the slightest resemblance in your drawing to the object drawn. The little girl who drew on her slate a portrait of her pastor, which did not suit her, and finally concluded to put a tail to it, and call it a calf, is a delightful illustration of the happy faculty of childhood. By which I do not mean that an attempt to make the figure of a man, that shall prove only a ridiculous burlesque on the human form is advisable or useful. But I *do* mean that, knowing yourself to be no artist, and yet desiring to represent the figure of a man, a bold straight line, made with one dash of crayon with no attempt at resemblance of any sort, of which you can say, "Now, scholars, this mark is

151 *Strictly Correct Outlines not a Necessity.*

to stand for Peter," will answer your purpose to a fraction. There is nothing grotesque about that; nothing to suggest the attempt after something that has proved a failure. It is simply a straight mark; and the vivid brains of childhood can instantly lay hold of it and clothe it with all the necessities for manhood, until, to their mind's eye, the veritable Peter stands before them. Remember that it is our privilege to deal with a class of mind that can make out of a bowl of soap-suds the foaming Atlantic itself, and a broken egg-shell answers excellently for an ocean steamer. Yet it is a fact that the children require these soap-suds and egg-shells, these mimicries of real things, in order to be perfectly happy. Following this trait of childhood, by a few most unartistic dashes of your crayon, what shall look to others like the commonest and most useless of straight or perhaps crooked marks, shall be to them by turns a church, a wall, a tower, a prison, a home — *anything* that you are pleased to ask them to play it is.

I heard a gentleman attempt to direct a person over an unfamiliar road. "See here," said he, "I can show you in a minute. This cup is the City

Hall, and that bread-plate is the Brainard House, and this fork is Trinity Steeple, and right here, this side of the Brainard House, is the turn, you see. You go down as far as Trinity, and —” “I see,” interrupts his listener, who up to the time when he called in the cup and the bread-plate and the fork to his aid was in a perfect maze of confusion, “I see; I had it turned in the wrong direction. O, I can find it now. Thank you.” And yet that man who so skillfully manipulated cups and forks doesn’t believe in the blackboard, because you can just as well tell things as to make pictures of them.

EXTREME SIMPLICITY HELPFUL.

Sometimes, plain straight marks will help the memories of our children.

I once taught the lesson from the words: “Love your enemies,” by calling from the children the names of persons whom they ought to love, making a straight mark for each until I had the requisite number of marks. Then explaining that while these all should be loved, this day’s lesson said nothing about any of them, but was all directed towards another class whose name I

would write, I used the marks to form part of the letters, and by a few additional strokes changed them into ENEMIES. The sudden change in the shape of the marks, helped to develop the lesson.

Nearly every lesson in our International Course is capable of as simple rendering as this, which no one who has ever taught a child, needs to be told is helpful. They follow each other in an unbroken line of work that is simple, requiring no skill beyond that of the one who knows how to print, to make lines and dots and circles, and, with the aid of a straight-edge, to draw a tolerably straight line. There are those who consider such work too simple for them. "Baby work," they call it. As to that, it is baby work. Those same persons, perhaps, would find no benefit whatever from standing at the board and printing with care the sentence: "S-e-e t-h-e c-a-t r-u-n." But let them try their four-year-old children at it, and behold what a glow there will be on their faces, what a swelling of the conscious pride of success will be all about them, as they achieve the wonderful exploit. It is for the children we are working. We must guard carefully the temptation to teach over their heads.

ARTISTIC SKILL NOT UNDERVALUED.

Occasionally there occurs a lesson which causes one to feel sorry for any egotistical remark that he may have made about getting along quite as well without artistic talent. There are such splendid possibilities in it. Such a lesson, for instance, as we had once in which occurred the sentence: "He shall grow as the lily." O, for the power to make a lily blossom in chalk beneath one's own fingers! "His branches shall spread." Now, if you could draw a tree with wide-spreading branches and lovely green leaves, with fruit drooping from the branches — that wonderful fruit of the Spirit, "love," "joy," "peace," how vividly impressive might such a rendering of the lesson have been made. I doubt not there were many of you able to do this; but there were also many of us who were not able. For our comfort let me suggest this thought: Have you not in your Sabbath-school a restless, brilliant girl, who has arrived at that mysterious age when she has spasms of feeling herself too old for that place — whose teacher hardly knows how to hold her? Don't you happen to know of her that she was considered the best map-drawer.

in the graded school; that she is always drawing heads or vines on the fly-leaves of her books; that even her Bible has some irreverent touches of this sort about it? Can't you set your trap to catch that girl? Can't you set her to making a lily and a tree and a vine—anything that you desire to have made and feel is beyond you? Very many of these chalk pictures which might be used are not difficult. I have the word of a real artist that they are not above the skill of a girl of fifteen who has a talent for drawing, and to some extent has had the talent cultivated. There are characters like these in almost every Sabbath-school; they can be held by just such means as these. You do not know such a one? Is it because you have never tried to find her! Hunt for the girl, or boy, who is always defacing his books with random pictures, and turn his talents to account. You will help your class and fasten the embryo artist at the same time.

But of course it is possible that you have no such undeveloped talent within your reach. Let me remind such that the Master-hand has at certain seasons of the year prepared living pictures for you. Consider the lilies, aglow with beauty,

which can be used to illuminate certain lessons. Consider the marvel of resurrection in the waving corn-fields, and make use of them when your children waken, in child language, the old doubting question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" And thus on, through a long list of spring and summer and autumn wonders, and glories, and mysteries, which the Great Artist has spread on the canvas of earth for our use. For the fancifulness of the teaching I offer no apology. The one who first said, "Consider the lilies," has left a precedent that none need hesitate to follow.

I do not know that any blackboard lesson ever impressed me more than one that I saw at Chautauqua. It was a lovely Sabbath morning and the great Sunday-school was in session. We had been considering "Solomon's Prosperity." That was the lesson for the day. There had been faithful teaching. Of necessity arriving late, several of us moved softly around on the edges of several Bible classes, picking up crumbs here and there, and being impressed more and more every moment with the magnitude of King Solomon's wealth and glory; feeling to the uttermost in what a royal way the Lord keeps his promises.

“Wisdom and knowledge are granted unto thee,” said he, “and I will give thee riches, and wealth, and honor, such as none of the kings have had before thee, neither shall there any after thee have the like.” Such in this lesson was the glorious fulfilling. Good measure pressed down—running over. A covenant-keeping God! The hearts of the people were full of it. God’s wonderful promises; God’s wonderful power; God’s wonderful faithfulness. The lesson drew to a close; the classes were called to order for the closing exercises. Frank Beard was the artist for the day. He stepped to the board, while the eyes of waiting thousands rested on him. What lesson from out that treasure-house would he stamp on the waiting hearts? With a few masterly dashes of that wondrous bit of chalk—dashes that seemed random, that seemed to be aimed at no special form—and then, somehow suddenly a touch or two, and blossomed and glowed before us a great royal lily! Not a word said he, and yet the murmur that surged through the great congregation showed that his thought was grasped, and that it reached hearts. It was as if into the midst of that exulting remembrance of the mag-

nificence of the earthly king, so long since gone, there came a voice sounding from the eternal throne, from the very heart of Him that sitteth on that throne and reigneth forever and ever, saying: "Yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe them, will he not also clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Not Solomon's God alone, but the gracious, covenant-keeping God who has promised robes of enduring beauty to my soul. Each heart accepted the lesson.

Such work requires a skillful hand; and, thank God, there are such hands consecrated to the blackboard and the Sabbath-school. It is, however, with the simpler methods of work that we have specially to do, and it is to those methods that many of us, of necessity, must confine ourselves. Many instances might be given where effective use can be made of the blackboard with very simple work.

**ILLUSTRATION OF SIMPLICITY IN THE USE OF
THE BLACKBOARD.**

At a Sunday-school Convention, once held at Columbus, Dr. Barnett, our conductor, told of a

mission-school in which, among the teachers, was an old man noted for his skill in holding the rough, untutored boys. Dr. Barnett noticed them one morning gathered closely around their teacher, with eyes bent on the floor. He passed that way, and heard the old man saying: "Why, you see, boys, it was just like this." And on the bare floor, with a bit of charcoal, he drew the situation for the benefit of those eager boys, who were bent on seeing all that was to be seen. Another gentleman told me of being suddenly called upon one Sabbath day, in the absence of the teacher, to take charge of a class of street savages, who knew about everything but the Bible. The lesson for the day involved some knowledge of the twelve apostles, which knowledge these fellows did not possess. A blackboard screen hid the class from the rest of the school.

"Boys," said the teacher, "do you know how many men there were whom the Lord Jesus called to work with him when he was here?"

No, they didn't.

"Well, now," he said, "I'll make a mark on this blackboard to stand for each one, and you count how many there were."

This they did with energy.

No sooner was it accomplished than they were ready with questions :

“What did you make that fellow so crooked for?”

“Ah,” said the teacher, “I’ll tell you about him. What do you think he did once? He denied that he belonged to the Lord Jesus. He said he had nothing to do with him! Do you know what his name was?”

“No.”

“Well, it was Peter. I’ll just print the name. But I ought to tell you that he was dreadfully sorry about it. It hurt him more than anything he ever did in his life. And the Lord forgave him. I tell you he never denied him again. He was a brave fellow all the rest of his life. It won’t do to leave a crooked mark for him, after all, will it? If the Lord forgave him we can, can’t we?”

And they all agreed.

So the crooked mark was erased, and a firm one made.

“What is that fellow lying down for?” asked another.

“Why, he fell, and he never got up again; he hung himself in his horror and rage at what he had done. Do you know what he did? He agreed to show the mob where Jesus was, if the men would pay him about fifteen dollars. His name was Judas. I’ll print it over his mark. Boys, must we leave him where he lies?”

“Blot him out,” said one of them.

“Sure enough,” said the teacher, “he doesn’t belong with them any more. They have been living in heaven with the Lord for hundreds of years; he will never be with him again. We will put him away from them.”

So they blotted him out.

Is there a teacher in the world who hasn’t enough artistic skill to use a blackboard in this way?

BLACKBOARD HELPS.

A word about blackboard helps. One of the best things is the book entitled *Through the Eye to the Heart*. By Rev. W. F. Crafts. I have found that book almost invaluable; there are not only suggestions in it that throw light on the lessons to be explained, by giving you a hint of

something similar that can be done, but there are pictures of doors, and hearts, and keys, and anchors, and crosses, and towers, and caves, and stars, and crowns. Simple, plain pictures, easily copied even by the extreme amateur. Nothing better can surely be found for those who need help of any kind in blackboard work.

LESSON HYMN.

We have good news from our Father in heaven;
He gave his Son that we might be forgiven.
Jesus has died, but he rose from the grave;
Lives now in glory, to hear and to save.

CHORUS.

All who the voice of Jesus have heard,
 Good news for you!
 Blessed and true!
If you will come, believing his word,
You shall be surely heard.

LESSON HYMN.

Seek Jesus, he will ever
 Be with you, night and day;
Turn to him, he will never
 Let any lose the way.

If you will seek and find him,
 He'll lead you safely through.
 If you forget, and leave him,
 There's danger then for you.

CHORUS.

You need his hand to lead you;
 You need his power to shield you,
 And he will surely keep you;
 His promises are true.

**SAMPLE PRIMARY LESSON WITH SIMPLE BLACK
 BOARD WORK.**

LESSON VERSE. — “He winketh with his eyes,
 he speaketh with his feet, he teaches with his
 fingers.”

This lesson has several topics. The primary
 teacher must make a selection. As little children
 are rarely tempted to the sin of idleness, I prefer
 the latter part of the lesson, and my suggestions
 refer to it.

Blackboard at beginning of lesson :

SIX THINGS THAT THE LORD HATES.

A	A	Hands that	A	Feet swift to do	A
look.	tongue.	_____	heart	_____	witness.

This will arrest attention, and fill with wonder as to what those six things are. Let class draw on their imagination and previous knowledge to fill out the blanks.

1. Print the word "Proud" in its place, and give examples of proud looks. What does the lesson verse say about certain looks? As the class answer you print the words "He winketh with his eyes" in the same column with "Proud Looks." The children can doubtless give striking examples of the winking done about a poorly-dressed playmate, or a dull school-boy. Let them talk freely.

2. "A Lying Tongue." Fill out the blank. Talk of different ways of lying; those who mislead, without actually speaking what they call a lie, etc.

3. "Hands that." What can hands do that will make God hate them? He has given one answer. (Print it, using red crayon.) Children think they will never be guilty of that sin. Just here teach the verse, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Call for the lesson verse about "Fingers." Let them tell how one can teach with fingers. If one takes that which is not his,

have not the fingers given a lesson on stealing?
etc.

4. Draw a heart on the board ; print in it the word "Wicked," and let it speak for itself. God hates sin.

5. Let class imagine what might be put here, before you print the word "Mischief." The expression is a picture in itself. Think of the feet hurrying to and fro on this earth to do mischief. What does the lesson verse say about feet? (Print the sentence.) Explain how the feet tell whether a man is good or bad, if he says not a word. Does the boy whose feet have taken him to the woods, when he ought to be in the Sabbath-school, need to tell you with his tongue that he has broken the fourth commandment? etc.

6. Print the word "False." Teach the meaning of witness. Teach how many ways there are of giving a false witness, even if we say not a word ; a shake of the head is sometimes a false witness.

There is much in this lesson that must be passed over for want of time. But whatever else is omitted give the reverse of the picture. Erase the word "Hates," and print in its stead "Loves."

Erase the words written on the dashes and fill out with words whose spirit is taken from Bible teaching. Let your blackboard at the close read thus : " A Kind Look," " A Gentle Tongue," " Hands that work for Him." Over the word " Heart " print the word " Clean." You will thus teach with your fingers that the blood of Christ makes clean. " Feet swift to do good." " A faithful witness." Which kind of feet, and hands, and tongues, and hearts do the children want? If they would be loved of God, then is *the blood* waiting to wash them clean, and wisdom from God will guide their steps. There needs only the asking. " In all thy ways," ask and " he shall direct."

LESSON HYMN.

Tender eyes, and lips, and fingers,
Hearts, and words, and feet,
Can be given to Satan's service,
Or for Christ made meet.

CHORUS.

Jesus, take our hearts and make them
Loving, pure and true ;
Then shall feet and fingers hasten
Thy dear work to do.

A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER.

DEAR TEACHERS :

Are you doing all you can to make your lessons *personal*? I am persuaded that the grave fault with primary class teaching is—expending all our strength in interesting the little ones, forgetting meantime *why* they should be interested. Do we teach our class in order that they may be kept from mischief for an hour on the Sabbath, and be interested in some pleasant study; or do we teach with one single end in view, to gather the children into the fold while they are yet children? How shall we present the lessons in such a manner that our scholars may *want* Jesus Christ for their friend?

LESSON HYMN. To follow a lesson on *Heaven*.

O, the wonder of the story!

Beautiful our home;

What must be the light and glory

Up around the throne!

Love and service give to Jesus,
For the blessed way
Leading to the royal palace —
Shall we start to-day ?

LESSON HYMN. To follow a lesson on *The Still Small Voice*. Tune, "What a Friend we have in Jesus :"

All alone upon the mountain,
With the solemn sight and sound,
Fire and wind and dreadful earthquake
Shaking all the solid ground.
After these had passed before him
'Twas a still small voice that came,
"Little child, what are *you* doing?"
Jesus often asks the same.

AN EXERCISE ON MISSIONS.

*(Suitable for your Scholars to use in a Week day
Missionary Entertainment.)*

Colloquy for seven characters—grandmother, mother, father, hired man, and three children. Scene—a pleasant room, grandma knitting, mother mending stockings, father reading the paper, the children (a boy and two girls) at work with books and pencils.

Mother.—Cora, what was that I heard you telling about the new society? Have you got into trouble already?

Cora.—Why, mother, Nellie Gilbert's mother thinks it is all nonsense, and she isn't going to let Nellie have anything to do with it. She says we have enough to do to take care of our own affairs, and she thinks charity begins at home.

Father (looking up from his paper and smiling).
—And ends there, according to her ways of think

ing. She isn't given to going far away from home with her money.

Mother. — Well, it *is* a funny notion. Now, I always believed in sending Bibles, and Missionaries, and good books, to the heathen; but I declare! it seems like going a little *too* far to send crochet needles, and worsteds, and finery to them. What is the use of their knowing anything about such things? *They* won't teach them the way to heaven.

Harry. — But, mother, why shouldn't they have such things as well as we? You like us to have real jolly times. I don't see where the jolly comes in about the fancy work, to be sure; but if the Chinamen do, I don't see why they ought not to have them.

Mother. — We don't beg for our fancy work, child; your father earns the money for your "jolly times," and pays for them. That is a different thing.

Grandma. — "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?" That's the Bible word for it, Hattie.

Carrie. — There, mother! grandma has made out all these Chinese children our brothers and

sisters. Why shouldn't they learn to crochet as well as we?

Grandma.—I didn't make it out, child; I just repeated a Bible verse.

Mother.—O, well now, of course, we all understand what that means; but we don't have the same kind of care over them that I do over my children here at home, and we can't have; and what I say is, why not use the money to buy Bibles with, instead of sending foolish things?

Father.—That's to catch them with, I guess. They must be caught, you see, before they can be saved. You can't throw Bibles at them, and say, "Here, take these and obey them."

Harry.—Think of being caught with a skein of silk or worsted, or a crochet hook! I suppose it is the hook on the end that does it.

Cora.—One caught you pretty nicely I think. Wern't you holding skeins of worsted all the afternoon? Mother, Nellie Gilbert says her father thinks it is wicked to use such silly traps to get the heathen children to come to school. It is just teaching them to be silly.

Grandma (bending over her knitting).— "To the weak, became I as weak, that I might gain the

weak; I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some." That was what Paul seemed to think about it.

Hired Man (bringing in the evening mail, speaks to the father).—Them there fellows is took, sir; they are all in the jail. They say the youngest one took on awful.

Mother.—Poor boy! He is nothing more than a child. It is my opinion, if those boys had had a pleasant home, and had something done for them to help pass their evenings, they would never have gone to destruction as they did.

Father (to hired man).—Frank, see that the horses are safe for the night, and bring in another armful of wood. (*Then to mother, as Frank goes out*). Yes, their folks made a great mistake I always thought; they seemed to fancy that the boys ought to jump at the chance of being good; and they didn't trouble themselves to set traps to help 'em. How is that, grandma? Has the Bible anything for us about that? Oughtn't we to try coaxing?

Grandma.—“Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.” That is what the Master himself said, you know.

Harry (to Cora). — It must be jolly fun to catch men. Say, mother, why shouldn't we fish for the Chinese then, if those Smith boys ought to have been fished after; they have had a hundred more chances than the China boys have.

Father. — He's got you there, mother. Own up you're beat. You'll have to help the society along — all the children, and grandma, and the Bible against you.

Mother. — O, I am not opposed — only it seems queer doings. I was always interested in the heathen; but I never saw the sense of teaching them to do fancy work, and I don't now.

Hired man (coming in). — Mr. Ned Banks is in the hall, and he wants to know if Miss Carrie can go over to their house to practice the singing. He will have her home safe by nine o'clock.

Carrie (springing up). — O, father, *do* let me go. Kate and I are to sing together, you know, and we want to practice so much!

Father. — I don't know about that. I don't like this running out evenings. Time enough for such things in the daytime.

Mother. — O, let her go. They will take good care of her, and it is a nice evening.

Carrie. — O, mother, you're splendid! I'm so glad I am not a heathen Chinee, because then you would think I ought to have nothing but a Bible, and sit down in a corner and study it, and be glad of the chance. (*As she speaks she lays aside her work and goes out of the room, followed by the hired man. The rest all laugh.*)

Grandma. — “Out of the mouths of babes.” The child is right, Hattie. You “Look well to the ways of your own household,” but you have 'most a mind to forget that “God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth.”

Mother. — Why, no, I'm not! You all talk as if I didn't believe in the heathen. I am just as willing to do for them as any one; but I can't feel quite the same toward them as if they were my own flesh and blood; it isn't according to nature.

Grandma. — Christ was not ashamed to call them brethren.

Harry. — Grandma, why don't you go on a mission? They could save a lot in Bibles if you would, for you could just get them all together and tell it off; and it would be enough sight nicer than to pore over it for themselves. Wouldn't you like to go, grandma?

Grandma (smiling). — Don't you know, "They also serve who only stand and wait?" That is all the Lord has given grandma to do now, child: so I sit here waiting till my change come.

Harry. — I think you can do lots of other things. I hope you will have to wait till *I'm* a hundred.

Cora. — Now, mother, the rest of the folks can talk, but it takes you to *do*. I told the girls you would help, I knew you would, and we all expect it of you. We want some money, and we don't know how to get it. We can earn some, and we mean to; but that takes *so* long, and we want to use some right away.

Mother. — Earn some *quickly*.

Harry. — That's just the rub; we don't know how to do it.

Mother. — Have an entertainment. Get up something that will interest your friends, and invite them to come and hear you, and pay ten cents for the privilege.

(*Harry whistles softly; then father, Cora and grandmother speak almost in the same breath.*)

Father. — Good!

Cora. — O, mother you *are* splendid!

Grandma. — “Her children rise up and call her blessed.”

Cora. — Mother, plan something for us. How shall we do it? I know. You shall all help. We'll have an exhibition, or a “rehearsal,” that is the fashionable name to call them, and every one of us must do something. Will you all help? Grandma, will you?

Grandma. — Dear child, the time has come to me for the “Grasshopper to be a burden,” though I don't feel much burdened; but I am too old to entertain people.

Father. — I know what grandma can do. Get her to recite some Bible verses about missions; she won't have to learn them. I doubt if there is any that she doesn't know.

Cora. — O, grandma, will you?

Grandma (smiling). — Why, yes, dear, I might do that. I don't doubt but they would be new to some people, and of course they would be interesting. But how would I look appearing before folks?

Mother. — O, it will just be in somebody's parlor, and you can sit in your big chair and say them off. For my part, I think it will be nice.

Harry. — And what will you do, mother? We are all to help.

Mother. — Well, I'll read a letter from a friend of mine who went to China as a missionary.

Cora. — O, mother, you are on the other side, you know. I'm afraid you will make her say that crochet needles, and worsted, and such things, are all nonsense.

Mother. — She shall say just what I honestly think seems to be the case, after studying up and reading all the missionary books I can find. If you are afraid of that your cause is poor.

Father. — Take her at her word, children. I'll risk it.

Harry. — Father, what will you do?

Father. — I'll write my name for you. No questions now. I'll promise that you will be entertained.

Harry. — I'll be a heathen Chinee, and make a speech. I know just how to fix my hair.

Cora. — And I'll recite a poem. I know a splendid one that I have almost learned. But what will we have Carrie do? She isn't here to choose.

Father. — Get her to bring in some of her singers, and give us a missionary song.

Frank (laughing, who has been in long enough to hear the whole plan).— I will take up a collection. (*Then to father.*) There is a man in the kitchen wants to see you.

(Father goes out.)

Mother (putting up her sewing).— I must go and set the yeast. Come, grandma, are you going up-stairs now?

(They pass out.)

Cora.— There's Carrie in the hall. Now we will have prayers in grandma's room right away. Come, Harry.

(She goes out, followed by Harry, who is whistling "From Greenland's Icy Mountains".)

SCENE II. — THE ENTERTAINMENT.

(Music by Carrie and her friends.)

When shall the voice of singing

Flow joyfully along?

When hill and valley ringing

With one triumphal song

Proclaim the contest ended,

And Him who once was slain

Again to earth descended,

In righteousness to reign.

Then from the craggy mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly,
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply.
 High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round,
 All hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound.

— Tune, *Goodwin*.

(Recitation by Cora.)

O, North, with all thy vales of green !
 O, South, with all thy palms !
 From peopled towns and hills between
 Lift up the voice of psalms.
 Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
 And let the youthful West reply !

Lo, in the clouds of heaven appears
 God's well-beloved Son ;
 He brings a train of brighter years,
 His kingdom is begun.
 He comes a guilty world to bless
 With mercy, truth and righteousness.

O, Father, haste the promised hour
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority and power,
Beneath the ample sky.
When he shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led
Shall learn to pattern theirs.
And he who conquers death shall win
The mightier conquest over sin.

— *Bryant.*

Grandma (dressed like an old lady, in cap and spectacles, with her knitting in her lap, recites). —
“Then Jesus himself stood in the midst, and saith, Thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead : that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations. And ye shall be witnesses unto me, unto the uttermost parts of the earth. Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, for there is no difference between the Jew and the

Greek ; for whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed ? How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard ? And how shall they hear without a preacher ? And how shall they preach except they be sent ? The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts. From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the heathen. Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all the people. It pleased God to reveal his Son to me, that I might preach him among the heathen."

(The Missionary Letter read by the Mother, sitting in her chair.)

Mother (reads).— Letter from a lady in China. "DEAR FRIENDS IN AMERICA : I have had a letter asking me to explain why we missionaries want such foolish things as fancy work and crochet-needles for our heathen children. You are perfectly willing to send Bibles and hymn-books, but worsted and beads are another thing. It is strange ; it doesn't look dignified. I can hear some of the good sisters at home, while they sew away on the fourth row of plaiting to go around

their dear daughters' dresses, saying: 'The idea! As if we were going to waste money on the miserable Chinese, thieving set that they are! They ought to be grateful to be noticed at all! And now the impudence of the missionaries in expecting fancy materials to be sent them! Who ever heard of such a thing?' Let me tell you who has; Satan has! And he has money to spare for all sorts of fancy work; crochet needles by the million he is willing to give if people will fall down and worship him. The priests and the nuns understand these things, and use them.

"Now, let me tell you something very strange—something that will prove to you the depravity of the human heart. These heathen boys and girls, who have never heard anything about Christ and heaven, and who care nothing about them, will go to the Romish school to learn how to make beautiful, bright mats out of worsteds, and to embroider their names on canvas in silk letters, and to crochet little bright scarfs for themselves; and they will not come to our schools even though we stand in the doors with our arms full of Bibles, and are willing to give them each half a dozen of

them for their own. What do they care about Bibles? Now, Satan understands these wicked people, and he has whispered to the Romish school, 'Catch them, catch them!' A few dollars spent in bright colored things, and while you are teaching them how to use them you can whisper to them that the priest can forgive sins, and grant them liberty to do more sins, and take them to the holy place when they die. So the nuns listen and set to work, and we hoard our Bibles in vain. We mustn't do any of these things because the American Christians think it is silly and wicked: they think the heathen ought to be contented with the Bible — ought to be glad to hear of Jesus — and so they ought. It is the strangest thing that your boys there at home would rather go to a pop-corn festival than to prayer-meeting. But they would. So you get up the Christmas-trees and the festivals, and coax them in, to see if you by any means can save some. But woe to the missionary who wants to do the same thing with the poor, ignorant heathen; it is a mark of depravity in them. I haven't time to write any more, but if you will think better of this, and send

me a box of fancy articles for my Chinese girls, I will tell you what use we made of them."

Harry (dressed as a heathen Chinese).— I not know muchee your words. I no talk what you do. I come from across big sea. I know your Jesus; he is good to me; he think muchee of me — more than he think of heself. He saved me. Missionary man come after me; he say "Come, go to me, to my school." I shake my head; I say, "Me no go; too much preachee; me no like so much talkee." He say, "Come, go with me; I give you balls, big, round, bright; I show you what to do with them; you play with them. I show you how to make them. They are bright — all paintee." So me went. Me have balls — bright, nice. Me learn how to make the bright go on them. Me learn muchee else; me learn how your Jesus come after me, all the time; come once come every time. He talkee all time. He beckon to me; he say, "Come, go with me; I show you nice things; I do muchee for you; I make you clean all over — clean heart, new dress, great big house, bimeby, all bright, muchee flowers, trees — all beautiful." Me think about it all night, at

day — all time. Me make up my mind to go. Me love him now. Me thank you for the bright balls.

Father (who has been sitting at a table writing, now hands Carrie a paper, and says). — I promised to entertain this company with my name written, so here it is: (*Reads.*) “I promise to pay to the treasurer of the Foreign Missionary Society the sum of five dollars, to be spent in bright-colored wools and crochet needles for the Chinese. The money to be paid whenever this paper with my name on is presented by the said treasurer. Signed, CHARLES DUNN.” (*Dated on the night of the entertainment.*)

Carrie. — O, father, that is just splendid!

Harry (still in his Chinese dress, and pretending to be much affected). — Too muchee, too muchee. Better than great big tatkee.

Grandma (to the audience). — “Go thou and do likewise.”

The hired man (coming on the stage with his pants tucked in his boots, and his old hat on his head). — That means you, and it’s my turn now. I promised to take up a collection for this here thing, and I reckon the time has come to do it.

(He pulls off his hat, and passes it among the audience.)

(While the collection is being taken, the whole family gather and sing two verses of the "Missionary Hymn," commencing with the verse :)

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted," etc.

EARLY CONVERSION.

Said a Sabbath-school teacher to that prince of Sabbath-school workers, the Rev. Dr. Vincent:

“Doctor, how early can a child be converted?”

“As early,” said the doctor, with a flash of his keen eye, “as he can be taught to say ‘Papa,’ ‘Mamma,’ ‘Jesus.’” Earlier than that? The eternal God can communicate with the soul which he has made, before that soul has adopted the limitations of human language. “I will put my Spirit within you.” Since it is all of God, how long must he wait for sufficient power on the part of the child, to accept his love?

THE CHILD OF HIS LOVE.

Said Miss Peabody, the principal of the young ladies seminary known as the Western, and renowned throughout the West as a model school, watched over by a model teacher: “I believe

that Christ and the lambs often converse together in a language that we older ones do not understand." Then she gave me in substance this little story.

"I was walking at sunset through the grassy lanes, with my fair-haired, blue-eyed, three-year-old niece. In one hand she grasped a tuft of grass, a blue violet and a buttercup, in the other lay three ripe red berries. Overhead, drooping low and smiling on us, hung the full, glowing moon.

"See that," said baby Lilian, and she pointed to the moon.

"Yes," I said. "Jesus made that moon; made it for Lily to enjoy, made it to light her through this sweet-scented lane to-night, as she walks with auntie. He made those flowers, too, in your hand; made them for Lily; He knew you would come out to-night, and would want some flowers, and some berries; he knew you loved them both, and he said, "I will make these flowers bloom, and these berries grow, for my Lily; no one but she shall pick them."

Down went the golden head, up came the dimpled hand, and baby Lily's face drew in the

sweetness of the baby blossoms. Then the other hand, and she daintily picked a glowing berry from the group, and thoughtfully tasted it. "They are sweet," she said, gravely, "and they are beautiful; and He made them for me."

"Yes, all for you."

The thoughtful look deepened. As Lily's head was thrown back, and her great earnest eyes studied the starry sky, presently she said: "I want to see Him."

"So you shall see Him, Lily dear; He has a lovely home up there for you. He is saving it for Lily; He loves you, you know; He wants you with Him forever, and He has planned a way for you to come."

The eyes grew lustrous, and the baby face seemed illumined with the greatness of her thought, and the intensity of her desire. "I want to see Him now; I don't feel as though I *could* wait; I want to *kiss* Him."

The narrator's voice grew husky, and her eyes tear-dimmed, as she said softly: "Do you know I think it was a prayer, and the Lord loved her so that he sent an angel with the answer. It was but a little after that, that Lily went to see Jesus.

‘In heaven their angels do always behold his face.’ I believe she has kissed Him.” Now, no Christian will doubt that baby Lilian is in heaven. If she is there, she went through the power of the blood of Jesus; “there is none other name, under heaven given whereby we may be saved.” And except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Then Lily was converted. Well, if God could convert her, in order to take her to live with him in heaven, could he not convert her to live for him on earth? Is there any power in *death* to change the heart?

Let us get away from this strange tendency to skepticism in regard to the early conversion of children, and believe that when the Lord said: “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,” that he knew whereof he spoke, and prepared a plain and simple way for the little feet to tread.

WHAT IS THE SPECIAL END OF SABBATH-SCHOOL
TEACHING?

The Rev. C. M. Morton being asked that question, answered, that the scholar may know *Jesus*

I would teach Jesus, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Revelation. The Bible was not written as a compendium of history, or geology, or astronomy, or cosmogony, but to reveal the Saviour *Jesus* to a lost world. Is this true? Do we accept this standpoint? If we do, what in the name of common-sense are some of our teachers about? Have you not been in many a class where from the general scope of the lesson, as it was developed, it was painfully apparent that the teacher had not the least idea of aiming at the conversion of anybody? Isn't it true that much so-called teaching, is simply a sharpening of intellect against intellect, or a useless long drawn-out argument about something, that when decided will not affect the eternal interest of anybody?

"They never can settle it in the world," whispered a bright young lady to me, in a certain Bible class, where a certain subject had been vigorously handled for some time.

People will not think alike about that; and they never can change each other's opinions, or find out which is certainly the correct theory; and if they could, *what good would it do!* Has it not often

occurred to your wearied brain to ask that last, "What good will it do?" I once looked on and essayed to be edified in a Bible class composed of middle-aged men and women, while they discussed vigorously, and with every appearance of importance, whether the miracle of healing on the blind man was performed at three o'clock, or at ten minutes after three." It is an extreme illustration, it is true; but the mistake which it points, is a very frequent one.

BEGIN EARLY TO WORK FOR RESULTS.

A prominent Bible class teacher in a city in New York says he is not one of those who struggle after the *practical*; he teaches *facts*, and leaves his scholars to draw their own deductions. Is this the way? The Westminster catechism has it that the chief end of man is to glorify God, and enjoy him forever; and, in differing phraseology, every Evangelical Church in Christendom subscribes to the same idea. Surely, if such is the chief end, the chief aim of the religious teacher should be to see that people are well started towards that end; and it is a principle in human

nature that the earlier a mind is started in the right direction the surer is the journey.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF TEACHING THE SAME
LESSON.

Who is it that has said, we find in the Bible what we look for? Is there not solemn truth in the sentence? Take that wonderful lesson on charity. I knew a teacher who once taught that lesson in this way.

“In what book is this chapter found? Who wrote the Epistle to the Corinthians? How long was this after he first visited Corinth? In which missionary tour of his did this visit occur? How many years after Christ was this? How much time did Paul spend in Corinth? Why does this chapter on charity especially apply to the Corinthians? How many things are said about charity?” Don’t you see the bent of that teacher’s mind? It was statistical, numerical. He excelled in data, and in mathematical information. He knew when, and where, and what, even to the fraction of a year; and when there was a difference of opinion as to data, or geographical position, he knew seventeen excellent reasons why his conclu-

sion was the correct one. And each reason had a dozen sub-reasons, based on the eternal principles of numbers. Such a teacher never gets through with a lesson, and his pupils will know little from his teaching, about the all-abounding charity which overflows the verses. His mathematical mind has run away with him.

Another teacher, amid all the abounding lessons of that wonderful chapter, jumped to this verse and revelled in it. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." And he found in that a fruitful text from which to lecture on the progressive powers of the human intellect, and the development at which we, as rational beings, ought to aim. A grand theme, certainly, for a lecture. But who believes that it was all that St. Paul desired the Corinthians, or the Christians, to learn from this chapter?

Still another teacher dwelt sweetly and pleasantly on the beautiful character developed. How patient, how gentle, how wise, how unselfish such persons were! Approaching, you see, to the kernel, but still only hovering around it, a beautiful

character to look at, to enjoy, but what about *possessing* it?

God be thanked that there were teachers who, taking up the lesson with the heart preoccupied with this thought: "My Fanny," or "my Fred," "not Christians, how can I through this Bible lesson, lead them to want Christ?" flashed at once toward the central truth: "*Love, love, abounding love.* Such love as will enable me to put on the wisdom of a serpent, the harmlessness of a dove, the meekness of — O, the meekness and the perfectness of Christ himself! That is it, put on Christ. Only Christ possessed the all enduring love. Only new creatures found in him can bear such fruit to his glory. O, to so present the beauty of the Christian life, that my scholars will cry out in heart: let me live the life that is hid with Christ in God." To such teachers the word *charity* spells JESUS.

THE TEACHER'S CENTRAL POINT.

I can see how geography, and astronomy, and history, and geology, and many another fact of importance and interest, can be taught incidentally from the Bible. But I cannot see how a

teacher who has in her class a soul unsaved, has any right to prepare and present one single lesson, ignoring the fact that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that he said: Now is the accepted time.

There are those who believe that the mind should be prepared by a careful *progressive* study of Bible truth, so that when Christ is presented to them, they may be prepared intelligently to receive him. But in view of his own solemn warning (the time is short, the night cometh), and in view of the fact that we have each to come before our classes to-day, remembering that to-morrow the coffin may receive one of them, how can we wait for "progressive preparation of the mind?" and, is it necessary? How much preparation does the scholar need, in order to take in two truths? *Jesus loves me*; there is danger ahead, possibly at my next step, and *he alone can save me*.

"But," said a teacher to me, "are you not afraid of continually presenting the same old truth before your class, afraid of wearying them with the subject, until they turn away in disgust?"

Well, a wise one, deeply read in human nature said: "The carnal mind is enmity against God." There do seem to be those who are disgusted with Jesus; there always have been those since first we heard of him on earth, who would cry out: "Away with him! as for this fellow we know not whence he is! We will not have him to reign over us!" Nay, there have been those who mocked him, crowned him with thorns, spit on him! Yet his disciples went on, telling "the old, old story," carrying it everywhere, presenting it each Sabbath-day in the synagogues, talking of it by the wayside, saying everywhere: "We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled." Dear teachers, don't you hear that sentence? we are actually in *Christ's stead!* What would he say to your classes if he were to meet them next Sabbath morning?

PERSONAL EFFORT.

There are so many teachers who are afraid of personal questions. Now there is of course a degree of tact to be observed, a sense of delicacy and tenderness to cultivate, a sense of the fitness of the occasion for personal effort. In short, there is what one of the workers in a missionary meeting characterized as "sanctified common sense," which it is highly important that a teacher should possess. But, given the observance of all these minor points, and I venture to say more harm is done in Sabbath teaching, by *half-heartedness*, than by soul-felt earnestness.

"Why do you suppose you feel less interested in your Bible lesson than you do in algebra?" I asked a bright young student, as she yawned wearily over her Bible, and pronounced the lesson

dull. She was an indefatigable student in algebra, never willing to leave a problem until she had mastered it.

She gave me a quick, searching look, as if she would like to know just how much meaning there was hidden behind the question, and then she made this significant answer. "Well, Miss Dunlap is perfectly devoted to algebra. She seems bent on having us understand it; and she works so hard to make it plain that we can hardly help catching the enthusiasm; why, one evening last week she stayed in the school-room until six o'clock, going over a dreadful example with me, and she said: 'Don't give it up, Effie; it is important enough for you to take until morning to conquer it, if necessary.'"

"But Miss Dunlap is also your Bible class teacher," I said.

"O, yes," with another keen glance, and a little laugh, "but on Sunday she teaches like this: 'What is said in the second verse, Effie?' 'Where was this epistle written?' 'Who wrote it?' 'Where is Galatia?' 'What is said in the third verse, Fannie?' and so on; the verses don't seem to say anything but words. We don't un-

derstand them, and I don't believe Miss Dunlap does very well. Anyhow, she yawns behind her glove, and says she is very tired, and the air is bad, and she worked so hard over botany last night she is exhausted this morning, and all that sort of thing, you know. And I'll tell you what I think. She acts — mind I don't say it is true — but Miss Dunlap acts as though she thought that algebra and botany were more important than the Bible; and she makes them more *interesting*. Now that is a fact."

If Miss Dunlap were so intensely interested in my young friend's conversion that she spent the hours of Saturday night in such earnest prayer for her soul that the morning found her even physically exhausted, with what spirit, think you, would she try to teach the lesson for the day, to that soul in peril? I looked over the lesson which had been so apathetically taught, and I found this verse: "Will a man rob God?" and I said to myself, "O, are not those eager girls, with their absorption in algebra and botany, and French, robbing God? Nay, is not their teacher, who has power to awaken such a glow of enthusiasm over the daily lessons of the school, robbing God, when

she teaches the Bible in such an apathy that her class believe it to be, in her estimation, less important than the daily work? No personal appeal could have been so fateful in its influence on my keen-brained friend Effie as was this sluggishness.

There was also this verse in that same lesson :
“ And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.” Alas, alas ! my bright, beautiful young friend was not, is not now one of his jewels ; who can tell, whether, under such influence, she ever will be ? How could the teacher who has such influence over her, forbear, when she looked at the bright flashing eyes, and fair face of her pupil, asking her if she did not wish to shine forever as one of the Lord's own jewels ? In that day, when he makes them up, will she be there ? Will her teacher ? If the teacher shall stand among the jewels, and the pupil on the left hand, how will that teacher endure the memory of that Sabbath day's work, and the manner in which she presented the Lord's call for jewels, to the *lost soul* !

MRS. PARKHURST'S MISTAKE.

“ But,” said my friend Mrs. Parkhurst to me,

“you don't mean that the idea of conversion should be present in every lesson, and presented to every class? Why, I have a class of young ladies and gentlemen, and every one of them is a professing Christian.”

“Well,” I said, “certainly you can find no better class in which to talk about the importance of the new birth. If each one has experienced it, if they are indeed new creatures in Christ, what a power they ought to be! With how many do they come in contact during the week, whom they are surely influencing? Whom they surely *ought* to be influencing towards Christ? It is *conversion* still, only instead of being your scholar, the circle has widened, it is your scholar's sister, or brother, mother, father, friend; *somebody* ought to be of special, yes of *absorbing* interest. Each Christian in your class should be helped to have *one* soul for whom he labors, prays, lives.”

“Yes; but you would ignore the importance of teaching Biblical history; of upbuilding the Christian character. People are to *grow* as well as to be planted.”

“No,” I said; “do you ignore the importance of general principles in arithmetic, do you hold the

mind from expanding, growing in arithmetical knowledge, because you insist that it is the column of figures right there before him now which your son is to add? Do you not thus help him to grow intellectually, while you at the same time get the sum of the day's expenses, or whatever the figures may represent? Does your Christian child fail to grow spiritually, because her heart has been turned by the lesson, by your presentation of it, towards her schoolmate who is out of Christ? 'When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.' 'Then will I teach transgressors thy ways,' said David, 'and sinners shall be converted unto thee.'"

"But would you really make the idea of working for souls the only object in teaching?"

"No more than I would make the column of figures that the child is to add, the only object in an arithmetical education. The child *adds*, in order to strengthen his mind, develop his brain-power, increase his knowledge, help towards his education. But he obtains *present* results that are helpful not only to himself, but to others. The Christian child is allowed by Christ to work for him, in order that he may develop his Chris-

tian life, may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the end that he may glorify God and serve him forever. But in working he is permitted the blessed privilege of seeing results, of actually being instrumental in saving souls. Does he need higher motive?"

"Then," said Mrs. Parkhurst, "you would ignore Bible history, and geography, and all intellectual research in the presentation of the lesson?"

"No, I wouldn't. I would teach Bible history, in order that the scholar may be a more effective worker in the field. I would teach Bible geography for the same reason; and I would encourage the most exhaustive intellectual research as a means toward an end, and that end: 'Doing the work of Him that sent us, while it is day.' Why, what does it mean? 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.' What was Christ's mind on earth? Why, 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' And, 'He ever liveth to make intercession for us.' The work is so important, you see, that it engaged not only the years of life on earth that Christ gave it, but it has engaged the attention of the Father and the Son and the Spirit, through all the centuries that are past, and who can tell how many are yet

to come before the story of conversion is finished? There will come a time when the last heart that is ever to be changed, will feel the renewing power of the Holy Spirit. That time has *not* come; but it hastens. Until that hour, let us make the special work of Christ, the special work of the Holy Spirit, our *special* aim in all religious teaching, not only, but in *all* teaching. We aim too low. What is an education worth? At most, it is only to be helpful during the three score years and ten and then is to help for eternal ages in sinking the soul lower and lower in the depths of despair. I would rather a soul that is to be lost would be an ignorant one; because the capacities for suffering are less sensitive. O, I would that no teacher ever took the Bible in his hand with a less motive than the desire of adding one more jewel to the Redeemer's crown. Either directly, or through the working of the mind already chosen as a jewel, as it shall give its reflex shining to some other one. 'And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord.'

"Knowing this: 'That the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer; and what thou doest, do *quickly*.'"

FALSE PRIDE.

Don't be afraid of using other peoples' ideas. Such a silly, false pride as that needs to be rooted out. What is the use of printed ideas, unless somebody puts them into practice? Who is going to care, whether the lesson you taught his child, was studied out by yourself, or was presented to you, through the medium of another earnest worker's brain? So that the lesson is a precious one, and can be lived, as well as listened to, what matters it?

MAKE THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ROOM AS BEAUTIFUL
AS POSSIBLE.

With dinginess abounding, and an empty purse, this, at first sight, looks impossible. *Pictures*, self-framed, mottoes worked, painted, cut out of paper, flowers in their season, pressed flowers out of season, autumn leaves, ferns, ivies — all these may be a means of grace to scholars. We have two classes of children, those who come from *lovely* homes, and those who come from *dreadful* homes. Beauty is important for both classes. *Time* spent in adornments of this kind, may be counted as spent for Christ.

MONEY TO PURCHASE HELPS.

Is it not a shame that the church does not furnish its workmen with tools? This is too common a grievance. I speak of it to bring in a word of warning. *Don't* resort to the pitiful device of robbing the Lord's treasury in order to support yourselves. My box, marked "the Lord's treasury," had to have its name changed, because the school voted to "use the contributions for its own support." It wasn't *the Lord's treasury* any longer, the money was to pay our running expenses. Yet we called it *benevolence*, because the word sounded well. Such education in the primary rooms develops the class of Christians, who, when they pay their share of the pastor's salary, or help to furnish their own pews, or their own prayer room, think they are *benevolent*!

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONCERTS FOR THE PURPOSE OF RAISING MONEY.

A most distressing education in my opinion.
"We'll recite verses and sing hymns for you, if

you will pay us for doing it!" I never believe in that sort of equivalent for value received. A *false* idea. The church should no more expect the child to earn its money by entertaining the parent, than the father expects the child to earn money, while still a child, for his own support.

Don't let me be understood as objecting to concert exercises; training the little ones to speak, and sing, before their elders. It is comforting to find so great a man as Dr. Vincent making a blunder once in awhile; it gives us common mortals much courage; that is probably the reason he was left to say that he thought it took off the charm, and modesty of a little girl to have her mother buy her a new dress, and prim her up for the occasion, that she may go on the platform, and, in her sweet voice, recite a little piece that she has committed to memory; when the audience applauds, she goes off brim-full of pride, and says to herself "I am a good deal, I am." Now it is not what he said to which I object, but because of the inference which he left others to draw, namely, that he had described the necessary effect arising from a Sunday-school concert. I think with Dr. Vincent, that, if a mother bought

her little girl a new dress and primmed her up for that special occasion, she was an unfortunate little girl, having a foolish mother. And if the audience applauded after her little piece was recited, they were in a remarkably hilarious mood for a Sabbath-day concert. Now, what I want to speak about, is a false idea that words like these foster, viz. That it necessarily becomes a trial of one's modesty, to come before a congregation of interested fathers and mothers and teachers, and recite a Bible verse, or a hymn. The primary class should be taught that their voices belong to Christ; that it is a privilege and an honor to speak for him in the congregation. They should be encouraged to sow the seeds of Bible verses and sweet hymns wherever and whenever they have a chance; they should not be encouraged to believe that it is a great thing, or an unusual thing, or one that calls for applause; it should grow to be as natural for them to speak for Christ in this way, as it is for them to recite a lesson in school. It is the false ideas clustering around this matter which spoil the children. It is making a parade of Sabbath-school concerts, it is lowering the tone of the selections to be recited,

that does the mischief; in short, Dr. Vincent's objection applies to a good thing done badly, and if that is an argument against the "good thing," why we must give up blackboards, and sermons, and even public prayers; for some make grotesque use of the blackboard, and some public prayers are very long drawn out, and unprofitable, and some ministers preach distressingly! in fact, every good thing is capable of abuse, and Sunday-school concerts most certainly are. Yet by no means give them up. Teach your little daughter that she is going to recite her Bible verse, not for the purpose of showing her "new dress," and her "pretty voice," and winning "applause," but so that some child of God may be refreshed, as by a cup of cold water, administered by her, or mayhap some sin-sick soul be led through her to Jesus; pray with her over this coming recitation, asking Jesus to use it, and I will risk the modesty.

There is a sort of mock modesty that we are developing, even in this fast age; we find it in the excuses offered for not reciting a verse in prayer-meeting, or for not taking up a dozen other little helpful duties; people are objecting that

they will be so conspicuous! I would that we could all get away from ourselves; not only in the sense of being over bold, but in being over modest also. Remembering that we are, after all, of so little importance, in comparison with the work to be done, that it really makes no difference whether we are conspicuous or not. But I don't believe in Sunday-school concerts given for the purpose of earning money. I want them used as free-will offerings to Christ.

SIMPLE BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

BY REV. G. R. ALDEN.

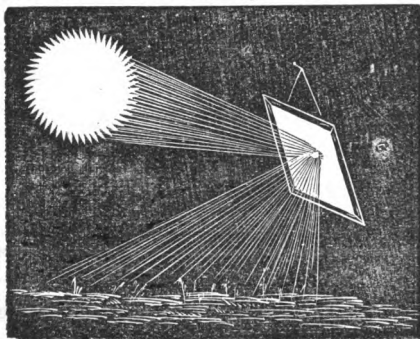
ONE GOD.
MEDIATOR.

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Lesson on the Inevitable End.

PRIDE — DESTRUCTION.
HAUGHTY SPIRIT — FALL.

Lesson on "Ye are the Light of the World."



Simple Blackboard Exercises.

Lesson on The Great Company.

THEY SHALL COME
 FROM
 THE N
 |
 SIT
 IN THE
 W—KINGDOM—E
 OF
 GOD
 |
 S
 STRIVE TO ENTER.

Lesson on the Great Commandment.

LOVE LOVE
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 HEART.

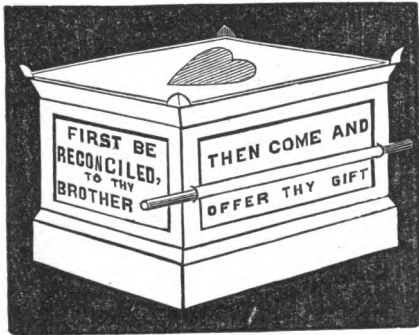
Lesson on the solemn "IF."

If Thou SEEK Him He Will BE FOUND OF THEE.
 FORSAKE CAST THEE OFF FOREVER.

Lesson on "Ye are my witnesses,"

JESUS
ON
TRIAL.

WITNESSES AGAINST NAMES	WITNESSES FOR NAMES
_____?	_____?
_____?	_____?
_____?	_____?

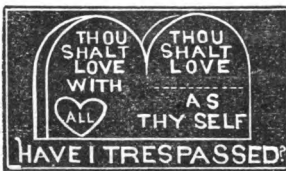


The altar of prayer, and the necessity of coming to it with a heart at peace with all people, is an important lesson for childhood. The teacher who presents that thought will be helped by using

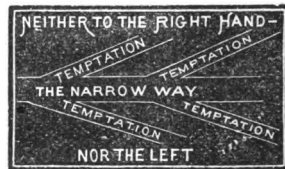
an altar outlined on the board, printing the word "prayer" as the "gift" brought. Then illustrated by the story of a child who knelt down to pray saying just before she knelt; "I never mean to speak to Kitty Butler again as long as I live!" and mingling almost with the "amen" came these words: "She is just as mean as she can be, and I'll never forgive her!"



Lesson on the Summary of the Law.



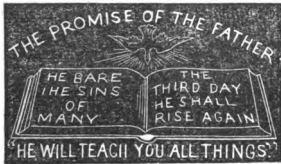
Lesson on the Narrow Way.



Temperance Lesson. "The Old Pledge."



Lesson on the Trinity.



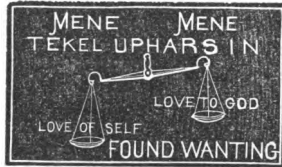
Lesson on the Prodigal Son.



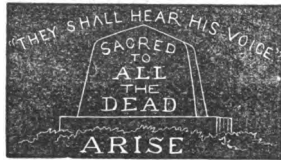
Lesson on the Great Promise.



Lesson on the Handwriting.



Lesson on the Resurrection.



Lesson on the King's Call.



Lesson on the Great Feast.



EXAMPLES.

LESSON HYMN. — To be used after teaching a lesson on *Our Opportunities*. — Tune, "Hallelujah, 'tis Done."

'Tis the saviour who plans all the work for his
own ;
And he opens the door leading straight to his
throne.

CHORUS.

Some doors he will close.
Never mind, Jesus knows.
'Tis for each one to follow the path that he shows.
Of this word be sure,
That he is the door ;
If you enter through that you'll be safe ever-
more.

LESSON ON



Print the word **LOVE** in ornamental letters, then draw from class the names of those whom we ought to love, placing a straight mark for each. You will readily call out the names: "Jesus," "mamma," "teacher," etc. Now, it is right to love Jesus, and mamma, and teacher, and sister, and friends. But Jesus to-day says not a word about them. He tells of some one else whom we must love. At this point, by a few rapid strokes of the crayon, transform the straight marks which you have made into the word "enemies." The rapidity of the transition will astonish and impress the children, and fix the word.

Application. The child's enemies are those

222 *Lesson Hymn.* — *Blackboard Lesson.*

who annoy him, tease him, laugh at him, hide his toys or books, etc. Illustrate from every-day experiences.

LESSON HYMN. — To be used after teaching a lesson from the text: "*Lo, I am with you always.*"
Tune, "One more day's work for Jesus."

O, promise sweet and precious
That Christ has given to me :
I'm with you ever,
I'll leave you never ;
Look up and trust in me.
O, help us each,
Thy love and care to teach.

CHORUS.

O, may we live for Jesus,
O, may we work for Jesus,
Lead other souls to Jesus —
There's work for you and me.

BLACKBOARD LESSON AND HYMN.

for the text: "*Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.*"

Outline a door, closed. Make a line reaching

almost to it — just a little step more to get in, but leave that step untaken. Make a dot, to stand for a boy who said, again and again, “I’ve almost a mind to give myself to the Lord Jesus *now*.” But he didn’t. He kept waiting till to-morrow. At last suddenly he died — was drowned — without a minute’s time for thought. How near he was to this door where Jesus stood waiting for him! But he didn’t get in! Just one step more! “Almost” didn’t save him. Print over the door the solemn words, “The door was shut.”

See to it, teachers, that you present this solemn lesson to the little ones in such a manner that you will be willing to meet it again when you stand, with them, at the judgment seat.

LESSON HYMN. — Tune, “Almost Persuaded.”

Almost persuaded Jesus to love ;
 With him to live in heaven above.
 Far from all stain or blight ;
 Far from death’s gloomy night ;
 All peace, and joy, and light !
 O, will you come ?

Almost persuaded ! Still Jesus waits ;
 Still they stand open, heaven’s golden gates.

He will not always wait ;
Then on the golden gate
They'll write the words, " Too late !"
O, come to-day.

THE TEACHER OUT OF SCHOOL.

A LITTLE BUNCH OF WEEDS.

There was a primary teacher of great skill and success, who made a false move, one day, and thereby caused serious trouble.

She was met on the street by a little five-year-old boy, who came from a home where flowers of any sort were few and rare. He had gathered for his teacher a bouquet. It was a pink-topped field clover, and two buttercups, and a dandelion partly gone to seed. The wise-hearted teacher smiled, and thanked and caressed the little giver, sending him from her with a happy heart. Then, turning to the friend near her, she said: "See what a comical little bunch of weeds that child has brought me!"

O, that foolish little word, and the gay laugh that followed! The humble mother of the little giver stood just at hand, and she heard the words.

She tried to be sensible, she tried not to care ; she knew that field-clovers, and buttercups, and dandelions were counted weeds by the cultured and refined ; but *she* could not help thinking them pretty, and they had looked so sweet and fair to her, in her darling's small brown hand, and he had been so happy in his gift ! "It is foolish," she told herself, "to care. Of course they are weeds, and of course she could not value them as I do." She made an effort not to mind it at all ; and I dare say would have succeeded, but for what so speedily followed. Alas, alas ! before another Sabbath day the little giver lay all smiling and sweet in his confined bed. When the sorrowing teacher came to look on him, and laid a costly and exquisite bouquet of rarest, sweetest blossoms on his breast, the poor, broken-hearted mother snatched them away with a burst of tears, and said, with torturing sobs, that she *could not* have them there ; the last bouquet her darling ever gathered with his precious, quiet hand, he carried to his teacher, and she called them *weeds* !

Remembering this, and recalling many kindred facts and experiences, dear primary teachers, we must conclude that there are no little things in

life. And that words, and ways, and even our very thoughts must be watched, if we would be wise to win souls, and if, through the little ones, we would reach their homes and their mothers.

NOTICE THE BABIES.

I knew a teacher who had kind words and special attentions for each of her little ones, whenever and wherever she met them. We were walking with her one day; a gentleman friend and myself. "There is my little Nellie," she said, stopping suddenly. And "Little Nellie" was kissed and caressed and made to feel that she had met a friend, one who was very much interested in her. Just a few words: "Would she be sure to be in Sabbath-school next Sabbath? Was she sure she had her lesson?" etc. I, looking on, marvelled at the tact of the teacher, and wondered that the little face which had been radiant when we met her, clouded over, and the little tongue grew silent.

As soon as we passed on, I discovered the cause of trouble.

"Mamma," said the child, in that sort of whisper of which children are fond, and which is as

distinctly heard as the ordinary tone, “she didn’t notice the baby at all!”

“No,” said the mother, speaking in a disturbed tone. “The baby and the baby’s mother are of no consequence to *her*.”

“Fanny,” I said to my friend, when we turned at the corner, “wasn’t that your little pupil’s mother with her?”

“I presume so; I didn’t notice particularly.”

“But I should have supposed you would have spoken to her.”

Fanny turned surprised eyes on me, and said: “Why should I? I am not acquainted with her; never spoke to her in my life.”

Our gentleman friend laughed outright, and said: “You ladies are *so* queer!”

You can readily see that my friend made great strides away from any hope of influencing that mother, or helping her. And the heart of little Nellie swelled in indignation, because her darling baby brother had not been noticed at all.

**AN IMPORTANT QUESTION — SHALL WE CALL ON
OUR SCHOLARS?**

A personal acquaintance with the mother of

each child is very desirable, and is by no means an impossible thing to accomplish. Leaving out the exceptional cases, the teachers of very feeble health, or those having stated employment during the week, that consumes the hours usually devoted to social life, there remains a large class of teachers, who by no means have the right to plead the impossible in regard to this matter.

Did it ever occur to you how many calls society expects and demands of the pastor's wife? Who pleads the impossibility of the average minister's wife calling on the large, scattered parish to which her husband ministers? Yet she is a woman subject to like cares and pains and hindrances as others. No salary is set apart to her, enabling her to give to others the work that she might do herself, and so gain time for this work. She is generally a housekeeper, generally a mother, generally a seamstress for the little ones at home, often a teacher of the older ones, in music, or in some branch of education; she is, as often, at least, as the average woman in other positions, an invalid; yet call she must, and call she does. I do not quarrel with the duty. I merely want to ask by what code of rules or phases of etiquette is she set

apart for this duty, and similarly situated women in her husband's congregation, almost make their boast that they do not make twenty calls in a year; and that it is *impossible* to call on their Sunday scholars.

Primary teachers, get acquainted with the mothers. If you average seventy-five homes on your-roll book, don't immediately set it down as impossible that you should know those homes. Your pastor's wife is an exception if she have not almost double that number of homes where she must call. Seventy-five homes, an average of less than three calls a week, and you visit your pupils twice a year. If the visits are judicious, you have, at the end of the year, a fair knowledge of the homes, and the peculiarities of the mothers from whom your children come. Now the average primary teacher should think carefully before she determines that it is impossible to average three calls a week on her scholars. She needs to estimate all the time that she spends on her cooking, on her dress, on her toilet, in reading that which is of no special consequence to read, in chatting with special friends about that which it is not of special consequence to chat, before she

determines conscientiously that the work *cannot* be done. I have given a large average of homes to visit ; probably large numbers of primary classes would not represent more than forty homes ; many of them not so large a number.

Now, what is the advantage of visiting ? How does this help the mother ? It links her to the school ; she knows more about it, has a more personal interest in it, is more disposed to listen to the child's reports concerning what is done there ; also, the teacher has a chance to learn of special cases of sorrow, of anxiety, of need : she has opportunity to help the mother carry her burdens to the great Burden-bearer of the world. It is difficult to reach after and put on paper the many little ways in which the earnest teacher can help and hold the mothers of her children, by a personal acquaintance with them. Neither is such enumeration necessary. The idea commends itself to every thoughtful heart, and needs little dwelling on. The thing that we need to combat is, the impression that it is impossible to accomplish such a work.

In connection with this subject comes the thought, that by careful, systematic visiting, the

teacher helps to do away with the feeling of partiality for some of the scholars, that she is likely to have, or at least likely to be accused of having. I mean, it is entirely probable that in some of the homes represented in her class, she is a frequent and familiar guest. Now those children know her better, feel that they do, and she feels better acquainted with them; and the lookers-on, from the children themselves to the neglected mothers at their homes, are apt to have the feeling that there is an intimacy with and a tenderness for certain scholars in the class, greater than for theirs; the effect, on both mothers and children, is unfortunate.

DON'T BE AFRAID OF HAVING CHILDREN MEMORIZE VERSES BEFORE THEY ARE EXPLAINED.

By some who occupy the position of leaders, the idea is advanced that children should not be taught to memorize what they do not understand. I consider this a mistake. It shuts one up to very narrow limits; for children, without careful help, understand but little. It educates the child to suppose that what it cannot understand is not to be learned; and therefore, in later years, the rule in

arithmetic, or in grammar, or in philosophy, is not to be learned, because the mind does not grasp its meaning. Neither, when the child becomes a man, shall he memorize any Bible verses save those which he, without study, and without teaching comprehends. There is surely no harm in giving the little ones forms of words which shall take precious meaning to them in after life. I teach my boy to commit carefully the words of his Bible verse, resting assured that there is that in them which I shall be able to help him understand. After it is committed is the time to talk about it. For one reason, because it is unwise to form the habit of committing only that which is understood, also because the child should be taught to think over the words he is to learn, and get what ideas he can from them, before explanation is offered.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF VISITING.

It is important to remember that there is a right and a wrong way to visit. It is not merely the stopping at a certain house for a few minutes, and talking about the weather, or the last item of news, that is going to accomplish work for Christ

(though even those things may be done in such a way as to help on the cause); but there is more than that. We have need not only to be as harmless as doves, but as wise as serpents, if we would fish for souls. And numbers of so-called little things work serious mischief.

I know a teacher who called at the home of one of her class. The call was not for the child, but for an auntie; it so happened, that the teacher, unmindful of the fact that the little one sat listening eagerly, watching every look and word and action of the one in whom she claimed special property, noticed her only by a careless nod, and continued for ten minutes in conversation with the aunt. The flow of talk arrested for a moment, and the teacher's thoughts turned towards the child by some movement of the latter, she regarded her earnestly for a moment, and then said, suddenly: "Hasn't that child a strangely-shaped head?" Can you imagine how suddenly the face of the sensitive child flushed, and her eyes drooped, and how, all unnoticed by either lady she stole out, and ran to her mother, and how she whispered sobbingly into that mother's ear that she "didn't want to go to Miss Morris' Sun-

day-school any more ; she was sure she did not love her." What was there in that remark to cause pain? Why, nothing at all ; in point of fact the teacher intended it as a compliment, or rather, it was a compliment without her intending anything about it ; the strangely-shaped head was a head of beauty, and gave promise of future intellect above the ordinary. But the child did not know this ; did not understand. And the mother? Well, she was an ordinarily sensible mother. But she was not skilled in phrenological lore ; she did not know that her daughter had a head shaped to indicate unusual promise. But she comforted the child as well as she could, and told her it was of no consequence what the teacher thought about her head ; and she mustn't mind what people said about her looks, and all that sort of thing ; and down in her heart she hid a feeling of vexation for that teacher who had hurt the feelings of her darling child. "And what did she mean, anyway?" Are you sufficiently versed in human nature, and the trifling causes that underlie human actions, not to be amazed when I tell you that gradually there was irregularity of attendance on the part of that child, and by degrees she drew

off farther and farther, until at last the teacher, waking up to her absence, went in search of her, and found her in another primary class that was "not so far away;" and whose teacher, if the mother had told the whole truth, had made no unfortunate remark about the shape of "that child's head!" Well, perhaps the school where the child removed had a better primary teacher than the first, and perhaps it had not. That, at least, has nothing to do with the point at issue; which is: that the offending teacher had lost her opportunity because of a careless word, which intended no harm at all.

CHILD PHARISEES.

Do you know that the nurseries are full of little Pharisees? Children who believe that they are the brightest, the best dressed, the most lovable of beings. Frequently is this the case with the petted darling of a large family. The very love and care lavished on him tends to increase this feeling; and the child is in danger of becoming insufferable, long before he is a man. Let the teacher bear in mind this failing of precocious childhood, and help the mother in her efforts to

give right direction to the dawning intellect of her child, by so teaching that the child shall see what a hateful and unholy spirit in the sight of God is vanity. How utterly unacceptable was the prayer of the man who had nothing in his heart but boastfulness! This development of childhood is so common that almost every cultured home can produce somewhat of the fruits of the Pharisee's life. My little boy, having been carefully taught his lesson, being naturally quick to learn, and retentive of memory, comes home with triumphant shout, and swelling words: "Mamma, I had the very best lesson of any boy in the class! Willie Jones couldn't say his at all! I should think that he would be ashamed to go to Sunday-school without his lesson; shouldn't you, mamma?" What is that but the spirit which, a little later in life, when he has learned to express himself more smoothly, will say, or feel: "I thank Thee that I am not as other men."

Now this very feeling is sometimes fostered by the primary teacher. She can hardly help it. The intelligent child, with flashing eyes, and keen, answering brain, wins her attention and her admiration; and she is a very wise teacher if she is

not occasionally caught saying, to stammering, twisting Neddie: "See how well Charlie says his lesson! and how promptly he answers. Don't you wish you had recited as well as that?" Depend upon it, she has done sad work that day; she has probably sent one boy home swelling with self-importance, an I-am-better-than-thou spirit, and another boy with an envious, vexed spirit, that leads him to want to torment the little Pharisee who has been held up for his admiration. Perhaps he will do it the very next chance he has, and perhaps both mothers will wish that their children had a teacher who would help, instead of hinder, the home work.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. Are separate rooms necessities, in primary teaching?

Ans. :— Well, perhaps one hardly ought to say that they are necessities ; because the fact remains that there are places where they are not possible. We may safely say that more effective work can be done, in a room alone with the children than in any other way ; therefore they are duties, unless absolutely unattainable. I have taught a class in the main room, and in a little entry way. A certain friend of mine used a hall which was fitted with shelves, whose duty on week-days was to hold the caps and dinner-baskets of the scholars ; he seated the babies on the lowest shelf, and had a successful primary class. I once had a class in one of those upper holes in a country church, where they ascend to ring the bell. It was hard to get up, and hard to get down, but once there

we had a nice time. It is simply absurd to say to every teacher that she *must* have a separate room, although, if I were the teacher, I should be sure to use that language to the superintendent, the pastor, and to every officer supposed to have an interest in the Sunday-school. Yet the fact remains that sometimes years of patient waiting are necessary before one is obtained. In the meantime, my advice would be to have so intense a sense of the importance of the separate room, as never to let the subject rest, or sink into oblivion.

2. What sort of room is desirable for primary classes?

Ans.: — Now that question is a sort of temptation. The fact is, it is desirable to have a room that is in every way perfect. My ideal is fairly entrancing in its beauty. I would have a large room, a light room, with delicately tinted walls, aglow with Scripture pictures, with illuminated texts, with maps, with charts; I would have vases of flowers, baskets of hanging plants, pots of ferns; I would have little comfortable seats for the scholars; not portable arm-chairs (that used to be one of my fancies, and I tried them. Don't do it, unless your children are angels, or you have more than

the patience of Job. The tendency to perpetual wriggle is developed fearfully under the portable arm-chair system). But can't each of us imagine for ourselves just the room that we should like to gather the lambs into? We long to make the Sabbath-school a delightful spot; we want all the associations with the place to be bright, tender, pleasant. Some of our children come from beautiful homes; we don't want the Sabbath home, where they come to learn about the glorious eternal home, to be glaring in its unpleasant contrast. Some of them come from *dreadful* homes, where poverty, in its lowest forms abides; we want them to be thrilled with the contrast, with the beauty of the home which the Good Shepherd opens for his lambs. With this in view, we idealize; but who ever realized his ideal? Of what use is it, then? The same use that an ideal always serves; to induce us to work *towards* it, and have everything as beautiful as we can.

3. Where can we find help for class exercises?

Ans.: — There are many verses in the Bible that can be arranged, or are already arranged in the form of question and answer. These can be taught, a question to one scholar, the answer to another.

To illustrate, take the question: "Who shall ascend to the hill of the Lord?" Ans.: "He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart." Let the class be taught all to hold up their hands when the word *hands* is spoken, and to lay them on their hearts, at the mention of that word. These motions rest the children, impress the words, and give pleasure to the element of action that is rampant in the brain of every child. Let a third child repeat: "He shall receive a blessing from the Lord," raising her hand to heaven as she speaks. Let the entire class say: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in." During the recital of the words, "Be ye lift up ye everlasting doors," they should be taught to clasp hands, and arch them over their heads. This is one of many verses which can be arranged very simply, and yet very effectively for repetition, in places where more elaborate work could not be used. Whatever gives the child a chance to use hands, or feet, as well as voice, rests him, besides appealing to that love for graceful motion which is inherent in childhood. Restless activity is one of the trials with which primary teachers have to contend. Happy are

those teachers who have learned to combine activity and education, motion and thought, in such a manner that the one will suggest the other. One third of the difficulties connected with the question of discipline, slips out of sight in classes where many orderly movements are not only permitted but taught; for this reason, among others, I would be careful to introduce such verses as could be accompanied by some suggestive motion, of hands or body. The Bible teems with such.

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