

crab enter into a kind of partnership for mutual protection. After this, when the oyster opens his shells, the little crab uses his eyes very diligently to look around, and watch for the approach of any fish. As soon as he spies any sly fish coming near, he pinches the oyster, and immediately the oyster closes his shells very tightly, and the oyster and the crab are both safely protected from the fish.

Now, boys and girls, we are something like the oyster. We are constantly exposed to the danger of being destroyed by sin. We cannot see sin, we cannot hear sin, we cannot perceive it by any of our senses. So God has given us a conscience, which means "to know with God." When you are tempted to do a sinful act, it is conscience that quickly whispers, "Now that is wicked," "If you do that, God will be displeased."

Let me illustrate this thought. One real pleasant day, when the birds are singing, and everything is attractive out of doors, Johnnie thinks how hard it is to be studying his lessons in what he calls a prison of a school-room. He knows that papa and mamma will not give him permission to stay at home; so a little before nine o'clock, as he saunters toward the school, Satan suggests to him to play "hokey," and when he comes to the corner of the street, looking back to be sure that no one sees him, he turns the corner to remain out of school, intending to come home at the regular time for dinner and escape discovery. Just as soon as he turns the corner, and even before that already, conscience has seen the danger, and whispers strong and clear, "Johnnie, this is wicked; you will surely get into trouble, and you will make papa and mamma sad, and also displease God." Now, if Johnnie does not turn right back when conscience warns him, he is sure to go on without having any pleasure all that forenoon, because his conscience continues to warn and reprove him.

Or suppose that Willie goes down the street and sees Mr. Brown's dog a little way off. He looks around quietly for a stone, and immediately conscience says, "Now Willie, don't hit the poor dog, for the stone will cause him pain, just as it would if some one were to hit you with a stone." But Willie does not listen to conscience. He throws the stone with all his might. It strikes on the pavement, just by the side of the dog, glances and breaks in many pieces the large plate glass window of the drug store.

Willie is more frightened than the dog, and without a moment for thought he runs around the corner, to get out of sight. And after consulting himself for a time in the alley, he steals quietly into the house at the back door. How he dreads to meet his father and mother. Every time the door bell rings he thinks surely that it is the drug-

gist or the policeman. Oh! how this sin pains him; just like the oyster would be hurt if he does not heed the little crab, when he warns him that the fish is coming to destroy him. If Willie had only listened to conscience, what sin and trouble it would have saved him. So, boys and girls, God has given each of us a conscience, and if we want to be saved from sin and suffering, we should always be quick to obey our conscience. Let each of us try and keep a good conscience." — DR. SYLVANUS STALL.

## THE NEW TEACHER.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

It was of no use; Mr. Blackburn could not teach the class. That is, he could not keep them in order long enough to listen to the opening exercises, much less recite a lesson.

It was a class of boys, and pretty good fellows, too,—everywhere except in Sunday school. They all attended a large public school in Chicago during the week; and when they met on Sunday, their talk was of nothing but foot-ball and toboggans and snow-fights. When the World's Fair was over, and the boys were tired of discussing the Ferris Wheel, and the Cairo Village and the "restored" Mammoth in the Anthropological Building, poor Mr. Blackburn had great hopes of an improvement. But alas, as the autumn and winter wore on, the talking and laughing and punching and poking increased, rather than diminished, until the teacher told the superintendent he must give up and go East for his health. Really, the poor man very nearly had nervous prostration over that class.

For one or two Sundays the boys were placed in charge of substitutes, who were thankful to yield their place to Miss Rose Hamlin on the Sunday before Easter.

The boys eyed the new teacher, and whispered dolefully to each other, "A woman!"

"Glad to see you, boys," said she. "I guess there's time before the bell rings to introduce ourselves all round. My name is Miss Hamlin. What is yours, please?" turning to her next neighbor.

"Morton Duff."

"And yours?"

"Dick Farnsworth."

So she went around the class, taking the awkward, knuckly hand of each in the little brown-kidded one, and looking him right in the eyes a moment, before she passed to the next. Each boy had a queer feeling, as she held his hand (they confided to one another afterward), that "she'd remember him for ever 'n' ever."