

(some fourteen to sixteen being present), were all members of the church; and as far as I could judge (I watched the *eyes* of the *children* I could not hear the words of the teacher,) thoroughly interested in their work. Below, in a separate room was a small class of young men, engaged in the study of "The Titles of our Saviour." The subject had naturally led them to the evidences of the Divinity of Christ, and it was in this aspect that the lesson shaped itself that Sabbath. The teacher *led* rather than *taught* the young men. He aimed to have them produce evidences and state convictions, drawn from the scriptures; and thus to cultivate and improve their minds and hearts. In another room I found the "Infant class." I was sorry however that they had not a room to themselves. We want to have perfect freedom with an infant class—let them stand up and sing a snatch of a hymn when they get tired—then let them sit down and listen to you as with animated voice and gesture you tell them some "sweet story of old;"—and we don't want to be hampered by the necessity of not disturbing other classes! The teacher was telling them in a very winning way of the ascension of our Saviour, and of his coming again. But some of the little fellows were tired—they wanted to shout out and say "Joyful, joyful!" or the "Happy Land," to put them all right. The other class in the same room was what is called an "advanced class." They were young girls, no longer children, and who would be likely to be lost to Sunday School influences but for some such agency as this. It always has been, and always will be a problem and an anxiety how safely to conduct good little boys and girls over the "enchanted ground" that lies between childhood and full age!

After this school closed I stepped out and went toward the school that went in at six, for it was now "half-past" that hour. When I got in I found the classes very busy with their lessons. About a hundred and seventy scholars were present, and a large number of teachers. The superintendent was himself busy with a class; but a teacher, who was for the time a supernumerary, gave me much information. Among other things, he said the superintendent followed the lessons with an address. "A short address—five or ten minutes, I suppose?" I said. "No; commonly about half an hour," replied the teacher. "But don't the children get *weary*?" "No, I think not." I knew that under ordinary circumstances, an address of half an hour would soon kill off a school; but as this one was by no means like a dying school, I judged that I had something yet to learn regarding this "address." In the meantime I look about me. I see many boys clad in moleskin, with well brushed stout shoes, clean collars, and neckties of Rob Roy tartan. I ask who they are? "Boys from the Ragged School." What virtue there is in soap! here are boys from the very dregs of society, with as sweet intelligent faces (when well washed), as you could hope to see anywhere. Ruddy cheeks, sparkling blue or grey eyes, hair a shade or two lighter than the average of Canadian boys, and restless fingers. Oh, that we could predicate a worthy manhood for every one of these interesting little fellows! There are about thirty of them. And on looking round I see about an equal number of girls, dressed alike, in white-spotted blue cotton, good shoes, dark grey stockings, black straw bonnets of a fashionable economy of size, and woollen kerchiefs of the dark "forty-twa." I do not need to ask who *they* are: they too are of the Ragged School.