

The Best Insurance.

Dialogue between a Merchant in a thriving village and a Circuit Steward. Arranged by Rev. A. Andrews, Secretary of the S. S. Board, from an old paper entitled "Not one cent more."

(Suitable for two boys about twelve years of age.)

Steward. Good evening, Mr. Stewart; how much will you pay this year towards our ministers, support?

Merchant. Not one cent.

S. Shall I understand, then, that you are done paying money for the support of the Gospel?

M. Exactly, that is what you are to understand. The money I have paid for what you call the gospel is so much that I have thrown away; and I am now done!

S. Are you so determined in this matter?

M. Yes, so *determined*—that's the word.

S. But you pay for insuring your goods.

M. Certainly.

S. What do you insure against?

M. Against fire, nothing else.

S. Upon what do you depend to protect you against thieves and robbers?

M. Upon the laws.

S. Do you think the laws would protect you unless they were enforced?

M. No fool would expect that.

S. Suppose that all the people within six miles of your store were thieves and robbers, do you think in such case the laws would do you much good?

M. I know they would not. But then what is the good of such talk? The people around here are not thieves and robbers, but a wholesome, law-abiding people. I know that if such a thing should happen as that a thief or a robber should meddle with my property, there is virtue enough in this community to enforce the law and protect me.

S. I believe just as you do in that respect. But what produces the virtue amongst our people?

M. I don't concern myself about that.

S. Can you deny that it is the Sabbath, the Bible, our Sabbath Schools, our preaching, our prayer-meetings, and whatever is done amongst us to expose sin, and inculcate holiness?

M. Well, what if all that is true?

S. If all that is true, then these moral

appliances to the community are making the people safe for you to live amongst. And I ask you as an honest man, whether you would live here a day, if all the churches, Bibles, ministers, etc., were taken out of the community, and you had nobody left but the vile elements of society?

M. Well—well—I don't think I should, if I must tell the truth.

S. What then does it amount to but this, that the money, which other people pay for the support of religion, is really so much money paid to insure your property against thieves and robbers?

M. I never saw it so before.

S. And now, I ask, are you the man to wish these people, who support religious meetings, to pay your tax for insurance?

M. Not I. Take this ten dollar bill; and let me know when any further sum is needed as my part of the insurance which the gospel brings to our village.



The Language of the Face

THERE is nothing prettier than a bed of pansies, except an infant class. The class I have in mind numbered about one hundred, and looked as if a summer wind were passing over the pansy bed, there was such a restless bobbing of little heads. There stood the lady teacher before them, giving the most charming of talks. It was the story of the pillar of cloud and of fire, and so vividly did she picture it, so simply and attractively did she tell it, and so clearly and constantly did she bring out the point of the lesson—Jesus leads us—that I am sure it would have won the unbounded admiration of a Sunday-school convention or normal class. But she did not hold the eyes of the children. She tried to draw them with questions, but they answered without looking at her. She interspersed bits of song, but all did not sing. I was ready to say, "What can interest children if *this* doesn't?" But I saw the difficulty. The teacher talked with her voice, but not with her face; that was unsympathetic, expressionless, cold.

In the progress of the lesson the teacher related an incident in which she must have