

DR. MORROW'S SCHOLAR.

"You may leave this Sunday-school now, and you needn't be slow about getting out of the room either, and you need never come back again either, never: do you hear?"

It was young Dr. Morrow talking to one of his Sunday-school boys, a rude, ungoverned and seemingly irrevocable boy, who thoroughly enjoyed disturbing the whole class, not only with his inattention, but also with his actions.

Dr. Morrow's patience had been worn threadbare during the past few weeks, and now that Jim Dunbar had succeeded in getting the whole class, with one exception, laughing, and that one exception crying (because a bee which Jim had held imprisoned in a coiled handkerchief had been let but cautiously into his car and it had stung him), the last thread of that much suffering virtue gave out, and Dr. Morrow in his anger, wished that Jim Dunbar, would never cross his path again.

The fun all died out of Jim's face as he heard the stern command. One quick, reproachful but mortified glance into Dr. Morrow's angry, reproving face, and then the boy slowly arose and started to leave the room. Just before reaching the door he looked up at a beautiful motto over the arch. It had never looked so lovely before—at least that was what Jim thought: "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." That was the motto.

Jim thought of many things as he crossed the threshold and wandered down toward the river. Dr. Morrow had explained that beautiful motto to him, and now some of his thoughts ran after this fashion:

"He said I was one of the little fellows the Saviour wanted, but I guess he's mistaken. I'm too big, most eleven, 'sides that Dr. Morrow said I should never come back again—so I'm forbid you see—any way I guess I don't belong to the kingdom, else I wouldn't be so mean, that's a fact. I wanted to be good though, real good, but somehow I don't just know how, an' the lad keeps a comin' out all the time. I guess I won't even try to be good any more. What's the use? I ain't got anybody to tell me how, and 'sides Dr. Morrow says folks can't be good less they get near the Saviour, an' I can't get near him 'cause I da-seint go back to the school, an' the Saviour never comes to our house, never."

However, as the moments flew by, Jim thought no more about the Saviour, but amused himself by throwing sticks and stones into the river, digging holes in the bank and frightening a timid child who came in search of wild figs. He did not go home until he became so hungry that he could not do otherwise. Your heart will go out in pity toward Jim as you enter his home. It is the abode of squalor and wretchedness. His father lies on a rude bed asleep in drunkenness. His mother sits leaning back in an old wooden rocker, her eyes fixed mechanically on the blank wall. She starts a little as Jim enters and draws forth:

"You're late, Jim."

"Don't seem to make any difference whether I'm late or early—things always look the same, mutters Jim, throwing down his old cap, and drawing near a grimy table pushed against the wall, upon whose one raised leaf, guileless of table-cloth, the remains of a miserable meal lay scattered.

"Don't be sassy, Jim," drawled his mother.

"I ain't sassy, but I'm hungry—what ye got to eat, mother?"

"Ye can see for yourself. What you botherin' yer tired mother for?"

Yes, Jim could see for himself; could see some dry crusts and half of a sour pickled cucumber and a glass of beer. He looked at them in disgust.

"We've got potatoes, mother—a whole peck of 'em—why didn't you bake some?" he asked.

"'Cause I didn't feel like it—Sunday's a day of rest."

Jim crunched the dry bread and drank the beer; as for the remains of the pickle he threw it across the room.

Dr. Morrow lived in the suburbs. The walk home was usually pleasant; now in his perturbed state he did not enjoy it. He even left the usual path and crossed a belt of woods he felt so out of sorts, but here, too, God seemed to be speaking to him. Mosses and ferns peeped out at him from shady nooks, and lovely pink azaleas and little pure white flowers nodded to him

cheerfully. His thoughts were troubling him. He had done right, of course, in sharply reprimanding that tiresome Jim Dunbar, but had he done right in forbidding him ever to set foot in God's house again? Supposing God should treat his children so?

Then Dr. Morrow, without knowing why he did it, reached down and picked a bunch of wild violets which he held in his hands passively until he emerged from the woods and saw his beautiful home before him. A bountiful dinner awaited him. He was hungry and enjoyed it; and yet as he lingered over the last refreshing course, Jimmy Dunbar still held his place in his thoughts. His anger had all vanished now; his conscience reproved him for not looking into Jim's home for some months. He wondered what poor, thin little Jim had for dinner; he almost wished he would cross his path just now, he would like to give him a little of his abundance.

After dinner Dr. Morrow dropped asleep in his comfortable library chair. He had scarcely entered the land of dreams when he saw a face of surpassing beauty watching him, then a voice said lovingly, yet beseechingly: "Feed my lambs." Then he walked on, his pathway strewn with roses, and pretty soon he saw the lovely face again and heard the gentle voice repeat, yearningly, "Feed my lambs." Then, from over a blossoming hedge he soon heard the voice again, saying, oh, so lovingly: "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me, and forbid them not." He looked and saw the Saviour pointing to another pathway, one strewn with thorns and stones. It was far in the distance, and yet he distinctly saw a little traveller forcing his way along wearily and painfully. For a moment the small, pinched face turned to him beseechingly, the arms were held out pleadingly, and then the boy turned his face away. But that moment had been enough for Dr. Morrow to recognize the face as Jimmy Dunbar's. He groaned aloud and then awoke. The afternoon sun was streaming into the library windows; all aglow were the pictured faces of the "Madonna and Child" upon the wall. He looked at the child's face.

"He came into the world to seek and save the lost—how dare I judge a child so harshly?" he thought, sorrowfully.

The Sabbath was not yet over when there came a rap at Jimmy Dunbar's door. It was Jimmy who opened it, and over his white, discouraged face, a scared look except as he recognized Dr. Morrow. What was he going to do? Put him in the "lock up" perhaps for letting that hateful beggar, little Dan Phelps, in, that was not Dr. Morrow's intention. He took his hand kindly and said, huskily: "You did not do right this morning, my boy, neither did I. I have forgiven you, Jimmy, you forgive me; and we'll both do better in the future. Come to Sunday-school as usual, Jimmy, I'm a little stronger than you and I want to help you climb up to your Heavenly Father." Then Dr. Morrow went into the wretched little room, and went out again with tears in his eyes. But there were no tears in Jim's eyes as he unpacked a great basket of fruit and untied a package of picture papers from Dr. Morrow. There was a deep joy in his heart, and he said, feelingly: "Oh, how good Dr. Morrow is, how he pities a fellow that is down. After all, I don't wish I was dead, I'd rather try to get into the kingdom."

Years have passed since then: Jimmy is in the kingdom, one of the faithful ones, too. His mother followed after him, and now even his poor father is taking his first feeble steps in the narrow path that leads to "life everlasting."—*W'estminster Teacher.*

HARRY'S ARITHMETIC.

Harry Wilson had just got a new arithmetic, and was delighted with its figures and study. He had been in mental arithmetic for some time, but now that he had a book and a slate of his own, everything for him seemed to turn into sums and calculations.

He was sitting by the table working at a sum in division, when he heard his father, speaking to his mother, say, "Johnson got beastly drunk at the club last night, and disgraced himself abominably. He drank ten glasses of wine, and it went to his head; and he acted so we were all disgusted with him; and finally he was so drunk that he had to be taken home in a carriage."

Harry, full of his arithmetic, caught sound of the word "ten," and looking up,

said, "Ten? And how many did you drink, father?"

"Only one, my son," said the father, looking down with a smile to his little boy, of whom he was very fond.

"Then, father, were you one-tenth drunk?" said Harry reflectively—thinking, perhaps, more of his figures, just then, than of anything else.

"Harry!" said his mother sternly, "what do you mean?" But Harry, who was thoroughly absorbed in his calculations, went on talking to himself: "Why, yes; if ten glasses make a man all-drunk, then one glass will make him one-tenth drunk; and if one is heavily-drunk, then the other must be one tenth heavily-drunk, and—"

"There, there," said his father, biting his lips to hide the smile that would come; "I guess that is enough arithmetic for tonight."

But as Harry went on with his sums, his remarks started a train of thoughtfulness in the mind of the father; and he said to himself, "If Johnson had not taken the first glass, he could not have gone on to the ten; and on the whole, it is safe for myself, and best as an example to my sons, that I never again take the first glass, lest I, or they, should go on to the ten." And from that day the father became a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks.—*Child's Paper.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Pelouet's Select Notes)

January 27.—JAMES 4: 7-17.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. A painful surrender. When you give yourself to Christ, you make the best bargain you ever made. You will receive yourself back, ennobled, exalted, purified, made free. You will be more your own than ever. Many a liege has assisted his lord to reconquer his own castle and estates, which had been taken away from both by some freebooter. When he sees his lord's banner float over the keep, he knows that it is his own again. So when you labor to subdue yourself to Christ, you are laboring to drive out the tyrants and robbers who have usurped possession of you; and when heart and will are recovered to Christ they are restored to you, and you shall rule over that mysterious citadel of the vast domain of the affections and faculties, lord of yourself and loyal servant to him.—*Congregationalist.*

II. Ye are a vapor.—Ver. 14. Paulinus preached the Gospel in Northumbria, Eng., in the early ages to King Edwin and his warriors. Edwin was silent, but one of his aged warrior sages arose and said, "Around us lies the black land of night." Then,

"Athwart the room a sparrow
Darts from the open door;
Within the happy heart-light
One red flash and no more!
We see it come from darkness,
And into darkness go;
So is our life, King Edwin!
Alas that it is so!"

"But if this pale Paulinus
Have somewhat more to tell;
Some news of Whence and Whither,
And where the soul will dwell;
If on that outer darkness
The sun of hope may shine;
He makes the worth the living,
I like his 'god for mine.'—*Annae.*

III. The loom of life.—Ver. 13-15. I stood for the first time before the famous Jacquard loom, weaving Brussels and velvet carpets, and saw that while lo before our eyes lay the bright and shining threads of the warp, and the shuttle plying to and fro between them as if it alone made all those beautiful forms, yet in reality the pattern of the weaving was decided above by means of perforated cards which controlled the movements of the warp below. Thus two elements together controlled and formed the designs of beauty which were wrought out by the loom; (1) they depended on the true movements of the shuttle, and (2) on the changes in the threads of the warp, which were decided above. There, said I, is the symbol of our lives. Free will and God's control united in our lives, are set forth by these wonderful looms. Every life is made by both these forces.—*P.*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

We have to-day another lesson full of practical thoughts, which may be clustered around the one great central thought,—living near to God. I. What it is to live near God (ver. 7, 8). We find two parts—

(1) submitting to God as our King and Saviour, and so becoming a part of his kingdom, and (2) drawing near to God. Lay emphasis especially on three things: (a) what is nearness to God, (b) how we may be near to God, (c) this is the only place of blessedness,—the highest, purest, happiest life. (See John 14: 16, 17, 23; 15: 1-10; Rev. 3: 20.) II. The condition on which we may draw near to God (vers. 8-10). (1) Putting away evil, (2) repentance, (3) humility. These are necessary because God is good, and hates all iniquity (Isa 6: 3; 1 John 4: 7, 8; Pa. 5: 4, 5). Certain fruits of living near to God (vers. 11-17). (1) Right feelings and words toward our neighbor, (2) committing all our ways to God.

LOOKING OUT THE BACK DOOR.

A friend of ours wished to hire a farmer for a wealthy neighbor, and we mentioned one who was wanting an engagement. Knowing that our friend had been to see this farmer, we asked the result. His reply was, in substance: "Yes, I went there: I went around to the back door and came away, knowing that he would not suit." The front doors of many farmhouses are rarely opened. The back door is in constant use. One need not go far in any locality, to find the outlet of the kitchen sink ending in a sort of ditch which is supposed to carry off the water, but which only allows it to soak away and saturate the ground near the back of the house. The seldom used front door is opened when a small coffin is to be taken out. The minister speaks of "the mysterious dispensations of Providence." They are not at all mysterious. Bad sink drains at the back of the house are sure to bring typhoid fever and other sickness. Let the back door surroundings be looked to. If nothing better can be done, carry the kitchen wastes to a cesspool a distance from the house, where they can soak away far below the surface. Prohibit all throwing out of slops at the back door. The ground soon becomes charged with matters that ferment and breed disease. Where pigs are kept, and that includes every farm, there should be a pail to receive all animal and vegetable matters and daily emptied. Nothing of the kind should be thrown out at the back of the house. Where there is such a disease-breeding sink-spout as we have mentioned, let provisions be at once made to carry off the water to a cesspool, and cover up the saturated ground with dry earth. Let the back yard to the house always be kept scrupulously neat.—*American Agriculturist.*

STOP HIM!

Stop whom? Why that boy with a quid of tobacco in his mouth, a cigar between his teeth, a profane word upon his lips, a careless nothingness in his manner. Stop him! He is going too fast; he does not know his speed. Stop him before tobacco shatters his nerves; before pride ruins his character; before the lustre masters the man; before ambition and youthful strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are not to be classed among "Our Boys." They are the disgrace of their towns, the sad and solemn reproaches of themselves, and the worst trials here on earth to their parents. Stop them! But if that is impossible then shun them. They are bad boys. A good boy is one of the very best things on earth; but a real bad boy is one of the worst. The only hope is, that as he is a boy yet, it is possible he can be stopped, and right-about faced, and may yet be a good man. But if so, he must stop at once. No half-way work here! If he does not he is gone, and there is no hope for him. Stop swearing! Stop drinking! Stop chewing tobacco, and be somebody. And do so at once. Why not?—*Intelligencer.*

A MIXTURE which is excellent for removing grass spots and stains from carpets and clothing is made of two ounces of ammonia, two ounces of white castile soap, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of ether; cut the soap fine, dissolve in one pint of water over the fire; add two quarts of water. This should be mixed with water in the proportion of a teacupful to one ordinary-sized pail of water. Mix thoroughly, and wash soiled garments in it. For removing spots use a sponge or clean flannel cloth, and with a dry cloth rub dry as possible. Woolen goods may be made to look bright and fresh by being sponged with this.