

wisdom of God, from nature. Such subjects should be liberated from all technical names, as far as possible, and be made easy to be understood. A plain sketch of the religious history of America, from the settlement of Jamestown, down to the present century, could be made interesting, not to say instructive. Now how much better would such a course of reading be, than what we have! It would stimulate the mind, excite inquiry, and a love of the sciences, as well as store the mind with wholesome truth. The Church that takes the initiative in this reform, that must come some time, if we are true to the best interests of society, will do a work, the importance of which no one can calculate. As this is a vital question, I, as well as many others would like to see it more fully discussed in the *COMPANION* by some of its able contributors.—S. S. *Companion*.

[The winnowed list of S. S. Books of the Methodist Church of Canada, contains a supply of books free from the objections above referred to.—*Ed. Banner*.]



A Bad Boy Conquered by Love.

A LESSON FOR TEACHERS.

A GERMAN teacher named Jeremiah Flate tells this story. He says: Fifty years I was master of the Orphan Asylum in Stuttgart, and had a whole room full of children to instruct. It was my custom to pray every morning for meekness and patience in the fulfilment of this arduous duty. One day, as I was walking up and down among the children, I observed a boy about twelve years of age leaning with both his elbows upon the table. I reproved him for this improper behavior, and walked on. The next time I passed he was doing the same thing, and I was obliged to repeat my desire that he should take his arms off the table. He obeyed me for a moment; but when I returned for the third time I found him angry and perverse, and could read in his face that he was determined to despise my orders.

I was much annoyed, but restrained myself, and prayed inwardly for strength to exercise patience towards this poor

child, even as my God had been patient towards me. My ill-humor vanished immediately; I became calm, and was enabled to continue my instructions. The boy obstinately remained in the same attitude, but I took no notice of him. When school was over I sent for him into my study, praying in the meantime for wisdom and composure of mind. He stamped in, and banged the door after him in a violent passion.

"Why did you bang the door so violently?" I asked.

"I did not bang it," he replied.

"Yes, you did bang it, my boy," said I.

"I tell you I did not," was the answer.

Upon this I went up to him, took his hand, and asked him, in a gentle voice, "Do you know, my son, against whom you are sinning? It is not against me, but against your Saviour, your best friend. Examine yourself, and try to find out why you have behaved in this manner."

The boy's heart was touched; he burst into tears, and entreated me to forgive his wicked behavior. "I had determined this morning," continued he, "to tease you by my disobedience till you should beat me, thinking you would suffer much more from it than I should. Pray, pray forgive me. I shall never do so again in all my life."

I pointed out to him from what a great temptation he had been delivered, and then dismissed him, with the assurance that I had long since forgiven him. He left me, but still appeared almost inconsolable. In the afternoon, having finished my classes, I was sitting alone in my little study when I heard a knock at the door. The boy came in, his eyes red with weeping; and, saying it was impossible I could have forgiven him, for he had behaved towards me like a devil, he begged I would tell him once more that I had forgiven him, repeating that he would never vex me again, not even by a look. I again assured him of my full forgiveness, but told him he must ask pardon of his Saviour, against whom he had chiefly sinned, and who would certainly hear his prayer if his repentance was sincere. The boy, however, left me, still crying.

I had scarcely risen the next morning when my little penitent came again,

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