

PRIMARY TEACHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Primary Notes.

THE "Home Department" of the Sunday school has found an opening into the Primary Class. Children too young to attend the Primary Class are enrolled. To each one of these is sent an envelope each Sunday, containing a picture paper. Now and then a little letter is also found in the envelope. Any child-lover knows with what delight this "letter" is received, and it is needless to say that an interest is soon awakened in the school which thus pleasantly recognizes the little ones.

Nearly always the envelope can be sent by a member of the child's home circle, but if this fails, the postman may be depended upon to bring joy to the little heart.

These directions for making a sand-map may be of use to some of our readers. It is safe to say that if you will use such a map you will find it indispensable thereafter:

Have a tray made of wood about 48 inches long by 32 inches wide, and 2 inches deep. Cover the bottom of it with blue cheese cloth or some such material. Get molders' brown sand that has not been used before—about a bucket and a half for this size map will be required. The sand must be kept damp when in use. The tray can be mounted upon a table, but a stand made especially for it is the best. A smaller size, say 36x22, will do for a small room.

Incidentals.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

It was Saturday evening, and Miss Layton was devoting herself to the final preparations for teaching her primary class the next day. Whatever each day had brought, by way of helps and hints, were now gathered, adjusted, and applied, and nothing else was allowed to divert her thoughts, so that when she went to rest, and when she woke upon the Sabbath, she was saturated with the lesson.

But the conscientious teacher was a trifle discouraged, and this, too, by means of what was meant to stimulate and quicken. Some of the experiences and hints, some of the illustrations and incidents connected with her reading and study, made her feel that her own teaching was far below the standard and she wondered within herself why it was that she had so little to show for her labor, and bitterly reproached herself that it was so.

"I have a commonplace sort of work, to be sure," she thought, "with nothing remarkable about it, and I know I am just an ordinary teacher, who ought not to expect any great results, but I wish I could see something definite. I wish I could notice a change in my class that would show that my work had amounted to something. I seem to have labored in vain, and spent my strength for naught, so far as I can see."

Much as she loved her work, and delighted in it, she went to it in due season, a little heavy-hearted. It ought not to be so, of course, but in the frailty of human flesh, and in the imperfection of trust, it often happens that a soul is cast down by some small thing in the present, although all the promises and a thousand happy experiences in the past, with the help at hand, if one would take it, should prevent it absolutely.

The first lifting of the heart which Miss Layton felt was at the sight of a small boy among the early comers, who had long been absent, but who had promised her the week before to come back to the class. He looked up into her face with such an assurance of receiving a welcome that her pleasure in greeting him was doubled, and an involuntary little thanksgiving went upward over the wayward scholar's return.

As she greeted each child by name, and seated the small pupils that came in, she received more than one flower, shyly offered by a little hand, and felt grateful for each token, but presently a gift of bright dandelions from a child who had never shown the least regard for her before, made her heart overflow, and her thanks were as sincere and hearty as for the fairest rose that had been brought her.

"Miss Layton," whispered a little girl, as she took her seat, "I was going to buy some jackstones last week, but I thought about the heathen children, and I put the money into the mite box you gave me, so it could do them some good."

Here was encouragement indeed, to find that even one child had been so thoughtful and self-denying as this, and in her gladness over the rooting of the seed she had sown she forgot altogether the depression of the earlier hours and opened the class with her usual enjoyment in all the service herself.

In reviewing the lessons of the past Sundays of the quarter, in preparation for Review day, though it was not very near, she recalled one especial teaching about repentance, and asked:

"How many are sure that they can give me