

HUMOURS OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

By Dorothy L. Warne

I suppose that really the particular set of children that I used to teach in the Sunday School scarcely differ at all from the classes of those readers who have ever taken up this delightful, and often, (if one may use the expression) entertaining form of religious work.

My class consisted of somewhere between twelve and fifteen infants; the number varying according to the state of the weather, the persuasive powers of their parents and their own particular moods. *Apropos* of the two latter, here are two specimens from a collection of excuses that from time to time have been forthcoming.

Dear Miss,

Please ekskuse Harry from comin to skool as he 'as no shoos.

Yours trueley,

Mrs. Brown.

Teacher:—

Jim is kept from class this mornin as I am washing his shirt. Hopin you are well as it leaves me at present.

Elisa Fagg.

About Christmas time one year the subject of the lesson was the Flight into Egypt. I had gone into the story most carefully omittin no details, and dwelling especially on the means of travel in the East. Concluding with a few questions, I put to one of the boys, "Now, how did Mary and her little boy get to Egypt?" The reply was as unexpected as it was anachronistic: "Please, Miss, she took a tram!"

One Sunday we took the story of Moses. I wanted to bring home to their baby brains, if possible, the sacrifices he made in giving up all the pomp and grandeur of his life at the palace. "Tell me something of the beautiful things Moses would have to give up, now," I said. Up shot the hand of a bright boy: "Please, Miss, custards, jam-tarts an' jellies." A boy's idea of happiness.

At a Missionary lesson we touched on Africa, and I was describing the people to whom their missionary pennies would go. "The little boys and girls out there have black faces," I began, when—"Don't they wash 'em. Miss?" was the startling query.

To show how the youngsters' minds wander from the reverence of their duties, the following will illustrate. A colleague of mine was giving a very solemn lesson, and by appropriate gestures was endeavouring to instil into the distinctly secular atmosphere even a slight semblance of awe. Presently a hand was put up. Thinking she had at last succeeded in making an impression she waited for the child to speak. Breathless with excitement, the mite stammered out, "Pl-please, Miss, d-d-d'you know we-we're goin' to have rabbit-pie for din-dinner!"