

REV. S. ELLIS WISHARD, of Franklin, Ind., takes a vital interest in his Sunday-school, and labors in it as a teacher—of the infant class! As might be inferred, he has original ways of doing things, and to him we are indebted for his method of conducting his teachers' meeting, which he gives as follows:

We have adopted a method somewhat different from the olden time. This method we found interesting, and at least approaching towards success. We appoint one of our number (teacher, superintendent, or pastor) to present at our next teachers' meeting a black-board analysis of the lesson. This analysis is designed to furnish an exhaustive exposition of the lesson, bringing into distinct prominence the main points of thought which it contains, and about which points the force of our teaching work is to be expended. As the analysis lies upon the blackboard we go to work upon it where it needs expansion, contraction, or further development in any direction. When it has been perfected by all the help found in an earnest corps of teachers, each one is requested to copy the same on a slip of paper, or, which is better, in a Sunday-school blank book, and use it as a basis of work for the next Sabbath. The advantages are:

1. That teachers learn to take an entire subject rather than teach by verses, clauses, or even words, as too many do.
2. There is a combined effort at thorough exposition—which is the desideratum in Sunday-school teaching.
3. A certain unity of teaching takes possession of the school; that is, the same thoughts are brought before all the classes, but with such a variety of method as will characterize different teachers.
4. A closing exercise of questioning by the superintendent will enable the scholars to reproduce upon the blackboard the original analysis of the last teachers' meeting.
5. Thus, teachers are thoroughly taught, which is the first and indispensable step toward having the scholars thoroughly taught.

—National S. S. Teacher.

We are the Buds.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER was trying to make his class understand the dependence of the branch on the vine.

"Jesus is the vine, we are the branches; we get all our life and happiness from him."

"Yes," said a little fellow; "Jesus is the vine; grown up people are the branches, and we are the buds."—Selected.

The Three Sieves.

"OH, mamma!" cried little Bella, "I've heard such a story about Edith Howard! I didn't think she would be so naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Phillips, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Bella.

"I will explain it. In the first place—*Is it true?*"

"I suppose so; I got it from Mrs. White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it true—*Is it kind?*"

"I did not intend to be unkind, mamma; but I am afraid I was. I should not like Edith to have spoken so of me as I did of her."

"And—*Is it necessary?*"

"No, of course not, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue, dear. If we cannot speak well of our friends, let us not speak of them at all."

—Selected.

Triumph over Suffering.

DR. PAYSON said, in his last illness:—"I have suffered twenty times as much as I could in being burnt at the stake, while my joy in God is so abounding as to render my sufferings not only tolerable, but welcome. God is my all in all. While He is present with me no event can in the least diminish my happiness. . . . Death comes every night and stands by my bedside in the form of terrible convulsions, every one of which threatens to separate the soul from the body. These continue to grow worse and worse, until every bone is almost dislocated with pain, leaving me with the certainty that I shall have it all to endure again the next night. Yet, while my body is thus tortured, the soul is perfectly happy and peaceful, more than I can possibly express. I lie here and feel these convulsions extending higher and higher, but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to swim in a flood of glory, which God pours down upon me."