

### The Dying Christian's Triumph.

BY THE REV. T. CLEWORTH.

ALL my soul is full of gladness,  
Heaven's fair city greets my sight;  
I am going—banish sadness—  
Jesus is my soul's delight.  
I shall dwell with him forever  
In the land of endless light.

With my loved ones I would tarry,  
But my Lord will be their friend;  
Angels wait my soul to carry,  
I must to my home ascend.  
Jesus guard you in his mercy,  
Guide and love you to the end.

I have sung his glorious merit,  
Now I prove his wondrous power.  
I shall soon his rest inherit;  
Jesus is my endless dower.  
Now I triumph in his Spirit,  
Jesus brings my natal hour!

Lo! I see my Saviour standing  
Mid the splendors of his throne,  
Watching till I reach the landing  
In my King's eternal zone.  
I shall find by his commanding,  
Endless bliss among his own.

What is this? I go, ascending.  
Wings as bright as silvery sheen!  
Angel bands my flight attending  
Up where stellar hosts are seen.  
Higher still, where thrones are bending  
On the shores of living green!

Freed forever from distraction,  
All my nature seems to sing.  
Yet on earth there is attraction,  
There my spirit oft shall wing;  
O'er the scenes of former action  
Some blest influence to bring.

THOMASBURG, Ont.

### Teachers' Department.

#### Getting Acquainted with the Children.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

As Sunday-school teachers, we ought to become intimately acquainted with the children under our charge—acquainted in the fullest sense of the word. It is not enough to know their names and faces, their residences, and the nature of their daily surroundings. We ought to become familiar with their dispositions, their peculiarities, their methods of thought, their longings and aspirations, their successes and disappointments.

Especially should we become aware of their doubts, so that we can remove them; of their perplexities, so that we can unravel them; of their errors, so that we can correct them. We must go down into their souls, as it were, and take the measure of their spiritual life.

We must become acquainted with the children, or we cannot win their confidence; and if we have not succeeded in doing that, we have not made flattering progress. It is something, indeed, to have won their respect; it is something more to have gained their friendship; it is a great deal more to have secured their confidence. Then, and not until then, will they tell us all about their trials and temptations, their doubts and misgivings; and not until then will we be able, by God's grace and a ripe experience, to lighten and enlighten, advise, direct, encourage, comfort.

It requires patience, prayerfulness, self-denial, adaptability, geniality, to entirely win the confidence of a child. We have sometimes thought that a man who is not genial has not been called to teach. There must be magnetism in the eye, fervour in the grasp, sympathy in the smile, solicitude in the voice.

We recently heard a good minister say, in the

pulpit, at the close of a year of faithful labour, that what he regretted most was, that during all that time none of his congregation had visited him in the privacy of his study to talk about their spiritual welfare. He was conscious that their confidence had been withheld.

As teachers, we ought to be burdened with a similar regret if our scholars fail to come to us in confidence. They may be longing for some one in whom to confide, just when we least suspect it. There is, perhaps, nobody at home willing or capable to advise or admonish—the father too worldly, the mother without experience, the elder sister without sympathy. Do they naturally come to us?

Perhaps we have not won their confidence for want of this thorough acquaintance, this keen appreciation, this happy adaptability, this genial inner life, about which we have been writing.

Very frequently the child does not come to us—perhaps does not even think of us. His needs remain unsatisfied, his doubts unremoved, his aspirations undirected, his difficulties unsolved. It may be a long time before he is in the same pliant, susceptible, inquiring, appropriating mood. We, as teachers, have missed a precious privilege, have lost a golden opportunity. Let us get acquainted with our children.—*Sunday-school Times.*

#### Weather Weapon.

BY GEORGE MAY POWELL.

THE central point of Sunday-school work is to bring souls to the great Lover. Therefore it is important for those who are Christians, among both scholars and teachers, to be trained in specific, practical methods of individual work.

The day of final account will show that a surprisingly large proportion of those who were brought to make the great decision to serve God, were influenced to do so through the efforts of one soul alone with another one, and not by the sermons preached to hundreds at a time; not by addresses of a Sabbath-school superintendent to the whole school; nor by the appeal of a teacher to a whole class when all were together. The work of preacher and superintendent and teacher, before aggregated numbers, has been preparatory to individual effort.

The writer has used the weather as the means of opening conversation with a greater number of individuals on the subject of personal religion than any other means. This, too, with those who were utter strangers, as well as those with whom he was acquainted. Probably no remarks are more common than those of fault-finding about the weather. It is too warm, or too cold, or too wet, or too dry, or too blustering a wind is blowing. I have found it convenient to reply to any of these criticisms, "Well, my friend, the weather is being managed by One who never yet made a mistake. I make mistakes enough, but he never made one." This, in every case—and we have tried it on hundreds—always brings an assenting response. The way is then open to say that, "As he never makes mistakes, the thing for me to do, and it would seem for us all to do, is to want just what he wants; in other words, for each one to make up his mind, trustingly and gladly, to be willing actively to do, or patiently to suffer, just what this great Lover, who never makes any mistakes, sees is best to either hold or to send."

Just the submission of the will is all there is of giving the heart to Christ. It is then easy to urge the importance of making this surrender at once, tenderly assuring the hearer that every minute of putting off this decision is the great sin of rejecting

Christ; also, that daily prayer and Bible-reading will secure all the strength and wisdom needed to live out the decision. Try using the weather weapon.—*S. S. Journal.*

#### Training Children.

GOOD breeding, like charity, should begin at home. The days are passed when children used to rise the moment their parents entered the room where they were, and stand until they had received permission to sit. But the mistake is now made usually in the other direction, of allowing small boys and girls too much license to disturb the peace of the household. I think the best way to train children in courtesy would be to observe toward them a scrupulous politeness. I would go as far as to say that we should make it a point to listen to children without interrupting them, and answer them sincerely and respectfully, as if they were grown-up. And indeed many of their wise, quaint sayings are far better worth listening to than the stereotyped commonplaces of most morning callers. Of course to allow uninterrupted chatter would be to surrender the repose of the household, but it is very easy if children are themselves scrupulously taught to respect the convenience of others and to know when to talk and when to be silent.

If a child is brought up in the constant exercise of courtesy toward brothers and sisters and playmates, as well as toward parents and uncles and aunts, it will have little to learn as it grows older. I know a bright and bewitching child who was well instructed in table etiquette, but who forgot her lessons sometimes, as even old people do now and then. The arrangement was made with her that for every solecism of this sort she was to pay a fine of five cents, while for every similar carelessness she should discover in her elders she was to exact a fine of ten cents, their experience of life being longer than hers. You may be sure that Miss Bright Eyes watched the proceedings at the table very carefully. No slightest disregard of the most conventional etiquette escaped her quick vision, and she was an inflexible creditor and faithful debtor. It was the prettiest sight to see her, when conscious of some failure on her own part, go unhesitatingly to her money-box and pay cheerfully her little tribute to the outraged proprieties.

#### Carefulness in Speech.

CAREFULNESS as to identity and truthfulness in speech is a virtue worth acquiring, if not already possessed.

Many times a person's reputation is injured, stained with lasting disgrace, all because somebody and somebody else were not exact in statements and reports.

To affirm what will and what will not be, to assert without condition what cannot be proved and may be unreasonable, and if another differs drift into a heated discussion is very foolish, and too strong assertion is very prone to lead to this.

A truth is never strengthened by too strong assertion. Young people are sometimes thoughtless in speaking and in knowing what is speedily disproved.

It is well to remember there are matters that speak for themselves, and he who is cautious in speaking, as a rule, is nearer the mark and regarded with greater respect. Habits of exact speaking, of disciplining mind and tongue, of not exclaiming too much, and not becoming excited and angry if others disagree and fail to see as you do—such habits formed in youth will do much to mould a firm character, and becomes a source of lasting pleasure and happiness.