

## ROSIE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY AC'NT MAY.

"Little children, love one another."



JOHN PRITCHARD was leaning upon his bench, watching the summer sunshine, with a face glad and serious at one and the same time. Shall I tell you of what he was thinking? Well, he was just trying to find out for himself what his little girl Rose would best like, as a sort of birthday treat. John Pritchard believed in birthdays you see, and in presents, sunshine, and glad smiles, it was his wish too that Rosie should have them, and be as happy as a little girl can well be.

"Mother!" He had left his shop and stood now by the paling of the little flower garden by the door. "I wonder what we can give Rosie to-morrow?"

Mrs. Pritchard fairly laughed, and then telling him to come in, showed him a tiny tea-service which she had bought in readiness, and said also that she should send Rosie over to the next village early in the morning, with invitations for her two cousins, Annie and Clara, to come back with her and spend the day. You see mother knew what to do to make a birthday happy, and a day to be remembered till another birthday should come, and take its place.

The next morning dawned brightly, and Rosie skipped hither and thither in her birthday joy, pleased with her present, pleased also at the thought of fetching her cousins over to share in her grand tea-making; for she was an only child, and companions of her own age were doubly delightful to her on that account. Breakfast over, she prepared to set out upon her errand. She paused a moment at the gate, to gather a red, red rose, when softly her mother drew near, and taking her little hand in hers, spoke to her in the grave yet gentle tones but few people save mothers use. "Rosie, I don't like to say it on your birthday, but I hope you won't be naughty and show your temper to-day. I want you, my darling, always to remember what I was talking to you about only last night, about 'gentle Jesus,' and that I wish my little Rosie to try to be like Him.

"Oh, mother!" and Rosie brushed away a tear from her bright eye, "there's no fear to-day," and because she did not

wish to have her glad day spoilt with more tears, she ran lightly off on her way for Annie and Clara.

The sunlight was making long shadows across the neatly sanded floor, and Rosie and her little guests were seated at a low table making tea for themselves, a privilege they had never before attained to during their short lives. Mrs. Pritchard having settled them comfortably, was out walking in the shady lane, so that the children might not feel the restraint of her presence, when suddenly angry voices fell upon her ear, and she saw Rosie dart out of the cottage and round into the back garden, declaring she would stay there, and never, no never, play with Annie and Clara again. The mother went in, and found the two children sobbing over one of Rosie's new cups, which they had, it appeared, somehow managed to break. Of course she comforted them as best she could, for well she knew that it was but an accident, although, like them, she was sorry, very sorry, it should have happened. She sent them out to play when their tears were dried, telling them to leave Rosie to herself, for it hurt her more than she could tell to know how spoilt and passionate her little girl was, and she fancied to herself that to leave her alone would, perhaps, be the best way of bringing her to a better frame of mind. Well, the sunlight was so golden that the two sisters could but be glad in spite of Rosie and the broken cup. They wandered away to the downs, too, and ran races till—till Annie, who knew but little of the place, ran too far, and fell head-foremost down a steep quarry, and was afterwards taken up for dead. Oh, how Rosie wept and wrung her hands then! "If only I had been there!" she wailed, "I could have told her, because I knew where the quarry was!" It was, however, too late to sob and cry, for Annie, though not dead, was a cripple for life. After that, I am happy to say, Rosie prayed earnestly to God, and tried herself as well to grow loving and forgiving even as Christ.

## THE UNEDUCATED SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY REV. A. TAYLOR.

IT is not polite to call people dunces, either when we address them, or when we speak of them behind their backs. Nor would the name of dunce be exactly the title for the collection of teachers and scholars in the school which we now peep. They do not desire or intend to be dunces. They do not, in some instances, even suspect that their shortcomings in learning are noticed. But, so far as any actual gain in religious knowledge is concerned, we might as well put a company of professed grown-up dunces to the work of teaching a lot of little dunces.

Here are teachers. Here are scholars. The teachers have come nominally to instruct the children in scriptural truth; the children have come to receive the instruction. It is an understood thing that the children are not very learned; it is also an understood thing that the teachers are sufficiently versed in scriptural knowledge to convey considerable information to those whom they profess to teach.

These are pleasant theories. They do not work into practice. The scholars are verily unlearned, but the teachers are almost as ignorant as they. In the opening exercises of the school all goes well; the singing is done with enthusiasm, and the prayer is decorously engaged in. The library books are rightly attended to, and the attendance is carefully marked in the class-books. It is when the lesson commences that the trouble begins. Teacher makes scholar read the verses several times, and then begins to thrust great printed questions at him. The lesson is in the twenty-seventh chapter of Acts; subject Paul's shipwreck. The question is asked, at the thirty-ninth verse, "When day came what did they discover?" The child at whom this question is poked, says that they discovered a certain creek. "Good child," says the teacher, and goes on to the next. That child, certainly, knows all about the lesson. The next printed question is "Was this a welcome or an unwelcome sight?" Child answers, "Dunno." Another child says, "Guess it was welcome." The next says, "Why, no it wasn't; it was unwelcome." In the diversity of opinions teacher is somewhat bothered, and concluding not to commit himself, pushes on to the next question, namely, "What did they do?" which, in its turn, is followed by, "What kind of ships did they have in those days?" The illiterate teacher leaves his class; as