

DISCOURAGED.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

She uttered this one word, and then with a sigh of relief left the quaint little gothic church-porch. It was Miss Amy Marvin, teacher of "Class Fifteen" in the Sunday-school of Bethesda Church. Amy had been listening to an enthusiastic address by the superintendent of the school, Mr. Whittier, upon "The Praiseworthy Teacher."

"There!" she exclaimed, "I do try to do all he spoke about. 'Teachers' meetings?'—yes, I attend them. 'Preparation of the lesson?'—yes, I try to have it ready. 'Calling on scholars?'—yes, I try to call at their homes. 'Attention to sick scholars?'—yes, I took Johnny Dove a soft blanket for his nest in bed last evening. 'Prompt attendance?'—yes, Mr. Whittier, I try to be here in school, and sharp on the hour, as you say. And I have tried—yes, I tried, though it did not seem to amount to much, to say something spiritually helpful to my class. But, oh, dear! I am so lacking! I can't be like that teacher he described. There! when I get home I will ask Aunt Eliza about it."

"Aunt Eliza" was one of those blessed old family treasures, circulating from household to household, dealing out counsel to the perplexed, comfort to the sick, and help in general to all needing it. For every dark corner she had a lamp, not an ornamental one on a parlor table, never filled and used, but one ever ready for illumination. She was now visiting at Amy's house. Amy confided to her the story of her discouragement.

"Do you want to know, Amy, what I would do?" asked Aunt Eliza, turning toward Amy a round, rosy face, irradiated with the spirit of wisdom and benevolence. "What would I do about it? I would just keep a-doing."

"Well, I will!" declared Amy, very resolutely. "I will do one thing right off. I will go down to Will Stover's and find out why he is absent. Why, the boy may be sick!"

No, Will Stover was not sick, at least physically. In his soul he felt weak and bruised, as if he were in the midst of a fight where hard blows were given on every side. Sitting on the doorstep of his home—only a back-alley retreat—he bowed his head and rested it on his hands, while the battle went forward, or in his case, backward. Suddenly a thin, querulous voice, inside the rough doorway, shrieked out, "Will! Will! I want you to split me some wood before you go."

"O dear!" he groaned, "I don't believe there is any wood. Wish we could burn air! That would be cheap; and then we should burn, for everything would be on fire, and I don't care much if it were."

"William! where's William?" thick, husky tones were asking. Their gaunt, emaciated owner then said, "I wonder if William brought me that medicine."

It was Will's sick father. "There's another want," Will inwardly groaned. "It gets worse and worse, and I have a great mind to—"

He did not finish the sentence. It was a part of the hard battle that was going on, the fight where wrong was sorely trampling down the right. He went into the house, but soon returned, and sitting down again, pulled out his pocket-book. He was opening it when the sound of a step checked him. He looked up, blushed, and said: "Why—why—Miss Marvin! come in; though you will take us as you find us, I know."

"Oh, of course," said his teacher. "Let me go in where your father and mother are."

When she came out with him she said: "I have some medicine at home that will do nicely for your father, and if you don't mind it, I would like to give you some wood."

"Oh, thank you! I—I—" His eyes glowed, his voice hesitated. He straightened

as if a hand smiting sore had been lifted, and his soul was off the battle-ground. "You don't know what you have kept me from," he said. "What?" she asked, not understanding what he meant. "If I have helped you any I am very glad of it."

He could not speak at first. He said finally: "Thank you! You will see me next Sunday."

She went away wondering at his emotion. He seized his cap, hurried out into the street, went to an express office and paid a bill, and then ran to the store where he worked. It was the quick step of a victorious, happy soul. He had been asked on his way back from an errand home to stop at an express office, and with a sum of money entrusted to him pay a bill for his employers. He fought down a temptation to delay his payment, and use a part of the money for articles needed at home, returning it as soon as possible. A man or boy fighting down such a temptation fights it on the slippery edge of a great risk.

"Oh, I didn't touch it, thank God!" he now said. "Teacher don't know" (she never knew exactly in what) "that her visit helped me to do right."

Two days later her superintendent accosted her:—

"Heard you spoken of pleasantly at the store yesterday," he said. "One of the boys in our store came to me and said: 'Sorry I broke something just now, sir, but I will replace it. Hope you will excuse it.' 'Well, I like you to be honest,' I said. 'Always be frank and honest, and tell me if anything has gone wrong.' 'My teacher would want me to be frank and honest.' 'Teacher?' 'In Sunday-school.' 'Who is she?' 'Miss Marvin, sir.' 'Are you in her class?' 'Yes, sir.' 'I didn't know it. I am superintendent there, but there are so many boys in the Sunday-school I don't always remember them. What is your teacher's name? Oh, you told me. And yours?' 'Will Stover,' he said it was. 'My scholar!' exclaimed Amy. 'Yes.' 'That does please me!' 'You see, I have only been in the store a week back, and am just finding out some of the hands.' 'What you say does me good, I did feel so discouraged.' 'You?' 'After what you said one time about 'The Praiseworthy Teacher.'

"You did? Why—why—how's that?" "Oh, there's a horse-car I must take. Good-by" (hastening to meet the approaching car).

She left him standing on the sidewalk, smiling and saying to himself, "That is pretty good. When I made that talk I suppose I may have been too emphatic, but really the case of a praiseworthy teacher—I told them in many things a true case—was this very young woman! That's funny! I believe though I am right."—S. S. Banner.

SABBATH FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY ANNIE L. H.

There is a class of children who need occupation on the Sabbath, to whom the Noah's ark is an outgrown amusement, the doll of no account, who yet have not acquired the taste or habit of continuous reading. Take, for instance, a family in which the youngest child is a boy of eight. The discipline in self-application in reading may be needful to a certain extent, but he will look forward with joy to the hour when the older ones—either parents, sisters, or brothers—will engage with him in some different employment.

Reading aloud to each other, or in concert together—singing familiar hymns—repeating all the Bible verses that can be thought of commencing with A, then B, and so on through the alphabet, are interesting and profitable exercises. Some families make use of a question box—a pasteboard box with an opening in the cover, through which from time to time, slips of paper are passed, upon which are written questions by different members of the family; the name of the one who is to answer the question being designated by the writer, thus:

A question for Frank: "Who wrote most of the Epistles?" For Edward: "Repeat

in order the books of the Old Testament." For mamma: "Why don't we have miracles nowadays?"—the box to be opened at some suitable time when all can be present. This exercise may do well for a few Sabbaths, and then the box be laid aside for several weeks, when the interest in it can be again renewed.

Another exercise called "Proverbs" consists of a dozen or two of cards, on each of which is nicely written a proverb from the Bible. Grandma, or some other among the elderly ones, takes the cards and reads the first and last words of one of the proverbs. If the child who is first asked to repeat the verse fails, it is passed on until it is repeated correctly—the successful one retaining the card. In this way the cards are all given out, and each is anxious to get the greatest number. Some may object to this as savoring too much of week-day amusement; but others will welcome it as preferable to many of the occupations to which wide-awake children are tempted on the Sabbath.

How to interest them in the sermon, when the pastor seldom, if ever, is able to adapt any considerable part of his discourse to their comprehension, is something of a problem. One little restless boy of ten was told that if he would listen attentively to the sermon, and then come home and write neatly and correctly on paper all that he could remember, he should have one cent a line. His first effort ran thus:

1. Could my tears forever flow.  
2. Just as I am and waiting not  
3. To rid myself of one dark blot—  
4. To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot.  
5. Oh! Lamb of God, I come.  
6. Redemption is free—salvation to those who will come.  
7. God can take care of large sinners as well as small.

Of course it was not intended that he should count the lines of a hymn familiar to him, but, as nothing had been said, his production was accepted with the exception of the fifth line, rejected for want of capital letters.

"How I wish I could take pencil and paper to church," he said. That might do for a younger boy, and save dozens of pins from being bent as they are slyly inserted in the heel of a boot, and made to vibrate at the finger's touch—many dozens of crumbs from the pew carpet—many finger marks on the torn leaves of the hymn book and Bible, and many other doings known only to vigilant mothers.

But a boy of ten can be trained to remember; and then, too, he needs the occupation it gives him at home. "I'd like your chance," said a boy in his teens to this boy of ten. To him was given the privilege of receiving a penny for every five lines—just for once—and the amount written so astonished the younger boy, that he, too, aspired to reach his higher ideal, and soon his attention was engaged even when the sermon was not adapted to his understanding. A habit that will keep the eyes from wandering—the head from turning at every movement of door or window—is of use, and the chances are better for some good impression to be made on the mind. It is of the utmost importance that children be trained early, and by example as well as by precept. "My papa don't say any prayers before he goes to sleep," said one little child to another. "Oh, I can't think so," was the reply; "mine does, and your father is such a good man, it must be that he says some kind of a prayer, and you do not know it."

Do not fail to let the little ones know that you reverence the Sabbath and the sanctuary;—and if there has been any falling-off in the matter, for their sakes as well as your own, seek to make good the deficiency at once.

It will be a help to the little ones to sing occasionally, at family devotions on Sabbath mornings, the familiar lines commencing, "This day belongs to God alone."

in the same tune as "Happy day," repeating the words "Sabbath day," in the chorus—it will impress them more than simply reciting the lines—and perhaps help them to keep the day better.—Zion's Herald.

A place in the ranks await you,  
Each man has some part to play;  
The past and the future are nothing  
In the face of stern to-day.  
A. A. Procter.

Discretion  
And hard valor are the twins of honor,  
And nursed together, make a conqueror—  
Divided, but a talker.  
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

FRANK W. L.

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Question Corner.—No. 11.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Who was the oldest man?  
2. Who was the wisest man?  
3. Who was the weakest man?  
4. Who was the strongest man?  
5. Who was the largest man?  
6. Who was the most patient man?  
7. Who was the most faithful man?  
8. Who went to heaven in a chariot of fire?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE-QUESTIONS NO. 7.

- 1. Brumley, Jud. 9: 15.  
2. Brier, Micah 7: 4.  
3. Calamus, Ezek. 27: 19.  
4. Cassia, Psalms 45: 8.  
5. Cedar, 2 Sam. 7: 2.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE MOTTO ACROSTIC.—

- 1. Tiberias.  
2. Ruth.  
3. Unicorn.  
4. Sapphira.  
5. Tarsus.  
6. Icarus.  
7. Nathaniel.  
8. Hiram.  
9. Israel.  
10. Meshach.  
TRUST IN HIM.

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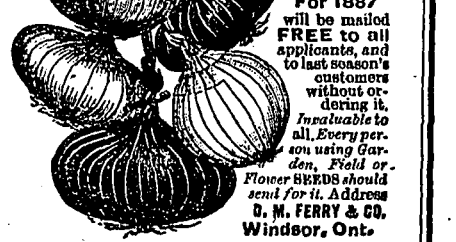
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