

PRIMARY TEACHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Primary Notes.

The primary teacher needs to be an adept at story-telling. The beautiful Bible stories, new to many of your class, perhaps may be so told and retold as to fasten themselves indelibly upon the mind and heart of the child. To be able to do this is well worth study and effort of the most painstaking character.

The Saviour said of the little ones that his angels do always behold the face of their Father in heaven. What a thought! Our work for children is lightened with light from such celestial presence. When you lead the thoughts of the children up to God and heaven angels are on the stairway. You yourself are in royal company. You have kingly helpers. The light of his glorious fellowship falls upon you. May it comfort you, and also make you strong and patient!

God grants opportunity: man makes the improvement and misimprovement. If we were surrounded with doors, and the turning of every doornob meant the throwing open of a treasure house, would you not open such for your scholars' sake as well as your own? God sets spiritual treasure houses all about us, which will ever open. To which will we lead the children? Oh, teacher, you have access to a king room, and can reveal the King in his beauty to some child-heart if you will have it so.

Sir William Paget was interested in effecting a peace between England and France. He declared that he had the peace so much at heart that he ate it, drank it, slept it, dreamed it. Is not that the kind of interest we want in Sunday-school work? It is to be thoroughly in earnest. Childhood is affected by it. Childhood enjoys vitality, motion, force, anything but death, and this magnetic interest is life of the intense kind. Call it by another name, "Enthusiasm," with its old meaning, God within. Oh, for such a close contact with God, life that is the divine indwelling.

"Give Them the Old Story."

Stout Farmer Tuck was swinging his axe in his wood lot. As he sent the keen blade into the heart of an old oak, stroke steadily following stroke, he occasionally lifted his eyes and looked off toward the blue sea that broke in snowy foam against the base of the bluff on which grew his oak grove.

He caught the sound of a step, as he suspended his wood-cutting for a brief rest, and there was his niece, Nellie Armstrong. He knew what a little bag meant that dropped from her wrist. It was her "Sunday school bag," into which she dropped anything she might cut from a paper that had a helpful item for her Sunday-school work as a primary teacher, or if a hint might come to her, she would write it down and drop the slip into that bag.

Her uncle knew her habits, and he murmured: "There she is, with her bag! Wonder if she 'spects anything from me!"

Farmer Tuck's reputation, though, was not that of a Sunday-school lover, and he was an infrequent churchgoer.

"Goin' a-gunnin' with that 'ere bag, Nellie? A bag for your game?" he called out.

"You know, Uncle Ben, I don't believe in any sort of gunning for sport, and, just now, I don't need it for food. So I'll let the birds and the poor dumb things alone."

"O—O, that's it." Farmer Tuck was a reckless gunner.

"Wall!" he added, "glad to see you just the safe!"

"Thank you, thank you! But I will tell you what I was up to, Uncle Ben. I was out walking, trying to think up something new for my Sunday-school class. You know your little Nannie is one of my scholars, and I wish I had something new for them."

"Suthin' new, suthin' new!" said Farmer Tuck, leaning on his axe-handle and speaking very soberly as he gazed upon the sea. "You know, Nellie, I make no pretensions to be a Scripture man, or much of a churchgoer, but I have my thoughts. And I s'pose what is true of grown-up