

with these little creatures do not shudder, do not feel disgust, do not suffer needless fear, and are not cruel. They go through life with a broader interest, a kinder heart, a more observing eye, a keener enjoyment of simple surroundings, and a higher idea of the laws of existence and the right of living.

Just here comes the practical question:—How can it be taught? Taking it for granted that, before you teach it to others, you will teach it to yourself I will try and make a few practical suggestions.

A good subject to begin on is a caterpillar, if it summer time. Take a pasteboard box, and perforate it with many holes,—small, of course, but many. If the caterpillar is of good size, probably he is almost ready to go into the chrysalid or cocoon state, according as he is to be a butterfly or a moth. Put into the box some of the same kind of leaves as those you found him feeding upon. Take the box to Sunday-school. It will not hurt discipline, at all, I can assure you, to use this as a supplementary lesson. Let the children look well at your caterpillar. Point out the beautiful markings, explain his motions, the suckers on his feet, and what parts these feet represent in the perfect state; show how he eats, and what; tell how rapidly he grows after being hatched from the egg, how he bursts his tightened skin four times before he reaches his full size, and that he must undergo a more wondrous change still before he is perfect. The greater your knowledge, the more you can tell, and the better you will tell it. You will find eager listeners. I think I should introduce few, if any, moral deductions. Let it simply be a nature lesson, almost distinct from their idea of a Sunday-school lesson.

After it, take your box home; or, if you have a trusty pupil, let him take it home, and see that fresh leaves are put into the box each day until the change comes. Caution against any handling of your caterpillar, lest it sicken and die. Probably it will be only a day or two before it spins its cocoon, or makes its hard 'house.'

Then it must come to school again. The lesson upon it can be made a reward for the regular lesson well learned, if necessary. You will find the reward earned, I think. If possible, if it can be safely done, I would now leave the box in the schoolroom, so that it may be quiet, and not endanger the little creature's life, by moving it about. Remember to keep the reverence for the life ever before the mind. The days, possibly the weeks, of waiting for the opening of chrysalid or cocoon, will not hurt the children. In the meantime, some other object can be brought in.

You will find growing upon yourself an interest you never felt before,—a willingness to search for, watch, handle, know, the things about you. Time and practice will enable you to enjoy even angle-worms and snails, to say nothing of ants, beetles, 'darning-needles,' 'measure-worms,' and the countless other things about you.

Think what an advance you will have made in your class when one of your pupils brings you a beetle, or a worm, and asks you to tell about it, instead of putting his foot upon it as he came along; and what it means when the children search for and watch the habits of these humbler creatures.

I have never known this kind of Sunday-school lesson to fail.—S. S. Times.

A young man in China had become a Christian while living in a distant city. A younger brother went to him, fully intending to win him back from Christianity, or, failing this, to kill him; but he was himself won to the truth. 'I did not know,' he said, 'that the doctrine was so good. Now, I will stay on here and study the Holy Book.'

The Inner-Prayer Circle.

(The Standard.)

Many pastors and churches can recall blessed experiences resulting from the special gathering of a few prayer-laden souls, in times of spiritual or temporal emergency. But why should we not learn the lesson, and utilize it more generally, in stated meetings of the elect who love to pray? Opportunity may be made as fruitful for good, as it is, alas, so often for evil; and if proper attention were given to this matter, the writer believes that untold blessings would flow from it.

There are always some in every church who are interested in a particular department of Christian work. Commit to one of these the responsibility of leadership, and then arrange so that those for instance, who feel burdened for the pastor and the Lord's day services, may meet for fifteen minutes before morning service to pour out their hearts in prayer for these objects. So with regard to the Sunday-school; give fifteen minutes' opportunity at the close of the session to prayer for the scholars and the work. If the pastor meets inquirers weekly, let there be an opportunity given to those who are anxious for souls to meet and pray; and so on through the whole work of the church, let the power of special prayer be utilized to lift it up to a higher plane and draw down promised blessings from above.

The thing chiefly to be remembered about this plan is that since it simply proposes to use volunteer methods and afford opportunity to those who love to pray, many objections that would ordinarily suggest themselves may be left out of consideration. At such gatherings there would be no discouragement from paucity of numbers—two or three would always make a full meeting—but rather would prayer become more particular and earnest in the fellowship of kindred minds and under the consciousness of being 'apart with God.'

God's Care.

(Mrs. M. B. Fuller in 'Christian Alliance.')

'Roll thy way upon the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.' Ps. xxxvii., 5 (marginal reading).

While my husband and I were recently travelling in South India we frequently saw by the roadside two stone posts about five or five and a half feet high and across the top of them was laid a third stone horizontally. Our curiosity was aroused as to the meaning of these, though we half guessed what they were. We were told that they were rests for travellers and coolies to lay their burdens upon. You know burdens are borne upon their heads in this land, and when a coolie with a heavy load is alone if he puts it down on the ground to rest a bit he cannot lift it up himself, but must have some friendly caste man, or some one not afraid of a touch of defilement, to help him lift it to his head. But such a friend is not always to be found by the lonely traveller. These rests are about the height of an ordinary man, and all a weary coolie or man or woman has to do is to go up to it, roll his burden upon it and rest. When he is ready to go on his journey he rolls it back upon his head and goes forward. I then remembered something I had read years ago of a native Christian saying, as he thus rested a heavy load: 'Christ is the resting place for all my heart burdens.'

Time went on, scenes changed and we were back in our old familiar surroundings and work again. Heavy cares and burdens began to come upon us. One night I could not sleep. I felt I could not endure the heavy care and burden that was then upon me.

The night wore on, as I tossed restlessly to and fro upon my bed. Suddenly the Spirit brought to memory like a picture one of those stone resting-places, and the words came 'Roll thy way upon the Lord.' I immediately received the message, and no coolie ever placed a heavy load on a stone-rest any more thoroughly than I did my burden upon the Lord.' I understood what these words meant. I saw how to do it. Great peace filled my heart and I turned over and went to sleep like a child. For days afterwards as cares came this lesson was repeated over and over. And it was so tenderly and patiently done by the Master. I saw that to roll a burden upon the Lord meant that I got entirely rid of it and that the enemy makes us take up burdens again. I saw the result of it would be peace and quiet. How pitiful the sight of a Christian who keeps saying with his lips, 'Oh, I have given it all to the Lord,' when his restlessness and chafing contradict what his lips say. How quickly he resents any suggestion to commit the matter to the Lord. Dear heart, if you have rolled it upon the Lord, you should feel as free and light as that coolie did who rolled his burden on that stone-rest. It means a complete transfer. The burden cannot be upon you and upon the Lord at the same time any more than the burden could be upon the coolie's head and the stone-rest at the same time. As it to woo us to do it, he tenderly adds a reason why we should: I. Pet. v., 7: 'Casting all your anxiety upon him, because he careth for you.' Wonderful line! 'Because he careth for you.'

Anxiety, care, fret and worry, even if it is over God's work and the native Christians, hurts more missionaries than the climate. How like a bit of heaven is the atmosphere about the child of God who has no care! Let us do it. 'Roll thy way upon the Lord . . . and he shall bring it to pass.'

Love's Lesson.

(By Cora Stuart Wheeler.)

Two bees on a wildwood flower hung,
'Buzz, buzz!' hummed both fat bees,
While up in the forest a robin sung
All in the early dew.
'Why do you sing the hours away?
'Buzz, buzz!' hummed both fat bees,
'Why are you toiling all the day?'
Sang robin, 'Wirree, wirroo!'

The bees were filling their honey-bags,
'Buzz, buzz!' 'Tis easy to see,
They said, with wise little nods and wags,
'We toil who cannot sing.'
'To be sure,' sang robin. 'Wirree, wirroo!
That answer will do for me,
Since each was made one thing to do,
So we always do that thing.'

'You could not hold in all your throat
One of my trills: Wirroo, wirree!
And not a pocket in my coat
But honey would leak through.'
'Buzz, buzz!' the bees flew near,
And began to build in the robin's tree
Cells of wax as cool and clear
As drops of morning dew.

They builded high, and builded wide,
'Buzz, buzz!' 'Twas pretty to view;
While robin merrily sung beside
As the hours flew along.
The comb was full when he closed his strain,
'There,' buzzed the bees, 'that's all for you.'

Then robin tasted, and said quite plain,
'Sweet, sweet, sweet,' in song.

Each had given the thing he knew
To help the other his best to do.
—S. S. Times.