

right conduct. To me, therefore, it is as certain as any moral truth can be, that to shut out religion from the public school, and thus to refuse to the teacher the employment of these sanctions, is to render the moral teaching weak and ineffective, and therefore to defeat the very end which alone justifies the State in maintaining the school, the training of good citizens, or, at the very least, to make the attainment of that end far less complete than it might be. Even Huxley says, "My belief is that no human being and that no society composed of human beings ever did or ever will come to much unless their conduct was governed and guided by the love of an ethical idea, viz., religion. Undoubtedly your gutter child may be converted by mere intellectual drill into the 'subtlest of all the beasts of the field,' but we know what has become of the original of that description, and there is no need to increase the number."

The necessity of religious truth to effective moral teaching would be admitted by some, not by all, of the advocates of a purely secular system of education. It would be more or less fully admitted by most of them who are professedly Christian men. But the ground is taken that while the knowledge of religious truth is desirable, even indispensable, it is best, especially in the divided state of opinion on religious questions, that religious instruction should be communicated by the parent and by the Church, and that the school should confine itself to instruction in the secular branches. This is plausible; it is no more. I believe the position to be essentially unsound. For, first, if moral teaching, enforced by religious considerations, is requisite in order to make good, law-abiding citizens, that is, in order to promote the security and the well-being of society, the State ought to be able itself to furnish it, and ought to furnish it in the schools which it maintains. It is not denied for a moment that there is a kind and amount of religious instruction which is more competent to the parent and to the Church, that there are aspects of religious truth, as for example, the nature and the necessity of regeneration, the work of the Holy Spirit, with which perhaps these alone should be expected to deal, but the more general truths of religion, as the existence, the character and the moral government of God—such truths as, we have seen, add to the sanctions of virtue and strengthen the sense of duty—these it must be competent for the State to teach, otherwise it does not possess the means for its own preservation and for the protection of its own well-being. Second, the restriction of the school to purely secular instruction with the relegation of religious instruction and even moral on its religious side, to the home and the Church gives no security that the latter will be supplied at all in many cases. There are not a few parents, even in our favoured land, who are too indifferent to impart moral and religious teaching to their children, not a few whose own character and habits render them quite incapable of effectively doing so. And while the Churches—Protestant and Catholic—are active, there are no doubt many children and young persons not found in attendance on the Sabbath schools with which they have dotted the surface of our vast country. The scattered nature of the settlements renders attendance in these more difficult, and, in any case, the Churches have no authority to enforce it, if the youth are indifferent or indisposed.

Make public education strictly secular, and it can scarcely fail to happen, that in cases not a few the youth of the province will get their arithmetic and grammar from the school, their morals from the street corner or the saloon. That is not a result which any thoughtful and patriotic citizen can contemplate with satisfaction. And lastly on this point, the division of instruction into secular and sacred, with the relegation of the one to the public school and of the other to the home and the Church, which is the ideal of some who should know better, proceeds upon a radical misapprehension of the constitution of man's being, in which the intellectual and moral nature are inseparably intertwined, and in which both parts are constantly operative. It ignores the fact that man is a single and indivisible entity. It is possible to divide the branches of knowledge, but it is not possible to divide the child to whom they are to be taught. Above all it is not possible to keep the moral nature in suspense or inaction, while the intellectual is being dealt with. This is the point on which the whole question before us turns. The opinion of one who has not taken it into account is really worth very little. The child can pass from one branch of secular instruction to another. He can be taught arithmetic this hour, grammar that, and in learning the second he ceases to have anything to do with the first, but in learning the one and the other he continues to be moral; he cannot cease to be this any more than he can cease to breathe and yet live. During the whole six or seven hours daily that he is withdrawn from under the eyes of his parents, who are supposed to be primarily if not exclusively responsible for his moral and religious training (for the two in any effective sense must go together) amid lessons and amid play his moral nature is operative, sometimes very actively operative, the principles and habits of a life time are being formed under the teacher's eye. Has the teacher any responsibility in the premises? Must he not hear the profane word in the playground? Must he not observe the falsehood that is spoken in the class-room? Must he look with indifference on the display of selfish feeling as he might look at a wart on a pupil's hand? Who will say so? The very idea is abhorrent to every right mind. But if he has responsibility for the moral development of his pupil, then there must not be denied to him the most effective instrument, if not for correcting improprieties of conduct, yet for evoking noble and virtuous action, religious truth, the truths of our common Christianity—in other words, the education must not be absolutely secular. The welfare of the child and the welfare of the State alike forbid it.

Our Young Folks.

DON'T CARE.

I know a wicked, idle snake,
A sly and harmful sprite,
Whose head is soft, whose limbs are weak,
Who yet in wrong has might.

Now would you know this demon's name
And shun his hurtful snare
In order to defeat his aim?
I speak it loud: "Don't Care."

He finds his way within the home,
And rules the children there.
The parents' hearts are full of gloom
Because of old "Don't Care."

Just take him by the throat, my boy,
With manly strength and fair,
Lest he in time your soul destroy?
This monster rude, "Don't Care."

And you, my lass, my blooming rose,
I whisper soft, "Beware:
There's none among your many foes
Can harm you like 'Don't Care.'"

I WANT SOMETHING TO DO.

A bright-looking girl came to my door the other day, and I stepped forward to welcome her, saying, as I saw that she was a stranger, "What can I do for you, my child?" She answered, the colour deepening in her cheek, "I want something to do. I thought that you might help me to a position, or at least give me some advice. Mother thought I would better come and see you. You must have influence of some kind."

It is perfectly surprising how this idea that some one has "influence," and that some other one is waiting to be "influenced," prevails among and is accepted by the unthinking. Ignoring my visitor's last observation, and seating her, I preceded, as any motherly woman in my place would have done, in the circumstances, to investigate the applicant's claims for fitness for work of any description.

"What have you learned?" I inquired.

"Nothing in particular. I am just out of the school room."

"Ah! Then you have been graduated, I suppose, and have discovered which line of study suits you best? You have been industrious to finish the course so soon."

She hesitated, her eyelids dropped, then gathering courage she frankly avowed:

"I did not stay to graduate. I hate school and study. I want to work and earn some money."

But by no cross-examination could I find that this aspirant to enter the ranks of the world's bread-winners had taken the slightest trouble to prepare herself for any trade, avocation or profession. She seemed confidently to expect that work of some kind, like golden fruit on a low-hanging bough, was waiting to drop into her hand at a touch; that she had only to make her wishes known, and some light, agreeable, lady-like occupation was sure to present itself. I could see how she would insist on something appropriately described by the final adjective of those three. Nothing demeaning to her ideal of gentility could so much as allure her for a moment. Her honest thought was that she might be an amanuensis, a copyist, a cashier, a teacher of little children, without ever having undergone an apprenticeship in any of these departments of business; and her motive, broadly stated, was not the desire to swell by her work the great sum of the world's work, but to earn a little money for spending on herself, and, possibly, for assisting the people at home.

Now, lest any girl should misunderstand me, let me say here that the wish to earn money is a perfectly laudable and legitimate one, and that money-earning is entirely right and noble, as proper a thing for the girls of the household as for the boys. But no really good work, in any line, is ever done only for the money, or with that as the sole motive of effort and only end in view. We should love the work of our hands for its own sake, because God has given it us to do, and because through it, in some way or other, we are able to benefit our fellow-beings.

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify.

says the familiar hymn, going on, in a practical common-sense spirit, with

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
Oh! may it all my powers engage,
To do the Master's will.

To my girl friends I recommend, whether they have a present desire to earn money or not, whether there is a present need or not for their doing so, the getting ready for the emergency by learning some art or trade thoroughly. Just put the emphasis on "thoroughly," please. The blunder, the fatal defect in the training of many women is that they never learn or acquire anything thoroughly. Half knowing in a world of competition is almost as bad as not knowing at all.

Find out for what work you have a preference, and then learn to do that work perfectly. Put your whole heart in it, without reserve, and do not forget that work means work, not dawdling, nor play. And do not receive the stupid impression that *per se*, one kind of work is more dignified than another. Katie, who is making bread in her mother's kitchen,

or doing housework in the home of a kind employer, if she do the work well, is as honourably engaged as Mary is, who sits in a studio transferring colours to canvas, and seeing pictures grow beneath her brush. All good work, by which I mean honest work, well done, is praiseworthy. It is sketchy, unfinished, seamy or half-hearted work which is a sad disgrace.

Put wholly out of your mind the idea of "influence" in the sense in which my girl friend used it. Such a thing does not exist. The angel Gabriel could not help a person to successful work unless the person's own powers had been trained and disciplined. Ability is gained by patient plodding, not by an inspiration. Training is the imperative demand of the hour. Be willing to consider the time spent in training as a good investment.

BLACK KETTLES.

It was nothing but a black old kettle standing on the stove, but it did the work of a reformer.

"It's a miserable world," complained Patty, "and I'm just fitted for it; everything is dark and disagreeable and horrid and I am, too. O, dear."

Then there was a mournful little wail in Patty's voice as she concluded her statement and turned to go upstairs.

"Patty—Patty Evans!" cried Aunt Lucindy. "For pity's sake, child, you're not going off and leave me now, are you?—all this on my hands, too, and baby cross as X, and your uncle coming crosser—and the boarders! For the land's sake! Isn't that kettle—Patty Evans, do hurry and wash it." And Aunt Lucindy tossed her X-baby into the cradle.

"It's forever kettles," cried poor Patty, "kettles! kettles! kettles! And every one just as black I—and they might be pretty and clean I—I've half a mind to try it; and what would Aunt Lucindy say? But she's in a hurry and I can't." And the kettle, outwardly as unpleasant to behold as ever, was placed back again on the stove with an energy that spoke volumes for fourteen-year-old Patty's strength and temper.

But the thought of the novelty that a bright, clean kettle would be, haunted Miss Patty until in her first leisure moment she set herself to try the experiment.

"There!"

There was a world of exultation in Patty's voice as she swung the shining iron round.

"There, why need it always be horrid, when it might be beautiful in its way? Why can't it wear its afternoon dress?—and Patty laughed at her own fancy—"in the mornings, and have a clean face always, I'd like to know? Why—but I'm just like that kettle myself! I—suppose—I'm good for something—just as that was this morning, but it doesn't count for much. I wonder if folks feel 'scrinched up' when they see me mornings, same as I do when I look at the kettle?"

It was a very good question to "wonder" about, I am sure, and Patty found it very interesting, although hardly pleasant; but she was not the girl to drop the subject because of that.

"I wonder if—well—I'm going to be a Christian Endeavourer in this, too," she said thoughtfully. "I'm going to wear my afternoon smooth hair and whole aprons in the morning, not look 'black as a thunder-cloud' when I'm helping around, and then it won't take so much time to dress up for afternoons. And I'm going to make 'drudgery divine,' as the minister said, for Jesus' sake."

KIND WORDS.

Kind thoughts will lead to kind words. An ounce of praise is worth a pound of blame any day. Yet in many families we hear much more of the latter than we do of the former. I have seen children who could truly say, as one said to me once, when I asked him how he was brought up. "I was not brought up," he said; "I was kicked up." Not only are parents sinful in this regard, but older brothers and sisters are culpable as well. Many a young heart has bled because of the lack of some word of kindly encouragement. There are some of the teachers who can easily remember the longing which they had as little children, for that praise which would have cost very little, but would have gone a great way in helping them bear the burdens of childhood. Kind words are like oil, but harsh words are like sand. The one oils the machinery of life, and makes it run smoothly; while the other causes friction, and may even bring the whole machine to a stand-still. Besides this, kind words are cheap; they cost absolutely nothing. Yet I have seen persons who so seldom used them that their lips moved as reluctantly for a kindly word as a door that has not been opened for years swings on its hinges. "Say so" is a good text from which to preach to such people. If you feel kindly towards any one, say so. You say so if they are worthy of any blame, do you not? Well, then, why not do as well by them when they have deserved an encomium? There is a great difference between flattery and praise. The one is harmful and disgusting; the other is very helpful. Many a son has said kind things about his mother after she was dead, which if said before she died, would have prolonged her life for years. Kind words are tonics better than any doctor can administer. Out with them then, and, as you go, try in this way to bear the burdens of others.

MRS. BENSLEY, the missionary's wife, is teaching young negroes to work Morse instruments that there may be the telegraph along the Congo railway.