

the mother is too busy preparing dainties for his stomach, or flounces for his sister's dress, to pay much attention to her son's brain or heart, and, as a natural consequence, he goes into the street. The education he receives there is soon made manifest.

To me there comes a question deep and momentous: "What shall I do to save my boy from the snares that are laid for his feet?"

One thing I have determined on, and that is, I will never, knowingly, by *word or deed*, cause him to feel that he is in my way, in the house he calls *home*,—not even though my carpets be soiled by muddy boots, and my best furniture marred by finger-marks. It were better that my carpets be soiled and worn, and my best furniture be scratched and broken, than that the immortal soul, which God has entrusted to my keeping, should become scarred and mired by the vileness which is found in our streets and public places of resort. Soiled and worn furniture may be repaired, or replaced by *new*; but the soul once scarred and disfigured by sin can never be what it might have been, had it been shielded a little more carefully during these few years of youth when it was so pliable to every touch.—*Central Advocate*.

How to Teach Well.

THE great secret of teaching is to *excite the self-activity of the scholars*, so as to make them think about the subject for themselves. The teacher who has learned the art of thus exciting the attention of the scholars is on the highway to successful teaching. At Boston a little girl was entertaining me very pleasantly in the parlor, while I was waiting for a friend to come down stairs. I said to her:

"You go to a Sunday-school?"

"Oh! yes, I go to a Sunday-school."

"You have a good teacher?"

"Oh! yes, I have a splendid teacher—a magnificent teacher."

When the girls in New York say "splendid" and "magnificent" they mean *nothing*. I wanted to see what these words meant in Boston; so I said:

"You prepare your lessons during the week?"

"Oh! yes; teacher *makes* us do that."

I said: "Give my compliments to your teacher. A teacher who *makes* her scholars prepare their Sunday-school lessons during the week must be a very good teacher."

"Well," she said, "I don't mean she *makes* us,"—thinking her way of stating it had reflected on the spirit of the teacher.

"Ah!" I said, "you have spoiled a good story."

"Well," she said, "I don't mean she *makes* us get up our lessons."

"What do you mean, then?" I asked.

"I mean," she said, "that *she teaches us so that we love to get our lessons*."

So I multiplied the compliments a hundredfold, and said: "A teacher who teaches so as to make the scholars *love* to get up their lessons is indeed a splendid teacher—a magnificent teacher."—*Dr. J. Vincent*.

More Enthusiasm.

BY J. W. BLAKE.

YOUTHFUL sceptics—are there any? Alas! yes; and what is sorrowful, they are often made through lack of heart in a teacher. Our scholars are influenced in a great degree by the way truth is imparted, perhaps more so than by the actual truth advanced. If the love of Jesus is explained in beautiful language, but in a cold, formal manner, you will find the scholars' hearts frozen by the icy atmosphere. Little desire for a Saviour or hope of heaven is drawn forth unless our words are fired with enthusiasm. Men of refinement are easily outstripped by their inferiors if the latter have the greatest amount of soul-power. Show an earnestness in any department of labor, and as a rule you may insure success. Of course, to gain enthusiasm we must have faith in our mission, but there are many who have faith in their own words instead of enthusiasm in *their message of love*. Let such look upon successful men in past and present days, and admire and copy their ardour. There are few who are not trying to be good workmen. Intellectually,