

STUDY A CHILD'S CAPACITIES.

Last summer I had a girl who was exceedingly behind in all her studies. She was at the foot of her division, and seemed to care but little about her books. It so happened that, as a relaxation, I let them at times during school hours, unite in singing. I noticed that this girl had a remarkably clear, sweet voice: and I said to her, "Jane, you have a good voice, and you may lead in the singing." She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed to be more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she soon gained a high rank. One day as I was going home, I overtook her with a school companion. "Well, Jane," said I, "you are getting along very well; how happens it that you do so much better now than at the beginning of the quarter?"

"I don't know why it is," she replied.

"I know what she told me the other day," said her companion.

"And what was that?" I asked.

"Why, she said she was encouraged."

Yes, here we have it. She was encouraged. She felt that she was not dull in everything. She had learned self-respect, and thus she was encouraged.

Some twelve or thirteen years ago, there was in the Franklin School an exceedingly dull boy. One day the teacher, wishing to look out a word, took up the lad's dictionary, and on opening it found the blank leaves covered with drawings. He called the boy to him.

"Did you draw these?" said the teacher.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, with a downcast look.

"I do not think it well for boys to draw in their books," said the teacher; "and I would rub these out, if I were you; but they are well done. Did you ever take any lessons?"

"No, sir," said the boy, his eyes sparkling.

"Well, I think you have a talent for this thing; I should like you to draw me something when you are at leisure, at home, and bring it to me. In the meantime see how well you can recite your lessons."

The boy felt he was understood. He began to love his teacher. He became animated and fond of his books, and gained the medal before he left school. After this he became an engraver, laid up money enough to go to Europe, studied the old masters, and is now one of the most promising artists of his years in the country. After the boy gained the medal, he sent the teacher a beautiful picture as a token of respect; and I doubt not, to this day, he feels that that teacher, by the judicious encouragement he gave to the natural turn of his mind, has had a great moral and spiritual effect on his character.—S. S. World.

PRAYER FOR THE EDITOR.

The pastor speaks with the living voice to two, three, or four hundred souls. It is only here and there a "star" that addresses five hundred hearers. The editor of the religious paper which has five thousand subscribers, speaks to fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five thousand persons. And among these readers are the leaders, the pastors, the Sunday school teachers, the formers of opinion, of belief, and of character.

The utterances of the preacher have the advantage of being enforced and commended by the voice, the look, the gesture, of one who is held in personal regard and affection. On the other hand, the words of the editor have this advantage, that they are not committed to the charge of an often treacherous memory; they remain upon the printed page, to be read, and re-read, and perhaps studied. The voice of the preacher reaches many, no doubt, who are not readers of the religious journals; on the other hand the editor goes into the chamber of sickness, into the remote hamlet, the out-of-the-way farmhouse, where the preacher's voice does not penetrate.

But it is not at all our desire to attempt a comparison of these two spheres of influence. It is sufficient to say that to the editor is given, in the Providence of God, an opportunity of achieving much for Christ and humanity. He may hope, with God's blessing, to raise, in some degree, the standard of piety, the type of character, in many churches, in many homes, scat-