

sister. The children will like this and profit by it, and we, in turn, will find ourselves growing younger instead of older, and decidedly fresher and brighter for the loving effort.

Hope is another thing we must have if we really wish to succeed. Let us bring to our class all the hope we possibly can. How our scholars scan our faces as we greet them! and who can deny that our expression will certainly affect them for the whole hour devoted to class work?

I never shall forget the lesson one of my day pupils gave me one weary, warm afternoon. I was at that time at the head of a large church school. My duties, although numerous, were by no means heavy, but I had a bad habit of giving myself a deal of unnecessarily hard work. As the session was drawing to a close, I sank back in my chair utterly tired out. I said nothing, but my pupils, with the unerring instinct of childhood, saw that something was wrong; so one little fellow, who had just come into school and did not know it was a crime to speak aloud, and reading the minds of his schoolmates, said in a sweet, distinct voice, "Miss Fitch, I seen a rainbow once." Recalling the blessed hope and promise of this everlasting symbol, I said to myself, "If there is a rainbow in Harry's sky, why should there not be one in mine?" This child's outburst has haunted me many times, and taught me the beauty of cultivating hope, not only in my teaching, but in all things relating to this life.

In regard to the spiritual and mental attitude of the teacher, in spite of all disguises, the scholars can see as well as feel whether the teacher comes to them in a bright, enthusiastic mood with a happy eagerness to teach, or whether her nature is so choked with the cares and pleasures of this world that all good is crowded out. If this is the case, can we wonder that the scholar's attention flags, or that he slyly laughs or jokes when our eye is turned, or fastens his eye with envying admiration upon the successful teacher in the next class? Goodness, like evil, is magnetic and contagious; and it is only by being spotless ourselves that we may expect to see our scholars reach a high standard of purity and goodness.

Children are human, and, like their seniors, love to be noticed, and on this very account a little judicious neglect of a stubborn or badly-behaved scholar is often a capital reproof. A certain teacher in a Sunday-school in this city had a scholar who was loving and lovable, popular with

her class, and leading them wherever her fancy willed. This girl was totally unaccustomed to discipline, therefore the restraints and order of the Sunday-school were hateful to her. She would not submit to them, and her insubordination caused her teacher almost untold trouble. One afternoon when her behavior got beyond endurance, an inspiration came to the teacher to let the girl alone. This she did. The teacher turned her back slightly upon her for the remainder of the session, neither looking at, speaking to, or paying any attention whatever to her. The wayward child was quieted, softened, subdued, CONQUERED. From that day to this the teacher has not had one moment's trouble with this particular scholar. Everything goes smoothly now, and the whole tone of the class has improved in consequence.

Still another key to successful discipline is keeping the scholars busy. Do not let them be idle one single instant. If the lesson gives out, as it will sometimes with the best of teachers, to try turn the thoughts of the scholars into new channels. For instance, let them look up references in the Bible bearing on the lesson. The Bible is its own best commentary, and finding suitable texts will keep them well employed, and prevent Satan from stealing a march and suggesting his own mischievous work for young hearts and eyes.

Perhaps we teachers are too prone to dwell upon our past failures and mistakes. They should never be recalled except as lessons or danger signals for future guidance. This done, let us put them behind our backs; bury them once and forever. This habit of brooding over mistakes made in ignorance or innocence is most fatal to growth, and should never be allowed to gain a headway. Let us unite our prayers for the good of our scholars. Bring them all the love of our hearts. If we are ever puzzled over a particularly difficult lesson, or worried about some sullen, obstinate scholar who silently, though ungraciously, receives our instructions, while flattering himself, perhaps with a shadow of truth, that he is getting to know more than his teacher, let us apply to our own case the words that we so often hear, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," and go our way feeling and knowing that He can and will give us the needed strength and wisdom to carry on our work, the results of which we may not live to see, but the future will see and know and tell it with a true tongue to the world's passer-by.

ADELAIDE P. FITCH.

WHAT MATTER?

I KNOW not whether good or ill
May come from what I do,
Nor if my feeble strength will serve
To toil the whole day through;
I only know that I must strive
His bidding to pursue.

And if my little, humble part
On earth be soon forgot,
And if, to mortal eyes, it seem
That failure is my lot,
What matter, if I serve but Him
Whose glory changeth not?

—Clara Boise Bush.

A DANGEROUS PATIENT.

A PERILOUS operation on an elephant is described by a dentist in the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis. He was summoned by the keeper of a travelling circus to examine the teeth of one of the elephants in the show. The keeper told him that the animal had been one of the most docile and affectionate he had in his possession, but for several weeks past he had been gloomy and irritable. His trunk and tail hung limp and lifeless, and he would lie for hours rubbing his jaw against the ground. It occurred to the keeper that he might be suffering from toothache, and on looking at his jaw he noticed a tooth that had a suspicious appearance. The dentist was accordingly summoned, and having examined the tooth advised that it be filled. The elephant was furious when the tooth was touched, and if the dentist had not taken refuge behind a beam he would have been killed. The keepers chained the animal's feet and secured his trunk firmly to a beam overhead, and then the dentist went quickly to work. But there was an evil look in the elephant's eye, and his frequent trumpetings and his struggles to free himself indicated how he would deal with the dentist if he could have his liberty. But before the operation was half over, the big beast seemed to realize that the pain was for his good. The angry look went out of his eyes, and he ceased to struggle. When the work was done the elephant recovered his former appetite and spirits, but the most remarkable change was noticed when the dentist entered the elephant house the next day to inquire after his patient. The animal saw him and knew him. He extended his trunk, flourished his tail, and tried to express by his actions his regard and gratitude to the man whom the day before he had tried to kill. The animal had discovered what some men fail to discover with all their superior faculties, that pain was sometimes inflicted in love, not in anger, and results in the benefit of the afflicted one. (Heb. xii. 11.)—*Christian Herald*.