

THE IDEAL S. S.

A Paper Read by Miss F. E. Murray, of St. John,

At the Fredericton Diocesan Sunday School Conference Held at Sussex, N. B., on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 17th and 18th.

Assembled as we are at this Sunday school conference, I may take it for granted that we all agree in the importance of the Sunday school.

Taking then this for granted, the first thought in connection with the subject on which I have been asked to write is which of the different definitions of the word ideal is meant when a paper is requested on The Ideal Sunday School.

The Standard Dictionary tells us, among other definitions, that the "ideal (Sunday school) is imaginary and distinctly unattainable."

Applying this meaning to our subject, we should say that the ideal of a Sunday school is a picture in our minds of a Sunday school in its highest degree of perfection.

Then, may I ask you to accompany me to a missionary school in the far south, shaded by magnolias, palm-trees and live oaks from the fierce glare of the almost tropical sun.

I have not said anything about what might be called the commissariat department of the Sunday school.

The next part of my subject is the ideal teacher. What are the chief requisites for a successful teacher?

There are no bad regiments," said the great Napoleon, "but there are bad colonels."

Then, after a frugal dinner or lunch the afternoon school begins. Fresh faces are present. It is closed in time enough for a Sunday walk.

Now for these varied forms of this widespread Sunday school work; how can we find an ideal, a model? This is one difficulty in my way.

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imported in this way. In St. John last month some of the wafers gathered in the Protestant Orphan Asylum were taken to the loan collection of pictures from Montreal, exhibited at the Y. M. C. A. Some thought this an useless proceeding, as the pictures would be far beyond the comprehension of the children.

The next requisite is a boys' Bible class room, and also one for girls. Young people do not like to be classed with children, and separate classes back from other parts of the hall two and three at a time and stand perfectly absorbed and silent before the great masterpiece. This is an age of illustrative art.

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to be idle is the hardest of all tasks. Our grandmothers understood this and even in their old age never found with them a more useful little task in their hands, if it were only knitting or crocheting. There was a piece of work that did not appear upon the surface. Our grandmothers were healthy women imbued with a spirit of ambition and activity that would not let them be idle.

Women are much less active and more given to idleness than the stately dames of yore, it is because they enjoy a smaller measure of good health.

The ideal teacher—Very careful must I be in handling this part of my subject, especially after my remarks about criticism. But I may say that the ideal teacher will give the Sunday school a foremost place in his parish arrangements.

The ideal teacher holds regular teacher's meetings. Teachers are like telephonic wires. By them the rector's influence reaches many more families than would otherwise be possible.

In loving companionship in mutual work, in kind hospitality, in sympathy with the sick, the sad and the sorrowing, she seemed to fill out the ideal of a rector's wife.

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service, after which each family in our ideal parish will gather in friendly intercourse. Such is Sunday life in the ideal parish—the parish in its highest state of perfection.

These are the ideal parish will support its Sunday school. Books, fuel, lighting, repairs—all the needs of the school, should be supplied by the parish. The children's offerings, dedicated by a hymn or prayer, should be appropriated as thoroughly as by rector, superintendent and teachers in friendly conclave.

The ideal rector—Very careful must I be in handling this part of my subject, especially after my remarks about criticism. But I may say that the ideal teacher will give the Sunday school a foremost place in his parish arrangements.

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ending evening service; of methods of teaching, of lesson leaflets, of memorizing, of home compositions, of catechizing by rector or superintendent, of grading, of prizes. It would require another paper as long as this to enter on these subjects. Some of them will be touched upon during the course of this conference.

As regards the whole, I will only add that it is the noblest, the most interesting upon which we can have the privilege of being engaged. It has its difficulties, but it has also its encouragements. Both are alluded to in this simple poem, selected by a friend, with which I conclude my paper:

ST CHRISTOPHER. "O sweetest of all legends That dawn the centuries come, The story of St. Christopher, Amid the tempest's gloom, The dark and stormy midnight, The sunset fading wild, Yet safely bearing in his arms The little wandering child.

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THE SAGAMORE

Manifests an Interest in the Spaniards and the Cubans.

The Reporter Sets Him Right on One or Two Points, and Utters a Warning.

Some Very Important Despatches Relative to the Prospects of a Great Sea Fight.

Paul the Millicote, with his hand on his knife-hilt, his tread cat-like, and his eyes roving like those of a warrior on the death trail, leaped into the reporter's den and quickly closed the door.

The reporter was wholly unprepared for war. It was a comfort to him in that supreme moment to remember that he had been at church twice on Sunday, and had heard one man say salvation depended on deeds, and the other say it depended on faith.

"Any Spaniards here?" "Spaniards? No. What would Spaniards be doing here?" "Where they gone?" was the counter question.

"Not yet. The three weeks' war is still in progress. But the Spaniards are dying rapidly. Numbers of them have been killed, several times. And the bloody work goes on. They will be killed several times more. They appear to like it—even to thrive on it. I see no reason why they should not continue the cheerful pastime all summer."

"That man Cervera," queried Mr. Paul. "Is he bottled up?" "Not as much as he was. When the Americans wanted to keep him in, the Merrimack blocked the channel. Now that they talk of going in themselves, the channel is not blocked."

"Then," said the sagamore, "I suppose they won't need any St. John men with his cork-screw." "There are some things which rattle the serenity even of a reporter. The venerable cork-screw joke is one of them."

"Old man," he said, "remove your hat. You are an infant in the presence of that joke. It had raised a whisker before the mountains were brought forth. It was ancient days when the moon and the stars sang together in the morning of the world. It is older than the commercial ideas of Halifax. If you ever uncover the relic again in my presence, you will think you have struck the war nose of a torpedo."

Mr. Paul's apology was humble and simple. He added that in his own view it was much easier to knock the neck off a bottle than to use a cork-screw, and he believed St. John men were of the same opinion.

The reporter was about to offer some further observations when the Sagamore suddenly burst into tears. Such conduct on the part of a warrior was amazing, and the reporter asked for an explanation.

"Them poor Cubans," cried the old man. "I'm so sorry for them—it makes me cry. Forty hundred men and boys were killed by the Spaniards. Best men ever lived—the Cubans."

"But they are not as good as they were," said the reporter. "Of course they were patriots of noble soul and lofty courage—and they were martyrs. And their blood cried out for humanity. And a war for their deliverance was a holy war. We know that. The congressional record says so. Also Dr. Talmage. But since they are taken to lying in the shade all day and eating the rations of the American soldiers and smoking cigars, do the work and the fighting—they are not quite as noble as they were. In fact, there is a suspicion in the American press that they would—if it cognize liberty if they saw it—if it was made fast to anything. But you must excuse me, Mr. Paul. I have a few despatches to fix up, and it is late."

Mr. Paul bowed himself out, and the reporter fixed up the following important despatches, not from the wires.

CADIZ, June 23.—The fleet has sailed. CADIZ, June 23, 2 p. m.—The fleet has not sailed. CADIZ, June 23, 4 p. m.—The fleet has returned here. CADIZ, June 23, 4:15 p. m.—Despite all rumors to the contrary, it is positively known that the fleet has sailed. CADIZ, June 23, 5 p. m.—The report that the fleet had sailed is premature. CADIZ, June 23, 6 p. m.—Persistent rumors all night—while the Americans do the work and the fighting—they are not quite as noble as they were. In fact, there is a suspicion in the American press that they would—if it cognize liberty if they saw it—if it was made fast to anything. But you must excuse me, Mr. Paul. I have a few despatches to fix up, and it is late. Mr. Paul bowed himself out, and the reporter fixed up the following important despatches, not from the wires. CADIZ, June 23.—The fleet has sailed. CADIZ, June 23, 2 p. m.—The fleet has not sailed. CADIZ, June 23, 4 p. m.—The fleet has returned here. CADIZ, June 23, 4:15 p. m.—Despite all rumors to the contrary, it is positively known that the fleet has sailed. CADIZ, June 23, 5 p. m.—The report that the fleet had sailed is premature. CADIZ, June 23, 6 p. m.—Persistent rumors all night—while the Americans do the work and the fighting—they are not quite as noble as they were. In fact, there is a suspicion in the American press that they would—if it cognize liberty if they saw it—if it was made fast to anything. But you must excuse me, Mr. Paul. I have a few despatches to fix up, and it is late. Mr. Paul bowed himself out, and the reporter fixed up the following important despatches, not from the wires.

THE DEAF HEAR.

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE

Working Wonders in Toronto.

Gave Mrs. BINDON her hearing when Specialists failed.

About 8 years ago Mrs. Bindon, of 11 Mainland St., Toronto, was attacked with la Grippe, which affected her hearing to such an extent that she was completely deaf.

It was a serious affliction and she tried many remedies and consulted a prominent specialist, but to no avail.

By a happy circumstance she was led to use Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and before she had completed 8 boxes her hearing had partially returned.

She has since been in the application of the remedy, so confident was she of ultimate cure, and by the time 12 boxes had been used her hearing was completely restored.

For 8 months now she has been free from her deafness, and she is now as happy and contented as ever.

On Sunday she goes to church and enjoys the service, a thing she was unable to do before Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure gave her back her hearing.

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Children Cry for CASORIA.

Little Mary was discovered one day by her mother vigorously applying such an ointment to her neck. On being reproved, she replied: "Why, mamma, kitty squeaks so awfully when I pull her tail."