

down into its comfort with great content, when, perhaps without any warning, he is sent forth. Another environment, with a new house, new faces, new customs, a new church, is no light trial to any man above middle age. Why should Providence, which fitted up this home so mindfully not have left me in it till I changed into the house not made with hands? Very likely because the change will vivify and renew the soul, as a visit to foreign parts quickens the intellect grown jaded and commonplace. A new voice may give a new evangel. Breaking up conventionalities may lay the mind open to fresh ideas. A variety of service may afford the opportunity for inspiration. The change may be into a wider place, where the wind of God blows as it listeth round the soul—nothing between.

Some changes can be avoided—whether for good or ill is another matter; but one awaiteth us all, when the whole circumstances of this life shall be shattered in a moment, and, willing or not willing, every one of us shall go forth into the unseen. This is the final venture of the soul, and a most tender Providence prepares us for it by many hints and warnings. A sharp illness, some failing of mind, a general decay, or the departure of a friend, are all a loosening of the nest and a command to be ready for

flight. What an outgoing it is, over the brink, where we can see nothing below or above, where we can feel nothing under our feet! Is it cowardly for the average person to tremble at this last emigration—this departure into an untried and vacant abyss? Yet let us not lose heart or be unfaithful. A great abyss it is, as if one should cast himself from the height of a precipice into the air. But it is not untried, for with every change from childhood an excursion has been attempted into the unknown. It was only a flutter on the edge, but still it proved that we had wings, and we came back to our resting-place unhurt and undismayed. This time we shall not return; our wings will have to serve us longer. And the abyss is not empty, for never have we gone out in any journey of the soul but God was with us, guiding us when we had no longer our earthly father, revealing Himself through the sacrament of human love, dwelling where we dwell, as with the pilgrim patriarchs. The hands that curiously constructed this kindly nest are the same that will take it down. The wings which covered us in our callow childhood here will bear us up out yonder. The God who is here, is there and everywhere. The wide and open space is full of sunlight, and underneath our souls for ever shall be the everlasting arms.—*Sunday Magazine*.

NOTES FOR TEACHERS.

CULTURE TEACHING IN THE SCHOOLS.—A long experience among children of all nationalities, and especially among the very poor, leads me to see the importance of culture. By this I mean that rough way of doing things that separates the lower from the upper.

(1) I found it to be of benefit to greet each pupil in the morning and to say farewell at night. I explained to them that no one went into a friend's house without a word of greeting. Then I always met them pleasantly. If they had been sick or any one in the family had been I inquired