

Sabbath School Teacher.

HOW CAN I INTEREST MY CLASS?

No teacher can expect a class to be interested in him until he is interested in that class. If he comes to Sunday-school because it is his duty to come, and take a particular class because he has been asked to take it, "verily, he has his reward;" his scholars are in the Sunday-school because it is their duty to attend, and they are in his class because they have been so assigned. No love is lost or gained between such scholars and teacher. He will be disappointed, indeed, who supposes that children are to give him affection and confidence on general principles, because he is their Sunday-school teacher, while he has no special love for them, nor is moved by a particular desire for their personal welfare. It is enough that he desires to do good to children generally, and would have all little ones to trust the blessed Saviour; until he loves Willie Brown personally, and with all his heart longs to lead Willie Brown to Jesus, he is not likely to be loved by Willie Brown, nor to have Willie Brown willingly take his hand and be led by him. Yet many Sunday-school teachers who wonder at their failure to interest their scholars, and are sure that the trouble is not their lack of love for children, have no affection for the individual members of their class, while they do not lack a certain love for children generally. They would love their scholars if those scholars were not just as they are; but while as they are and while unloved by their teacher, those scholars are not likely to be very loving toward their teacher. "The ungrateful little wretches," said a lady teacher, in bitter complaint of her scholars; "they don't seem to have any idea how I love them." Until they are counted better than "ungrateful little wretches," children will not be very trustful and affectionate, whatever are their relations to those who wish them well.

Even when a teacher is interested in his scholars, it is useless for him to try to interest them in any lesson in which he is himself not interested. He may have won his scholars' hearts, but he cannot transfer their affections to what he fails to love. Many a teacher who loves his scholars and is loved by them, fails to interest them in Bible truth. Loving their teacher, scholars will give their thoughts to whatever he loves and asks them to love; but no tones of entreaty or command from him will induce them to examine and heed that for which he feels and shows no affection. No lawyer could hope to win a jury to sympathy with his client until he was himself in fullest sympathy with that client. The most effective advocates at the bar are always those who most thoroughly identify themselves with every cause they undertake. The first step of good lawyers in preparation for their argument before a jury, is to bring themselves to such a knowledge of their client's wrongs, and to such a tender interest in his needs as will possess them with an intense desire to aid their client, and make them truly eloquent in his behalf. So, to prepare himself to plead the cause of the Lord Jesus before his class, a teacher must come into sympathy with the Saviour, whom in a measure he represents; and the truth and weight of every word of our Lord's invitations or counsels which he reiterates should be felt in the teacher's own mind and heart, if he would have it effective with those to whom it is repeated by him.

When, therefore, a teacher asks the question, which is so many times asked, "How can I interest my class?" let him consider if he loves personally each scholar of that class, and has a message to each scholar which he is interested in and longs to talk about. If he does not love the scholars personally, let him think of them one by one, as he prays for each by name in his closet, remembering that for that child the blood of the Son of God was shed, and now angels in heaven watch in loving interest as the child is pleased with and instructed by him whom God has brought to be his teacher. If, on the other hand, the teacher does love each of his scholars and wonders that they whom he loves lack interest in the lesson he brings to them, let him study more prayerfully and intently that lesson himself, until he is so full of its precious meaning, and so possessed with the thought of its fitness to the scholars of his charge, that he will come to them with a glowing heart and a burning tongue to tell them of that truth which is "able to make them wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Then, indeed, by the Divine blessing may he hope to win those who love him to the truth which he loves, and preaches lovingly.

As long as you make drinking respectable, drinking customs will prevail, and the plough-share of death, drawn by terrible disasters, will go on turning up this whole continent from end to end, with the long, deep, awful furrow of drunkards' graves.

Our Young Folks.

CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, his knock before,
Has waited long—be waiting still!
You treat no other friend so ill.

O, lovely attitude, He stands
With smiling heart and loaded hands!
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

But will He prove a friend indeed?
No will; the very friend you need:
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He;
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Rise, Touch'd with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Admit Him, ere His anger burn—
His foot departed, no'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door be rejected stand.

COALS OF FIRE.

Frank Black was the meanest boy I ever went to school with. But he was once effectually cured of showing any of it to his schoolmates, and I will tell you how it was. For some time many of his class had "cut" him; his mean ways having become quite unbearable, and the crowning point of our indignation was reached one day when it was discovered he had a box from home, and contrary to the rules of etiquette of long standing in the school, was eating its contents on the sly.

That afternoon at the ball-ground "our room" held a solemn consultation and one proposed to take his box and hide it till he should beg the pardon of us all or make a suitable apology. He went and found nothing was left but a few crumbs and cores of apples, and another consultation was held. "I'll fix it," said Bob Williams, the most generous of us all. "Take up a ten cent collection and we'll fill his box for him with goodies, and I'll pay you all back if it doesn't work well." We consented, and that night when Frank went to the chest where the box was, his look of amazement was amusing. A more awkward scene never took place, than after Bob made a neat speech, presenting it in the name of the class. Frank crept into bed without a word, and we all followed his example. But the next morning he begged us to take the good things for ourselves, and the next box from home was offered in the same way. It is a good thing to see our own faults in contrast to others' good traits.

HAIR.

Under the magnifying-glass human hair presents the appearance of a tube of a light brown color, with lines running along each side, and wavy or zigzag lines across. The lines at the sides are the fibers which form the walls or outside of the hair, and the wavy lines are the edges of the various layers or coats of the surface, which as the hair gradually diminishes to a point must overlap each other. A hair is thus like the stem of a tree, having bark, fiber, and sometimes pith in the middle.

Hogs' bristles, besides being about three times larger than a man's hair, have much finer fibres. The wavy lines are much nearer together, which shows that the overlapping scales are thinner. There is no bark, and in the centre is a dark cavity passing up through it. The finer hairs of the horse and ass are like those of man, outside, but they are distinguished by having a dark pith in the middle.

The hairs taken from the fur of a cat, and that of a mole are variegated by dark and light patches in irregular bands, across their surface. The scales are strongly marked on both sides in the cat, but only on one side in the mole. The most remarkable in appearance are, however, the hairs of a bat, which have the outer scales so projecting that they look like a chain of trumpet-shaped flowers, each stuck into the mouth of the other.—*Youth's Companion*

A GOLDEN TEXT FOR BOYS.

A man of very pleasing address, but very dishonest in his practices, once said to an honorable merchant "whose word was as good as his bond," "I would give fifty thousand dollars for your good name."

"Why so?" asked the other, in some surprise.

"Because I could make hundred thousand dollars out of it."

The honorable character which was at the bottom of the good name, he cared nothing for; it was only the reputation which he could turn to account in a money point of view, which he coveted.

But a good name could not be bought with silver; it, of all other possessions, must be fairly earned. When it is possessed, it is a better business capital than a great sum of money. It is a capital any boy or girl can secure. Honesty must be its foundation, even to the smallest particulars. When an employer says, "That is a boy I can trust," he will always find himself in demand, provided he joins with it industry. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

It seems hard at the time, may-be

this conscience daily round of work, while other boys are lounging about store steps or playing on the green. But the reward will come, if you are faithful. While the loungers are dragging out a miserable lifetime in privation and poverty, the hard-working boy lives at his ease, respected and honored.

Remember this, boys, if you desire to make your way in the world. There is nothing that can serve your purpose like a name for honesty and industry, and you will never acquire either if you are a lounge about the streets and a shirk at your business. Everybody suspects a lad who is often seen about saloon doors or tavern steps. It undermines a boy's character for honesty very rapidly to mix with the society he finds there, and such habits tend to anything but industrious ways.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold." Print that text on your heart, and carry it with you in all your walks and ways. If you are led to secure it, it will be worth far more than "fifty thousand dollars" to you.—*Presbyterian*

RUN FOR THE LILLY PAD.

"How many of you boys ever went fishing?" asked the minister.

Instantly fifty boys' eyes sparkled, and fifty boys' hands were raised.

"How many of you ever fished for pickerel?" continued the minister.

Up came most of the hands again—little hands that, as the minister knew, had been nearly all guilty of taking what was not theirs; for they belonged to boys who were in a Reform School, and most of them for stealing, some little, and some much.

"Did you ever have any trouble to get the pickerel to bite?" asked the minister.

"Yes sir!" cried the boys.

"So have I," he replied. "I have fished for pickerel a great many times; often in a certain pond behind my father's house, which was very clear and smooth, and covered with water lilies. These lilies were very beautiful, lying with their pure white petals and golden centres on their floating leaves; but I did not like to see them, for this reason: when I trailed my line with a fat little frog or a nice minnow on it, if I saw a pickerel swim round and round, looking at it, and working his mouth and gills, I knew that pretty soon he would jump up and snap at the tempting bait, and then I had him. If he once began to look, I was sure of him; but if, instead, he turned and swam off under a lily pad, as many a fish did, I knew I lost him, and there was no use skimming and daubing my line to that fish any longer.

Now boys, I want to tell you, when you see something you wish for that is not yours, or when you feel like saying a bad word, or going where you know you ought not to go, do not stop to look at or think of it, but just run for the lily pads."—*Apples of Gold*.

UNKNOWN MINISTER'S SERMON.

Few men of greater parts than John Owen have adorned the records of the Independent churches. In turning lately over the memorials of his life, we met with the following incident, deserving to be recorded for its suggestions to many hearers of the Word, and its encouragement to some preachers. Mr. Owen was in a very melancholy condition of mind. He had been in that condition several years. It happened on a Sunday, in London, he went to hear a celebrated preacher of his day, Dr. Calamy. He and his cousin waited some time in the church, but Dr. Calamy did not come. His cousin would have persuaded him to go out and hear another famous preacher. But Mr. Owen was comfortably seated, and indisposed to take another walk. At last a country minister—a stranger to everybody—came in. His prayer was fervent; he took for his text the words, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith." The very words arrested Owen's attention. He was constrained to pray that the discourse might help him out of his sorrowful condition. In a plain and familiar way, with arguments not new, but now strangely convincing, the unknown and celebrated minister addressed himself directly to Owen's particular state. The doubts and fears of the youth were broken suddenly up. The peace which passeth understanding came in, and never left his heart. The happy and great usefulness of the great divine began with that hour.

It is reported that the French Ambassador to the Italian Government will hereafter reside at Rome, instead of Florence as heretofore. This amounts to a practical recognition by the French Government of Rome as the capital of United Italy. The power of the priesthood in France is strong, and it has heretofore been exercised in behalf of Napoleon, who was perhaps equally dependent upon the priesthood and the army. It was not strange that the Thiers Government has been loath to take this ground, which taken by France, must be regarded as a surrender of the temporal power of the Papacy by one of its firmest friends.

Scientific and Aiscral.

MAR-ACONS.

Put a little black pepper in some ointment, dip in sweet oil and insert in the ear. This is one of the quickest remedies known.

FELON.

Take a pint of common soft soap, and stir in air-slack lime that is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition, and insert the fingers, and the cure is certain.

COLD.

Contrary to an old theory, a popular writer gives the following one how to manage a cold: Eat nothing but a piece of toast, drink freely of cold water, walk twice a day until you are in a gentle perspiration, and go to bed early.

DIPHTHERIA.

A simple and successful treatment of diphtheria may be found in the use of lemon juice. Gargle the throat freely with it, at the same time swallowing a portion so as to reach all the affected parts. A French physician claims that he saved his own life with this pleasant remedy.

BURNS.

A poultice of tea-leaves applied to small burns and scalds affords immediate relief. The leaves are softened with hot water, and while quite warm applied upon cotton over the entire burnt surface. This application discolours and apparently fans the part, and removes the acute sensibility and tenderness.

SORE THROAT.

Everybody has a cure for this trouble, but simple remedies appear to be most effectual. Salt and water is used by many as a gargle, but a little alum and honey dissolved in sage tea is better. Others, a few drops of camphor on loaf sugar, which very often affords immediate relief. An application of cloths wrung out as often as they begin to cool has the most potency in removing inflammation.

SLEEP.

Mr. Croker plausibly maintained that it was impossible to be a great man without being a good sleeper, his favorite examples being Napoleon, Pitt, and Wellington. He might have added Sir Walter Scott. Sir Henry Holland, the celebrated physician, says that when sleep is desired and reading resorted to, the sonnet is the most effective soporific, in whatever language it may be written. The *Quarterly Review* gives the preference to the epic in blank verse. Sydney Smith prescribed a sermon.

A NEW INVENTION.

Bottles with peculiar conical projections have been introduced in England, which are to be used for poisonous drugs and medicines. They are so distinctive as at once to be recognized even when laid hold off in the dark. This is an excellent idea, and if by common consent some peculiar pattern of bottle can be adopted in this country for poisonous articles, many lives will be saved. Labels are not always read, and some people have a careless way of using old bottles without thinking to change the label. After a little while the act is forgotten, and some one is poisoned under a name.

SEASONING WOOD.

A writer in an English Journal informs us that a small piece of non-resinous wood can be seasoned perfectly by boiling four or five hours—the process taking the sap out of the wood, which shrinks nearly one-tenth in the operation. The same writer states that trees felled in full leaf in June or July, and allowed to lie until every leaf has fallen, will then be nearly dry, as the leaves will not drop off themselves until they have drawn up and exhausted nearly all the sap off the tree. The time required is from a month to six weeks, according to the dryness or wetness of the weather. The floor of a mill laid with poplar so treated and cut up, and put in place in less than a month after the leaves fell, has never shown the slightest shrinkage.

HOUSE PLANTS.

The *Boston Journal of Chemistry* says: House plants ought to be stimulated gently once or twice a week. Rain water, so refreshing to summer flowers, always contains ammonia, which also abounds in all liquid manures. If you take an ounce of pulverized carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in a gallon of water, it will make spring water even more stimulating to your plants than rain water. If you water your plants once in two weeks with guano water (one table spoonful to a pail of water) they will grow more thrifty. Pulverized dove or hen manure will answer a good purpose. Always keep the soil loose in your flower pots.

TO KEEP YEAST SWEET.

Boil half a cupful of hops in a pint of water for fifteen minutes, strain the liquor hot on to two-thirds of a cup of flour and a spoonful of salt. After this is cool enough not to scald, add a little good, sweet yeast, and set it in a warm place to rise. When it is light, pour it

into a glass bottle, fill it entirely full, cork tight, tie the cork down with a cloth, and set it away in a cool place where it will not freeze.

When you take out any yeast to use, fill the bottle entirely full again, after the effervescence has subsided, with cold water or water in which a little flour has been scalded and cooled, tie down the cork and set away as before. I use water half the time to fill up the bottle with, and flour and water the other half.

When the bottle has been used from several times, and the yeast grows weak, boil a few more hops, pour the liquor hot on a little flour and salt; let it cool and add this to the yeast in the bottle, instead of adding cool water; when you open the bottle set it into a dish, for it will foam over; as the yeast grows weaker in the bottle by the addition of water, use a little more of it in making bread.

The great secret is in keeping the bottle full and corked tight. There seems to be just enough air penetrating the cork to keep the yeast in good working order. I suppose potato yeast or any other kind of liquid yeast may be kept in the same way, but I have liked this kind too well to try any other.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune*.

HOUSE FURNISHING HINTS.

Now let me say a word about carpets. Pale ones I ignore; they do not exist for me. But the patterns and the colours—even of the dark ones! What is to be done with a room whose carpet is grass-green, with large red spots or big flowers on it? What is to be done with any "cheerful" patterned carpet? Nothing—but to part with it to some member of that tribe whose armorial bearings are the Three Hats. Have we not seen the Royal Academy's walls defaced by artists who will place their sitters on some such carpet, and then paint the horror that they see? Has not that been a warning to us? It is a good test to apply to one's furniture as to one's dress? "Would it look well in a picture?" Reader, if you wish to buy modern carpets, buy some moss pattern, or something very dark and neat, else you will never make your drawing-room other than a grief of heart to any cultivated person who may come into it. But my advice on the whole is, send away all your carpets, get a quantity of the common rough matting for your rooms, and lay on it at intervals one of the rugs made by the Orientals. Turkish, Moorish, Indian, or African carpets, especially the antique make, will never fail to look right, for they are the most perfect in colour and design that can be procured. For curtains and coverings get whatever stuff you like. Chintz or velvet are always good. In patterns, be wary. Patterns suitable for a hanging are not always suitable for a chair seat. For instance, to be sitting on a bird or a butterfly is an unpleasant sensation; a vase of flowers on a curtain is absurd. Italian patterns are usually debased. Stout boys upon scarfs attached to boughs in an impossible manner—swans perched on twigs or plants that never could support their weight—butterflies rather bigger than the storks beside them—are bad, because ridiculous; they hurt our sense of propriety, and worry the eye. Choose good patterns—common sense will guide you—and let your hangings be equal in tone with that of your walls.—*St. Paul's Magazine*.

SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

The *Central Presbyterian* sums up the benefits derived from the systematic contributions which have been secured in the Second Presbyterian Church, Richmond, by the agency of the "envelope system." It says:—

For three years it has been in operation, and at a recent congregational meeting, the trustees reported the church as free from debt; every obligation had been met, and a contribution made at the stated time to each of the schemes of benevolence. The entire amount contributed was nearly \$9,000. During the last two years a spacious lecture-room had been built, which, with other improvements, had cost the church \$5,400. This financial success was attributed by the trustees in great part to the envelope system of collections, which insured regularity and faithfulness. While this last year has been so full of temporal blessings, other and richer have been received from the Lord, for the Holy Spirit has been present in his power and grace, and over eighty persons have been added to the membership, a very large proportion of whom have been gentlemen and heads of families, in the prime of life, bringing with them strength and activity for church-work.

Love, like light, transfigures what it looks upon. It has its own perspective, softening and blending rough outlines, and its own matchless colours to hide or to adorn.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, would remove the cause.