



My Class For Jesus.

(By a Toronto Sunday-school Teacher.)
 My precious class for Jesus,
 Who did so much for me:
 Who paid the price which justice claimed
 In hours of agony,
 'Tis little, O my Saviour!
 That my weak hand can give;
 Oh, let me win these thoughtless ones
 To look to thee and live.

My whole dear class for Jesus!
 Now in their youthful bloom;
 Ere shadows lie across their path,
 Dull sickness and the tomb—
 While life is in its morning,
 And bright hopes cluster high,
 May these immortal souls lay up
 Their treasure in the sky.

My whole dear class for Jesus!
 Oh, let not one be lost;
 When Calvary was the fearful sum
 Their wondrous ransom cost.
 One little step may sever;
 The parting veil away;
 And forms that now are glad and fair
 To-morrow may be clay.

For Jesus! Oh, for Jesus!
 The time is fleeting fast;
 The holy Sabbaths hasten by,
 Soon, soon will come the last—
 Then, teachers, toil for Jesus,
 As ne'er ye toiled before,
 That each may bear a precious sheaf
 To yonder shining shore.
 —Christian Guardian.

Kindergarten Methods in Country Sunday-Schools.

Miss Mary B— had attended the State Sunday-school Convention, and as a primary teacher she was present at the conferences for primary teachers. Of course, the kindergarten was discussed, and as she listened to the experienced teachers, who talked about the philosophy of kindergarten methods, and the delight which children have in learning when taught accordingly, she began to wonder what there might be in it all that could be useful to her in her class of little country children.

'Country children like to have things made pleasant for them just as well as city children,' she said to herself, 'and I fear I have not been doing very much to make their lessons very attractive to them.'

She thought of the bare corner with its stiff benches, intended for grown folks, where she met her class every Sunday. It was so different from the lovely class-rooms advocated by those who were setting forth the kindergarten ideas applied to Sunday-school work that courage almost failed her.

'If I should ask them how kindergarten plans could be worked in a country Sunday-school, they could not tell me,' she said to herself. 'So I will just go home and work it out for myself.'

And this is what she did: She had four screen frames made of pine; these she stained with cherry, and filled them in with strips of matting. On the inside of one of the screens she put flexible blackboard cloth, so as to have a blackboard in conven-

ient shape. She knew it would be impossible to get permission to have the seats removed, and put comfortable little chairs in their place, so she had a shelf ten inches wide, fastened to each seat to make a foot-rest for the children. It was attached with hinges, so that it could be dropped when grown people should occupy the seats during church service. Stiff iron hooks and staples held it in place when the children were using it. The screens shut the teacher and class out from the sight of the school. The hum of the class work did not disturb them because they were busy at their own humming inside the screen.

The next thing Miss B— did was to provide a sand-box, which she made herself, taking a box about three feet long, two feet wide, and six inches deep, filling it with sand; for she had heard at the convention that a sand-map would be useful in showing the location of the Israelites at Mt. Sinai, with paper tents to picture the encampment; and how the same sand-box could be used to make the map of Palestine, locating Jericho in the lesson about crossing the Jordan, also the six cities of refuge, and even how it would serve to trace the journey-line of the Israelites on their way from Egypt to Canaan.

On the first Sunday in the cosy corner, there was a finger exercise which Miss B— had seen given by one of the teachers at the convention, which described Peter and six other disciples going fishing, and tolling all night and catching nothing, and then getting a net full of fish when Jesus told them to cast out on the right side.

Miss B— had seen sewing-cards at the convention. She sent for them, and on each successive Sunday each child carried home a card to stitch during the week, which had on it a design connected with the lesson, and the golden text to study while stitching. The delight of the children hardly knew bounds. So many parents came just to take 'a peep into that corner,' that suddenly there was a largely increased attendance at the school, and fresh interest was awakened. Miss B— was prevailed upon to remove the screen during the closing exercise of the school, and repeat some of the kindergarten exercises. Other teachers, seeing the interest thus aroused in all of the classes in the school, were impelled to seek out ways of improving their methods of teaching, and, as a result, the whole school was lifted upon a much higher plane of usefulness.

It may interest teachers in the country to know how Miss B— compassed the expense of fitting up her cosy corner. She enlisted a friend, who was a carpenter, to make the screen frames and put up the foot-rests for her, having secured the lumber as a gift from another friend. She purchased matting for fifteen cents a yard, and blackboard cloth for seventy-five cents a yard: the sand-box cost her nothing, as she got an empty box from the store, and filled it with sand herself. The expense of the sewing-cards for her fifteen scholars, and the teachers' help which gave her finger exercises, etc., was met by doing without a new dress which she had once thought she must have. But after she had demonstrated the wisdom and beauty of her plans, there was no need of such self-denial on her part.—Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, in 'Sunday-School Times.'

'Live more with Christ, catch more of His Spirit; for the Spirit of Christ is the spirit of missions. And the nearer we get to Him, the more intensely missionary we will become.'—Motto of the Student Volunteer Movement.

Getting or Giving.

There was a time when the custom of giving presents to scholars in the Sunday-school on Christmas was a general one; but for ten or fifteen years the current has been running in the other direction, and at present a Sunday-school that gives candy or toys or books or other gifts to its scholars on this festival, instead of giving those scholars an opportunity to bring in their offerings for those who are poorer than themselves, as a token of their gratitude to Christ, is behind the times, and cannot be counted as really a well-managed Sunday-school. Moreover, it has been found, by repeated experiment, that the scholars are readier than their teachers to adopt this plan, and to adhere to it when adopted, and that scholars in the humbler walks of life, and of more limited means, have a greater interest in it than those of the well-to-do classes. It is quite proper for individual teachers to give tokens of affection to their scholars individually, or for individual scholars to give to their teachers, on Christmas, or at any other time; but for a Sunday-school to assume the position of a giver of Christmas presents to its members, instead of proffering to its members an opportunity of giving in Christ's name and spirit, is a lowering of the tone of the Sunday-school, and is a perversion of its spirit and mission. If children come to Sunday-school for the candy and toys they can get there, they are less and less likely to be satisfied with their pay; but if they go to Sunday-school in order to share in the giving to others, they will gain more than they hoped for. The best Sunday-school entertainments on Christmas, in city and in country, in church-schools and in mission-schools, are those at which teachers and scholars alike bring up their offerings, large and small, and present them before the Lord with appropriate singing and recitations and prayers. The Sunday-school that knows nothing by experience of this sort of entertainment is to be pitied, and should be invited to try it for once, so as to be sure to try it again.—Sunday-School Times.

Be Tender.

Be tender, little heart, and true,
 In hours of joy or gloom;
 Like lily, which in shade or sun
 Gives still its sweet perfume.
 Be faithful, little hands and feet,
 Bright eyes and tuneful tongue;
 God smiles not on the royal robes
 Of gold and purple spun.

Twin stars of truth he made your eyes,
 To read his gleaming page;
 To note the wonders of his hands,
 And brighten darksome age.
 Your lightsome, dancing feet he gave
 To run in duty's way;
 And clever little hands to help
 At work as well as play.

—'Wait.'

Never Out of Sight.

'I know a little saying
 That is altogether true;
 My little boy, my little girl,
 The saying is for you.
 'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,
 And, gray, so deep and bright,
 No child in all this careless world
 Is ever out of sight.'

'No matter whether field or glen,
 Or city's crowded way,
 Or pleasure's laugh or labor's hum
 Entice your feet to stay;
 Some one is always watching you,
 And, whether wrong or right,
 No child in all this busy world
 Is ever out of sight.'

—'Little Pilgrim.'