

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. XXX.]

FEBRUARY, 1896.

[No. 2.

"Whither Goest Thou?"

"WHITHER goest thou, O Saviour,
Without royal diadem,
With thy regal hand unseparated?
"Bethlehem."

"WHITHER goest thou, O Saviour,
Lord of Life and Lord of Death,
Light of men in darkness shining?
"Nazareth."

"WHITHER goest thou, O Saviour,
Second of the Trinity,
Blessing joy and soothing sorrow?
"Galilee."

"WHITHER goest thou, O Saviour?
We would rise and follow thee,
Glory of thy people Israel."
"Calvary."

"WHITHER goest thou, O Saviour,
From the grave returned to be
Resurrected, life, and glory?"
"Bethany."

"WHITHER hast thou gone, O Saviour,
Lord of purity?"

"WHITHER I have gone, thou knowest.
I am he

"WHO hath overcome and conquered;
Those who follow me
Yet shall hear my voice,—'Ye blessed,
Come and see.'"

—From "Dies Panis," by E. Hamilton.

Feeding Giraffes.

It was Spurgeon, I believe, who stated that in view of the stilted language used by many teachers, one might imagine the Master's command to Peter to have been, "Feed my giraffes,"

rather than "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep," as recorded in the Gospel. We are reminded of this by an article in a current religious paper, of which the following extract is a specimen: "If this allegation that they teach 'social equality' should after all prove to be but a phantasmagoria of the imagination, will the tumultuous opposition to this educational work," etc., etc.

Another example may be suggestive to our workers in the great Sunday-school army of to-day. There has for a long time been a small Sunday-school at Vanishing Point, and it is smaller now than it was years ago. Upon examination it appears that much dependence has been made upon talk. They select a talking superintendent, talking teachers, wordy officers; and hence there is quite a strife of tongues every time they meet. Jokes are frequent, and there is often a straining for effect that is very bewildering to the poor scholars. It is said that on one occasion a certain teacher told his class that a well-known writer "is a perfect V. V."

Completely mystified by this singular declaration, one of the boldest boys ventured to ask, "What on earth is a V. V.?"

Teacher (decidedly)—"Why, a voluminous vermicularity."

Boy—"A what?"

Teacher—"Oh, I suppose you would call him a book worm."

Boy—"Yes, I guess so."

Now, was this teaching? Are words of learned length and thundering sound the best vehicles for the communication of truth and thought to the minds of ordinary Sunday-school pupils? Let us consider whether there is not a plainer, simpler, more excellent way of doing our work than that reported to be pursued at Vanishing Point.—C. B. Stout, in Baptist Teacher.

Not only do we not know God without Jesus Christ, we do not know ourselves without Him.—Pascal.