

Oratory.

"How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read!"—*LOSAFELLOW.*

Oh! God-like power to mortals given,
To teach our hearts the paths of right;
To bid them now by grief be riven,
And then with joy be shining bright.
To bid us now weep tears of sorrow,
As some true hearts' life-dream is shattered;
Then smile again as grief's to-morrow
Comes brightly in, and fears are scattered.

Oh! sublime act, to hold enraptured
The sea of faces toward you turned,
Till thoughts of thine their hearts have captured—
Their souls with thine own thoughts are burned;
And themes that late were only thine,
Now run unchecked in other minds;
Thy musing o'er some thought divine,
In other hearts a lodgment finds.

Oh! ye to whom this power is given—
This wondrous power to mortals lent—
Use it to help some soul to heaven,
Let love be with thy talent blent.
Use it for purpose true and holy,
To check the wrong, advance the right;
Thy life an offering, given wholly,
To make our land more pure and bright.
—*Della Rogers.*

Help Yourself.

BY N. S. M.

THERE are few things more important than the training of the young in the Sabbath-school, and the work among the very little people is in some sense the most important of all. Supposing, then, that a teacher has been enlisted in this work, is already furnished with at least some of the gifts and graces of a Christian, and is willing to deny herself in order to do good to those under her care, there yet remains something of great importance to be added—a training which will fit her to do her work well.

What are some of the ways in which this training may be acquired? The subject has seemed to divide itself into four heads—self-help; help from association with other teachers; help from a knowledge of educational principles; and help from the contemplation of Jesus as the Model Teacher. The design of all teaching, and especially of all Sunday-school teaching, should be, not the cramming of the mind with knowledge, even of Bible truth; but the formation and up-building of character, the deepening and broadening and ennobling of all that goes to make up a full and earnest life. If this be so, then, manifestly, the teacher's first duty is to herself; because, in order thus to help others, we must ourselves be filled with a full and energetic life that will overflow, and, by a sort of resistless sympathy, energize those over whom our influence is exerted. The cry of each one of us ought to be—

"Tis life whereof our nerves are scant;
More life, and fuller—that I want."

How can we get more life? It does not come so much from school education as from the habit of helping ourselves, out of school, and after we have left school. We have all of us the

power of thought; yet how few persons are there who really do their own thinking on any subject! It is easier to take the thoughts of others, to accept as true what is told us, without taking the trouble to make it our own by real thought about it. Some one has said, "Think wrongly if you will, but do your own thinking." Yet we may think rightly, if we will. To this end should we not cultivate a habit of accurate thinking? We have a perfect standard by which to measure our thoughts; let us see to it that our thinking always tallies with the divine standard, that all thoughts of ours shall be inspired and shaped surely and unmistakably by a "thus saith the Lord."

Not only is the habit of doing our own thinking, and striving to do it accurately, a means of self-help, but so also is a constant habit of keeping our eyes and ears well open as we go through life. It is really astonishing how little some people see. There is such a thing as forming a habit by which eyes and ears shall become channels through which we shall absorb life from all the universe about us. If we go about with eyes and ears well open the perceptive faculties will be quickened; and if there is the desire and aim to use all these common things in the service of our Master, every bit of knowledge that we so pick up can be turned to account in our teaching. If Moses had not said to himself, "I will now turn aside and see what this great sight is, why the bush is not burned," he would not have heard the voice of God, nor been made the leader of his people. It was apparently only a little bush on fire; the thoughtful observation, the careful seeing why, was just the self-help that led to his finding God in the bush. Oh! for a habit of seeing God everywhere! Of course there must be and there will be, an effort to gain help from books—above all, from the Book which is the teacher's text book—the Bible. But here again self-help is a vital requisite. Reading will not make us wise; committing to memory even Bible words will not do it; finding out facts and learning the opinions of even the greatest thinkers, in the best books will not answer. It is only by feeling that we can grow. The advice will apply to us no less than to Timothy: "Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine; meditate upon those things, give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all."

But does not all this lead us up to the One Being in the universe who can aid us in our efforts at self-help? A deeper personal acquaintance with God—is not this the highest way to self-help? What can mortal do in the way of self-help that can compare with the constant habit of talking with the All-wise? We can secure for ourselves by prayer, by living intercourse with the Great Teacher, such aid as shall put at our disposal all the treasures of

wisdom and knowledge that are hid in Christ Jesus our Lord. Illuminated by him who is the light of the world, taught by his Spirit, we shall be perfect and complete, "thoroughly furnished," not only as teachers, but "unto every good work."—*Westminster Teacher.*

Patience.

EVERY lily in the meadow
Waits in patience for the rain;
Every daisy in the shadow
Waits till sunshine comes again;
Every birdie in his home-nest
Waits for food, nor waits in vain.

Dearest Saviour, it is written,
"Be ye patient," in thy Word;
Make me patient as the lily,
Or the daisy, or the bird;
Give me, Lord, thy tranquil spirit,
Never by a passion stirred.
—*Selected.*

A Poor Little Thief.

SHE does not look like one? What do you think she has stolen? Money? O, worse than that. From whom do you think she has stolen? I'll tell you all about it. At Susie's father's house—her name is Susie—they have days with twenty-four hours, all divided off, each with its duties. About eight hours they have for sleeping; in fact, Susie has nearly eleven for that work. Then two for study, and three for dressing and eating; that leaves her eight hours for play! Only out of that time father has planned that every morning she shall give about fifteen minutes to God. Only fifteen minutes! Shouldn't you think she might spare them? Well, this morning, during that fifteen minutes, what do you think she did? In the first place she found in her pocket a nice long string, and while her father was reading these words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," Susie was wondering if she had a shuttle whether she couldn't make tatting as fast as Mary Burton could. So she tried it with a piece of cord, tying it into knot after knot, getting her fingers caught, and finally hurt a little, so that her grown-up sister had to untie them. Not a single word did she hear of all her father read from the Bible. Then they sang a hymn, sweet words about

"Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?"

Something in the tune, Susie could not herself have told what, reminded her of the song the children sang at play:

"Look to the east, and look to the west,
And look to the one that you love best."

So she hummed it very softly to herself, all the while that the family were singing their hymn of thanks to Jesus for his great love. Then they knelt to pray. Susie put her little body down, too, and looked as though she was praying; but the rhymes she had been saying over had reminded her what fun they had at recess the day before,

and who she had chosen as the one she liked best; and she planned what they would play to-day, and how she would manage it, and how she wouldn't have Annie Wilcox in the play at all, because she didn't like her; and how she would tell all the other little girls not to play with Annie. And before she was half through with her planning she found that the prayer was over and the family were rising from their knees. Not a word of prayer had she heard, not a sentence had she prayed. Now if she is not a little thief, what name shall we call her? And if she has not stolen from the great God time that rightly belonged to him, how shall we explain what she has done?—*The Pansy.*

Saved by a Hand Shake.

ACCORDING to my custom, I went around shaking hands with the early comers to the little prayer-meeting, two of whom, a married couple, I had never seen before. They came again, became permanent workers—the lady joining the church by experience. More than a year had passed, when I was asked to call on particular business. After the usual salutation, she showed me an elegant dressing-gown, and told me it was for me—the work of her own hands. While I was getting over my surprise, she said, "Do you remember the first evening my husband and self entered the little chapel, and how you came around and shook hands with us? Well, that hand shake saved me from suicide, and this is a small expression of the gratitude I feel to him who saved my life." Now, my interest was thoroughly aroused, and, all ears, I listened to the story of her marriage, her husband's wild ways, her efforts to save him, or at least to restrain him, by going with him to the theatre or the race-course; how her influence grew less and his habits worse, until, in despair, she finally determined to end her misery. Just then she thought of her God, whose cause she espoused in her youth, and said to herself, "I will go there." To her surprise her husband concluded to go with her. It was in this agony of soul she took her seat near the door, when I, utterly unconscious of her distress and peril, simply performing an act of common courtesy, lifted her up to new life and usefulness.—*National Baptist.*

THE history, uses, and fashions of the wedding-ring are pleasantly described in the November number of *The Popular Science Monthly*, in an article on that subject by D. R. McApally.

Mr. G. P. Serviss' admirable articles on "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass" is continued in the November number of *The Popular Science Monthly* with a paper on "The Stars of Autumn," in which many of the most interesting constellations and other celestial objects are described.