



BRIDGE ISLAND.—(SEE PAGE 34.)

A Childish Lesson.

FRANKY is almost five years old,
Wise as a serpent, and twice as sly!
A bright little monkey, merry and bold,
Mischief and mirth in his twinkling eye.

Temper at times can gleam there, too!
But whenever he screams in his baby rage—
Stamping and striking, as children do—
He grieves with a sorrow beyond his age.

The little fellow has learned to say—
Folding his hands as he kneels on the floor,
"Franky's a naughty boy, to-day,—
But he never must do so any more!"

Franky's papa, one evening, sat
Talking of matters with Uncle John;
They spoke of the chances of this and that,
And the terrible way that things went on;

And words ran high and higher yet,
Till Franky's papa, with might and main,
Brought down his hand on the table, set,
While the glass and china rang again.

Franky folded his fingers tight;
Suddenly lisped, as he knelt on the floor,
"Papa's a naughty boy, to-night,
But he never must do so any more!"

Oh! little Franky, you hardly knew,
As you joined in the laugh where each one smiled,
The wholesome lesson your elders drew
From the lisping lips of a roguish child!

Influence of a Good Example.

MORE than half a century ago, a young lad in England was put apprentice to an ordinary trade. There was nothing remarkable about him, with, perhaps, one exception—that he learned to be a serious and thoughtful lad, as it was known that he was the child of pious parents. But, alas! in his case, as in that of many others, his early apparent goodness soon passed away. Having to sleep in a room with other apprentices, all of whom were thoughtless or reckless, on retiring to rest he was ashamed to be seen praying, as he had been accustomed to, and so, from fear of his wicked companions, he hurried to bed without bending his knee in supplication. Again and again this was done, till his regard for his former habit got less and less, and by-and-by he gave it up altogether, and seemed, like his companion apprentices, as if he had never known or done better.

After a time, however, another apprentice came, and he also slept in the same room. Accustomed as he was to pray, he quietly knelt to offer prayer to God as he retired to rest. This was seen by the other with deep emotion, conscience rebuking him for his want of Christian firmness, and urgently pressing him to be faithful to his known but neglected duty. Shame to pray in the presence of his fellow-apprentices had been the first step in his downward course. And now the example of the other had brought him to reflection, and led him with firmer purpose than ever to consecrate himself to the service of Christ.

From this time his course was changed; and in afterlife he became an honest and most useful minister of the gospel—the distinguished and beloved John Angel James, of Birmingham, England, who, after a life of great usefulness, being the means of turning many to righteousness, died in the faith, and passed to his rest in heaven.

Who can estimate the power of example, whether for good or evil? What evil may not be done by one evil example? What good may not result from one act of Christian decision?

Who is there that cannot be useful to others by himself being and doing right?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven!"

The Gospel Slogan Sounded in London Halls.

BY REV. GIDEON DRAPER, D.D.

WESLEYANISM in London has been confessedly conservative. One-half of their churches, or to speak more churchily, chapels retain the Episcopal service. The London Wesleyan Mission at the West End is a new departure. It was opposed to the bitter end in the press, on a platform, in church meetings, and in the annual Wesleyan Conference. But by the influence of the late eminent Sir William McArthur, with others of the moneyed laity, the radical measure was voted. And the results have more than justified the expectations of the most sanguine. God has signally set his seal in aggressive efforts to save the masses. The Christ-law and Christ-spirit have been richly rewarded. An anniversary has just been held after six months of experiment, and among all the notable anniversaries of the metropolitan city, meetings that eclipse the world, this finds no subordinate place. An efficient, sympathetic co-worker is Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. The fashionable St. James Hall is occupied with this mission. Wardour Hall also is pressed into service. This latter is in crowded Soho, just off Oxford Street, in which the writer held service for a year, under the auspices of the Congregational Union. He can therefore speak confidently and intelligently of the place and its needs. A conference was held in Wardour Hall. Three hundred conversions had signalized a three weeks' mission. It is a babel neighbourhood. Seven languages have been heard in the inquiry room. But the Gospel has power to touch and transform all alike, and they blessedly came to speak the one Christ-tongue.

The "Sisters of the People," deaconesses who are in permanent residence in Catherine House, are exceedingly helpful in supplemental work. These ladies, many of them of high position and broad culture, give themselves entirely to this glad service. Visiting from house to house, and room to room, nursing the sick, taking charge of Mothers' Meetings, Girls' Clubs, Sewing Classes, etc., seeking and saving the lost, these, with many other duties, are performed by consecrated women.

The mass meeting in St. James Hall was a great success. Brass bands and other attractive novelties are utilized. The multitudes from the crowded and fashionable thoroughfare are drawn in. And the Gospel message comes with freshness and with power. The remarkable statement is made, that "there has not been a single service without definite conversions." This declaration from so

high an authority as the Rev. Guy Pearse, can be received without discount. It is not only saving souls, but saving lives, saving men and women, that is sought and carried forward.

The experiment that was so onerous to many pious, timid souls, has conquered its position. "Onward, Christian soldier," meets with divine and heavenly favour. One hundred thousand dollars have been poured into its treasury, and there is plea and room for limitless enlargement. The thousands of non-church-goers who have been reached by this unique evangelistic effort, do not exhaust the gracious results. An inspiration has come to formal churchism and dead orthodoxy to awake out of sleep and lay hold of the weapons of aggressive warfare. Dean Milman used to say that the early Methodists "were God's wooden spoon to stir the churches to effort." There is reason to believe that this stirring spoon has been surrendered to salvation and church armies. It is proposed by the Wesleyan West End division to retake it, and stir more vigorously than they all.

There are churches in New York and elsewhere, of the Wesleyan and other orders, passive and powerless, not lifting a single jewelled finger to save the godless masses which may profit by this simple history.—*Christian at Work.*

Teachers' Department.

Mrs. Crafts, on Primary Teaching.

(At the recent S. S. Convention, Toronto.)

MRS. CRAFTS first spoke briefly to the teachers. "There were certain principles to be observed in the work of teaching the primary class," she said, "which might be put like these: Begin with what is familiar. If the first six steps of a stairs are missing, what use are the stairs? Make the children think and talk. Question the class as a whole, but expect individual replies. Do not permit concerted replies, except in repeating an individual reply. You may think you are giving instruction by the concerted replies that are only being made by a few of the class. Pay particular attention to the timid and duller children. Question them upon what has been taught. Question several times during the course of the lesson. Read the lesson assigned for the day from the Bible after it has been taught, for then the children will be more interested in it, and be better able to understand what they are reading. Make the lesson fruitful; make the lesson brisk and brief."

Having laid down these principles—making comments on them the while—Mrs. Crafts turned her attention to the application of them. The children were gathered from all parts of the city, and were strangers not only to their teacher, but also to each other. Mrs. Crafts' task was, therefore, a difficult one. The lesson was on the healing of the leper by Jesus Christ. The first thing to do was to gain the confidence of the timid rows of little ones, who were subdued by the strangeness of their companions and surroundings.

Mrs. Crafts is assisted in her work by a reassuring kindness that looks from her eyes and softens her speech. She first told how she had cut her finger, and had had a sore upon it; and then asked how many of the little ones had sores on their hands. Such a thing as a child old enough to walk, and without a sore on its hand, is unknown, and every hand went up. So cuts and bruises and sores on their hands was a theme on which the children could talk, and they did. They showed their wounds and scars, and found them bonds of union. The teacher's desire was accomplished. The ice had been broken, and she with her pupils,