

"But how can I draw that big girl and her melodeon across the road from her home to the school-house?"

"I don't know, but you must watch opportunities and wait. I have lived long enough to see that where God has a work for any one—and I think He has such for you—we must wait patiently and He will bring things about."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"I know so. One reason why we are in this world is to show that God has His plans, that we and other people are parts of them. God is working. He will make opportunities, and we must watch and step in as He opens a door."

After this interview with Father Harris, the Sunday-school effort, pushed along lines he had indicated, was more successful.

But there was that Samantha Tutherley! She was a big blocking boulder lying across these lines, and it seemed as if she never would be dislodged.

"What can I do?" Annie Burton often would wonder.

And Father Harris would seem to answer, three miles away, and cheerily counsel her: "Wait and watch!"

One day it was reported at school that Samantha Tutherley was "down sick."

"Perhaps it's my opportunity," thought the teacher, and she was soon at Samantha's door.

"Samantha's poorly!" moaned her mother, in reply to the teacher's expression of sympathy.

"Won't you come in? Somehow she don't seem to git ahead. Got a slow run of suthin'—fever or suthin', the doctor says. You play? Somehow she's got the greatest notion to git to her orgin. I thought if you played it might sort of quiet her."

It was just before the shutting down of the night like a black cover on sea and land; an hour that may bring a feverish unrest to the patient. Annie was not a gifted musician, but she appreciated one quality of good music, that of expression. She sat down to the little instrument, gently touched its keys, and sang that verse:

"Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil and woe,
Or should pain attend me
On my path below,
Grant that I may never
Fall Thy hand to see,
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee."

"Who's that?" said Samantha, tossing on her bed in an adjoining little room. "Tell her to sing it ag'in!"

Her mother hesitated. She had had previous orders from the patient "not to let that teacher in," if she should chance to come to the house. And there she was at Samantha's "orgin," swaying that magic sceptre of music which so controls and quiets many disturbed hearts.

"Tell her to come ag'in," was Samantha's direction when she knew who the caller was.

It was soon understood that if "old Dr. Beal" was Samantha's physician, the teacher was assistant nurse, and her music was medicine.

About a month after this, Father Harris, behind his old white horse, was slowly moving past the school-house.

"What's that?" he wondered. "Why, there's music in the school-house! What has that teacher got now? I must step out and see." He pushed ajar the creaking school-house door and cautiously peered in.

"My!" he softly said. "Got a Sunday-school concert or something! Lot of people, fathers and mothers! And children—just see them!—and that class of young ladies! And if there isn't Samantha presiding at her melodeon! I thought that teacher would do something. So much for waiting and watching and improving your opportunities! I told her so."

Father Harris was detected at the door, and was obliged to go in and pay for this inspection by making "some remarks."

What Can We Do For the Boys?

BY A TEACHER.

THIS has been called the age of unrest, and the reason we seem to have a demand for all kinds of Sabbath desecration is because of the restlessness of human nature and a desire to be going somewhere. What shall we do to hold our young men and boys in our Sabbath-schools? This is the work of the individual teacher to a certain extent. Someone has said, to be a successful teacher you must first win the love of your class; but we may have much to do before even this is accomplished. In the first place, pray for them often; keep them in your mind. Be regular in attendance at all church services. One boy said when his mother came home from church, "I know one person who was present—my teacher." It has a good influence. Be punctual and set a good example. Study your lesson thoroughly, so that you can talk about the lesson without hunting for the answer when it is needed. If they ask you a question on the lesson you cannot answer, say so, and do not try to make them think you know more than you do, for if they are wide awake boys you cannot deceive them, and you might lose their respect.

If they are like most boys, you will have to ask the questions and give most of the answers too; but some seed may find good ground. If your boys are absent, find out why they are, and if they have been injured in any way, by which they are confined to the house, but have their senses, send or carry them something

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