

the straying multitude, and join Him in the service of the suffering, the crushed, the lost, then we will feel within the pulse of His life.

Need it be added, that, if we would have power and joy in our work as teachers, we must learn to look into the faces of our scholars, wherever we meet them, with something of the love, the sympathy and the passion to save with which Jesus is regarding them?

Sunny Brae, N.S.

### Hero Worship

*By Rev. F. W. Murray*

Every child is a hero worshiper. The schools and churches, the streets, the homes of our land are better for the voices of the hero worshipers.

But who are the possible heroes? Are they not all those who have the privilege of living their lives in the presence of childhood?

It puts a solemn significance into one's act, when he stops to think of its effect on this or that young life. Would a man live worthily? Then let his deeds and words be worthy the gaze of an innocent child.

The hero worshipers of to-day will be the heroes of to-morrow. Some of them may never have looked upon storied marble, or fine engraving, but if they have beheld a good life, they have seen the noblest work of God's hand. It is a splendid equipment for to-morrow's work, that the heroes thereof have to-day been permitted to rest their eyes upon many a beautiful life—visions which will often cheer and strengthen them, when the struggle is hard and the victory seems doubtful. Even the poorest hero in life will have his worshiper, and has therefore the opportunity of inspiring the coming workers of the world with those ideals of goodness and truth which are the real wealth of life.

Glassville, N.B.

### The Oyster Boy

*By Frank Yeigh, Esq.*

One hundred members of a Bible Class mean one hundred human problems, one hundred distinct types, one hundred subjects for close study.

Of these individual types, there are all sorts and conditions; but my mind is set for the moment on the Oyster Boy.

Let us sit down and study this human bivalve. There he sits, as he has sat for a long succession of Sabbaths, in the same seat. It would be interesting to place another in his chair, and then cold-bloodedly watch the discomfiture of the Oyster. For the Oyster Boy is a regular attendant. No need to put a class detective on his trail, or to send a class messenger with a missive of inquiry.

There he sits—expressionless, stolid, inert. All he seems good for is to count one in the class roll call. He brings his shell with him, and retreats into it during the whole session. He does not overwork his tongue, or, apparently, his brain. He is a blackboard without a mark on it. He is—he is—just the Oyster Boy, and becomes fixed in one's mind as the Oyster Boy. He might so easily create an excitement—by asking or answering a question, by saying anything to anybody at any time, or even by felling off his seat, and thereby show signs of life. He is an enigma, a problem in Euclid, a seemingly unsolvable sum, a prize puzzle—is the Oyster Boy. But there he is, and what is to be done with him? He's an obstacle, made to be overcome; he is an oyster, made to be opened.

Standing at a too-quick lunch counter the other day, I ordered a half-dozen blue points, and watched with deepest interest the oyster opener. Why, it is an art, a profession and a trade all in one! I not only got my oysters, but a pointer or two to use with the Oyster Boy. For there's a way—a right way, and only one way, to open a sealed oyster. It is at its front door and not at its hinges. The insertion of the knife blade, just so, in the seam of the shell, a pressure—and it opens! So, there is a right way to open the Oyster Boy; but I only wish I could find it as quick as the rapid lunch feeder found it in the blue point.

First, patience, and a heap of it, is needed with my human oyster. The closest study of the boy animal in the shell is essential, when, step by step, discoveries are made—that he has a tongue, for you heard him whisper to the lad with the shock hair, on