

conveyed to strange lands where were wrought the marvelous works of the Master.

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

And to us who have not been brought up in the Holy Land is there an enchantment about the Bible which cannot come to those of Palestine who have always been familiar with the scenes and customs it portrays. As far as the lesson story goes it is well to cultivate this sense of distance, and then in summing up the practical teachings to draw upon home facts.

As a general rule it is best to use an object but once. If it be used more than once, the children get the lessons it has been made to illustrate confused. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule—representations of Eastern furniture, for example—but in most cases it can be followed.

It is desirable to have that which meets the gaze Sunday different from what is viewed during the week. The temple furniture was different from that of the Jews' homes, and the Catholics, notwithstanding the questionable uses to which they put some of the paraphernalia of their cathedrals, fully understand the fact that people want a change on the Sabbath, and give it to them.

The Point of Contact.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

LILLIPUT came home from church yesterday satisfied with the sermon, and particularly with the walk, and the blue sky, and the sunshine.

"What did the minister talk about, Lilliput?" asked auntie.

"O, he talked about furniture, and chairs, and sashes, and about burying a man three times."

Auntie was inclined to think this a very unsatisfactory report of the sermon until she remembered that Lilliput's brain had faithfully recorded the few references ("by way of illustration") to concrete things, and that the abstract thought, which had found interested receivers among adults, had flowed against her ears on the waves of sound, and had receded, leaving little or no impression.

She was very much like that dear old infant in *The Diary of Kitty Trevelyan* who came home from church full of the fine sermon she had heard.

"It rolled along like the sea!" she said.

"But did you understand it, Betty?" said her mistress.

"Understand it? Bless you, no! Do you think I'd make so bold as to understand our parson?"

Her child mind had been content with the mu-

sic of the rector's voice and the atmosphere of worship.

One of the most vivid of the recollections of my childhood is that of sitting in the village church and looking up into the great bare spaces above me to try to follow the echoes of the preacher's voice which seemed to float here, there, and everywhere, like some unseen, winged spirit. Some may remember the full round vowel tones, almost guiltless of consonants, sounds with which the Rev. Calvin Coates of blessed memory used to convey the Gospel to his people in his later years. No word or thought of his—and I have heard that his sermons were most excellent—ever lingered in my conscious memory, but the curious music of his voice will be a distinct and oft-recurring recollection while I live.

Without doubt a child gathers fragments from sermons addressed to their elders, as Lilliput seems to have done, words that convey a distinct picture of familiar objects; but a divine Providence has made it impossible for the severely doctrinal, the abstract, or any highly wrought deliverances of the pulpit to find admittance within the serene consciousness of the little child.

Even exhortations to repentance, which might seem to appeal to the emotional or affectional nature, have little effect upon one who does not know what it is to even wish to wander from the Father's house. Only the tone of the speaker may fill the child's heart with an undefined dread, as in the case of Lilliput's sister, who, as a four-year-old in the primary school, was present in the main school during a "special revival service." She heard the sonorous and awesome voice of the kindly and beloved superintendent, and with tears filling her blue eyes she cried out, "I don't like to hear him say it!" Dr. Cuyler once preached in the church of Robert McCheyne, of sainted memory, and asked if there were any present who had heard McCheyne preach, and an old man was pointed out to him who had heard him in childhood. The old man said he could not remember anything that Dr. McCheyne had said in his sermons. "But I remember," he said, "when I was a boy playing by a country road, Dr. McCheyne came along, looked at me, and said, 'Jamie, I am on my way to see your sick sister,' and then putting his hand on my head, he said, 'Jamie, boy, I'm concerned about your soul.'" The old man lifted his face and said to Dr. Cuyler, "Do you know, sir, I can feel the touch of his hand to-night?"

Since, then, the Lord interposes a closed door between a large part of our teaching and the inner world where the child lives, why should we not be content to sit down by the door with the