

glad when it was through, and I am sure we are, then he says—'boys keep still until school is done,' and takes his book and reads. Some go to sleep, some whisper and play, some count the panes of glass in the window, and all are glad when the bell rings for the close of school. It isn't so in Henry's class. They all look so happy, and the lessons are so interesting, he wishes they would last all day. O, if I was only there!"

"What makes the difference!" said the mother mentally, for it was a question Charlie would have been puzzled to answer. And what did make the difference?

These teachers were each active, consistent christians, ready to labor in any part of the Lord's vineyard that should be appointed them. They were also familiar with the Scriptures, well versed in all those portions which are profitable for doctrine, for reproof, or for instruction," and each earnestly desirous that his pupils should become "wise unto salvation." But here the resemblance ceased. Henry's teacher loved his work, and the young charges committed to his care. Charlie's taught from a sense of duty; he knew it was well for children to be instructed in the Sabbath-school, and that some one must take the responsibility of teaching them. Contenting himself with hearing the lessons recited properly, and preserving order in his class, he imagined his scholars were too young to gain much immediate benefit from his labors, but encouraged himself with the hope that the seed, although it should "lie long buried," would "at last spring up and bear fruit abundantly." And so it may, if the "birds of the air" do not pluck it up before it has taken root.

When Henry's teacher came to his class, his face beaming with interest, the light was reflected back from those young faces, as from a mirror. Chil-

dren are quick to discern the feelings of those who care for them. And so during the whole exercise, the attention was fixed by attractive means upon the lesson, and there were few wandering glances, or wandering thoughts.—Familiar illustrations, similar texts of Scripture, an oft-repeated hymn, some incident that had occurred during the week, and innumerable other things, were so interwoven with the passages committed to memory, they not only served to illustrate them, but also to strengthen the impression upon the mind. Every eye was intently fixed upon the teacher, waiting for the words that should fall from his lips; there was no opportunity for him to "sit down and read;" his only regret was that the hour should be too short for him to finish his instructions. A glance at his weekly course may account for his usual interest in a measure. He was ever looking for materials to carry into the class; any thing that had a reference to the lesson, or could be introduced with profit, was remembered and related. An incident, trifling in itself, was often made the means of impressing some solemn truth or detecting some sinful propensity, as nothing else could have done. Appropriate illustrations are easily found, if any one is earnestly seeking them.

This teacher was also well acquainted with his class, familiar with their peculiarities, their childish joys and sorrows. When he saw them at their sports, he did not pass by on the other side, but gave them a friendly greeting, praised the new kite that was floating in the wind, or commended their military skill as soldiers, thus they felt he was a friend as well as a teacher. In addition to the instructions on the Sabbath, he often met his pupils during the week, and in a more familiar way repeated the solemn entreaties, and enforced the sacred truths of the Bible. Finally, his Sabbath-school class was