

near the library and visited. In the class of eight young ladies that I was requested to teach, (teacher absent frequently,) but one had given any study to the lesson, and that but for a half hour! And all, I thought, looking round at the cheerless, uninviting room, for want of a little gas!

Better have the sunlight if you can get it, but if you are condemned to a city, and dingy walls rise up about you shutting out the blessed rays—why turn on the gas! Let in the light in some way, and see if it will not suggest something else to make the room attractive.

### Christian Songs in India.

We have frequently spoken of the good being done by the native Sunday-schools in Lucknow. A simple but, to us, pleasing and significant incident occurred a few evenings since, which illustrates the unobtrusive way in which these schools are working among the children of the city. We were standing on the veranda of a bungalow in Cantonments, when we were surprised to hear a familiar English tune sung to Hindustani words. We listened a few minutes, and caught the words.

"I want to be an angel,  
And with the angels stand;  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand."

The singers were a few boys passing along a road at a short distance. We must confess that we have the most implicit confidence in the good results of these joyous little hymns when thus firmly rooted youthful memories. They will bear better fruit than sermons and catechisms. Some one had said of a certain denomination of Christians that "their theology has been sung into them." It is a good way of teaching theology, and we may here remark that it is a good way of teaching sound theology. Christians differ in prose, but they seldom find any serious difficulty in singing each others hymns. In prayer and praise their faith seems one.

We are glad to hear that Sunday-schools are multiplying, and we hope to hear of many from time to time. A promising school was opened at Seetapore last Sabbath, fifty-six boys being present.—*Lucknow Witness*.

### Reading and Thinking.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teachers are often hurried in the preparation of their lessons, diffident of their own ability, and perhaps unaccustomed to independent thinking. They are, therefore, under a strong temptation to resort to commentaries, first and last, for their ideas. We say temptation, because the habit of yielding involves the loss of a great good. If it were only last, never first, it would be quite otherwise. But thoughts received at second hand can never have the peculiar interest and power derived from the fresh suggestions of the living Word. Reading can never take the place of thinking. The truth is well told in these words:

Bacon asserts that reading makes a full man; but without digestion fullness is dyspepsia, and creates sleepiness and inert fat, incapable of action. Hazlitt says you might as well ask the paralytic to leap from his chair and throw away his crutch, or, without a miracle, to take up his bed and walk, as to expect the learned reader to throw down his book and think for himself. He is a borrower of sense. He has no ideas of his own, and must live on those of others. The habit of supplying our ideas from foreign sources enfeebles all internal strength of thought, as a course of dram-drinking destroys the tone of the stomach. The Word of God is pre-eminently a book for direct reading, and is never known in its glory if received through another man's comment. Pure and cool are its streams if we drink immediately from the well-head, but when the precious crystal has long stood in earthen vessels its freshness is gone; the truth is there, perhaps, but not the life. We should let texts lie on our hearts till they melt into them, like snow-flakes dissolving into the soil.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

BISHOP SANDERSON says: "You may rise early, go to bed late, study hard, read much, and devour the marrow of the best authors; and, when you have done all, unless God give a blessing, be as lean and meagre in regard of true and useful learning, as Pharaoh's lean kine were after they had eaten the fat ones."