

## Sabbath School Teacher.

## TRUST.

The child leans on its parent's breast,  
Leaves there its carol, and is at rest;  
The bird sits singing by his nest,  
And tells aloud  
His trust in God, and so is blest  
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed;  
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;  
By flowing stream or grassy mead  
He sings to slumber  
Men who forgot, in fear of need,  
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,  
And feels as light as it had wings;  
A wall of peace within it springs;  
Come good or ill,  
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,  
It is His will.

## WOMAN'S WORK IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

J. K. McLEAN.

(From an essay on The Work of Woman in the Church.)

As we look out through the various departments of church activity, most obvious to women, as to men, who desire some good sphere of usefulness within the church, stands the Sunday-school. I apprehend that here is peculiarly a sphere for woman's activity.

It has now long been the opinion of the educational world that women are very much better day-school teachers than men—incomparably better in the early stages of schooling. Primary departments and low-grade rooms have no use for men teachers any more. Some are so extreme as to say, as well put a bull in a china-shop as a blundering man down there; and better, for broken china can be cemented and made yet to hold ten, but no cement can righten a wrong education; you can't stick together broken faculties nor straighten warped powers. These things must have the most delicate possible handling. I speak of primary teaching not slightly. It is the most important, as it is the most difficult and the most trying teaching in the world. As much more important than the higher branch instruction as any foundation is more important than the second story and third story work above. Experience is everywhere demonstrating this superior fitness of woman for primary instruction. Very few intelligent communities, I may say none, allow a man any longer in their primary schools.

Now, it must be remembered, first, that the great body of our Sunday-schools are from these very same primary and low-grade rooms in the day-school. And, a second, that still finer tact is needful in Sunday-school teaching than in day-school. A Sunday-school is a school without any sanctions behind its authority. Children have to go to day-school, and to the same day-school. In Sunday-school, this, with more than half the scholars—and by far the most needy half is different. They will go if like. If they don't like they'll stop going, or will go elsewhere. A very great deal depends, therefore, upon the teacher's tact. The Sunday scholar must be first won, then taught. Now who does not see that woman possesses ten qualifications for this work to man's one? Some men have a rare gift in this line; almost every woman has it.

Again, not only in drawing scholars into the school and keeping them there, but in the real business of the Sunday-school, in the matter of Christian nurture, woman has a distinctive advantage. It is by no accident that a young child's physical nurture falls to woman. Nor is it by any accident that she stands the central, unifying and moulding power in the home; it grows out of her very constitution. Man makes the walls of a home, woman makes its atmosphere. Man makes the house, woman the home. Man builds the nest, woman lines it. With only a man about the premises the best you can have is a house,—cold, bare, cheerless walls; there must come a woman into it to make it home. Now I am strongly of the opinion that the chief thing in a Sunday-school work is not, after all, the actual amount of teaching given through the lessons,—that's only the walls of the house,—so much as it is the general nurturing influence of teacher and school,—that's the atmosphere inside the bare walls. I think there's a great deal in a remark made to me by a Sunday-school superintendent recently. Said he: "It's not so much what a teacher says to his children as what he is to them, that tells." The ideal Sunday-school work, as I apprehend it, is, for an adult Christian, of true Christian character, Christian life and Christian spirit, to form relations of intimacy and sympathy and helpfulness with a knot of children in her extreme youth and to carry forward those relations just as far into advancing life as possible. Give me a sensible, cheerful, consistent, conscientious Christian man or woman, who will take six boys or girls at five years old and grow up with them until they are twenty or twenty-five years of age, and I'll venture to guarantee those children standing, in the large number of cases, among the Lord's elect ones. What is taught them, is, of course, of consequence. But I would almost say—by comparison I would say—I don't care what is

taught them. I will rely for their salvation upon what a true teacher is to them.

And now, if that be a true estimate of Sunday-school work, do you not see how incomparably better suited to it woman is than man? Only here and there a man can hold a class together; only here and there a woman who cannot hold hers. Only here and there a man who can enter into the life of his scholars and be a restraining, stimulating, sanctifying power upon them as they grow older, only here and there a woman who cannot.

I am prepared to put down the great body of our Sunday school work as distinctively woman's work. There's a large, almost boundless department here. There's hardly any end to what woman may accomplish for Christ's church, by gathering up handfuls of children, getting them interested in Sunday-school, sticking to them, influencing them and instructing them for the Lord Jesus and His kingdom.—S. S. Teacher.

At a recent sociable of the New York Sunday School superintendents, in New York, it will be remembered that each one present was asked to name one mistake that he had made in his work as superintendent. The following among the forty confessions, will do to repeat again and again, until they are recognized and remedied: "Coming into the school out of breath, without a hymn selected, and lacking preparation in all the details of the exercises;" "Saying one word to his school while it is in disorder;" "Running music or something else to an extreme;" "Praying too long;" "Using tobacco;" "Taking the word out of the teacher's mouth, by using up all their points in his open talk;" "Thinking his work begins and ends on Sunday;" "Not having a teachers' meeting;" "Retaining inefficient teachers;" and "Inviting peripatetics to speak in the school." But the most notable of all these striking acknowledgments was this: "Thinking he made no mistakes, like other superintendents." Reader, let us have a little unuttered sociable. What is your mistake?—The Sunday School Times.

## REVERENCE IN THE SCHOOL.

Dr. John Hall, in pressing the importance of a reverential atmosphere in the Sabbath School, says in the Sunday School Times:

"Reverence is not gloom; nor is it inconsistent with natural cheerfulness. Seriousness is the natural expression of a deep, earnest purpose. No sensible surgeon operates on a man's throat close to the jugular vein with a joke on his lips. No ship's officer steers by a perilous reef with a running fire of drollery. 'It is forbidden to speak to the man at the helm' on the ocean-going steamers for obviously good reasons.

"When Christians assemble on the Sabbath to lead immortals from downward paths to Christ, they are about earnest work. Levity is shocking; and when to the gravity of the work we add that the word they use is God's, the presence they invoke is God's, the work they do is God's, it will be plain that reverence is the fitting frame of mind; and that frame of mind is to be shown by appropriate manner. Why should the unspoken impression of a boy looking round his school be, 'I guess it's not of much importance!'"

## TO BE HAPPY.

"Since I have found the Lord," said Lady Flora Hastings to a young friend, "I have been as happy as an angel." Her words were like an arrow to the heart of her gay and pleasure-seeking companion. From that hour she could not rest amid the empty joys of wealth, and pride, and rank, and pomp, and pleasure. She sought the Lord, and since the days of the Marys who wept around Christ's bleeding cross and rejoiced before his opened sepulcher, we shall hardly find such a life of holy, burning, unselfish Christian love and labor as was lived by that young lady, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, for so many years the fellow-worker and supporter of Whitefield and his associates.

An English traveller describes a "Mystery," called the "Creation," which he saw performed at Bamberg in Germany, in 1788. According to his account it was a grotesque affair. Young priests had the wings of geese tied on their shoulders to personate angels. Adam appeared on the scene in a big curled wig and a brocade morning-gown. Among the animals that passed before him to receive their names was a well-shod horse, pigs with rings in their noses, and a mastiff with a brass collar. A cow's rib-bone had been provided for the formation of Eve, but the mastiff spied it out, grabbed it and carried it off. The angels tried to whistle him back, but, not succeeding, they chased him, gave him a kicking and recovered the bone, which they placed under a trap-door by the side of the sleeping Adam, whence there soon emerged a lanky priest, in a loose robe, to personate Eve.

## Our Young Folks.

## ONE MORE YEAR'S WORK FOR JESUS.

One more year's work for Jesus,  
One less of life for me!  
But heaven is nearer,  
And Christ is dearer  
Than e'er before, to me.  
His love and light  
Fill all my soul, to-night.

One more year's work for Jesus:  
How glorious is my King!  
'Tis joy, not duty,  
'Tis love, not beauty;  
My soul mounts on the wing  
At the mere thought  
How Christ her life hath bought.

One more year's work for Jesus:  
Sweet, sweet the work has been,  
To tell the story,  
To show the glory  
Where Christ's flock enter in.  
How did it shine,  
In this poor heart of mine!

One more year's work for Jesus—  
In hope, in faith, in prayer,  
His word I've spoken,  
His bread I've broken,  
To souls faint with despair;  
And bade them flee  
To him who hath saved me.

O blessed work for Jesus,  
O rest at Jesus' feet:  
Their toll seems pleasure,  
My wants are treasure,  
And pain for him looks sweet.  
Lord, if I may,  
I'll serve the more each day.

## MORNING HYMN.

Now the shades of night are gone,  
Brightly shines the morning sun;  
Lord may we be thine to day;  
Drive the shades of sin away.  
Keep our naughty passions bound;  
Let us in thy ways be found;  
Gone out and coming in  
Keep us safe from every sin.

## THE COLD-WATER BOY.

Behold the table with boiled turkey and ham, with vegetables nicely cooked, and gravies rich and juicy. There sits a father at its head and the mother opposite, and guests are seated on either side; there is no lack of good humor and merry jest to give spice to conversation.

There are children too; a boy of ten and a little girl of eight. They listen intelligently and attentively to the remarks of parents and guests, look up into the faces of one another with interest. Behold! decanters are brought in; glasses are filled, and one and another sip the sparkling wine.

"Excellent!" said one snacking his lips. "Fine!" echoed another, with glasses refilled.

"Shall I drink wine with you my lad?" asked one of the gentlemen, bowing to the boy.

"Is not your glass filled William?" asked the father. "John fill William's glass," turning to the servant. Slowly did William turn up his glass to receive the rosy liquor.

"Drink with the gentleman, my dear," whispered the mother encouragingly. The boy blushed and cast down his eyes, but he obeyed not. Was he frightened? Was he diffident?

"My son did you not hear Mr. Black address you?" said the father quickly and sternly. "Drink wine with him, William."

Accustomed to obey his father's slightest wish, the boy's lips quivered but he obeyed not.

In a moment, raising his eyes and looking his father full in the face, he said manfully:

"Father I am a soldier in the Cold Water Army and I can't drink wine."

"Brave boy!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen setting down his glass.

"The Cold Water army must conquer if every soldier stands his ground as well," said another regarding William with great respect.

"We'll excuse you my son," said the father, in a softened voice, and tho' they sat long at the table, his glass was not again raised to his lips. There it stood, untasted and full. Yes, the cold water ranks can boast of other soldiers as brave as William.

Stand firm my boys; let no one beat you from your ground. Be up and doing! Intemperance is stealing about, seeking whom it may devour. Break his weapons, destroy his engines, give him no quarter.

"Cold water! Cold water!" Let this shout of triumph be heard all over the land, from city and hamlet, from mountain and glen.

"Cold water! cold water and victory!" —Young Pilgrim.

## THE MOTHERS KISS.

George Brown wanted to go somewhere, and his mother was not willing. He tried to argue the matter. When that would not do, he spoke roughly, and went off, slamming the door behind him.

Instead of saying, "I would really like to go; but if you cannot give your consent, dear mother; I will try to do my best so be content to stay," instead of saying and feeling so, he behaved in the way I have described, just as too many boys do. George was fourteen; and and, with fourteen years' experience of one of the best of mothers, one would

have thought better of him. "But he was a boy? What can you expect of boys. So says some people."

Stop; hear more. That night George found thorns in his pillow. He could not fix it in any way to go to sleep on. He turned and tossed, and he shook and patted it; but not a wink of sleep for him. The thorns kept pricking. They were the angry words he spoke to his mother. "My dear mother, who deserves nothing but love and kindness and obedience from me," he said to himself. "I can never do enough for her; yet how have I behaved!—her eldest boy! How she nursed me thro' that fever!"

He would ask her to forgive him in the morning. But suppose something should happen before morning. He would ask her now, to-night, this moment. George crept out of bed, and went softly to his mother's room.

"George," she said, "is that you? Are you sick?" For mothers, you know, seem to sleep with one ear and eye open, especially when the fathers are away, as George's father was.

"Dear mother," he said, kneeling at her bedside, "I could not sleep for thinking of my rude words to you. Forgive me mother, my dear mother! and may God help me never to behave so again."

She clasped the penitent boy in her arms, and kissed his warm cheek. George is a big man now; but he says that kiss was the sweetest moment of his life. His strong healthy, impetuous nature became tempered by a gentleness of spirit. It softened his roughness, sweetened his temper, and helped him on to true and Christian manhood.

Boys are sometimes ashamed to act out their best feelings. Oh, if they only knew what a loss it is to them not to.—Mother's Magazine.

## WHEN THE DARK COMES.

A little girl sat at twilight, in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times worried her poor tired mother.

"Ma," said the little girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief and begin to act good just about this time every night?"

"I do not know dear. Can you not tell?"

"Well, I guess it's because this is when the dark comes. You know I am a little afraid of that. And then, ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I've done to grieve you, and that perhaps you might die before morning; and so I begin to act good."

"O," thought I, "how many of us wait 'till the dark comes,' in the form of sickness, or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we 'begin to act good!' How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine! and then, 'when the dark comes,'—as it will in a measure, to all—we shall be ready to meet it without fear."—Well-spring.

## BE STEADFAST.

An English Admiral, who rose to his high station by his own steady exertions, used to be fond of relating, that on first leaving an humble lodging to join his ship as a midshipman, his land-lady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying, "God bless you and prosper you, my lad; and as long as you live, never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers."

The young sailor carefully followed this advice through life, and had reason to rejoice that he did so; while thousands have regretted, when too late, that they have pursued a different course.

Never let your honest convictions be laughed down. Be true to yourself, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your own conscience. See to that whatever you lose, whether it be money, or place or reputation, you do not lose courage, honesty, simplicity or truthfulness.—Early Days.

## THE RUNAWAY KNOCK.

"Teacher," said a bright earnest-faced boy, "why is it that so many prayers are unanswered? I do not understand. The Bible says: 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;' but it seems to me a great many knock and are not admitted."

"Did you never sit by your cheerful parlor fire," said the teacher, "on some dark evening and hear a loud knocking at the door? Going to answer the summons, have you not sometimes looked out into the darkness, seeing nothing, but hearing the pattering of some mischievous boys, who knocked but did not wish to enter, and therefore ran away? Thus it is often with us. We ask for blessings but do not really expect them; we fear that Jesus will not hear us, will not admit, and so we go away."

"Ah, I see," said the earnest-faced boy, his eyes shining with the new light dawning in his soul; "Jesus cannot be expected to answer runaway knocks. I mean to keep knocking until He cannot help opening the door."

## INFLUENCE OF A CHILD.

A gentleman lecturing in the neighbourhood of London, said:

"Everybody has influence, even that child," pointing to a little girl in her father's arms.

"That's true," cried the man.

At the close he said to the lecturer, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but as I did not like to go to the public-house alone, I used to carry this child. As I approached the public house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said: 'Don't go father!'"

"Hold your tongue, child!"

"Please, father, don't go!"

"Hold your tongue," I said.

"Presently a big tear fell on my cheek. I could not go a step further, sir. I turned round and went home, and have never been in a public house since—thank God for it."

## LOVING AND HATING.

If you love, love more. If you hate, hate less. Life is too short to spend in hating any one. Why war against a mortal who is going the same road with us? Why not expand the flower of life and happiness by learning to love, by teaching those who are near and dear the beautiful lesson! Your hands may be hard, but your heart need not be. Your form may be bent or ugly, but do you not know that the most beautiful flowers grow in the most rugged, unsheltered places? The palace for care, the cottage for love. Not that there is no love in a mansion; but somehow, if we are not very careful, business will crowd all there is of beauty out of the heart. This is why God has given us the Sabbaths and Saturday nights, that we may leave business and have a heart-cleaning.

## RESPONSIBILITY OF WEALTH.

The Methodist has an excellent article on this subject, from which we take the following paragraph:—

We would not have men desist from the lawful pursuit of wealth, but we would have them comprehend the true character of the enterprise in which they are engaged. Riches bring an increase of responsibility which cannot be transferred to another. The faculty to acquire money, which is given to some, while denied to others, is a talent, and is subject to the same laws which regulate the possession of other talents. Some men have a gift of public speaking; this gift they are to use only for the promotion of the right, whether in the pulpit, the forum, or at the bar. In like manner others have the gift of money making. Every thing they touch seems to turn into gold. God has bestowed this gift on them that they might bless the world. If they employ it only to hoard money, or to squander on themselves, they are recreant to a most sacred trust, and must account to God.

## DANCING.

We see in the Church Observer a letter in reply to the remarks of the Bishop of Quebec upon the above subject. The writer, who signs himself "One who has been a dancer," objects to the Bishop, that Christians should not be conformed to the world, and that "the world means those who follow their own inclinations, without a thought of pleasing God; and this the writer thinks is the case with dancers. All dancers are, perhaps, not in this category; but all who are there are dancers. The writer's own experience is, that the influence of a dancing-party on his religious views is very much like that of water upon fire. Again, the catechism teaches to renounce the pomps and vanities; but if dancing be not pomp and vanity, "One who has been a dancer" would like to know what is. The apostles, he thinks, would take advantage of the crowds of ball-rooms in order to preach the Gospel; but they would be received as Paul was by Felix, because the pleasures of the world would be sweeter than the words of life. As to purity of life, the writer of the letter having had the ill luck to live much in boarding-houses, has heard improper jokes passed upon virtuous ladies, with whom the joker or one of his friends had enjoyed a gallop, which would have induced him to prevent his sisters from subjecting themselves to the like class of remark. The difficulty in deciding between the two theories of the Bishop and his censor is as to the point at which physical or even intellectual enjoyment, when not distinctly of a religious character, becomes sinful. Logically followed out the reasoning of the letter-writer would lead us to the asceticism of Thomas-a-Kempis. If pomps and vanities are everything beyond the strict necessities of life, we have all to reform to a degree which we suppose would startle the advocates of that rigid measure.

A SOLEMN TRUTH.—Where God refuses to correct, there God resolves to destroy. There is no man so near the edge, so near the flames, so near hell, as he whom God will not so much as spend a rod upon.