

Sabbath School Teacher.

THY WORK, O GOD, IS MINE.

To live and work for thee
No thou dost send
Amid earth's ruins. May I be
Unto the end,
A living sacrifice. My store
Is thine—not mine—forevermore.

Thy work, O God, is mine
Dedicated to do;
My work, O God, is thine
While I pursue
The path in which my Saviour trod
In sunshine, or beneath thy rod.

With thee to guide aright,
I fear no foe;
Nor in the darkest night
Refrain to go
Where'er thy voice is heard to call,
For thou on earth, rulest all.

What though no passions rage,
And urge retreat,
The warfare which I wage
Knows no defeat;
The conquering power is on my side,
While I in Jesus' love abide.

A HINT TO TEACHERS.

Some incidents teach great lessons. Some years ago a young lady was teaching a class of boys in the Sunday-school. She was one whose heart was in her work, and who loved to sit before her class to open up to them the Scriptures. She never went from a mere leaden sense of duty. One Lord's day afternoon the rain was falling heavily, and the wind was very high. It was a day of all days for staying at home. She looked at the rain and listened to the wind, and for a moment was very much tempted to leave her place in the Sunday-school vacant. But better thought prevailed, and she cheerfully faced the storm. On reaching the school, she found all her boys were there. Not one was missing. She of course expressed her pleasure at seeing them there. One of them said to her in a bright, hearty way: "Teacher, mother said you would not be here; but I bet her a dollar you would."—*Baptist Teacher.*

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

If you want your spiritual life to be healthy and vigorous you must just come more boldly to the throne of grace. The secret of your weakness is your little faith and little prayer. The fountain is unsealed, but you only sip a few drops. The bread of life is before you, yet you only eat a few crumbs. The treasury of heaven is open, but you only take a few pence. O, man of little faith, wherefore do you doubt? Awake to know your privileges! awake and sleep no longer. Tell me not of spiritual hunger and thirst so long as the throne of grace is before you. Say rather you are proud, and will not come to it a poor sinner; say rather you are slothful, and will not take pains to get more. Cast aside the grave-clothes of pride that still cling around you. Throw off that Egyptian garment of indolence, which ought not to have been brought through the Red Sea. Away with that unbelief which ties and paralyzes your tongue. You are not straitened in God but in yourself. Come boldly, for you may, all sinful as you are, if you come in the name of the great High Priest.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

"It seems to me you spend a deal of time selecting your Sunday school books."

"Yes. I'd rather have poison in the children's bread and milk than in their books."

A book comes to one in the quiet of his thoughtful years. It finds him off guard. If it speaks pleasantly he will listen, whether it teaches doctrines of devils or angel's speech. What it says is woven into his life. He may lose what the speaker uttered, but he goes again and again to his book for a repetition of the truth or a lie. The old proverb says, "Show me the company a man keeps, and I will tell you his character." In these days it might better be, "Show me what he reads." One strong bad book may turn a young man's feet towards hell.

It matters less what children read? Indeed, not! As the people who teach them are, to their fancy, infinitely wise and great, so their books are marvels of skill and beauty and goodness. All are in the superlative, wonderfully interesting, or thrown aside in disgust. Hence the power of what they read. Because their thought is yet speechless we ignore it. They cannot tell us what they think; nevertheless they do think, and their thoughts take colour from their books more than from the people who mend their manners and their pinafores, who cajole and scold them, who pet and oppress them. They lie awake in the morning jingling over some nursery jumble, finding men and women, children and animals, on the wall; not the men and women they meet on the streets, not the boys and girls they play and quarrel with, but the people of their books. I can see them yet—those pretty morning pictures, painted by the plasterer's trowel, leaving rough places for shadows to hide in, and the child's fancy. Not Bettie or Nell, Charley or Joe, came out on the wall, but a plumed knight,

fighting a dragon: a crowned Queen, with her sweeping train; a grand King, with his retinue and hawks and hounds—their were the people of my book world. They were always about me when I was alone, or sick, or sleepless. Alas, alas! they taught me, a tiny child, that to be beautiful, to live elegantly, to dress gorgeously, to make a grand appearance, was the one thing needful. With what infinite pains and hard discipline has the dear Christ taught me his own lessons, the opposite of these!

We are so busy with the ready-made people around us, we so underrate the children, that we fail to get at their thought. If we were wiser we should find that oftener than otherwise their books shape their character, decide their way in life.

The Sabbath school teacher has the child in hand one hour in one hundred and sixty-eight. She gives her lessons under all sorts of difficulties. Objects passing the windows, people in the aisles, the scholars in the next seat, a half-dozen merry urchins, full of sly mischief—all these catch his attention, so that he hardly hears what she says. He takes home a book. He gets away by himself, his eyes fastened upon it. It has him all to itself for hours. Its people are real to him. He makes up his mind to be like them. They take hold of him. They mould him for Christ or Satan, heaven or hell. It is important that we have strong, earnest, trained Sunday school teachers. It is infinitely more important that we have strong, true, good Sunday school books.

SCOTCH PRESBYTERIES AND KIRK-SESSIONS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

In 1598, we find the Presbytery of Glasgow concerning itself about a young man who had passed his father without lifting his bonnet. He was judged a "stubborn and disobedient son to his father." About 1674, the kirk-session of Edinburgh was occupied some days considering the case of Neil Laing, accused of making a pompous convey and superfluous banqueting at the marriage of Margaret Danielston, "to the great slander of the Kirk," which had forbid such doings. The absence of external appearances of joy in Scotland, in contrast with the frequent holidayings and merrymakings of the Continent, has been much remarked upon. We find in the records of ecclesiastical discipline clear traces by which this distinction was brought about. To the Puritan Kirk of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries every outward demonstration of natural good spirits was a sort of sin, to be as far as possible repressed. To make marriages sober and quiet was one special object. It was customary in humble life for a young couple, on being wedded, to receive miscellaneous company, and hold a kind of ball, each person contributing towards the expenses, with something over for the benefit of the young pair. Such a custom has been kept up almost to our own time, but much shorn of its original spirit. In the latter years of the sixteenth century, it was customary for the party to go to the Market Cross and dance around it. At Sterling, October 30th, 1600, the kirk-session, finding "there had been great dancing and vanity publicly at the Cross visit by married persons and their company on their marriage day," took measures to put stop to the practice. It ordained "that none be married till ten pounds be consigned, for the better security that there be nae mair ta'en for one bridal lawing than five shillings according to order," "with certification, gif the bridal lawing be broken, the said ten pounds shall be confiscat." In like manner the kirk-session of Cambusnethan, in September, 1649, ordained "that there suld be no pipers at bridals, and whoever should have a piper playing at their bridal, shall lose their consigned money." And in June next year, the same reverend body decreed that men and women, "guilty of promiscuous dancing," should stand in a public place and confess their fault. The powers of the Kirk to enforce its discipline and maintain conformity was a formidable one, resting ultimately on their sentence of excommunication, of which the following contemporary description may be given:— " Whatsoever incurs the danger thereof is given over in thir days by the ministers of the hail people assembled at the kirk, in the hands of Satan, as not worthy of Christian society, and therefore made odious to all men, that they should eschew his company, and refuse him all kind of hospitality; and the person thus continuing in refusal by the space of a hail year, his goods are decreed to appertain to the king, sac lang as he disobedient lives."—*Domestic Annals of Scotland.*

Have you not often wondered at the human utterances of the divine word? It thunders like God, and weeps like man. It seems impossible that anything should be so bitter, or even too sinful for that book to overlook. It touches humanity at all points. Everywhere it is a personal, familiar acquaintance, and seems to say to itself: "Shall I hide this thing from Abraham my friend?"—*Sprygeon.*

Little Folks' Column.

PLAYING HORSE.

The boys are playing horse! Take care!
Here comes the prancing steed!
As gay a pony, I am sure,
As any one would need.

See how he lifts his dainty feet!
See how he curves and whirls!
And see his lofty flowing mane
Of tossing chestnut curls!

Hark to the jingle of the bells
Upon the scarlet reins,
The sturdy driver holds so firm,
And guides with so much pains.

Ho, Bertie boy! not quite so fast
With your "Act up!" and "When!"
Your two-year pony must be held
With gentle reins, you know.

But it's too late! Away they run
Slam-bang against the door;
And pony, driver, reins and all,
Are heaped upon the floor.

Poor little horse! Bring him here!
The best place for him now
Is in his mamma's arms, I think;
You see he thinks so too.

So hush your cries, and be quite still,
Poor little weary steed!
For often in the race of life
Just such a rest you'll need.

S. M. W.

TOO SURE.

"What is the time, John?"
"Ten minutes to nine."
"I thought it was later."
"Did you? I am sure it's what I say."
"Thank you."

The boy who had inquired of John, and who trusted to him, ran down the street.

"That is good," he said to himself. "I shall just have time to do what I wish and get back to school by nine o'clock."

He ran as fast as he could for three minutes. Then he stopped for he heard a sound. The church bells were striking nine.

Very vexed he felt as he retraced his steps as quickly as he had come.

But when he reached school he found that the door was shut.

He went in among the "late boys" and consequently lost his place in the class.

"It was too bad of you to deceive me, John," he said, as he passed him. "If it had not been for you I should have been early."

"I suppose it was later than I thought," said John.

"Yes, but you should not have told me you were sure unless you had been so."

"That is just like John Stevenson," said another boy, "he is always so sure about things."

There was no time for further remarks, as the boys were obliged to take their places.

"John Stevenson, look over these exercises in dictation," said one of the teachers.

John did not particularly like that work. The exercises had been written by the younger boys, and most of them had plenty of mistakes to correct.

John read the first dozen lines on each slate. If they were correct he did not take the trouble to go on, but wrote the word Correct at the bottom of the slate. If there were errors in the first dozen lines he concluded that there might be others, and therefore read the whole.

It took him nearly half an hour to do. When it was done he returned the slates to the teacher.

"Have you marked all the errors John?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure you have overlooked none?"

"Quite sure," said John.

But casting his eyes swiftly over the uppermost slate the teacher found towards the bottom two mistakes that had been overlooked.

"You should be more careful before you make an assertion, John," said he, when he had called John's attention to them. "It is very dishonourable to say you are sure of a thing when you are not at all sure."

When the morning lessons were nearly over the master called for the ciphering books.

"Is this sum correct, John?"

"Yes, quite correct, sir."

"Have you done it carefully?"

"Yes. I am sure there is no mistake."

"You are much too sure," said the master. "If you work it again you will find that one figure is incorrect."

John was not very pleased at that. He wanted to go home with the other boys, and now he was obliged to remain and get the sum right before he left.

When he was ready to go the master spoke a few special words to him.

"Three times this morning, John Stevenson, you have said you were sure of what you asserted, and each time you were wrong. You are too self-confident. You should take the trouble really to satisfy yourself as to the correctness of a thing before you declare it to be so. I hope you will learn the truth that you

are very likely to be mistaken, and that, therefore, you should be exceedingly particular about what you say."

But the habit that John had formed was too deep to be easily altered, and although he did try to be a little more careful before he made an assertion, he was just as self-confident as ever.

Some time after John left school, and was apprenticed to a draper.

He was quick to learn, and when he had only been in the shop two or three months he began to serve customers. He thought it very unnecessary indeed for one of the older persons to stand by and see that he did it properly.

"I am quite sure I know how to do it," said he.

But other people were not quite so sure; and thought it better that he should have some supervision.

"Have your bills examined always, Stevenson," said the foreman.

"That is too bad," thought John. "As if I do not know how to work a little sum in addition like that!"

It always vexed him to have to take his bills for examination, but of course he had to conform to the rules.

On one occasion, however, a lady was in a great hurry, and did not want to be kept a moment. John made out the bill and she paid it.

"Is it right Stevenson? Let me see," said the foreman.

"I am sure it is right," said John, "and the lady does not want to stay."

So the money was paid, and John gave the lady the change.

But in the evening when the cheques came to be examined, a mistake was discovered.

The next morning John was summoned into the office, and asked to account for the deficiency.

"Here is a mistake of ten shillings in the bill about which you were so sure yesterday, Stevenson," said the foreman.

John cast it up and found that it was so.

"I thought I was very careful. I cannot account for the mistake," said he.

"You were foolishly confident in yourself, you see. Did you know the lady?"

"No I never saw her before."

"I did not know her either, so of course you will have to pay this ten shillings yourself."

"I?" said John, with a red face and sinking heart.

"Certainly. Who should lose it if not you?"

"I do not want to spare the money."

"I cannot help that. You will always have to make good any losses that occur through your own carelessness."

So John paid it; and he was very short of pocket-money for several weeks afterwards in consequence.

But it did him good. He had been made to see that he was not nearly as infallible as he had supposed himself to be. It taught him to be careful. And it taught him humility also.

In future when he was tempted to be too sure about anything, he thought of the half-sovereign he had lost, and was always willing that others should test what he had done so that there might be no mistake.

CLARIFYING MAPLE SUGAR.

This being a very important process—one to which the sap, when it has been boiled down until it has become highly concentrated, must be subjected before it can be strained or filtered in a satisfactory manner—we will give our method, which, though simple, is quite sufficient for the business, and will most certainly prove, in any case, all that can be desired. When there has been enough of sap evaporated to make about fifty pounds of sugar—less quantities than this, of course, will require less clarifying material—take five fresh eggs, break them, and empty their contents into a half-gallon cup, and with a spoon beat them up thoroughly, and then pour in water enough to fill the cup about half full; stir until well mixed, and empty into the kettles, putting an equal quantity in each. The kettles should then be allowed to boil very briskly for about fifteen or twenty minutes, by which time the impurities contained in the sap will all be collected together, and can be easily separated from it by straining.

The kind of strainer or filter we use is made from a piece of heavy new flannel, cut so that when sewed up it is conical in form, and capable of holding about three gallons. To the top of this are sewed a couple of straps or handles, to hold it up by while straining, or to suspend it by to drip when the bulk of the fluid has passed through, which completes it.—*W. L. Graham, in Rural New Yorker.*

While you provide for things honest in the sight of all men, let your chief care be, not to be rich in the world's estimation, but to be rich in the estimation of God—to have a good hope through grace of enjoying the everlasting inheritance which is laid up in heaven for all believers.

Scientific and Alseful.

INFLUENCE OF HOME.

A neat, clean, fresh-air'd, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable, and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and respect for others, and for the higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life are observed, contributes to make its inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of others, and the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal.

DON'T WEAR TIGHT CLOTHING.

Never wear anything in the shape of clothing that can press upon the blood-vessels so as to impede the circulation. Put this down as a part of your hygienic philosophy. No matter what the fashions may be, insist upon carrying out this method of dress. Better have a good, round, plump, healthy body under a loose slouchy-looking dress, if so it must be, than to have a poor, feeble, cadaverous body all but dead, covered up under a very nice, well-padded, well-fitted dress. Take this fact in, and never let it go out of your mind. It is curious, when one studies the human body, to see its vitality expressed for its own preservation, how it resists any incursion on the vital domain.—*Laws of Life.*

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

The *Food Journal* says:—"A man with a bad appetite will, if he smoke, most assuredly eat still less—a noteworthy fact for smokers or others recovering from wasting illness, or 'off their feed' from whatever cause. This effect of tobacco, by the way, while an evil to the sick man who cannot eat enough, becomes a boon to the starved man who cannot get enough to eat; and ample illustration of this was furnished among the French and German soldiers in the recent war. Again, no man should smoke who has a dirty tongue, a bad taste in his mouth, or a weak or disordered digestion. In any such case he cannot relish his tobacco. It should be a golden rule with smokers, that the pipe, or cigar wick is not smoked with relish had better not be smoked at all. Indigestion in every shape is aggravated by smoking, but most especially that form of it commonly known as atonic, and accompanied with flatulence."

BILLIOUSNESS.

A clergyman comes to me a dozen times a year about his billiousness. Billiousness is a common malady. I know a great many people who are billious. They had no dyspepsia in their lives; they are only billious. Now, this word billiousness is a sort of respectable cover for piggishness. People are not billious who eat what they should eat. Reader, are you billious? (Rather a hard question after the above hard word.) Let me prescribe for you. If you follow my prescription, and don't get well, write me, and in the next edition I will announce my error.

First, on getting up and going to bed, drink plenty of cold water. Eat for breakfast, until the billious attack passes, a little stale bread, say one slice, and a piece as large as your hand of boiled lean beef or mutton. If the weather is warm, take instead a little cracked wheat or oatmeal porridge. For dinner take about the same thing. Go without your supper. Exercise freely in the open air, producing perspiration, once or twice a day. In a few days your billiousness is all gone. This result will come, even though the billiousness is one of the spring sort, and one with which you have, from year to year, been much afflicted. Herbs, drinks, bitter drinks, lager beer, ale, whiskey, and a dozen other spring medicines, are simply barbarous.—*Dio Lewis.*

KEEPING BEES IN CITIES.

Many persons who live in villages and cities are deterred from keeping bees from the fear of being stung. Now be it known that bees never sting if care is taken to handle them gently in the various manipulations that may be necessary. It is rough handling that finally gets them into the habit of flying at every one that comes near. They should never be disturbed until you have caused them to fill themselves with honey; then they may be handled with impunity, if care is used not to hurt them. We know gentlemen who keep bees successfully in the closely built lots of the city of Chicago, and there are no better forage grounds than city and village gardens, with their profusion of flowers, and the out lots covered with various wild flowering plants. Any one who has a place where the bees may be shaded from the hot sun in summer, may keep bees; indeed, some villagers keep swarms by scores, and reap profit thereby. Once accustomed to them, any lady may handle them without fear; and a nice plate of comb-honey now and then is by no means to be despised, and is positively enjoyable when it is produced under our own care.—*Rural*