

I used to hear of him for a while, that he was getting on and doing well. I have lost sight of him for years now, but I have no doubt he is doing good wherever he is.

In a moment, a tall, good looking gentleman, with red hair, stood up in the meeting, and said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am the red haired beggar boy of New York, who ate that gentleman's gingerbread. I have lived in the West for years, and have prospered. I am now a rich man. I own five hundred acres of as good land as the sun shines on. My horses and carriage are at the door, and when the meeting is over, I shall be happy to take my old friend to my home, where he will be welcome to stay as long as he pleases. I am a member of a church, and a superintendent of a Sabbath-school; and I owe all that I have in this world, and all I hope for in the next, to what was taught me about Jesus in the Sabbath-school."—*Sci.*

WAS IT A MISTAKE?

An excellent christian man with whom, not a great while ago, we were conversing on the changes made in the management of children within his recollection, related how, when he was a boy, he was *obliged* every week to commit *two* verses of a hymn, and *ten* verses of Scripture, to be recited on Sunday to his Sunday school teacher; and when Sunday school was over, he was marched with the other scholars into the main room of the church, to listen to the pastor's sermon.

Looking back upon this old-fashioned and heroic method of dealing with children, the dear good man who was telling us his experience expressed a doubt as to whether that was just the wisest way. And yet this man, whose boyhood was trained in that method, is a stalwart christian, of the noblest type—an honored deacon of one of the foremost churches in America. In spite of the deacon's doubt, we have a notion that he was brought up about right, and that we should have more *men* like him, if we had more *boys* brought up like him.—*Baptist Teacher.*

YOUR DUTY AS A TEACHER.

1. To be in your place every Sunday at least five minutes before the time for school to begin; or have an approved substitute there in case of necessary absence. If you cannot provide a substitute yourself, let the superintendent know of your intended absence.

2. To gather and keep a class about you—not merely to teach those who happen to be present. You can easily enough gather a class by a word of invitation to the boys and girls playing about your streets, who do not go to any school. You can only keep a class by making them feel, both in the school and out of school, that you are interested in them. Greet them with kind words whenever you meet them. Hunt them up as soon as they become irregular in attendance.

3. Keep your class in order by giving them something else to think about than the tricks and jokes to which they will na-

turally turn if left to themselves. An interested boy is always a good boy.

4. To interest your class in the lesson of the hour, because you have first become interested in it yourself, because you have been planning, beforehand, how you shall interest them.

5. To set your class an example, not only of punctual and regular attendance, but of interest in the general exercises of the school. Do you sing, then they'll sing. On the other hand, do you chat with a neighbor while the superintendent is reading the Scriptures, then they'll chat with a neighbor. Like teacher like class.

6. To make yourself responsible, as far as possible, for the general interest of the school. To shift no duty upon the superintendent or his assistants which you can do yourself. To work, give, pray, make sacrifices, bear burdens for "our school."—*Gospel Teacher.*

LET THEM GO.

We have referred above to a class of teachers—unfortunately large—who grind out classes, as a mill grinds grist; teachers whose scholars are continually dropping out; whose ranks have constantly to be recruited lest they have no classes left at all; and so they and their influence would be lost to the school. We desire to say, with utmost emphasis: "Let their classes alone; don't replenish them; let them replenish themselves; and if they cannot, or will not, let them go." You can afford to do without them; in fact, you cannot afford to keep them. They are too expensive. They are like a great deal of the land in a State we wot of, of which it has been said, that the more you own of it, the poorer you are.

No school can afford to keep a teacher that cannot keep a class.—*Bap. Teacher.*

GREAT ADO AND LITTLE DOING.

The other day we were greatly interested and edified by an ingenious piece of mechanism displayed in a shop window. It was a sewing machine in full operation, the motive power of which seemed to be furnished by a grotesque looking little old man, with merry, twinkling eyes, and a jolly looking face, and white hair, backward streaming. There he sat facing the public, his feet firmly planted against a sill, his hands desperately clutching a crank, which he seemed to be turning with all his might and main. He apparently enjoyed his work, and you would be likely to enjoy seeing him do it; for he seemed to say to all beholders, "just see what a prodigious worker I am!" But looking a little more closely, one would presently discover that the little old man was nothing but a puppet a little more than a foot in height, and that he didn't turn the crank at all, but only held on to the crank while the crank turned him. There was no blood in his veins, no brains in his head, and no heart in his bosom. He furnished no part of the motive power, but was himself a part of the machine. And as we considered this jolly old fraud, who with distended cheeks and many a nod and wink made much ado, when in

point of fact he was doing absolutely nothing, we could not help thinking how many there are in the world, in the church, in the Sunday-school, who "make believe" that they are working wonderfully—who go through with all the motions, and seem to be prodigiously in earnest; and yet they are only grasping the crank, and being carried along through a round of performances, but contributing nothing to the motive power.—*Ec.*

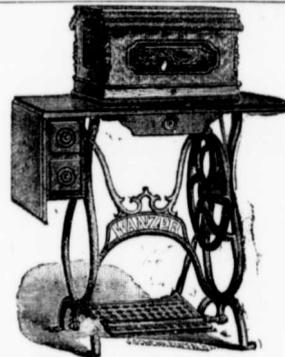
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