

ence. Nay, it may be safely affirmed, that where these are absent, there will not be much room for the former to flourish.

Children are generally quick in discerning improprieties in the conduct and tempers of their seniors; and though they may not be set forth in language, these errors generally make an impression on the mind that is not soon or easily effaced. It is justly assumed, that a Sunday-school teacher is a religious character, and if he does not act in accordance with that character, he will neither have the influence with his pupils which is secured by consistency, nor that authority among them which weight of moral character usually establishes. To profess to be teaching a religion which is contradicted by the whole demeanor, is so manifest an inconsistency, that the most limited capacity has no difficulty in discovering it. And when the object which ought to be kept in view is considered, that is, the salvation of the soul, it will at once be seen how kind, affectionate, and patient the manner ought to be. The Sunday-school teacher has to deal not merely with the understanding, but with the passions; not merely with the memory, but with the heart; he has not merely to communicate knowledge, but to allure and persuade into the paths of righteousness and peace. It behoves him, therefore, not to increase his own difficulties by turning the current of affection and feeling against himself through any inconsistency of spirit or conduct, but by suavity of manners, and a firm gentleness of spirit, to enlist the heart of his pupils on the side of prospective success.—*Plan of Instruction for Sunday Schools.*

From the American Messenger.

HENRY AND HIS HALF DOLLAR.

Henry — was the son of an industrious farmer in V—. He was prompt and active at work, and as active at play when he could get time for recreation. One day when he was about thirteen, he was at a mill in his father's neighbourhood, and an old man who lived a few miles up the river, came to get a small quantity of flour on credit. The old man said his aged wife was sick, and he wanted a little flour to make her something that she could eat; but he had no money to pay for it, and was obliged to ask a credit of a few weeks. The miller positively refused to let him have the flour, and the poor old man, dispirited and sad, turned towards his home. He knew not what to do. He disliked to go to his neighbors and beg for bread; and he feared that if he asked for credit, he might meet with the same repulse the miller had given him.

Young Henry heard all that passed between the miller and the old man; and he saw him leave the mill for his home, without flour to make even a cake for his sick wife. He saw his sorrowful face and his tearful eye, and the boy's heart was touched. As soon as the old man was gone, Henry went to the miller and begged him to send the poor man some flour; but he would not. "Then," said the generous-hearted boy, "here is a half dollar—it is the only money I have in the world—give me its worth in flour, and I will give it to that poor man's wife." The miller measured up the flour, and Henry took it on his shoulder and away he went. He got tired and sat down and rested, and then