

## His Majesty the King.

BY N. P. BABCOCK.

THAT baby's a puzzle to me,  
With his "queer little snubity nose ;"  
His clothes are put on, I can see,  
As thickly as leaves on a rose ;  
They don't seem to fit  
The least little bit,  
Yet he has such an air of repose !

They turn him around, upside down,  
And dandle him high in the air :  
He's the loveliest baby in town,  
The sweetest, in fact, anywhere.  
They say "Baby's King,"  
And then shake the poor thing ;  
It's a wonder to me how they dare.

Of what earthly use to be king  
When all of your subjects are mad,  
And imagine a wild Highland fling  
Can alone make your majesty glad—  
Or fancy a poke  
In the chin is a joke  
Your highness delights in when sad ?

Oh ! yes, you're a puzzle to me,  
You solemn-eyed, infantile king ;  
A bishop might climb up a tree  
And you wouldn't say anything,  
Though he sat on a bough  
And whistled till now,  
"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring."

And yet you will smile at a wink,  
Or chuckle aloud at a sneeze,  
Though your life is made up, I should think,  
Of things more amusing than these ;  
As when, half the night long,  
Your mamma sings a song  
But allows you to sound the high C's.

Perhaps in the far Baby-land,  
The joking is finer than here.  
Perhaps we can't quite understand  
The pre-mundane funny idea.  
Perhaps if we knew  
What most amused you,  
We'd feel very foolish and queer.

## Teachers' Department.

## Jubilee Services.

WE have received the programme of the Jubilee Services of the Thornhill Sunday-school. A very interesting and suggestive document. We note with pleasure that, with the exception of a single year, one gentleman was superintendent from 1848 to 1881—a period of thirty-three years. Many of our schools must now be approaching their jubilee. It is highly appropriate that it should be observed with suitable service of praise and thanksgiving. What an incalculable benefit have these schools done our church and country during the past half-century !

## Don't.

LET no one suppose for a moment that we think a Sunday-school will run itself, however well its habits have been formed, for it must not be forgotten that there is *degeneration* as well as *growth*, and that the former is certain to occur if constant watchfulness is not observed. A few "don'ts" may well, therefore, be considered in this connection.

Don't defer to the hour before the opening of the school anything that can, by any possibility, be done during the week.

Don't imagine that teachers will always be ready for their duties, but be ready to help them by word as well as by deed.

Don't fail to win the love of all with whom you are associated, not by fawning upon them or glossing their faults, but by the observance of true Christian courtesy and interest.

Don't let slip a single opportunity to win a soul to Christ, and secure prompt, open confession and union with the church.

Don't introduce new plans with too much frequency, nor press any plan until you have secured general assent.

Don't run the school as if it were your own private property, but let every measure be the action of the body, however much hand you may have had in securing the result.

Don't let self get the upper hand in a single thing you are aiming to accomplish, but do all things to the honour and glory of the Master.—*Baptist Superintendent.*

## Song as an Element of Sunday-school Work.

A HUNDRED years ago the Sunday-schools were not supplied with music-books as they now are. Indeed, the great flood tide of the admirable music is of very recent date. Twenty-five years ago there were but few books of this kind known. It does not, however, follow, that the children of the earlier generations did not sing. Indeed the throats of the young were constructed on the identical pattern as now, and hearts were just as liable to bubble over with song. Even the rules for singing were not so generally understood ; and the hymns sung were of a more dignified, as well as more devotional, character.

But we commenced this paragraph for the purpose of introducing a minute from the diary of the Rev. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism in England. It is dated just a hundred and one years ago—Saturday, April 19, 1788—and relates to a visit of the great preacher to Bolton, England.

"We went on to Bolton, where I preached in the evening to one of the most elegant houses in the kingdom, and to one of the liveliest congregations. And this I must avow, there is not such a set of singers in any of the Methodist congregations in the three kingdoms. There cannot be, for we have near a hundred such trebles, boys and girls selected out of our Sunday-schools and accurately taught, as are not found together in any chapel, cathedral, or music-room within the four seas. Besides, the spirit with which they all sing, and the beauty of many of them, so suits the melody, that I defy anyone to exceed it, except the singing of the angels in our Father's house."

On the next day, Sunday, Mr. Wesley preached to congregations which filled the house at eight o'clock in the morning, and at one in the afternoon. For the hour of three a great meeting of the Sunday-school was arranged. Of this meeting he says :—

"About three I met between nine and ten hundred of the children belonging to our Sunday-schools. I never saw such a sight before. They were all exactly clean, as well as plain in their apparel. All were serious and well behaved. Many—both boys and girls—had as beautiful faces as I believe England or Europe can afford. When they all sang together, none of them out of tune, the melody was beyond that of any theatre ; and, what is best of all, many of them truly fear God, and some rejoice in his salvation."

The reader will note the striking similarity between Mr. Wesley's account of this meeting of Sunday-school children and similar meetings held to-day.—*Our Bible Teacher.*

THAT is a good idea about the superintendent being "the mainspring of the school ;" it suggests that he does well to keep himself a little more out of sight than is sometimes the case. We have to open a watch-case to find its mainspring, and we

never would discover it by the noise it makes. Be sure that a superintendent who bustles about as if with a badge on his coat labelling him as the "mainspring" will not have the best and truest success. By all means be the mainspring, but do not give anybody reason to think that you so regard yourself. Mainsprings sometimes get out of order and fail of their purpose, hence have to be displaced. The cause is obvious.—*Baptist Teacher.*

## Cromwell's Courage as a Boy.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

OLIVER CROMWELL when a boy was just as full of fun and frolic as the boys are nowadays. Once, when he had incurred his mother's displeasure by some of his school-boy pranks, she inflicted a severe chastisement, and sent him to bed many hours before dark.

Some time had elapsed, and the boy was still sobbing with pain and anger, when a servant entering the room on some errand, chanced to say that her mistress had gone to see a sick friend in the village, and expected to shorten her walk by coming home across the pasture-field.

As soon as the girl had gone out and closed the door, the boy sprang out of bed, and, hurrying on his clothes, left the house without attracting notice. He paused long enough at the tool-house door to seize a light spade, and then set off in the direction from which his mother was expected to return. He had passed over the greater part of the mile when he met his mother. She was much surprised at seeing him, and sharply demanded his excuse for disobedience.

"There—there is a savage bull in the next field," he exclaimed, still sobbing with excitement. "He was only put there yesterday, and I was afraid you did not know he was there, and would venture into the field alone. You see I have come prepared to defend you," he said, holding up his spade. "I was afraid that your red shawl would anger him, and I slipped out to warn you of the danger."

"You are a noble boy, Oliver ; and I am proud that you are my son," said his mother, stooping to impress a kiss on his forehead.

His loving thoughtfulness and care had touched her deeply, and she allowed the brave lad to escort her across the field where the dangerous beast was grazing.

Great as was his bravery in facing the furious animal, it was not to be compared to his moral courage in at once subduing his resentment toward his mother to go to her assistance.

## Love for the Bible.

A LITTLE girl was one summer's day sitting at her mother's cottage door, reading her Bible. A gentleman, who was taking a walk, stopped at the cottage to ask for a drink of water. Her mother gave him a cup of milk, and after he had rested himself awhile he set out again on his walk.

Seeing the child still at her book, he asked what it was. "It is the Bible," said she. "Oh, I suppose you are learning your task for school?" "Task, sir? No!" replied she. "Then what are you reading your Bible for?" he asked. "Because I love it sir."

The gentleman went away ; but the little child's words, and her evident sincerity, laid hold of his mind. "That child," he thought, "certainly did love her Bible. I don't." He resolved to read it again, that he might find out what there was in it to love. He borrowed a Bible that evening from his landlady, and continued thenceforward to "search the Scriptures," and found in them Jesus Christ and "eternal life."