

## SONGS OF FAITH.



1. O songs of faith that pil-grims sing! To you our hearts for e-ver cling: You guide us where the  
 2. O songs of love that an-gels sing! What peace and joy your sweet notes bring They float so sweet-ly  
 3. And now, O joy! at last, at last The years of toil and wee are past. And Zi-on's gold-en

saints have trod, You lead us to the throne of God. O mu-sic soft! O mu-sic sweet! Borne  
 down the way That leads us up to end-less day. O mu-sic soft! O mu-sic sweet! With  
 gate ap-pears; We pass for aye from grief and tears. O mu-sic soft! O mu-sic sweet! We

up-ward by your song, Tho' storms of time a-round us beat, The weak-est heart grows strong.  
 Ilea-ven in the strain; Our wait-ing ears your sweet songs greet, They calm our wen-ry pain.  
 lay our bur-dens down, For e-ver-more at Je-sus' feet. And there re-ceive our crown.

## THE PARSIMONIOUS SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY REV. A. TAYLOR, M.A.

VERY little money is spent on it. The people of the church to which it belongs think that it is not worth spending much for. They are not far from right, for it is a poor affair of a Sunday-school, and if it is to be made no better, time, money, and brains are wasted in keeping up its shabby existence. Thinking it is worthless, they put their theory into practice by withholding the funds necessary to its prosperity. Expensive theories often fail of being put into practice; but when the theory is one involving the saving of money, it is likely to go into operation.

The prodigal people who carry on the church over yonder, spend two or three hundred pounds a year on their Sunday-school. The narrow-minded persons who run this school reason therefrom that they are wantonly throwing away money; that they ought not to lavish on their school an amount equal to what many congregations pay for the support of pastor, pastor's wife, pastoral horse, and six little pastoral children; and that they will set an example of praiseworthy economy by running their Sunday-school for as little money as possible. They will even try to have it cost nothing at all. They rejoice over the fact, as they count up the yearly expenses of the whole establishment, that they have saved something.

The idea of economy is a right and useful idea in its proper place and bounds. Instances are on record of its having been carried too far. A man may save considerable money by not educating his children at all; but he will find it expensive in the end to let them grow up dunces. The supplies for the family may be cut down, so as to materially lessen sums paid to butcher, grocer, and milkman; but the head of the family will some day wake to the fact that the style of domestic economy produces great leanness of flesh in the family. The shopkeeper may turn down the lights in his windows till the gas burns blue; he reduces his gas bill, but drives away his customers. You may go almost without clothes, and save coal by filling your grate half full of brick-bats; but your aching joints and shivering flesh will painfully tell you that it would have been wiser economy to procure good and reasonable fuel and raiment, and plenty of them. The traditional person who fed his horse on shavings and shoe-pegs, instead of on hay and oats, saved in the amount of his feed bill, but is

said to have suffered the loss of the animal on which he tried the economical experiment.

We knock at the door of the parsimonious Sunday-school. It opens of its own accord, for the latch is broken, and to mend it would have cost a shilling, which amount it was thought best to save. These little expenses, says the financial man of the school, do amount up so; at the end of the year they make quite a bill. We pause to wipe the mud from our feet, but there is no door-mat. Some thievish person carried it away six months ago, and another has not been procured. A mat would cost six shillings, which had better go to the heathen. We would sit down. Some boys in the class near to the door crowd together to make room for us; for there are no benches provided for visitors; it would cost too much. The superintendent stands behind an old thing which used to be a church pulpit. When he raps on it with a stick, which he does to call the school to order, he raises a cloud of dust from the old straw and dry-goods composing the cushion. Part of the Gospel according to Matthew is torn out of the large Bible, which was used in the church till it wore out, when it was generously given to the Sunday-school, with the kind regards of the church. A new Bible was then provided for the church, and a new white-and-gilt pulpit was erected. The congregation upstairs sit on hair cushions, with moreen covers; the children in the uncomfortable basement into which we have entered, sit on benches about as luxurious as saw-horses. The rays of the sun find their way into the grown people's sanctuary through coloured glass; the colouring on these basement windows is from the dust that has collected, and the mud that has been splashed on the seven-by-nine panes which were thought good enough for the Sunday-school. There is an absence of cheerful warmth and comfort. The chimney is out of order; and the stove, a second-hand one purchased for a sovereign less than a new one could have been bought for, does not draw well. There are no boxes, drawers, shelves, or closets for the reception of the books; consequently each class leaves its books in a pile on the floor, under the end of the bench. The books are a little soiled and dog-eared; but that is no matter, they are only children's books. No money has been wasted in tinsel decoration of the walls of this school, nor have any pictures been provided to call off the attention of the young people from their lessons. The solitary adornment of the walls is a dismal map of Palestine, and this help to the understanding of the sacred Scripture has been suffered to remain, speckled by the flies of summer, darkened by the smoke of winter, and browned by the dust all the year round,