

in our editorial travels, is that of the St. James' Episcopal Cathedral Church, Toronto. The whole number of scholars upon the roll was stated to be 1,100, of whom 250 constituted the Infant Class. This was accommodated in a large upper, airy, room, and, on the occasion of our visit, presented a most attractive appearance. The scholars, ranged in tiers rising one above the other, were remarkable for their tidy appearance, their close attention, and good behaviour generally. They were just like a dear little regiment of well disciplined soldiers, yielding implicit obedience to the officer in command. The teacher was an elderly gentleman, kind, thoroughly in earnest, a capital story-teller, and a good singer. The lesson taught this infant brigade on that 11th of June was the International Lesson for the day—with special reference to the memorable answer of Peter and the other apostles when brought before the council,—“we ought to obey God rather than men.” This was aptly illustrated by anecdotes suited to the capacities of the small people, whose eyes fairly twinkled with intelligence and interest. The exercise was frequently varied by singing two or three verses of a hymn given out line by line and repeated by the class. On the slightest symptom of drowsiness appearing among the little dots, the whole class was made to rise by the lifting of a finger, and put through a miniature platoon exercise which they evidently relished, and accomplished with the utmost precision. A few words from the visitors followed. Then a short extempore prayer by the superintendent, taken up and repeated, word by word, by the scholars with folded hands and eyes reverently closed. A concluding hymn, and then, such an orderly dismissal! We asked brother Harcourt wherein lay the secret of his success. His reply was suggestive. “I am an old hand at this work, and have learned the necessity of *thoroughly preparing myself for it during the week.*”

In the other room, the classes were arranged and taught in the usual way. But there seemed to be more than usual order

and earnestness. Among the teachers were Vice-Chancellor Blake, and Professor Daniel Wilson, and Miss Wilson, and many others, high in station, who account it a privilege to be thus engaged for an hour and a half every sabbath morning before public worship begins. The secret of their success, too, was devotion to their work, a careful study of the lesson, and a warm personal interest in each individual scholar.

Mr. Gillespie is the superintendent of this model sabbath school.

A delightful meeting of the Sabbath Schools of Montreal, was held in St. Paul's Church there on the last Sabbath of June. It was called a *Praise-meeting*, because chiefly occupied by the children in singing a number of familiar Hymns,—the 23rd psalm to begin with: “The old, old story”; “Safe in the Arms of Jesus”; “Hold the Fort.” &c. There were present over fifteen hundred children from fifteen schools belonging to the Presbyterian Sabbath School Association of Montreal. They brought with them their “thank offerings,” for the Union of our Churches and sabbath schools, amounting in all to about \$250, to be divided between the Home and Foreign Missions of the Church. After having spent a good time together, and listened to several short address, they parted with these words on their lips,—

Bl-ss't be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

We are unable to state how much has been contributed for the Sabbath School thank-offering Fund altogether. Part of it was sent to Toronto, part to Halifax, part of it to Montreal, and part of it is yet to come. Among the list of acknowledgements will be found the names of a number of contributing schools and we shall be glad if we can print a very much larger list next month.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord. And remember what David says in the 96th Psalm.—“Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name: *bring an offering, and come into His Courts.*”

“Boys! which is the right side of a public-house for you?” asked a gentleman at a large meeting of children in Hull. “The outside, sir,” instantly answered a thousand voices.

“What became of Noah's carpenters?” asked Dr. Spencer of Brooklyn. He had just