

AN HOUR WITH MISS STREATOR.

By Pansy, author of "Christie's Christmas."

Johnnie Lewis shouted it loud enough for the people next door to hear. The minister whispered that the teacher wandered painfully from her subject; that is, if she could be said to have a subject. But, after talking for a few minutes about Christmas, whose birthday it celebrated, and why it was that Jesus had a birthday here, she suddenly returned to the topic of light by saying: "I want to tell you what He said while He was here! 'I am the light of the world.'"

"Ho!" said Johnnie. "Are you now?" And the boys laughed. But Miss Streator, with two red spots glowing on her cheeks, asked quietly, "What did Jesus say?" and a little girl answered, "He said, 'I am the light of the world.'"

"Yes," said the teacher, "that is right; and Johnnie Lewis suggested another answer—that I am the light of the world; which is true. Jesus said it of me, and of all who belong to Him. 'Ye are the light of the world,' He said. I wonder how many little lights, shining for Jesus, there are in this class?"

Johnnie Lewis had nothing to say. He was absorbed again. The thing that astonished him was, that his remark, made for purposes of naughtiness, had happened to be true.

"Look," said Miss Streator, "at this candle." She took up a large unlighted candle. "Can it light anybody? No! What is the matter with it?"

"It hasn't got no light itself!" shouted Johnnie.

"True, Johnnie. How strange it would be if this candle should start up and try to show somebody through a dark hall!" The children laughed.

"What shall I do with it?" continued the teacher. "It seems to be of no use; shall I throw it away?"

A little fellow at the end of the front seat hopped up, his face aglow, and shouted, "Light it at the big light!"

"Good for you, little chap!" exclaimed Johnnie, and the visitors laughed.

"Yes," said the teacher, "that is good. I will." And she did. "Now, can it light people through the streets?"

"No," said Johnnie, encouraged by the laugh of the visitors. "The ocean will blow it out; don't you hear the ocean?" And he began the imitation roar again; this time, two-thirds of the children joined.

"That comes of trying to materialize things!" said the minister.

But I think it came from the fact that Satan went to Sunday-school that Sabbath afternoon.

The little rebels were brought suddenly back to something like quiet by an extraordinary movement on the part of their teacher.

She produced from somewhere a tin box and deliberately set it over the burning candle. Then she appealed to the class, to know whether they could see the way in a dark night by that candle now! On being loudly answered in the negative, she turned to the large Bible on the table, and told the children she would read them something that Jesus said about this very matter. And they listened, while she read, "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candle-stick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." Turning from the Bible, she produced a large orange, whereupon Johnnie smacked his lips, a loud, continuous, resonant smack! All his imitators followed suit. The noise was distracting, but apparently Miss Streator was deaf; she held up the orange.

"Suppose this were the world," she said.

"Hi!" said Johnnie, "if 'twas, wouldn't I suck it, and get all the good out of it in a hurry!"

In a twinkling, he and all his imitators were sucking, in imagination, an immense orange that required their united powers. Still, at the same time, they were looking at their teacher, watching every movement.

"See!" she said, "the little light can light part of this side, but the other side is all dark; that larger light is not helping at all; it has hidden itself under the box and can do no good to anybody. How shall we make the light reach to the other side of the world where the heathen live?"

The children considered this problem for a moment in silence; then, Jimmie Burns, the bright-eyed boy (who, I regret to say, had been foremost among the roarsers and suckers), brought forward his idea. "Let

a great big light be put away up above it that would shine all over."

A beautiful smile illuminated Miss Streator's flushed face. "Ah, Jimmie," she said, "that is just what Jesus did! He is the 'great big Light' who shines down to light everybody in the world. And yet some people shut their eyes and will not look—will not be shown the way! But the great Light loves them so that he has set little lights all along to shine for them, and to keep coaxing them to look up to Him. I think there are some of those little lights in my class. 'Ye are the light of the world,' He said; that means, remember, every one who has gone to the great Light has been lighted. Now, He has planned it so that even our little bits of lights can reach around the world! See, here on this side of the orange where I put this pin, is my class—"

"Ouch!" squealed Johnnie, "then we got pricked!" and he began, with a rueful face, to rub his little leg, as though the pin were pressing into it; and gurgling ripples of laughter went through the class.

The teacher, ignoring this, as she had dozens of other interruptions, struggled for their attention. "Look, away over there is China. I a., going to show you how Annie Smith's little light reaches to China."

The scholars turned and looked at Annie Smith. Her eyes were large and bright, her face was sweet and serious; she was looking and listening.

"Don't you remember," said Miss Streator "how often we pray that prayer, 'Oh, send out Thy light and Thy truth?' A year ago, when we took up a collection to send to China, we offered that prayer. I think Annie Smith prayed it with all her heart. She dropped in a penny that day, and she asked God to use it to help send the light to the people in China. And that penny helped to send a minister over there, to tell the people about the great Light. He started in a ship to go there. Look, here is the ocean, and this is the track of the ship."

She drew, with a piece of blue chalk, a heavy blue line slowly around the orange, saying as she worked, "The ship is sailing, sailing along—"

"Swish! swish! swish!" said Johnnie, pretending to imitate the roll of the waves which the vessel made, and swaying himself to and fro as if among the billows, and fifty little bodies swayed to and fro, and giggle and jollity ruled the hour. Yet they watched the course of the steamer; they heard how the missionary met a poor woman who prayed to idols; then the orange was suddenly set down and the class was called upon to tell what kind of gods the heathen prayed to. Restless hands came up as if by magic, touched the bright eyes, and all the voices responded: "Eyes have they, but they see not, they have ears, but they hear not, noses have they, but they smell not."

To be sure, at this point, an ambitious imitator of Johnnie seized his nose with great skill and gave it a vigorous twist, and the verse ended in a chorus of giggles; but the verses were recited, and the recitation seemed to have rested the muscles, for the children sat still, and listened with some degree of respect to the story of the heathen woman finally giving up her idols, because the little light from Annie Smith's candle shone on her. Listened, while their teacher reminded them that this was the same thought which their hymn put in different language. What a little thing a penny was, yet what power it had! Listened, with many interruptions to be sure, to the story of that other unlighted candle; there it was, the great light shining down upon it, the little light ready to help it, but all dark! Why? Because it would not come and be lighted! "Silly little candle!" said Johnnie, with an air of superior wisdom. "Yes," said the teacher, "and silly little boy. He has a chance to shine; he could send his light all the way around this great earth and he doesn't shine a bit; he even makes people stumble because he gets in the way, and it is so dark around him some of the little ones cannot help falling over him."

"What's his name?" asked Johnnie, and he looked down at his boots, and muttered, "He's a mean fellow; he ought to pick up the little chaps, and help 'em past." "He won't," said Miss Streator, "in fact, he can't. Satan has him in the dark; he can't get away from Satan and get into the great Light, except by promising to obey and follow that Light wherever it goes, and that he won't do."

It was perfectly evident that Johnnie

understood; so did many others, for their faces indicated it. The room was still.

"How many little children want their hearts lighted by the great Light to-day?" asked the teacher. "How many want to shine away across the 'mighty ocean,' all over the 'pleasant land? How many want to shine like stars up in heaven forever?" "Th. room was very still; not a boot stirred. It was little Freddie Horton's opportunity; he was the smallest child in the class.

"I'm going to have a big ship, Christmas," he shouted, in a clear, childish voice. "It is going to sail in the bath-tub away across the ocean where Uncle John is. Santa Claus is going to give it to me. I told him to. I squealed it up the chimney, and he always brings what I squeals up the chimney."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Johnnie, "away across the ocean in a bath-tub!"

"I'm going to have a nelephant wiv horns!" contributed another baby.

"Nelephants don't have horns," disputed a third.

"They does too; deat big ones."

"I'm going to have a Newfoundland dog," said Johnnie, "an awful monster! and he'll bite you all. Bow! wow! wow!" The chief spell was broken. The enemy of all good held sway once more.

(To be Continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Aug. 9.—1 King 18: 19-29.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

A brief review of the situation as we left it in our last lesson.

A picture, vivid and clear, of the scene on Mt. Carmel.

Moral.—Every person should decide in view of evidence who is God, and then serve Him.

I. The challenge (vers. 19, 20). The people are gathered together in an undecided state to see the contest, for Elijah had challenged the 850 prophets of Baal and Ashtoreth to a test as to which was the true God.

Illustration. Redwald, the king of East Anglia, when converted to Christianity, is said to have kept two altars, the one to the God of the Christians, the other to Woden, a Saxon idol, being afraid of the imaginary God he had so long worshipped. Others say he had a picture of God on one side of his shield, and of Satan on the other, with the legend beneath, *Paratus ad utrum*, "ready for either."

II. The choice (ver. 21). The people are called upon to decide which is the true God. Bring out from the class the reasons they might give for serving Baal, and the reasons for serving Jehovah. Elijah would have them examine. Show that each of us must make a like choice, and let the class give the reasons on each side. Show the folly of indecision on such momentous subjects.

Illustration. The story of a young lady who wrote out (1) reasons why I should serve the world; (2) reasons why I should serve the Lord; and in view of the result decided for Christ.

Illustration from Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*, i., 263-5. Pizarro, in his earlier attempts to conquer Peru, came to a time when all his followers were about to desert him. They were gathered on the shore to embark for home. "Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it from east to west upon the sand. Then turning towards the south, 'Friends and comrades,' he said, 'on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. But there lies Peru with all its riches and glory of conquest; here Panama and its poverty. Choose each man as becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the South.' So saying he stepped across the line. One after another, his comrades followed him. This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate. There are moments in the lives of men which, as they are seized or neglected, decide their future destiny.

III. The test (vers. 22-24). By a miracle which only God could perform.

Note the peculiar appropriateness of the test by fire (see references in the notes). This test is still the true test of a religion. The religion that fills men with the Holy Spirit; that inspires men with a living fire of zeal and devotion to good; that brings revivals of religion and morality, as the fires of the sun bring the new life of spring; that

brings cheer into the heart, but is a consuming fire against all evils; that sheds light on all darkness; the religion that stands this test is the true religion, and the religion that cannot do these things is not the divine religion.

IV. The result (vers. 25-29). All their efforts were vain, as are the efforts of all Christless religions, and all the gods of this world—pleasure, honor, riches.

Illustration. An idol could be in but one place at a time. So if Christ is but a man, or an angel even, he can hear the prayers of but a few of his people at a time. So of prayers to the Virgin Mary. Think of the vastness of the universe. Light, with all its velocity, takes 4,000 years to travel from some of the stars to us. If our arms could reach to the sun, it would take 135 years for feeling to travel from the sun to our brain so that we would be conscious of its heat. It would take 13½ years for the sound of our voices to reach the sun, even were there an atmosphere to carry the sound. Only an omnipresent God and Saviour can be the true God and Saviour that can hear every cry of all his people.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

After long winter days, 'twill bring
The earliest promise of the spring
To hear my first and second sing.

Tie close my third around your head,
Dear little maid, and you'll not dread
The cold that makes your cheeks so red.

My whole, a merry outlaw bold,
A "kind, most gentle theefo," we're told;
Despoiled the rich in days of old.

JUMBLE.

Eb resu ryuo0 e gthri thne og dhaae.

HALF SQUARE.

1. Forgiveness. 2. The French for love.
3. The name of a city in Europe. 4. Right.
5. Corresponding to either. 6. A letter.

PUZZLE.

One thousand begins it,
Five hundred ends it,
And one in the heart of it hides.
Read backward, 'tis misty,
Read forward, 'tis central,
And into Mid Lothian glides.

PECULIAR CROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	7	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
8													
9													
10													
11													
12													
13													
14													

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, to draw to, or cause to adhere.
8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, power to act, capability.

1—14, quality of being pleasing or attractive.

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, evil spirits.

22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, a day's supply of provisions.

15—27, indubitable evidence.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Labor not to be rich.
BURIED TREES.—Elm, yppress, oak, maple, fir, pine, china pecan, cedar, willow, bay, linden, dog, orange, beech, bass, ash, hickory, hemlock, alder, halm, mimosa, sumac, lemon.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLE.—Peel a peck of firm, green tomatoes of medium size. Weigh them, and then put them into a kettle to boil, with enough vinegar and water to cover them. Boil the tomatoes a half-hour, and then drain them closely through a colander. A peck should weigh eight pounds. When sufficiently drained, return them to the kettle with two pounds of sugar, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, a dessert-spoonful of cloves, and a tea-spoonful of mace, all measured after they are ground. Pour over all two quarts of vinegar, and simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour, when the tomatoes should look clear and be ready to put away in jars.