

are touched by the beauty and appropriateness of the scene. There is in it a suggestion of that tender moment when the Saviour took the children in his arms, and said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me; and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Selected.*

## PRICELESS WORDS.

### A TRUE SKETCH.

A Sunday School teacher once took under her care a class of seven little girls, and among them her own little sister. They were bright and interesting, and she loved to see their happy faces as they came so punctually every Sunday.

"What can I do for these little ones?" was the thought almost constantly present with her. They were not old enough to study very deeply into the meaning of the sacred words, but they could lay them away in memory's store-house; so she required each one to learn the verses of the lesson by heart, and repeat them to her, word for word. It pained her to hear a careless half-repeated verse from the Bible, and she tried to impress it upon their minds that they were speaking words which God had spoken to man, and they were not at liberty to alter his message in the least, and that they were learning the holy words not for that time alone but for all their lives.

So they repeated to her Sunday after Sunday the precious words of God's holy book, seven verses a week, three hundred and sixty-five in a year. If nothing else had been done in the class during the year, the time would have been well improved, but the teacher also carefully explained every passage which they could understand.

Years passed away, and the happy teacher saw the last of her seven pupils received into full communion with the church. All her dear ones were true Christians she had every reason to believe. At first she felt that her work was done, and perhaps it was her duty to take a different class, but reflection told her that the lambs of the flock now needed more careful leading than ever before. They had just entered upon the Christian life; how could she help them to "grow in grace" and "go on unto perfection?"

Here again her only hope was in her Bible; they must study it more and more, they must

love it and rely upon it. To increase their interest in the daily reading, she proposed that each one, in turn, should select some chapter and they would all, herself included, read it every night during the week. This would involve some research, as each would desire to select a chapter of particular interest, and by reading of the same one several times in succession it would not only become perfectly familiar, but exceedingly precious, and any quotation from it in the sermon or in an exhortation would catch the attention at once, and come home with peculiar force. When the teacher's turn came, she selected the 103rd Psalm, and as she read it at night she rejoiced to think that her girls were receiving into their hearts the same priceless words.

A few weeks later, the young sister lay dying far away from her home. While on a visit she had been stricken with disease, and now the light of her life was fast going out. Around her knelt in anguish her parents and the eldest sister who had been the Sunday school teacher. Suddenly the dying eyes light up, and the pale lips move. The sister bends over her to catch the words, "As far as the east is from the west"—she pauses, and her sister adds, "So far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

In a few moments she whispered again, "Like as a father pitieth his children"—and again her sister finished it for her, "So the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

Fainter still comes the whisper, "He remembereth that we are dust"—and soon the sweet spirit had fled.

Oh, holy words of consolation! Oh, faithful promises of our Father God!

Are you leading your children into the love of the truth, teachers? Oh, as this truth is precious to your own souls, strive to make it so to those under your care, and God will add his blessing.—*Selected.*

Primary teachers, lay aside your veils in Sunday school, for the little ones like to look right into your face and you want to look right into theirs.