

school about the times they can enter the primary classroom without disturbing the exercises. It is well to have some signal understood by all, as a slightly opened door, or a little white flag displayed; best of all to have some one stationed at the door to admit visitors and others at convenient times. It is well to have children seated with their backs to an entrance door—never facing it.

CAN WE TEACH TOO MUCH AT ONE SESSION?

There is no class of teachers who are so thoroughly in need of learning the wise principle contained in the oft-heard maxim, "The measure of information should be not what the teacher can give, but what the child can receive," as are primary Sunday school teachers. They are prone to overlay the truth with so many illustrations that the child cannot see through the labyrinth.

"Little things

On little wings

Bear little souls to heaven."

Let one truth be selected for each lesson, and let it be presented in simplest fashion, in the fewest possible words.

Food in Famine.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

I.

AN old man died last year beloved, respected, and surrounded by friends who will all bear witness to the beautiful and consistent life of love and trust that he had lived in our sight for seven years. For many years before he had been an alien from his family, and at seventy he was a common tramp. One night his bed upon the earth had been harder than usual, for he lay upon the roots of the trees that were his only shelter. The next day—it was Sunday—he went into the town, and passed the home of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in his aimless wanderings. From the windows and down the staircase of the hall floated the sound of many voices singing:

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land."

The old man stopped, and then as he stood upon the sidewalk a miracle was wrought. The Angel of the Lord rolled away the stone from that place deep within his soul where his childhood had been buried for more than sixty years, and the little child came forth. He heard his mother's voice singing; he heard the hymns in

the little parish church away in old England, and his whole soul longed for God. With the tears streaming down his cheeks, and praying, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!" he climbed the stairs to the hall and asked the prayers and the help of the people that he might return to God. The power of the old life was broken, and the man began to enter the kingdom of heaven as a little child.

Modern psychology is trying to explore the subconscious mind, and to build up an intellectual theory of life from the results of its investigations. It reverently studies the child (and here it truly seeks first the kingdom of God), but God is there before it; indeed he is there more fully and intimately than anywhere else in this creation, forming and setting in order the holy of holies of the human temple, storing first the holy seed of the divine love, and later that of the divine truth, for the future sustenance of the soul in its time of spiritual need.

Into the hands of angels and mothers first, then to parents and teachers, God gives the heavenly seed; love first and always, and truth as the child is able to receive it. The memory is able to receive long before reason begins to develop, and bits from the word may be trusted to the memory of a child very early, and he who alone knows the human soul hides it out of sight in his own way in the place prepared for it until he shall bring it forth to feed the soul famishing, perhaps, in a "far country." The holy principle is his, and as Joseph stored the corn of Egypt, so the Lord stores the bread and wine of heaven for the need of his children. "I, the Lord, do keep it," he says, "lest any hurt it I will keep it night and day," and let no one however learned, hope to find the storehouses of heaven in the soul of a child before the time. He holds the key; "He that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth," and who, when the hour is come, touches the secret spring by his Holy Spirit, and the old and ever-repeated miracle of awakening is wrought. He for whom all things were made uses the key he chooses; it may be a bit of God's word, a line of an old hymn, a picture, a poem, a dream, a bird song; it is all the same, and only a means to the end that we may be saved.

I have given a marked instance of the uses of early teaching, but to the most of us the stores of love and truth are brought out for our early regeneration, and for our daily needs through our Christian life. The manna falls daily, and we are kept, we know not how, until the land into which we journey yields its fruits.

Let a great hope, then, as well as a trustful prayer, go with the sowing of the seed.