

INTERCOURSE WITH CHILDREN.

DO you want to learn how to make the children love you? Do you want the key that will unlock the innermost recesses of their nature? Then sympathise with them always. Never allow yourself to ridicule any of their little secrets. Never say, "Oh, pshaw!" when they come to show you a new kite or marvellous top, and "I can't be troubled!" when the hard knot won't be untied, and two and two obstinately refuse to make four on their little slates. Kites and knots are only the precursors of older thoughts and deeper trials, which the parents may one day plead in vain to share.

Don't laugh at any of a child's ideas, however odd and absurd they may seem to you; let them find your sympathy ready in all their wonderments and aspirations. Is there any man so wise in his own conceit as to have forgotten that there was a time once when he was also a child? The little folks are too much crowded out in this world; people generally seem to think they can be put anywhere or made to eat anything, crammed into any out-of-the-way corner, to amuse themselves anyhow.

Oh, how much better is it for children to bring all their cares and troubles and temptations under the gentle eye of a kind parent! What a safeguard it is for them to feel that there is always a kind ear to listen to their doubts and griefs, and a gentle shoulder for their little heads to nestle against! Respect their rights; never think you can say bitter things in their presence or do unjust actions. They are the finest discriminators of fair and unfair in the world. Somebody says, "When you are inclined to be cross with children for being slow to learn, just try a moment to write with your left hand." See how awkward it proves, and then remember that with children it is all left hand. Preserve us from those precocious infants who spring up ready-made philosophers and casuists; cherry-cheeked little orphans are infinitely preferable. Above all, do not be ashamed to let them know that you love them. Remember they will be men and women some day, and the slightest word which may influence their future lives should become a thing of moment in our eyes.—*Free Methodist.*

THE POWER OF SONG.

COOL courage and the power of sacred song have been the best subduers of wicked rage. The following incident is related of a remarkable negro woman, Sojourner Truth, in her life, recently published:—

At one time she was at a camp meeting, and a mob of young ruffians were determined to break up the meeting. She at first hid herself from fear, but afterwards said to herself—

"What! shall I run away and hide from the devil—me, a servant of the living God? Have I not faith enough to go out and quell that mob, when I know it is written, 'One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight'? I'll go to the rescue, and the Lord will go with me to protect me."

She went out into the open field, among the wild and reckless mob, commenced to sing in the most fervent manner, and with powerful voice—

"It was early in the morning, it was early in the morning,
Just at the break of day,
When he rose, when he rose, when he rose,
And went to heaven on a cloud."

Soon the crowd surrounded her, armed with clubs and sticks. As she ceased, one spoke up—

"Sing on, old woman! nobody shall hurt you." Another said, "Talk to us, old woman!" Another, "Pray, old woman, and tell us your experience!"

So she talked, and sung and prayed, until the subdued and convicted mob quietly dispersed, and the exercises of the camp meeting proceeded peacefully to the close.—*Free Methodist.*

A little girl in Reading, Pa., recently saw an old drunken man lying on the doorstep, the perspiration pouring off his face and a crowd of children preparing to make fun of him. She took her little apron and wiped his face, and looked up so pitifully to the rest, and made this remark: "Oh, don't hurt him, he is somebody's grandpa."

HOW TO GET HOLD

OF NON CHURCH-GOERS?

LOVE is always unconventional. It knows nothing about poverty, or class distinctions, or birth, or character. Love sweeps away all of these. It is the loving, earnest souls that have an influence for good. What would you give for the poet apart from the love which is in all true poetry, or for the orator who was not all in a blaze, or for the sculptor who was not all aglow with love? What will a non-church-goer give for your endeavours in his behalf unless he knows that you love him? If you find a non-church-goer—be he sceptical, or a poor man, or an ignorant man, or a sick man—bring to him your sympathy, just as the Lord Jesus said to all with whom He spoke. It is said that the natives of India, when they want to quarry out stone, first take a chisel and run a groove, then they kindle a fire in the groove, and last of all, they pour in a little water, which, becoming heated, causes the stone to expand and eventually to burst. This is just what the Lord Jesus did. First he grooved right down into the hardness of the human heart, then poured in the water of His love, and thus gained an entrance and broke it asunder.—*Dr. Armitage.*

STAGNATION V. SENSATIONALISM.

WITH two offensive words we head this article. We do not know which word is the worst. It is the national habit in literature and religion to call that sensationalism which we ourselves cannot do. If an author writes a book that will not sell, he is apt to charge the books of the day which do succeed as being sensational. There are a great many men who, in the world and the Church, are dead failures, who spend their time in letting the public know that they are not sensationalists. The fact is, that they never made any stir while living, nor will they in dying, save as they rob the undertaker of his fees, they not leaving enough to pay their dismission expenses. We hate sensationalism in the pulpit, so far as the word means the preaching of everything but the Gospel; but the simple fact is, that whenever and wherever faith, and repentance, and heaven, and hell are proclaimed with emphasis, there will be a sensation. The people in our great cities are hungry for the old Gospel of Christ. If our young men in the ministry want large audiences, let them quit philosophising, and hair-splitting, and botanising, and, without gloves, take hold of men's sin and troubles, and there will be no lack of hearers. Stagnation is worse than sensationalism. We have always noticed that just in proportion as a man cannot get along himself, he is fearful of some one else making an excitement. Last week, a mud-turtle down by the brook opened its shell, and discoursed to a horse that was coming down to drink. The mud-turtle said to the horse: "Just as I get sound asleep, you are sure to come past and wake me up. We always used to have a good quiet time down here in the swamp till you got in the habit of thumping along this way. I am conservative and like to keep in my shell. I have been pastor of thirteen other mud-turtles, and we always had peace till you came, and next week at our semi-annual meeting of mud-turtles, we shall either have you voted a nuisance, or will talk it over in private, eight or ten of us, which will probably be the more prudent way." Then the mud-turtle's shell went shut with a snap, at which the horse kicked up his heels as he turned to go up to the barn to be harnessed to a load of corn that was ready for the market. Let us all wake up and go to work. There are in the private membership of our churches, and in the ministry, a great many men who are dead, but have never had the common decency to get buried. With the best white and "lodging" for lack of a sickle, instead of lying under the trees criticising the sweating reapers who are at work, let us throw off our own coats, and go out to see how good a swathe we can cut.—*Talmage.*

There is perhaps no truer sign that a man is really advancing than that he is learning to forget himself, that he is losing the natural thoughts about self in the One higher than himself, to whose guidance he can commit himself and all men.—*Sharp.*