

Another teacher came to school with two little rivulets of tobacco juice on his face, one streaming from each corner of his mouth. They had shed their drippings on his shirt bosom, leaving several unhandsome brown speckles there. However godly such a man may be, people cannot lose the idea that he is a man of unclean lips, and that he ought to be thoroughly purified before coming into the house of God. Another man, of the same propensity, leaves a puddle of tobacco juice on the floor just outside his class seat. When he goes to his seat in church he makes a similar puddle on the pew floor. It is nice?

A good sister, who wishes to exhibit her esteem for a departed relation who went home to glory two or three years ago, comes to her class clad in her bombazine habiliments of irremediable grief. From top to toe she is blacker than a starless night. Black dress, black bonnet, black collar, black veil, black gloves, black all over. What a gloomy exhibition of Christian experience to bring before a group of girls whom she is trying to point, through Jesus, the Resurrection and the Life, to the land of cloudless light! Perhaps it may be right to disfigure one's self in this way; but it is not beautiful, and the effect on children is woefully dispiriting.

Another teacher comes to her class duties so expensively made up, that she seems to be a peripatetic exhibition of some of the dry goods, millinery, and jewelry establishments. She is odorous with perfume, stiff with costly silks, and at every step her jewelry jingles like the bells of a sleigh. The children regard her with admiration, and look on her as a monument of expense and patience. But nobody expects to learn much from her.

The best dressed woman I ever saw in Sunday-school was a Bible-class teacher, who died at the age of about thirty, some twenty-five years ago. I was but a boy then, but I can never forget her appearance. Nobody ever noticed exactly *what* she had on; yet her exquisite taste, and the incomparable harmony of the subdued colors she wore, carried a charm with her in all her duties. The natural refinement of her soul shone out in the pleasant gracefulness of her costume and her manners.

With pauper or millionaire she was equally beloved. Avoiding all extremes in dress, she combined comfort, economy and beauty. The putting on of the robe of the glorified was no surprise to that excellent woman.

Our perishing bodies are "temples of the Holy Ghost." We cannot afford to dispise them. God does not intend that we shall neglect them. We have a right to make them appear as beautiful and comely as we can. If they are to shine in glory hereafter, let us at least try to keep them decent while we live in them here.—*Sunday-School Journal*.

The Invisible Blackboard.

BY REV. J. M. FREEMAN, A.M.

I HAVE been requested to describe, for the information of the readers of the *JOURNAL*, a simple contrivance of which I have made frequent use in addressing children, and which, for want of a better title, I call "*The Invisible Blackboard*." Its use was suggested on one occasion by the impossibility of obtaining an ordinary blackboard to assist in giving a lesson.

"Why cannot I get these children to *imagine* a blackboard before them, and to make mental pictures of characters that I may draw in the air?" was the question which occurred to my mind.

The experiment was tried, and succeeded far beyond expectation. I am satisfied that in many cases the "invisible blackboard" can be of greater service than the kind ordinarily used. Not that I would dispense with the use of the blackboard in the Sunday-school: there are some things that can be better understood when seen than when imagined. Nor would I recommend the use of the "invisible blackboard" every Sunday: for then the novelty would soon wear off, and its usefulness would be destroyed. But occasionally it may be used to great advantage.

Its use arouses the curiosity of the children. They wonder what is coming next, and keep on wondering until the lesson closes. It keeps their attention even to a greater extent than an ordinary blackboard, because with that before them they may occasionally look elsewhere, and yet see what was written, while their eyes