

teacher must (like myself) have scholars who belong to her own social circle, and are beginning to join in the many worldly amusements of the day.

Have them come to her, with their invitations in their hands, and ask if there is any harm in their attending this party, going to such an entertainment, or playing cards (just for fun). She must feel that her scholars look to her for counsel and example in every-day matters, before she can fully grasp this solemn question of influence.

I remember my favorite scholar, a boy who was very fond of gayety, asking me if there was any harm in his going to a ball about to be given. Now, reader, between ourselves, I intended going; for though I did not see much good to be gained by so doing, I did not think it any very great harm,—not for myself, I mean. But when it came to the question as to his going, and I looked into the earnest eyes fixed on mine, and thought that my word was to decide his going or staying away, that was a different matter.

I could not say, Go, and send that boy into all the temptations of a fashionable life; so I told him to stay away from the ball-room, and gave him my reasons, to the best of my ability. Then, when the eventful evening arrived, what was I to do? could I go?

Go, with my own words of condemnation still ringing in my ears, and the memory of his earnest glance still haunting me? No! Ten thousand times no!

The thought of his perfect trust in me, and the wondering question, so sure to be asked the next Sunday, "Why could not I go, if you did?" kept me away from the ball-room until I found that I had lost my taste for such frivolities.

And once again. How often I have heard one scholar quiet another by saying, "I would not tell her about that; she does not care for such things" (things that I did care for, mark you), until I, with a blush of shame, wished that I was as true a Christian as they thought me.

Ah, fellow-teachers! have you never felt a longing to live up to your scholars' ideal of you? Have you never felt appalled at the thought of your own unworthiness, and resolved to lead a better life, when you have heard your scholars say, "Our teacher's so good!"

Has the thought of your influence over their trusting hearts never made you pause and shrink back from taking a wrong step? If so, believe me, you also know something of the scholar's influence.—*Ex.*

Lord, Thy will be done in father, mother, child, in everything and everywhere; without a reserve, without a But, an If, or a limit.—*Francis De Sales.*

EXCUSES.

Excuses which are generally pleas, or extenuations for neglect of duty, are seldom honest and truthful. There is almost always an evasive quality that invalidates them. It oftentimes happens that the person to be excused had failed in duty from some unworthy cause, and hence the excuse. The seldomer we give excuses in exchange for evasion, or neglect of duty, the better.

The world would be vastly improved were no excuse given. They are strong indications of weakness, of want of manliness or womanliness, and should seldom or never be offered.

We often hear a person say, "I forgot," or "it slipped my memory." Indeed, these expressions are but stereotyped forms, and drop almost mechanically from an offender's lips. How belittling these words are! Often indulged in, they weaken and deteriorate the mind beyond all expectation.

To always confess a fault and never extenuate it is far the wiser way. One excuse begets another, until it becomes a lengthening chain with no apparent ending: Shakespeare says:—

And oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the
excuse;
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patched.

Let us not hide our faults or seek to palliate or excuse them. The true way is to eradicate them if possible, anyway not to gloss them over with the varnish of excuses, which often are the revelators of glaring faults.—*Alexander Macaulay.*

SIN A TELLTALE.

Sin is a merciless telltale. It is its own revealer. In its very effort at self-concealment it exhibits itself. It tells the truth without meaning to. It is an offence toward God, and therefore strikes no chord in the eternal harmony of truths. It is discord, and as such has no support, no vital unity, with the universe of fact or truth. In its forlorn isolation it cannot but sooner or later be discovered. He who is getting entangled in evil practices would do well to remember that they cannot long consist one with another. The artifice of making them seem honest and true and straight must break down. One need not be so afraid of the glances of his fellowmen as of the inexorable telltale of his own evil deeds. Sin is the detective that dogs the footsteps of the sinning. As Moses said to the disobedient children of Reuben and of Gad, "If ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord; and be sure your sin will find you out."