



Review Lesson.

(From the 'S.S. Illustrator'.)

GOLDEN TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

'This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations.'—Mat. xxiv., 14.

Home Readings.

- M. Acts ix., 32-x., 48.—Lessons I., II.
- T. Acts xi., 1-xii., 25.—Lessons III., IV.
- W. Acts xiii., 1-43.—Lessons V., VI.
- Th. Acts xiii., 44-xiv., 28.—Lesson VII.
- F. Acts xv., 1-35.—Lesson VIII.
- S. Jas. ii. and iii.—Lessons IX., X.
- S. II. Tim. i. and iii.; Rom. xiv.—Lessons XI., XII.

The Circulation of the Bible.

A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of his last sermon. The child gave no answer—she only wept. She had no bible in which to look for the text. This led him to enquire whether her parents and neighbors had a bible; and this led to a meeting in London in 1804, of a few devoted Christians, to devise means to supply the poor in Wales with the bible, the grand issue of which was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society—which has distributed many million bibles. Its issues now reach more than 1,500,000 annually. And this, in turn, led to the formation of the American Bible Society, and to the whole beautiful cluster of sister institutions throughout the world; which are so many trees of life scattering golden fruit among all nations of the earth. All this we may trace back to the tears of that little girl in Wales, at the beginning of the century.

The bible must be scattered broadcast before the story of the gospel in its pages can be preached in all the world. Already this book, so wonderful, so sacred, so beautiful, exceeds all others in the extent of its circulation, not only in numbers, but in point of territory over which it extends. Translations of it have been made in almost every known language.

A recent writer says: 'Everywhere in the world the Holy Writ is being sent. When Stanley made his tour of Central Africa, tons of volumes were to be found among his supplies, and thousands of copies are even now travelling on pack and on sledge through the frozen polar regions to people who not only have never heard of this book, but to whom books of any sort whatever are unknown. It is estimated that in ninety years the bible societies of America and Europe have distributed over 230,000,000 copies.'

SOPHIE BRONSON TITTERINGTON.

The great missionary tract for all ages is 'The Acts of the Apostles.' From the hour of receiving light, it is the supreme duty of the Christian believer to spread that light abroad, to the extent of both our ability and our influence. Christians are witnesses of Jesus Christ.

In conducting the review, it would be well to name the prominent person and event in each lesson, and emphasize the manner in which they helped to spread the name and fame of Jesus throughout the world. Am I helping to let the gospel light shine in the world?

If the world shall ever have the light of gospel truth, it will receive it only through the word and work of the children of God.

REV. ROBERT F. Y. PIERCE.

For Primary Teachers.

REVIEW.

If the teacher desires to do more than simply review the lessons of the quarter, I would suggest the following: Take a globe—one can be borrowed for the occasion or purchased in cheap form for a small price. Show it to the class. Talk about different inhabitants of the world. While there are such differences in language, dress, thought, speech and looks still the gospel is fitted to save the whole world. This is shown in cur-

lesson for the quarter together with the way it is to be accomplished.

Employ anything that will bring vividly to the mind the lessons you have taught.

Objects, by the law of the association of ideas, will help to fasten the truths taught in the minds of the class, as well as to make clear the points, and to hold the attention. These ends should be kept constantly in mind in the use of objects to teach moral or religious lessons. The lesson it is used to teach should be distinguished from the object itself. For example, Christ is not a shepherd, but he is like a shepherd in many ways. The thing seen is simply the bridge to the thing unseen, hence we should neither ignore the bridge nor call too much attention to it. Our sight is an important factor in our education. Long ago Herodotus said, 'The ears of men are naturally more incredulous than their eyes.'

C. H. TYNDALL.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

June 20.—Our brothers' keepers.—Gen. 4: 3-16. (A temperance topic.)

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

June 20.—How should we be our brothers' keepers?—Gen 4: 3-16. (A temperance topic.)

The Troublesome Class.

(By Henry Lewis.)

'The class in the vestry,' remarked one teacher, 'is a perfect nuisance. What's the use of teaching these children? It's simply waste of time.'

And in this sentiment a large number of the school concurred.

The class, I suppose, averaged about fifty in number, all under ten years of age. The majority of those were from the lowest parts of Bryn, and they came in all shapes and colors. They were a strange medley, sure enough, and few had the courage to take them in hand. The school was supposed to begin at two p.m., but these little stragglers would keep coming till three o'clock, and though some of the teachers promised halfpennies to every boy and girl who came to school by two, very few of the vestry people ever gained the reward.

'You'll soon become bankrupt,' said the superintendent to one teacher, 'by giving all these youngsters halfpennies every Sunday; you must try some other plan.'

There was no need of fear from that direction, however, and this the teacher knew.

'Bankruptcy,' replied he, 'I would be willing to become bankrupt for once if I could get these niggers to come early, and to behave themselves after coming.'

But the task seemed an utter impossibility. Several skirmishes had broken out in the class, and once or twice an open fight took place between Jack Doone and another boy, who had said that Jack's mother was a drunkard. Jack would not bear this, for if his father was a drunkard, he said, his mother was not, and tears came to his eyes. But these tears were a signal of warning, and it took a strong man to keep Jack from practising with his little fists upon the face of his antagonist.

Jack was a small, lissom fellow, with blue eyes and dark hair, and he possessed a very noble expression. His father had been doing well at one time, but drink had ruined his business, and had driven him to abject circumstances. He sent his lad regularly to Sunday-school with the hope that he would turn out a good boy and a Christian man.

But so far as the teachers at Bryn were concerned they had given both Jack and the whole vestry class up in despair. But Jack they all acknowledged, was by far the worst. 'What can be done?' was the despairing question of the whole school.

'Send the urchins about their business,' said old teacher Jones. 'Why should we be troubled with other people's children? It's enough for us to come to school to teach our own.'

'Quite right,' responded half-a-dozen more of the elder members, and a hot discussion followed.

Well, it was a problem, there's no use denying it, and it became a very serious matter.

No one in the school would undertake to teach the class. The superintendent, young Pritchard, had some decided notions about teaching the children, and he had longed for a chance to put his ideas into practice.

But the teachers would not allow him, and it was evident that his ideas and theirs concerning the importance of the class in the vestry clashed against each other. He nearly insulted some of the senior classes by emphatically announcing that the vestry class was the most important class in the school. Of course he had to explain himself, and happily his explanation was considered very satisfactory. However, they would not permit him to teach the class.

Sunday evening the minister announced that the vestry class would have to be abandoned for the want of a teacher. 'But,' he added, 'if any of the members would like to take the class for a quarter or so, they will kindly communicate with the superintendent.'

Several days passed but there was no response. The superintendent and minister became quite despondent. It was a pity, in fact a shame, that fifty young souls should be turned away from the school. What could be done? Somebody must be found; but who could they get?

They were at their wit's end, when the superintendent received a note which ran as follows:—

'Dear Sir,—I am not yet a member of our church, but I love children, and I love teaching them, and, above all, I love Jesus Christ; and if you cannot get anyone else to take the class I will do so on probation.' Her name and address were attached to the note, but no one in the teachers' conference Friday evening seemed to believe it possible. Lillian was the only daughter of Sir Edward Owen, of Plas Gwyn. She was a delicate creature, and her parents kept her rather confined. Sir Edward was a member at Bryn Chapel, but he never took any active part in the meetings of the church, and Lillian, his daughter, had never been seen in the Sunday-school.

So the whole thing seemed very incredible. Even if the note had come from Miss Lillian, she was too delicate, some thought, to take a class of fifty children. And besides, she was only eighteen years of age. But the great objection was the fact that she was not a member.

Amos declared emphatically that she must be made a member before they could entrust her with a class, and this was the general opinion of the school, though some differed. But how to make this feeling known to the young girl became another difficulty.

When she was approached upon the subject by the superintendent she blushed, but quietly and modestly replied, 'Oh, I know I ought to be a member, but I do love to teach children, and I do love Jesus, and if that is not sufficient I will become a member. I think I could do anything for the sake of these little ones.'

Lillian took her class, and immediately became a favorite with the children. Jack Doone had his eyes fixed on her from the beginning to the end of the lesson.

'I have not come here,' she said, 'to teach you these dry letters. Ah, Bee, Ek; these letters you will learn for yourselves when you grow older; but I have come here to tell you something nice about Jesus, and about those who love him—'

In this strain she spoke to them for about fifteen minutes, and then she read to them a short story, and closed her lesson by asking them a number of easy questions. The children were delighted.

'You'll come again, teacher, will you?' they all said, and she promised that she would.

'You are a good boy now,' said the superintendent to Jack one Sunday as he met him when going to school a few minutes 'before time.'

'Yes,' replied Jack, 'Miss Lillian is not like the other teachers we has; she loves us so, you see.'

'But she don't give you pennies, Jack, does she?'

'No, but she gives us occas'nally nice little books to read; they tells us how to be good boys, and we likes to read 'em.'

'I think she has been to your house, Jack; was your mother glad to see her?'

'That she was, and father, too. But teacher has been to see all us in our homes, and she kissed our little baby, and father has promised he'll come to chapel again.'

So there's no more trouble in the vestry, and the children are never late or dirty, and Jack speaks about joining the church. And whenever he's asked to explain why he's such a good boy now, his answer is always the same: 'She loves us, you see; but the other teachers didn't, and she comes to our homes. We likes her because she is so kind.'—S.S. Times, (London).