

This school meets twice on the Sabbath. "It has no "vacation;" the teachers stick to their work all the year round; though in midsummer the officers find it sometimes difficult to secure teachers for all the classes. I have a fancy I can know a successful teacher. I saw two or three of that description. One had thirteen boys in the uniform of the Ragged Schools round him, making with himself a complete circle. All their heads were "laid together;" while with eloquent eye and uplifted finger he was bringing home to them some glorious truth;—and I know they understood him! At the ring of the bell, after a little shifting of seats, came the "address." The Superintendent read the paragraph in Matthew about the attempt of the Pharisees and Herodians to entangle Christ in his talk. Then, shutting the book, he marched up and down in front of the desk, and talked to the children about bad men quarrelling among themselves, but uniting together against Jesus;—about the crafty manner in which these hypocrites approached—flattery on their lips, but enmity in their hearts—and of the wisdom and necessity of being ware of flattery;—of the difficult question, (but raised by them with an evil intention,) as to where we should honour Cæsar, and where we should honour God—still debated in the world, and nowhere more than in Scotland. All this he illustrated by many examples; flattery, by Samson, who not with Philistine swords but the flattering tongue of a Philistine woman, was overcome; by Solomon, whose character and wisdom was proof against all but the blandishments of his numberless wives; by Hezekiah, great in all that makes real greatness, but who gave way before the flattery of the Babylonish Ambassadors: bad men becoming friends for evil purposes, by Pilate and Herod—by the Pharisees and Herodians—by the Amorites and others that opposed Nehemiah—and by their own experience in everyday life. Said he, addressing a class of "ragged scholars," if there are two bad boys in your *close*, and the one *lies* and the other *swears* and they are always fighting, and always spiteful at each other,—no sooner do they find that you read the Bible and pray, and do as your mother bids you, than they join together as if they were the greatest friends, and sneer at you and point you out as a *fellow that prays! and reads the Bible!* and is *tied to his mother's apron strings!* But never heed them, children! they'll not do you as much harm as those false friends who come to you with an oily tongue, and tell you how *clever you are!* and how *pretty you are!* Watch them! Just so the Herodians came, and they stooped low with graceful bow and called Jesus Master, Master, "while they were thirsting for his blood!" So on he went; and the half-hour was actually spent, and no one was tired! With a sweet little hymn, out of a penny hymn book, and a very few well-chosen words of prayer, the little ones weresent home. The moment the Superintendent was at liberty, he came to me. As soon as I indicated how deeply I was engaged in the Sunday School work in Canada, he said he was sorry he had not had time to speak to me before school was dismissed, as he would have asked me to address the children. I said smiling, that I was not sure he would have done right in doing so; that I myself would scarcely ask a person I knew nothing about to address *my* school; and that I had no letters of introduction for Edinburgh, but was merely *en route* for London. "Oh, said he, I can know a Sunday School man by his face." And so I left him with a promise that I would drop in again when I returned to Scotland, and have a "talk" with the children. Fifteen minutes put us on as friendly