

expression is beyond the limit of the child's wont. Though printed in another connection before, yet, as illustrating the mistakes into which the very young fall, the following two incidents are given. They arose from the same sort of misapprehension as those given by Miss Stock:

A little girl who used to go to prayer meeting with her mother often heard the hymn in which occur the lines:

"False to thee like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep."

Now, it chanced in that town there lived a man, a peripatetic vender of vegetables, named Peter I. Dee and familiarly known to young and old as "Peter I." So it came to pass that in the child's mind arose an awful sense of the falsity of one who could be so bad as to get himself in a hymn as a dreadful example. Even when the odd error was no longer hers the association of man and hymn remained, and to this day there is never a thought of one without the other, though the child has long been a woman.

"What are monkey-toads?" asked another little girl of her mother.

And it transpired that the opening sentence of the Sunday school lesson had sounded to five-year-old ears, "And seeing the monkey-toads [multitudes], he went up into a mountain." The horrors of the crucifixion were not so terrible to that young mind as the imagined creatures that compelled a flight to the mountain.

Not only through the ear, but through the eye, children are often misled. A primary school was to be taught that Christ has all the world under his feet—that is, conquers the world. To make the lesson clearer a ball representing the earth and a figure of Christ standing thereon were presented—the man out of all proportion to the sphere. "That picture," said a child, confidentially, to her mother, "is Jesus standing on a ball. I saw a Japanese do that at a circus. Anyone that can do that is pretty smart."

Another child, returning home from Sunday school when the lesson was about the descent of the Holy Ghost "like a dove," reported:

"Mrs. Brown brought down the Holy Ghost to-day, and it's a lovely white pigeon with glass eyes."

We smile at these things as amusing incidents of childish misunderstanding, but they have a deeply grave aspect. For they

indicate, alas! that zeal without knowledge which renders void so much Christian endeavor. "When I was a child I understood as a child."

Invisible Threads.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

THAT which is seen is not the whole. Over and over we need to repeat this truth to ourselves, stirring up our own minds by way of remembrance as we consider our primary work in its multiplied responsibilities, its comprehensiveness, and its opportunities.

It is comparatively easy to hold the children's attention by spinning a bright story-giving an attractive object lesson or illustration, or by marchings and motion songs. There is inspiration in the responsiveness and interest of a little child, and in the exhilaration of the lesson hour it seems easy to impress the baby minds; but this is not all of duty or privilege, nor is it half enough. We must aim to fasten permanent influences that will go through the week and into the home life, like invisible but imperishable threads, that the children may be holden with the cords of love and truth "while we are absent one from another."

Definite impressions, clear teaching of simple and simple truths, and, most of all, the profound influence of spiritual life in the class, the reverent spirit of prayer and song, and the pressure of love that lifts the little one to Jesus while in his house, are all elements of permanent helpfulness that reach beyond the class and the Sabbath hour.

It is by such ever-lengthening and invisible threads as these that the teacher binds the class and the homes together, as well as by personal visitation, sympathy, and influence. Often a stronger tie is fastened by what the child remembers, repeats, and lives at home than by any word directly spoken to any of the family circle. In many homes it must be through the little ones, if at all, that the teacher may hope to lead. For there are few of us who have not some under our care who come from homes where there is no help heavenward. There are forlorn waifs who need to be mothered by the teacher, and there are poor rich children who are really in the same dire need, so far as soul life is concerned.

Many a child learns the first evening and morning prayer from the Sunday school