

"Face to face!" It seemed all I had left to cling to after she was gone. Through blinding tears I gazed upon the little dresses, the half-worn shoes, the playthings that seemed waiting her return, yet, when my lips murmured "Gone forever," my eye, in its searching gaze, would light upon those sunny letters, and my despairing heart gain strength from the hope of a re-union beyond the stars.

Yes, mothers, make room for blackboards in your nurseries, even if it be your mournful task to take them down and fold them carefully to preserve, as long as may be, the precious tracery of a vanished hand. It was two years before those words faded wholly; and after, on Sabbath afternoons, I would sit beside them, and let my imagination picture to my yearning spirit the glories of the upper Sanctuary, and the blessedness of those who were gathered home, and ever at the close of these, my silent sermons, a gentle hand seemed resting on my head, while a dear, familiar voice pronounced this sweet benediction:

"Face to face, Mamma; face to face!"
—*S. S. Journal.*

That Awful Bell.

BY A. TINTINNABULATOR.

If the pastor of a Church were to begin his Sunday morning services by ringing a bell, blowing a horn, or sounding a gong, his congregation would naturally wonder what in the world was the matter with him. If he continued the practice of thus signaling his hearers preparatory to giving out a hymn, or reading a selection from the Bible, or praying, it is more than probable that a committee would wait on him at the close of service to ask what novelty he intended next to introduce.

And yet such a use of signals would be hardly more absurd than the use which is continually made in so many of our schools of that odious instrument of torture, THE SUPERINTENDENT'S BELL.

In some schools the desk is furnished with a little gong-bell of silvery sound and gentle tones, yet strong enough to be heard in the farthest corner of the room.

This is enough; and if decorously used, and not too often, might be of service when attention is suddenly to be called. But other schools are furnished with gong-bells as large as the superintendent's head, or larger; gong-bells of fearful sound and of penetrating pungency. Some of these are so large that they have to be fired off by means of the superintendent's foot. Sometimes they make as great a noise as the gong in the engine-room of a steamboat. This amount of racket is no more necessary than a chorus of trumpets would be to call a family to dinner.

As the temptation to a boy who has a new drum strongly urges him to beat that instrument of torture, so the possession of these curious bells constantly tempts the superintendent to use them. At the most unexpected times, in season and out of season, their cruel BANG is heard, near and afar off. The bell is struck when the school is to begin, when a hymn is to be sung, when the children are to put themselves in attitude for prayer, when a too long-winded speaker is to bring his remarks to a close, and on numerous other provocations. Perhaps the most aggravating use of it is when the superintendent wants what he calls "Less noise there, boys;" when there is a moderate buzz among the classes instead of that grave-like silence which he considers the proper indication of good teaching, he startles every body by the sound of his awful gong and the call, "Less noise there, boys!"

We are educating our children, among other things, to take their places properly, and do their part in the regular services of the house of God. There are decorous ways of securing their attention which are as effectual as the habitual use of this abominable bit of hardware. "Let all things be done decently and in order."—*S. S. Journal.*

I LIKE Christ's work so well, that I do not care how long I live to do it, nor how soon I die, that I may know and serve him better.—*Thomas Adams.*

THE unsolved problems of creation ought to make men modest.—*Rev. Mr. Weldon, of London.*