

to follow their lead. They delude them with promises of Heaven, while on the road to destruction. How small a matter to lose one's life on the mountains, compared with losing one's soul in hell!

In temporal matters men are wary. They will not trust their all to one about whom there can be a doubt. But when it comes to their eternal interest, they seem willing and even glad to be deceived.

But there is one test even here, that false doctrine cannot stand. It is the test of death. A great German philosopher, who died last year at Nuremberg, expired with these words on his lips, "Truth, O truth, where is it?" He had spent his life in earnest study, he had taught others, and now felt himself a castaway. All his boasted philosophy failed him. He had taught the doctrine of a deified humanity; that "God is only a name given to the ideal nature of man himself." But, oh, how this vain day-dream vanished, when the other life rose up before the soul. Like a scroll in the fire, it was consumed, and what of the poor soul that trusted in it?

If pantheism failed Ludwig Feuerbach in his last hours, so will any false doctrine fail you. The belief in universal salvation, may answer to live by, but it will not comfort you in death.

"Tell my old friend," said a dying man, who had held to this error, "not to trust in such refuges of lies, but to repent and be converted."

"Father," said a young man in his last hours, "I find eternal punishment, which I have so long disputed, an awful reality now."—*S. S. World.*

Two Ways of Teaching.

I WAS travelling one day to W. in my Sunday-school work, and in trying to follow the directions given me for going "across lots," so as to shorten my walk, became confused and lost the way. Coming to a boy picking strawberries, I asked him to set me right. Giving a flirt with his hand, but hardly looking up, he said: "You see that house?" Yes. "Well, go right on till you come to it, and then take one of them roads there and you'll go straight to W."

At another time I had been exploring a neighborhood, giving notice of a meeting, and found myself at sunset in a deep thickly wooded valley where a few Swede families had built their log cabins. There was no direct road to the place where I was to pass the night, so a little Swede girl volunteered to put me in a path which wound through the ravines and along the hillsides directly to the house I wished to reach. She piloted me a quarter of a mile, and then showing me a very narrow way and pointing out landmarks ahead, closed her directions by saying with much emphasis: "You follow that path there, *you must not turn off any where!*"

The speeches and the teachings I often hear in Sunday-school remind me of these two incidents. I thought, from the boy's remark, that *all* of "them roads there" led to W. But they didn't. Only one was the right one. And I have been afraid that children, in these you-must-be-good-boys-and-girls exhortations, get a very poor perception, if any at all, of what should be impressed upon each heart—"*You follow that road there; you must not turn off any where!*" Only one way leads through the strait gate into the Kingdom. May my tongue ever bear the cry, JESUS THE WAY!—*S. S. World.*

Nature as a Teacher.

If teachers, as well as parents, would take occasionally a day with their scholars to visit the country woods, they would find Nature a faithful ally for moral good. Go out in October or early November and gather the gentians, the yellow-fringed orchis, the lobelias with scarlet or blue flowers; or even gather the brilliant-hued leaves. Teach the young to get in love with Nature, to blend with the love of the True and the Good the love of the Beautiful.—*Selected.*

WHAT EVERY TEACHER SHOULD KNOW.—No one is fitted to teach a Sunday-school class until he knows four things: First, his personal Saviour; second, the truth taught in the Bible lesson for the day; third, the individual scholars of his class, with their peculiarities and needs; fourth, how to teach what he knows to his scholars severally.