

Sunday School.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

She came amidst her children,
Like sunshine 'mongst the flowers;
Cheering with love's soft radiance
Those blessed Sabbath hours.

They clustered fondly round her,
As round a mother's knee,
While she told them the sweet story
Of our Saviour's infancy.

Not in language grave and stately,
Nor labored nor refined;
But in words that fell like dew-drops
Upon the tender mind.

And she drew from them sweet lessons,
Which that simple history taught,
By the gradual unfolding
Of each child's hidden thought.

And she bade them, in life's spring-time,
Before earth's joys grew dim,
Confide in that Redeemer,
And strive to grow like him!

It was a lovely picture,
So bright, yet so serene;
For there lay a moral grandeur
On that quiet Sabbath scene.

Hers was an angel's mission—
Nay, perchance there is not given
So noble an employment
To the seraph throng in heaven.

It was hers to guide the wandering;
To make the simple wise;
To train those young immortals
For their home beyond the skies.

Oh, happy, happy children,
Thus gathered to the fold
Before the dark temptations
Of life had on them rolled!

Oh, happy, happy teacher!
Fadeless in her renown;
Brighter than monarch's diadem
Will be her starry crown.

WHAT BETA GAVE TO JESUS.

"Beta, Mr. Freeman is coming to take tea with us this evening," said Mrs. Hollis to her little daughter, one morning.

"Oh, mamma, I'm so glad. I've got lots of things to tell him," replied Beta.

"You must be careful not to tease him with too much talking, dear," said Mrs. Hollis.

"Tease him! Why, mamma, I talked to him once for a whole hour, and I'm sure he wasn't a bit tired."

Mr. Freeman was the minister, who had recently come to the church which Beta and her parents attended. He was a very happy looking gentleman, and so fond of children that he was always a favorite with them. Tea was no sooner finished than Beta drew her little foot-stool to his side, and settled herself for what she called "a good talk."

She had a great deal to tell him of new toys which had been given her, lessons which she had learnt at school, and story-books she had read. When all this news had been discussed, she suddenly remembered a question which she had been stor-

ing in her mind ever since the previous Sunday.

"Why did you say everybody could give something to Jesus, Mr. Freeman?" she asked.

"Why did I say it, Beta? Just because I meant it," replied Mr. Freeman with a smile.

"What could I give?" inquired the child, with a keen glance into his kind face.

"You must think for yourself, Beta. Do you remember what I told you of those motherless children in the orphanage? They have no rich friends to buy them books and toys, and I think that you might perhaps be able to spare them some of those treasures you have been telling me about."

"But that wouldn't be giving them to Jesus," answered Beta.

This was the reply Mr. Freeman had expected, and drawing a little Testament from his pocket, he found the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew, and pointing to the fortieth verse asked Beta to read it.

"And the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," read Beta.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Freeman, putting his arm around her waist and drawing her to his side, "If you saw Jesus lonely and sad wouldn't you want to do something for him?"

"Oh! yes," replied Beta, her clear blue eyes dimming with tears as she spoke. "I would go to him at once."

"I thought so. Now Jesus knows all this, and as there was need that his visible presence on the earth should cease, he has told us whatever act of kindness we do to those poor people and children, and other needy ones who are in the world, he will look upon and prize just the same as if he were the needy one, and we had done it to him. If a little girl gives up a toy to a poor child who is longing for one, Jesus is just as pleased as if some rich present had been put into his own hand."

Beta was about to reply, when her papa called Mr. Freeman's attention to something else. There was no chance of renewing the conversation with him that evening.

"I want to give something to Jesus," she said to herself next morning, as she sat on a high music stool, her hands folded on her lap. "There's my little elephant that nods his head so funnily. How it would make an orphan child laugh! I believe they'd like it better than anything."

The little elephant stood on the table beside her. Presently she took it in her hands and looked at it for a long time. It was her favorite toy.

At last she jumped off the music stool, and going away to a quiet corner, she knelt down with her elephant in her arms, and in her own simple words gave it to Jesus.

The next day the elephant found its way into the orphanage.

If Beta could have peeped through the keyhole of the children's play-room that evening, I am sure she would have been glad.

Her toy elephant had been placed in a toy cart, and some ten or twelve little children were dragging it up and down the floor, and laughing and shouting up and down. Beta did not see this; but there was a strangely happy feeling in her heart. She had given something to Jesus.—*Labor of Love.*

THE HUNGRY, RED-HAIRED BOY.

A New York merchant, who is a Sunday school teacher, says Dr. Newton, was called upon for a speech at a great Sunday school meeting out West. He said:

"I will tell you a little story of a cigar boy. I started out one fine Sunday morning to get some recruits for my class. At the corner of the street I met a bare-footed boy, without hat or coat. His hair was fiery red, and looked as if it had never been combed. I asked the boy if he could come to school.

"No, sir," was his sharp reply.

"You ought to go to Sunday-school," I said, kindly.

"What for?" he asked.

"We teach boys to be good," I said.

"But I don't want to be good," he said.

"Why not want to be good?" I asked, earnestly.

"Because I am hungry," was the quick reply.

"It is now nine o'clock," I said, looking at my watch; "haven't you had any breakfast yet?"

"No, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"Up the alley there, with aunty. She's sick."

"Will you eat some gingerbread and crackers, if I go to the bakery and buy some?"

"Yes, sir, that I will, and be glad to get 'em."

I bought a lot and set them before him. He ate in a way that showed how keenly hungry he was. I ask him if he would like some more.

"A little more, if you please, sir," said the boy.

I got a fresh supply, and set them before him. I waited till he had done eating; then I said, "My boy, will you go with me to school now?"

"You have been so kind to me, sir," said he, "I will go anywhere with you. Please wait till I take what's left of the gingerbread round to aunty, and then I will go with you."

He returned directly to the sidewalk where I was waiting for him, and went with me to school. He had never been to school before. He thought of school as a place where boys had to hold out their hand to be slapped with a ruler, and have their hair pulled and their ears pinched. But when he found himself in the hands of a pleasant looking young lady, who treated him kindly, and said nothing about his shabby clothes, he was greatly surprised.

He became a regular attendant. He told all the boys of his acquaintance about the school, and persuaded many of them to attend. About two years after this, a lot of boys from New York were sent out West, and distributed among the farmers. My red-haired boy was sent among them.