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He who voices the thought of the Christian heart in a hymn which becomes familiar in the songs of the church of Christ, is sure of being held in grateful memory. Probably no living writer has furnished so many hymns to our present popular hymnology as the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, of Scotland. Hence a fresh word from him is sure of a welcome widely. Such a word, in the line of the current lesson study, is now given in "The Pearl of Pearls."

Every fact in history has a twofold value,—a historic value and an illustrative value. The historic narrative of a colored Sunday-school in Virginia, as given on another page by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, a sister-in-law of the famous Confederate chieftain, General "Stonewall" Jackson, is thus doubly valuable. A suggestion in it which ought not to be lost sight of is, that "there is scarcely any height to which you cannot conduct your pupils, if you will only make the step short enough."

A new thought is a new treasure; moreover, it is a treasure that, like a seed, has the power of growth and reproduction. It multiplies itself, and it supplies sustenance as it gains and grows. There is a proverb that says: "A truth ascertained is a life-pension gained." That is, a new truth will continue to give its increase to its wise possessor. Yet how few there are who hunt for fresh thoughts and for new truths in their reading, in their hearing, and in their seeing. Just below the surface in the field where we stand

to-day, there are treasures of thought and of truth to be had for their digging. He shall have who digs. He who will not dig must not expect to have.

Old and new are by some persons counted as practically synonymous with good and bad, the old being good because it is old, and the new being bad because it is new. It is in view of this feeling that a popular form of advertisement announces "old-fashioned doughnuts," and "old-fashioned molasses candy," and other things of that sort. But an enterprising confectioner now boldly breasts this popular sentiment by advertising "new-fashioned molasses candy." And his suggestion is a good one, that in more than one line of thought it is a duty and a possibility to improve on the past; although, be it remembered, it is no more a certainty—with molasses candy or with statements of doctrine—that the new is better than the old, than that the old is better than the new.

How little we think of others, and how much we think of ourselves, in making our estimates of the fitness of any agency of good to its work of good. We hear a preacher, and because his subject, or his style, or his manner, does not please us, we decide that he is a poor preacher. Yet, just because we are not like all others, or all others, fortunately or unfortunately for them, are not like us, we might be sure that a sermon which did suit us would not, in the very nature of things could not, suit other people generally. So it is with the books we enjoy or dislike, with the articles we commend or turn away from in a religious paper, with the ways which attract or repel us in those whom we meet,—the very fact that our judgment in a given case is just what it is, is proof that a great many other persons think just the opposite. It ought to be a help to us in considering those things which are distasteful to us, that, in order to its helping the great majority of those whom we know, a thing must be distasteful to us; for our tastes are very different from the tastes of others. Of course, we think our standard of taste is the correct one; but, possibly, other people have the same view of their tastes: so we can find reason for thanking God that not everything we see or hear is according to our liking.

No matter how good a work is in itself, it ought not to occupy the time and engage the labors of one whose duty is in another direction. Thus it is a common mistake, in Sunday-school management, to select librarians from the ranks of young men or boys who are not communicants in the church, but whose quick step and graceful bearing naturally recommend them for this position. Yet, probably, no persons in the school can so ill afford to lose the teaching of the hour as these. Kept away even from the opening exercises, in many schools, to receive or to assign the books for the day, their task becomes one of mere routine, and their Sunday-school hour passes away without leaving a single new religious impression, and this through no fault of the librarians themselves. In some schools, however, it is the custom to select men for this office who are already mature and intelligent Christians. If the right ones are found, they will cheerfully deny themselves a share in the Sunday-school exercises in the interest

of the younger brethren, and their practical business habits will enable them to do excellent service in the library room. Indeed, in this way older Christians are sometimes induced to connect themselves with the Sunday-school, when, otherwise, they would have no part in its good work.

DOING ORDINARY THINGS IN AN EXTRAORDINARY WAY.

Life is made up chiefly of commonplaces. Few have the opportunity or ability for any extraordinary achievements. The great question for most people must be, not how they can do greater things, but how they can do the common and homely duties of life more faithfully. If we can invest these duties with dignity, and can sincerely regard them as furnishing a worthy sphere for noble service, our whole life will be lifted to a higher plane.

It is not so much the different things which men do as the way and spirit in which they do them, that makes the greatest difference between men. The man whose daily work is mere drudgery is, in spirit, a slave. He regards himself as a mere means to the end of accomplishing certain set tasks. It is the very bitterness of the slave's condition that he is a mere tool, and that he cannot rise above that relation to his work. Hence, there can be for him but small delight in his labor. It can possess no dignity for him, because he possesses none in himself. Labor is invested with dignity only when the man who does it is brought into a free and responsible relation to it. It is the man who dignifies his work. If he exists—or supposes himself to exist—only for his tasks, they share in his degradation. Only as the man is lifted into something of the dignity of free, responsible, personal life, can his tasks take on new and higher meanings. This is true, just because it is not the mere doing of the tasks which gives them their meaning, but the purpose, spirit, and way of doing them.

Two young mechanics work side by side in the same factory. One does his work from sheer necessity. He thinks of something else all the while. He has no interest in it. He goes to it as the slave goes to his meaningless and irksome labor. His only hope or joy in it is in the finishing of it and in watching for the hours of release. A companion works by his side, and does exactly the same work. He has felt stirring within him a desire to rise in this line of labor. He begins dimly to see that he must master the department to which he is assigned. Gradually the work takes on more meaning than it could have considered as a mere exchange of so much muscular effort for so much money. The idea of an intelligent purpose in each day's work transforms it more and more into a dignified employment. It is subordinated to the ends of personal achievement and success. The man is master of his work, not its slave. His work takes its commercial value and dignity from the way, spirit, and purpose with which he pursues it.

Two boys sit on the same bench at school and study the same books. The whole ambition of one terminates upon having done with the recitation and going free from his set tasks. To commit to memory by sheer force certain words or sentences is the end for which he, for the time being, exists. He cannot lift his work into any dignity or importance, or clothe it with any noble meaning, because he has himself no

temptability of Jesus were said by the elder's pastor to be at variance with "Dr. Dabney's Theology;" and the elder asked The Sunday School Times for "argument" in support of its position, accordingly. Thereupon The Sunday School Times suggested that it was ready to show that its position was conformable to the Bible text, but was not ready to undertake to show its conformity with the teachings of any "particular theologian's system of theology;" moreover, that the lesson-helps of The Sunday School Times are quite likely to be found, at one time or another, difficult of reconciling at one point or another, with "Dr. Dabney's system of theology as such," or any other uninspired man's system of theology as such." In saying this, The Sunday School Times had no intention of reflecting in the slightest degree on Dr. Dabney, on his theological views, or on his particular opinion (whatever it might be) at the point in question. It simply meant to affirm its intention of going directly to the Bible for proof of its position, whenever its theological soundness is challenged by anybody. It is to be borne in mind that the corps of regular lesson-help writers on The Sunday School Times ordinarily includes representative men of from seven to ten different denominations of Christians; and that it is hardly to be expected that all the writings of a follower of John Wesley will be easily reconcilable with a system of theology written by a follower of John Calvin or of Martin Luther. Yet the biblical proof of any statement made by any one of these writers can fairly be demanded by any one of the ten thousand clergymen, of the more than twenty denominations, who are subscribers to The Sunday School Times, or by any of the many more thousands of laymen among its readers. The illustrative mention, in this instance, of the Rev. Dr. Dabney, seems, however, to have been taken by himself and by some of his very many friends as an implied reflection on his correctness of opinion. Thus Dr. Dabney writes in rejoinder as follows:

AUSTIN, Texas, November 14, 1887.

EDITOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES:

It may turn out that it had been well for the children had The Sunday School Times felt as real reverence for scriptural texts as Dr. Dabney does. Are there not texts forbidding false accusation of brethren? Had The Sunday School Times or its elder tried candidly to see what Dr. Dabney does teach, they would have found him saying, as expressly as the Bible does, that Christ was tempted. Does The Sunday School Times wish to be thought as poor a Latinist as his elder, who, it seems, finds no better translation for *non potuit peccare* than that Christ could not be tempted? Does The Sunday School Times also need to be taught that the words mean only this, "he could not sin"? Let The Sunday School Times and his elder read my lecture; they will find that it labors two points: 1. That Jesus is perfectly and unchangeably holy (because a multitude of texts say so, and they are of supreme authority, whether or not we can understand the how), and yet was actually tempted; and (2) to offer some explanation, so far as man's limited reason can go, how Jesus could be actually tempted without being actually liable to sin; his sole aim being to clear from such cavils as the elder's the honor and supreme authority of both sets of texts. Will The Sunday School Times do me justice where it and its elder have done me injustice?

Respectfully,

R. L. DABNEY.

How it is that The Sunday School Times shows any want of "real reverence for Scripture texts" by refusing to be judged save by that standard of truth, may be clear to good Dr. Dabney, even though it is not clear to the average reader. So far from making any "false accusation" in this case, The Sunday School Times has made no accusation of any sort. When a Texas elder said that his pastor charged The Sunday School Times with a want of conformity to Dr. Dabney's theology, The Sunday School Times simply declined to discuss that question as a question. Surely there was no "false accusation of brethren" in such a declination as that. The Sunday School Times translated the Latin *non posse peccare* (the infinitive form given by the Texas elder) by the words "incapable of sinning." Dr. Dabney, as "a Latinist," will hardly take exception to that rendering. If, indeed, he had exercised his usual carefulness of observation, he would have noticed this explicit translation by The Sunday School Times. The correctness of Dr. Dabney's view of the temptation has not been brought into issue by The Sunday School Times; yet it certainly would now appear from Dr. Dabney's own statement of his position in this matter that the Texas elder and his pastor can have rest of mind as to its correspondence with that of The Sunday School Times. If, indeed, it is counted by Dr. Dabney an "injustice" to have it supposed that there has been, or that there is likely to be, any difference between himself and The Sunday School Times in a point of biblical theology, his own explicit statement of the case to the readers of The Sunday School Times ought to do him full justice so far.

THE LIFTED HEART.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Day by day I look above,
Craving guidance, needing love.
Day by day there comes to me
Love and guiding, Lord, from thee.

Night by night my lips repeat
Praises for the moments sweet,
When, for all the toil and strife,
Heaven itself enfolds my life.

Let me lose earth's dearest thing,
Let my fairest hope take wing,
I shall yet most blessed be,
Saviour, clinging close to thee.

Jesu, better than the best,
Heart's desire and royal guest,
Make me more and more thy own,
In my spirit raise thy throne.

Day and night I lift above
Prayer for guidance, prayer for love.
Night and day there comes to me
Love and guiding, Lord, from thee.

So I tread the mortal way,
Grace divine my strength and stay.
So already in my heart
Glow the hidden name apart.

THE PEARL OF PEARLS.

(MATTHEW 13: 45, 46.)

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

What shall we say of this merchant and the pearl of great price?

1. Some make the pearl to mean the gospel itself,—the gospel, or glad tidings of the kingdom.
2. Others make it to mean the kingdom itself,—glorious, incorruptible, eternal.

3. Other make it to mean "salvation," or eternal life; that without which we are utterly poor and wretched.

4. Others make it to mean the church of God, the company of the redeemed, which the Son of God purchased with his own blood.

5. Others make it to mean Christ himself, the infinitely precious one; precious in himself, precious in the sight of God the Father, and precious in the sight of the church.

We need not discuss these meanings. We prefer taking the last, as really containing all the rest: Christ Jesus, Son of God and Son of man, the pearl of great price,—the one pearl which the universe contains; the pearl which fills all heaven with its splendor; the pearl the possession of which makes the poorest of the sons of men rich for all eternity.

What, then, shall we say to these things? What lesson shall we learn from this parable?

1. Every son of Adam is a merchantman, whether he knows it or not. He is one of the millions that are crying day and night, "Who will show us any good?" He says every hour of his life: "I would fain be happy, but know not how. I would fain be rich, but know not how. I would fain have the gold and silver and gems that I hear so much of."

2. Every son of Adam is a son of poverty. He brings nothing into the world but evil. Poor, wretched, miserable, blind, raked (Rev. 3: 17). Such is God's picture of him. This child of want is like Cain, a wanderer; like the prodigal starving in "the far country." He does not feel it in its true sense, but he is not the less poor,—poor to the uttermost, surrounded by poverty, with no one richer than himself to apply to; poor in a land of famine, far from home.

3. Every son of Adam is in search of something to relieve his poverty. He does not know what he needs, but not the less does he go on groping and crying and seeking. He asks for food, though he does not know what bread is. He asks for pearls, though he does not know what a pearl is. He asks for happiness, though he does not know what that means. He is a seeker, though he does not know what he wants, nor to whom to go. His cry is the cry of the ravens, or of the young lions: "Fill me, fill me, for I am empty; feed me, feed me, for I am hungry."

So much for the seeker, but what of the finder? It is not every merchant that lights upon a mine of gold, or gets hold of a goodly pearl. It is written, "few there be that find it" (Matt. 7: 14), and again, "not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 7: 21).

A merchant is willing to incur many risks in order to secure the gain he looks for. But in this parable it is

something more than risk that is spoken of. The man must part with everything in order to obtain the pearl, and the lesson here taught us is this: "Part with everything for Christ." He is worth all your substance. Grudge not the cost; everlasting gain is the end. The price is not too great for such a pearl. It is an eternal gem.

He parted with everything for us, we need not grudge to part with everything for him. Though rich, for our sakes he became poor, that we by his poverty might be rich (2 Cor. 8: 9). The poverty of the Son of God was that which purchased riches for the sons of Adam.

1. Part with your worldly substance. You will get a thousand fold more in return.

2. Part with your reputation. He became of no reputation to win you; part with yours that you may win him. Let go everything here, that you may get hold of him.

3. Part with earthly comforts. They are nothing in comparison with him. Paul counted all things but loss, that he might win Christ and be found in him (Phil. 3: 8). Let nothing come between you and the pearl of great price.

4. Part with all carnal hopes and prospects. Our hopes are often our hindrances. We cling to them. We try to make the best of both worlds. We are slow in letting go the hopes of time. We try to get both the pearls of earth and the pearl of great price. It will not do; let go, let go, is the gospel cry; but we cling to the earthly.

5. Part with a right hand or a right eye. If that hand or that eye come between you and the pearl, spare them not; they must go. They may seem indispensable, but they must go. Christ is worth them both.

6. Part with friends. If a friend comes between you and Christ, you must break off from him.

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee."

7. Part with life. Divine loving-kindness is better than life; and to part with life is nothing, when in exchange we get the loving-kindness of God. Life is not worth having without the love of God.

The world is poor—very poor; yet it refuses to be rich. God's riches it will have nothing to do with; and the divine gold or the heavenly pearl, such as will make a man rich for eternity, it flings away.

O poor world! Why refuse to be rich? Why prefer the dross of earth to the gold of heaven? Here God stands, presenting everlasting wealth to the poorest of Adam's sons. Why will he refuse the gift? Is the pearl of great price not worth the having? What will he gain by refusing it? What would he not gain by obtaining it? Take it, poor sinner; it is within thy reach, and no man can take it from thee, nor can any one offer thee something better or more glorious.

O pearl of pearls! What shall we not give for thee? What shall we not lose by losing thee? What shall we not gain by gaining thee? Is there anything in earth or heaven that we should not be willing to part with in order to win thee?

Edinburgh, Scotland.

THE GENERAL'S COLORED SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Some three or four years before the opening of the civil war, two persons were conversing together as to what could be done for the better religious instruction of the negroes around them. They lived in the heart of Virginia, where there was no carrying out of the stringent laws against any instruction of the slaves which their white owners were willing to give them. Portions of all the churches, in the town of which I speak, were set apart for their use, and large numbers of them belonged to the different denominations. Still it was apparent that the Sunday services, intended for the whites, were largely above the comprehension of the ordinary negro. Sunday-schools had been gotten up for them at various times, but they had not been a success in the region of which I speak.

"Major," said the young lady to her friend (the young man had been educated at West Point, and had distinguished himself greatly in the Mexican War, but had left the army under the influence of Christian principle, and was at this time a professor at the Military College)—"Major, I have a great notion to announce among the servants of our neighbors that I will have a Bible class for them in my father's study every Sunday afternoon. I think I have somewhat of a gift for simplifying Bible teaching, and I believe I can interest these

people enough to bring as many together as I could teach. What do you think of my plan?"

He mused a little while before returning any answer. "Since you propose the thing," he then said, "I think I can hit upon a better plan; which is that, instead of collecting merely the servants of your neighbors in your father's study, we should get up, in our church lecture-room, a regular Sunday-school, for the servants at large."

"But that has been tried," was the rejoinder. "You know our friends T—and R— gave such a school their best endeavors, and it dwindled away."

"But it shall succeed if I undertake it, because I make it a point to weigh all circumstances before I act; and if the thing is feasible, and I am right, then I make it succeed, if that is possible. Now this is the plan I would adopt: So that no fault could be found with my action, I will go around to the principal householders in the town, and ask their permission to gather their servants into an afternoon Sunday-school. Then, after I have so gathered them, for two or three Sundays I will undertake them myself."

"And not let me give you any help?" interposed the young lady.

"Yes, I shall be glad of your help in due time, especially as the first suggestion has come from you; but let me try my own powers of organization first, and let me test the manageability of the negroes. If I find that they are docile, and willing to receive instruction, then I'll open the lecture-room doors to you, and to as many other teachers as are willing to assist."

Accordingly, during the ensuing week the Major went round to the principal owners of servants in the place, and stated his plan. There being four or five churches of as many different denominations in the town, of course these slaveholders belonged to all these different denominations. There was not a single objection made to the plan proposed. Indeed, the masters and mistresses universally hailed it with pleasure. The Major then addressed himself to some of the most influential men and women among the slave population whom he knew, and found them very willing to send their children or come themselves to the school.

The first Sunday they were collected together,—and he was surprised at the goodly number that presented themselves,—he had simple prayer and singing, he himself conducting the music. For he knew well that a negro meeting of any sort, without singing, was not to be thought of, singing constituting so large a part of their worship. He then explained to them, in a very familiar style, the need we all have of being taught the way of salvation; and he asked them if they did not think a colored Sunday-school would be a good thing to help them find that way.

"Yes, sah! yes, sah!" a half-hundred voices called out. "Dat right, Mars' Major! Gib us a Sunday-school."

"Well," he went on to say, "I've been to see your masters and mistresses, and they are all glad to have something done in this way for you; but they are not going to make you come to the school. They want you to come, but they can't make Christians of you unless you are willing to be taught yourselves. Now I won't undertake to start a school unless you all promise me that you will try and come regularly to it. If you come one Sunday, and stay away the next, that won't do; you must be willing of your own accord to come regularly, and be regular members of a class. If you promise me this, there are plenty of young white men and young white women who would be glad to teach, and who will come every Sunday to do it. Whoever wishes to become a regular member of the school, let him come forward and give me his name."

There was a forward movement at once among the audience; men and women, gray-headed, some of them, half-grown girls and boys, and toddling children, began to proclaim their names.

"Put down meh name, Mars' Major," and "I'se comin'," "I'se comin'," "Me too," "Ma too," was heard on all sides; and before the three-quarters of an hour, to which the Major had limited the service, was over, he had the names of fifty negroes on his roll.

The next Sunday, the aspect of the school was very encouraging; the number was augmented, and there was an evident interest taken in the exercises. This continued for two or three Sundays, when, according to the Major's plan, he invited various young ladies and gentlemen of the town to his assistance, and divided off the school into regular classes.

The young superintendent's interest grew with his work; the organization became systematic, even to a rigid degree, but the attendance only increased. The instruction was almost wholly oral, as only a few of the older servants had been taught to read. Brown's Child's Cate-

chism, which most of the Sunday-school teachers of thirty years ago will remember, was taught, and in a surprisingly short period many of the larger pupils learned it by heart. The mistresses at home often taught the lesson to their servants, and thus they would come prepared to answer the questions.

Amusing things sometimes occurred. It was at first impossible to persuade any of them to use the word "Devil" in answer to a question; when asked "Who tempted Adam?" their reply would be, "Saatan" (pronounced as we pronounce the word "satin") or "De Ole Boy." Not for some years after the school had been in operation were they willing to call the Prince of Evil by any other name. As one of the teachers, I was very much diverted (and this was years after the school had been in operation) by the answer of an old woman to the question, "Did God make all things?" She put her hand to her mouth as if she feared that his Satanic Majesty might overhear her: "La, missis, dat so? I'se dun heard as how Saatan he mek all de snakes!"

There was no end of the trouble which the Major took with his school. It began to be the very apple of his eye. If any of the regular pupils were absent, he would invariably visit the master or mistress to make inquiries as to the reason of their non-attendance. More than this; he had slips printed with the name of every pupil, on which he made out monthly reports, carrying them himself, every fourth Saturday, to the owners of the pupils, that they might know the truth in regard to their attendance. He cultivated the acquaintance of every scholar in the school, from the old "gran'dad" down to the little barefooted pickaninny. Often, as I have been walking the streets with him, have I been touched by the courtesy of their politeness to "Mars' Major." None of them did he ever pass without lifting his cap to them; and not a child passed him without giving a pull at his frizzly forelock, or courtesying till her apron touched the ground.

Thus the school continued to grow and flourish, and its fine effect was everywhere apparent among the negro population. They were more orderly, they kept the Sabbath day better, and from the Sunday-school many of them passed into church-membership. This continued up to the opening of the war, when the demand came for officers and men to form the Confederate Army. The Major was summoned from his post, at first to become a drill-master for the raw recruits that were ordered by the Governor to collect at Harper's Ferry. There was nothing except his home from which the Major tore himself away with such keen regret and reluctance as from his beloved colored Sunday-school; and his pupils parted with him we cannot say with how many tears. Little did they or we imagine how wide a sphere of action their young superintendent was to have, as compared with his duties in the Military College, or his unremitting labors in the colored Sunday-school; for this young Major of whom we speak became afterward one of the most renowned leaders of armies,—the "Stonewall Jackson" of the Civil War.

But the school did not stop operations for one single Sunday, notwithstanding the absence of the superintendent. A fellow-professor in the Military College (afterwards one of Stonewall Jackson's staff) took up the work the Major dropped into his hands, and conducted the school with the same orderly system. Even during the absence of this second superintendent, in the camp or on the battle-field, pains were always taken to have his place supplied by some one willing to take up the work. And when the Major had become a general, and was sweeping back and forth through his native Virginia at the head of his army, he rarely wrote a letter home in which something was not said about his well-beloved Sunday-school. Success or defeat, anxiety or suffering, glory or grief,—nothing made him forget it, or cease to be interested in its welfare.

I believe it is a matter of fact that never during the four years of war were the services of the school interrupted, unless on some Sunday when the town was in possession of the Federal troops, or some terrible battle had occurred that spread consternation over the entire community. And when the dead General was brought back to his home, wrapped in the flag for which he had died, there were not many more sincere mourners at his grave than these very people, whom he had done so much to teach the way of life.

After the close of the war, it was a question with the second superintendent, into whose hands the charge of the school fell, whether the negroes, now so suddenly freed, would be willing to attend the school, as such attendance was entirely optional, and not only so, but as there was probability that the old slaves would separate themselves, as far as all religious teaching was

concerned, from the whites. But the result was otherwise. There was no diminution in the attendance upon the school; indeed, it became larger, until it attained to three times its original number. Every effort was made to teach the children to read. Sunday-school papers were introduced for distribution, an organ was got for the school, and one of the most brilliant musicians in the town conducted the music every Sunday. The system of lessons was widened; series on the life of our Lord, on the parables, on the miracles, on Old Testament history, on the Commandments, on the Lord's Prayer, on the Creed, were regularly taken up, and no pains were spared to make the teaching as thorough as the mind of the pupils could take in. And well were the superintendent and teachers rewarded for their labors. When the sessions of the school came to a final close, it would not have been easy to find anywhere a white Sunday-school in which the pupils gave greater evidence of comprehensive biblical knowledge. The music of the school was particularly fine, and many a visitor had been thrilled by it, and had listened in wonder to answers which displayed the clearest understanding of what might be called systematic theology.

"There is scarcely any height to which you cannot conduct your pupils, if you will only make the step short enough," was the favorite axiom of the second superintendent. (It must be remembered, that the school, which was in operation over thirty years, never had but two superintendents.) He made the step short, and it will not be possible for these pupils ever to forget the system of gospel truth so taught.

Three negro churches were, formed in the town, and multitudes of the pupils became members of these churches. In many instances, young men went abroad from the school for further instruction, and became preachers to their own people.

This state of things has continued up to the present year, the superintendent remaining the same, and many of the teachers in the school being those who first took up the work. No white school in the town was ever taught with more assiduity or unfailing interest; and the result of these labors, from beginning to end, has been of the most gratifying kind.

The most harmonious feeling has existed between the other colored Sunday-schools and this one, although these others were wholly taught by colored people. But within the last year or two, it has been thought well to let these colored schools absorb the negro children, because it seemed too much to expect them to attend two schools every Sunday. So, a few months ago, it was concluded that the labors of the white school might well now come to a close. It had been in operation over thirty years; it had done an inestimable work in its day; the necessity for its existence was no longer such as it had been. And so, within the year that is passing, the labors of the Major's school were brought to a close.

"That day for which all other days were made" can only reveal the good that this school has done; and we have sometimes wondered if the Major was not doing a grander work, in the eyes of God, in leading his little battalion of colored people into the paths of peace, than when, at the head of his enthusiastic army, he was making a name which has since echoed over the world.

Lexington, Virginia.

WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

BY THE REV. G. H. HUBBARD.

"Why are not my chances of going to heaven about as good as those of some of your church-members?"

These words were spoken to Dr. W—, the pastor of a church in one of our Western cities, by a young man to whom he had been talking on the subject of personal salvation. John Sands was a man of excellent character. He had received the best training in a Christian home, and had imbibed the loftiest principles of honor and integrity. He had recently begun business for himself, and was known as a strictly upright young man, honest and refined, a good neighbor and a useful citizen.

When good Dr. W— urged upon him his need of a Saviour and the duty of taking a stand as a Christian, he at once raised the question, "Why do I need a Saviour?" "What good will it do for me to become a Christian?" Then he called to mind several of the members of the church whose lives were notoriously inconsistent. But in a moment he added with his natural frankness, "I know they are hypocrites, so I won't speak of them; but just look at Mr. D— and Mrs. J— and young M—. You believe they are real, earnest, true Christians. Well, now, they do not stand as high in the community as I do. Mr. D— is a narrow-minded,