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CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL:

Notes.—Investment of Reputation. Five-Thirty, or Four-Forty? Better than Tit for Tat. Showing Uncommon Honesty. The Unseen Powers. The Meaning of Emphasis. 705

NOTES ON OPEN LETTERS:

Date of Professor Delitzsch's Death. Meaning of the Word "Chance." 706

FROM CONTRIBUTORS:

Heavenward to Thee [poem]. By J. E. Rankin, B.L.D. 708
The Scholarship of Germany. By the Rev. Professor George H. Schodde, Ph.D. 706
Like to a Garden [poem]. By M. F. Butts. 707
Giving Children Right Impressions of Death. By Margaret J. Preston. 707
The Religious Oyster. By the Rev. George H. Hubbard. 708
At Midnight [poem]. By John Hall Ingham. 708
Teachers by Turns. By George W. Coleman. 708
The Associate Superintendent. By James Hewitt. 708
The Spirit of the Kindergarten. By a Kindergartner. 709
Recognition [poem]. By Marie E. Richard. 709
After Many Days. By L. Sandys. 709

FOR CHILDREN AT HOME:

Willy's Tumble Over the Tumbling-Shaft. By John Harden. 709

LESSON HELPS:

Lesson Calendar. 710
[Lesson VIII. November 22. Christ Betrayed. John 18: 1-18.]

Lesson Text. 710
Lesson Plan. 710
Lesson Analysis. 710
Lesson Bible Reading. 710
Lesson Surroundings. 710
Critical Notes. By President Timothy Dwight. 710
The Lesson Story. By Cunningham Gettle, D.D., LL.D. 711
The Willing Prisoner. By Alexander McLaren, D.D. 711
Teaching Points. By Bishop H. W. Warren, D.D. 712
Illustrative Applications. By H. Clay Trumbull. 712
Teaching Hints. By A. F. Schaeffer, D.D. 713
Hints for the Primary Teacher. By Faith Latimer. 713
Oriental Lesson-Lights. By H. B. Tristram, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. 713
Blackboard Hints. 714
Hints for Lesson-Hymns. 714
Question Hints. By Professor Amos R. Wells. 714
Sociological Notes. 714
Lesson Summary. 714

WAYS OF WORKING:

Certificates of Dismissal for Scholars. 714

BOOKS AND WRITERS:

The Divine Order of Human Society. 715
Minor Foreign Fiction. 715
Die russischen Sektierer. Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Essays, Humor, and Poems. Romans Dissected. The Faith-Doctor. 716

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS:

New Edition of Andrews's Life of Our Lord. Missionary Literature. 716

WORTH REPEATING:

A Ballad of Trees and the Master [poem]. 718
Why Judas was Chosen. 718
The Home of Mark. 719

A good reputation is a good investment; but the only way of securing a permanent investment of good reputation is by putting a good character at interest. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches;" but it is often easier to get riches than it is to get a character that shall be the basis of a good name. A man may inherit his father's riches, but a father cannot bequeath his character to his favorite son.

It makes a good deal of difference from which direction we view any object or subject. Many a needless dispute arises because the disputants imagine that they see all round their subject, while they are only looking at it endwise, or sidewise. A man who goes to his home every day, out of town, thinks of his train by its starting time; and the family at home, who look for his coming, think of the same train by its arriving time. "Did you come up on

the five-thirty?" says a wife to her husband. "No," is the reply; "I came up on the four-forty." After considerable discussion, they find that they are talking about the same train. And that is the way that a good many persons disagree. They do not realize that their subject has two ends to it, and that neither party to the discussion stands at both ends at once.

It is comparatively easy to do right when we are paid for it; but it is not always easy to do right at a sore cost to ourselves. Many a person who would willingly give love for love, would never think of giving just as much love without requital as with it. Yet only he who will do right at the risk of ruin, is the truest right-doer; and he alone who will love on changelessly without a return of his love, knows what love is at its purest and best. The dweller in God's holy hill is, according to the Psalmist,

"He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." And our Lord says to his disciples: "If ye love them that love you, what thank have ye? for even sinners love those that love them." Or, as one of Dryden's nobler characters expresses it:

"You know you are from recompense debarred;
But purest love can live without reward."

How prone we are to feel that the civil law settles all questions of moral right and wrong with reference to property! When the courts decide that there is a flaw in the will by which a man bequeaths his wealth for the good of others, the "heirs at law" are likely to avail themselves of that decision, and to count as their own the property which they know was designed by the testator for another purpose than their personal profit. And thus they divert from its intended use the money which its owner desired to bestow. In doing this, they show "common honesty,"—which is a pretty poor standard of virtue. If, indeed, any one heir declines to aid in diverting the clearly purposed bequest of a testator, through availing herself of a legal technicality, she is sure to receive, as she deserves, high praise for having exhibited uncommon honesty,—which is the only honesty that is really worth having.

How easy it is to mistake a display of power for power itself,—to mistake effect for cause, sign for thing signified! In many a shop or office window a shrewd inventor has placed a wheel that is usually seen to be rapidly revolving. The happy inmates of the room fancy that the spinning of that wheel produces a current of air that keeps the room ventilated. They do not stop to think that the air-current turns the wheel, and that therefore the wheel cannot create the current. No, that activity of the wheel is a sign to them that there is an activity of the air. True, there would be a still greater activity of the air if the wheel were removed entirely, but then they would have no evidence of it. And so it makes little difference to us, often, which is cause and which effect. We want visual signs. If we do not see motion, we suppose there is no life; if we do not see emotion, we suppose there is a lack of feeling. But the visible signs are often obstructors. The rotating wheel prevents the free egress or ingress of air. The bustling, fussy worker, full of motion, obstructs the real prog-

ress of things, and feeling may be deepest when tears do not flow. What we need is more faith in the silent powers that do not show themselves by immediate surface display, but by the larger life results that make the world's heart beat truer, and the blood flow purer and freer and healthier.

THE MEANING OF EMPHASIS.

It is said that the magpies of Australia, which hang about the mining-camps, become very proficient swearers. They exercise their powers of imitating human speech upon what they hear said with the greatest emphasis; and their vocabulary of profanity grows apace.

This gauge of the moral condition of a gold miners' camp we might imagine to be extended to human life and intercourse generally. If it were, what would it record for each of us? It would serve as a kind of self-revelation to us by dropping out of sight the commonplaces of courtesy and of profession, and bringing into strong and clear light what it is that we really care about. It is true that sometimes the evidence would be of an indirect kind. An almost hysterical emphasis is sometimes the resort of those who feel the grounds of some favorite belief slipping from beneath their feet. It often covers the weakest place in a controversial defense, and is an unconscious confession of the weakness. But, in the main, it is that by which we discriminate the convictions which hold us from the mere opinions we hold, or think we hold.

The character of a man's teaching or preaching may be gauged more fairly by his emphasis than by his words. When a young man makes his appearance in either capacity, it is this that is worthy of attention in him. If he be a strong and devout man, it will be found that his emphasis falls on the great things of Christian teaching, of Christian privilege, of Christian duty. He will find himself at home in great texts, which millenniums of sermons have not exhausted. He will have a message to the universal needs of life, of conscience, and of Christian fellowship. It is the sign of a decaying pulpit when the preacher runs to secondary themes and odd texts as a means of rousing attention.

So a teacher may gauge the worth of his teaching by observing to what features of each lesson his attention turns most naturally, and seeing where his emphasis falls. Bible antiquities, personal portraiture, literary beauties, historical settings, are all worth attention. But the Bible as "God's bread fit for his children" is the teacher's proper business. It is the relation of the book to the young lives of his class on which his emphasis will fall, naturally and without effort, if he be working in the right spirit.

Emphasis, or the want of it, may alter completely the meaning of words. If a man say softly to himself, as he goes down the street, "Fire, fire, fire," even those who hear him will not heed him. But if he lift up his voice and shout, "Fire, FIRE, FIRE!" that means something to the point. All those who have stirred their generation have been men of emphasis. Even our Lord, of whom it was predicted, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street," had his "Verily, verily, I say unto you," which must have gone through men like a sword at times. And his servants often have had

only to the state authorities. Remembering, in this connection, that *Lehrfreiheit*, or the absolute freedom of teaching in the lecture-room whatever the professor regards as the results of his investigations, no matter how radical or revolutionary these may be, is considered the foundation-stone of the university system, which is defended even by those who deplore the dangerous doctrines of some of the most aggressive innovators, and which is only interfered with when the state becomes alarmed, it can readily be seen how these famous institutions have all along been the sources and fountain-heads of an aggressive independent scholarship. Add to this outward favoring circumstance the inner one, that the German, unlike the Anglo-Saxon, does not so consistently and persistently see the full practical bearings of his teachings, and is accordingly less deterred by such considerations. The well-known statement of the philosopher Jacobi, that he was a believer with his heart, but an unbeliever with his head, has as much a representative as a personal application.

Here, too, as is so often the case, the greatest weakness is found just there where the greatest strength lies. The outspoken determination to disregard all authority, to search for truth absolutely unbiased and unprejudiced, as the most natural thing in the world, leads often to a rejection of all that has already been established, and just as naturally degenerates into radicalism and revolutionary theorizing. The "isms" of earlier generations sit remarkably lightly on the shoulders of German scholars. It often seems that they love to display their disrespect for the ways of the fathers. Since it is a fundamental canon in Germany that only he who brings forth new truths or corrects old errors can claim recognition in the charmed circles of scholarship, to which a mere compiler can have no admittance, the temptation to mistake novelty for new truth, and the hope of attracting attention and recognition by sensational hypotheses, is often too great to resist. While the independence of German scholarship has thus, beyond any and every doubt, produced the best of gold and silver in the field of modern scientific research, it has also with equal certainty brought forth not a little hay and stubble. Time and further investigations only can show what of its methods and results are of permanent value, and what is of the hour and for the hour.

In close connection with the preceding characteristic of German scholarship is its thoroughness. It aims in all cases to go back to the original sources as much as possible, and not to accept secondary authorities. It is by no means an accidental matter that Germany publishes more works of this kind than all other countries combined. Here, too, the law of demand and supply prevails; such works are published, not because German scholars are wealthy and can afford the luxury, but only because these are considered absolutely necessary to the prosecution of thorough research. The library of a German scholar is in itself an interesting study.

This ideal and aim, however, brings with it another peculiarity; namely, that Germany is typical and representative of the best of modern scholarship also in this, that it is the home of specialism. It is literally a beehive of specialists. Universality in learning is now a physical impossibility; the bulk of human knowledge has increased so marvelously that even the most diligent can be a master at best in only one or two departments. Thorough and original scholarship is conditioned by a division of labor. German scholars display all the strong and weak features of this state of affairs. While the German specialist is, as a rule, a first-class authority in the little world in which he lives and moves and has his being, he is outside of this world perfectly helpless and often deplorably ignorant. Then, too, his voice even in his own field may not be so absolutely decisive, because his concentration to one line of work has dimmed his vision to the corrective which he would find in a better knowledge of at least the leading principles and facts of other sciences. Specialism, while thus an indispensable prerequisite to success in scholarship, is not without its dangers to both the scholar and his work. But what Germany has done in this line is most noteworthy. The literary activity of the Father-land is greater than that of England, France, and America combined, and not a small proportion of the eighteen thousand publications issued there annually are the result of detailed special investigation in the vast complex of modern sciences. Of doctor dissertations, "habilitation" addresses, school programs, and the like, which are all devoted to such subjects, the last academic year produced more than three thousand.

All this conditions and causes the extremely technical character of German scholarship. A university graduate

is thoroughly at home in his own department, but in nothing else, and only with great difficulty can he adapt himself to other callings. This is one of the reasons why Germany is vexed and perplexed with that unique educational and social problem, the existence of a "learned proletariat," a vast horde of finely educated university men, for whom society, the state, and the church has no need, and who cannot readily make themselves useful elsewhere. While this singular phenomenon is doubtless due in part to the extraordinary estimate put by the German public upon a university education, and which induces them to crowd the university halls and the professions, it is, no doubt, to a large measure also attributable to the character and kind of the educational methods prevailing. While German scholarship and university ideals are no doubt most prominent factors and forces in modern thought and science, they are not by any means perfect and beyond improvement. American scholars can learn from the Germans many things which they ought to do; they can learn also not a few which they ought not to do.

Capital University, Ohio.

LIKE TO A GARDEN.

BY M. F. BUTTS.

Like to a garden I will make my heart.
My thoughts shall be the blossoms, lowly-sweet,
Or climbing upward, bearing clusters meet
For such as come to talk with me apart.
Like to a garden I will make my heart;
No otherwhere can Joy have her true seat,
Or journeying angels longing mortals greet.
The pushing foes that in the warm soil start,
And haste to hurt the hesitating flowers,—
Swift-growing hate, maturing evil seed
And envy, mother of a monstrous breed,—
Shall poison nevermore my Eden bowers;
For holy wisdom shall the power impart
To make a beauteous garden of my heart.

Geneseo, N. Y.

GIVING CHILDREN RIGHT IMPRESSIONS OF DEATH.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

A writer of well-established literary character sent, some time since, to one of the most popular juveniles published in America, an article in which the subject of death was alluded to. This was not done in any lugubrious or detailed way, but rather in a mode to lessen, in the eyes of the young readers for whom it was intended, all the awfulness of the solemn fact. The author was somewhat surprised to receive the article back again, with every expression of approval as to its style and manner, but with the declaration that the unalterable rule of the editor was never to introduce into the pages of the magazine the subject of death,—being, as this editor conceived, something to be kept out of view of young people, especially children.

Now with this idea we have no sympathy whatever. It is contrary to nature to endeavor to hide the fact of death even from a child of tender years. It is as common as birth, and why should we try to deceive the young mind in regard to it? We would not sadden it by impressing it upon the child in any undue way. The Sunday-school literature of a past age, no doubt, did this to an unwarrantable degree. Lives of saintly little children were too often written, and the religious literature intended for children largely consisted of such records; so that these young readers began to conclude that to be very good was to be singled out as the victim of an early grave.

A little girl of whom I have been told once overheard some of the members of the family discussing herself. "A better child," one said to the other, "I never knew; she is quite too good to live." That evening her mother missed the child from the family circle, and, going in search of her, she found her sobbing in an upper chamber.

"Why, what is the matter, my darling?" the tender mother inquired.

"O mama, mama! I'm afraid I'm going to die."

The mother, in alarm, inquired if she were ill.

"No, not yet; but I heard Aunt Emily tell Brother John that I was too good for earth, and now—now—I know I shall be like the little children in the good books, and shall have to die, as they all do."

It needs no argument to prove that any sort of literature, or any kind of talk which produces such an impression on the mind of a child, can be nothing but injurious.

Is there not a possibility of so gently acquainting children with the certainty and sweet solemnity of death as

in a measure to deprive it of its terror? We early teach them that God loves them, takes care of them, and gives them all the blessings they enjoy. We talk to them at the earliest age about heaven. And may we not help them to understand that heaven can only be reached through this sleep called death? If more pains were taken thus to rob death of its terrors, children would come to have a far more natural and juster idea of it.

I used to be very much impressed with the conduct of my children's black "mammy," as Southern children used always to call their nurses. She herself had no fear of death, because, as she said, she had been made to touch the dead from her earliest memory, and doing that had helped to dissipate all fear, so that she seemed not to know anything about the shrinking which it is so natural to feel. When a death would occur in the neighborhood, especially that of a child, she would take my two little boys of four and six to the room where the dead was laid. She would say to them: "Dis is Charley, but de part ob him wot played wid you and talked wid you has gone away up to heaven, 'cause God lubed him and was sorry for him when he was so sick; and took him up to that pretty place wot your mama tells you 'bout; and Charley wouldn't come back if you coaxed him." Then she would take their little hands and pat the dead cheek, and make them clasp the dead fingers, and say, "Good-by, Charley;" and when she would come home, she would say to me, "Now dese child'en will nebber hab any fear ob death." And they never had.

One of the tenderest passages in Queen Victoria's "Highland Journal" describes the drowning of a little boy in the Loch near Balmoral Castle. He was the child of one of the Queen's pensioners on the estate. When the body was recovered, the Queen went to the cottage, taking with her the Princess Beatrice, then a little girl of a few summers. She speaks of their going to the tidy Highland kitchen, where the little boy had been decently laid out and prepared for the grave, and where there was nothing that suggested the mortal struggle, or anything that brought up the awful paraphernalia of death; and she adds that she was particularly glad that her daughter, the young princess, should thus make, in so simple and sweet a way, her first acquaintance with death, and so accept it as a natural thing which was to be looked for in all her after progress through life.

I may be permitted, for the sake of illustration, to give an example of the way in which a child may inadvertently receive an impression of death which may color too painfully a whole lifetime. I had, no doubt, been told of death many a time by my lovely mother, as she talked to us children on Sunday evenings. I, as a child of six, had never seen anything that brought the actual fact of it before my vision, and my mind remained a perfect blank as to its reality. So far as my consciousness went, I had never heard of any friend who had died. My father was a clergyman, and, the carriage being brought to the door one fine afternoon, he asked me if I would not like to go with him in his drive. Child like, I was delighted to go, and, after a drive of a mile or two through a lovely pasture-land, the carriage stopped before the house of a neighbor. I was a very shy child, and was frightened to see the shady front yard filled with people; but my father took my hand, and led me through the crowd. When we entered the house, I was still more alarmed to find it darkened, and hall and parlor filled with a crowd that made way for the minister. He led me up to what I afterwards knew to be a coffin; but at that time I did not know what it was, as I never had heard of a coffin. Standing there a moment beside him, he lifted me up in his arms, took my unwilling hand, little dreaming how he was terrifying me, and laid it upon the dead face that I saw therein. It was that of a young lad of fifteen, whom I had seen but a few days before bounding along the pathway of my own home, with his green satchel on his back, on his way to school. Child like, I had taken no note, or had not heard, of his illness or death. In one awful moment the fearful idea of death was borne into my soul; and, as I heard the creak of the coffin screws, I received my first idea of the King of Terrors.

I went home with my father in a sort of daze, but was too shy to tell him of the unspeakable fear that had taken hold of my mind. I remember distinctly how insupportable the house seemed to me, and that my only comfort during the rest of the day was standing on the portico looking at the sky. The night that followed I shall never forget. I lay in my little bed wide awake, and could only get rid of the dead face by keeping my eyes fixed upon the square of the window; and there I lay staring and trembling till the morning.

The impression of that day and night has never worn

away, although long years have passed over my head since then. I have parted, time and again, with the nearest and dearest, but without ever being able to look upon them after their features had been stamped with the seal of mortality. I could give them up to God, and live through the agony; but never have I attained to the physical nerve and courage that would enable me to stand face to face with the forsaken clay.

This tender father never knew what an impression he was giving his child by his simple act, or conceived how unprepared she was for such a sudden introduction to the awful mystery of death. Child like, in her shy reserve she hid the torturing memory in her own bosom,—as I think children are apt to do with their deepest feelings,—and never told to any one her sufferings till years had passed away.

Happy for us all would it be if we could take into our hearts the conception of our sweetest American poet, and say with him:

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

Lexington, Va.

THE RELIGIOUS OYSTER.

BY THE REV. GEORGE H. HUBBARD.

A most unpromising subject, you will say, and by no means attractive. The oyster may be very well to eat, but surely he has no other merits. His claims to consideration are limited. What has an oyster to do with religion, except in a most indirect and irreligious manner, by way of the church supper? Wait a minute, and you will see.

To be sure, the oyster is not exactly mentioned in Scripture by name, but pearls are spoken of,—and how can you have pearls without oysters?

A pearl-maker is the oyster; and he has a monopoly of the business, so far as we know. In comparison with his beautiful product, the most skilful attempts of man are cheap shams. Without hands, having no machinery, working in the darkness and in very narrow quarters, he turns out jewels that baffle imitation. His method of working is unique. The natural history of the pearl is at once curious and suggestive. A pearl is a transformed accident, an annoyance glorified.

According to the best authorities, this is the method of its formation: A grain of sand, or some other foreign substance, finds its way within the oyster's shell, and irritates its tender body. Being unable to remove the intruder, the mollusk throws about it a fluid secretion, which soon becomes white, hard, and smooth. Encased within this smooth coating, the invader no longer causes discomfort, and may remain there for years. Meanwhile the process of secretion goes on, gradually forming a little sphere; and this is the pearl. Thus, unconsciously and in self-defense, the oyster manufactures these beautiful and much-coveted jewels, so highly prized by man. That which was at first an evil and a cause of pain becomes a gem of exquisite beauty.

What need to make any application! It makes itself. The world is full of sand-grains. Upon every ear fall irritating and hurtful words. Evil sights meet every eye. Into every life come not a few experiences and accidents that chafe and fret the soul. Feelings are wounded, hopes are blasted, efforts for good are thwarted or misconstrued. Rude, selfish, wicked individuals come within the circle of our acquaintance or activity, and we are bruised by contact with them. No life is free from these harsh elements, that annoy and disturb the sensitive nature. One does not escape from them by becoming a Christian. Uniting with the church will not protect us from them. We shall inevitably find such hurtful atoms within the very circle of the elect. Their influence upon life, our own or others', depends upon our treatment of them.

Study the life of Christ, and you will find that many of his parables and other discourses grew up about some irritating circumstance in his ministry. A word of contempt or opposition from Pharisees, a quarrel among his disciples, a display of false ambition, was at once made the occasion of a Divine lesson; and that which was in itself evil became the source of a rich blessing to men.

So should it be with every disciple. The materials for pearl manufacture abound on every hand; but pearls are all too rare, and there is no danger of overstocking the market. We lament our weaknesses, we murmur at our misfortunes, we grumble at our unpleasant acquaintances or fellow-workers. If instead of this we should cover

them all with the "nacre" of God's grace, we should soon become possessors of a casket of precious jewels. By this means John B. Gough made his weakness for strong drink of immeasurable value in the rescue of others similarly tempted. Frances Ridley Havergal threw the same covering about her times of sickness and pain, and gave the world many rich pearls of song. The sand-grain of bereavement falling on the life of Mr. Tennyson became the nucleus of the rich pearl "In Memoriam." And countless unknown lives have witnessed a like process.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Many a broken heart has become the source of priceless comfort to other hearts bowed down with grief. About the sharpness of disappointed hopes has gathered the beautiful luster of a deeper consecration in many lives, that has at length become a pearl of unselfishness. Atoms of difficulty and opposition in others have developed manly independence and true strength of character.

Would you realize in your life the meaning of the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God"? Then imitate the oyster. Transform every grain of sand into a pearl. Throw over every irritating substance, every untoward circumstance, every sorrow and temptation and trial, the "nacre" of Christian charity, and faith, and trust. So shall thy wounds become pearls, and thy tears shall be as precious jewels.

Norton, Mass.

AT MIDNIGHT.

BY JOHN HALL INGHAM.

I often wonder, in the dead of night,
Which of us two will first pass out of sight,
Into the Unknown Sea. If it be thou,
I feel that sorrow will not bid me bow
My head in long despair,—will rather grow
Into a silent hope that will not fall
Before the dawning, when I too shall know.
If mine the earlier summons to set sail,
It were not hard to wait on pleasant shores,
In some strange land where errant breezes ring
With echoes of the older life, and bring
At last the sound of thy approaching oars.
Oh, fattle foresight! Let the future rest
In His control who orders all things best.

Philadelphia.

TEACHERS BY TURNS.

BY GEORGE W. COLEMAN.

A perplexity is often best solved by experience from another, and many Sunday-school teachers, I think, can credit to "personal experience" writers in The Sunday School Times the suggestion or hint that gave the clew to some difficulty of their own; and what I saw in a former issue, from the experience of a Toronto teacher, leads me to offer a method of my own practice, which, it seems to me, enables the teacher to "come down to the boys' level, feel with the boys' feeling, see out of the boys' eyes for a time," as the Editor so clearly puts it in the same issue; for, without this, teaching is indeed "wooden and ineffectual."

The boys in my class were from ten to fourteen years old, and manifested only a very moderate interest in the study of the lesson. Not one made any attempt to prepare the lesson. After discussing and consulting with them as to the advisability of making the change, I proposed that the boys themselves, in turn, undertake to teach the lesson each Sunday, and appointed my brightest boy to take the next lesson. He was glad to spend an evening with me during the week, when we went over the lesson together (each having previously prepared it), and compared views. A new thought, or fact, or view, was eagerly accepted; for he expected to be bothered with questions from the other boys, who for the first time were preparing the lesson, in order, perhaps, that they might be able to ask a few pertinent questions.

The result was successful beyond my expectation, and the method was continued as long as I had the class. As each boy's turn came, he felt a special pride in the event, and I found that father and mother, or sister or brother, at home, had been called upon for help, thus interesting the whole family, in a special way, in that lesson and in the review of the preceding one.

This method made me one of the boys, and allowed me to ask questions as freely as I chose, and protected me from the necessity of answering any that I preferred should be left to the boys. It also helped me to establish a feeling of fellowship among them. The burden of hold-

ing attention I was relieved of entirely, which gave me a better chance to think and act. But above everything else, it showed me what the boys thought most about, and how they thought about it; what attracted their attention, what impressed them, and what did not. Without knowing it, they also discovered to me the quality and direction of their ignorance, so that, in attempting to impart information, I knew better where to begin.

At first it was difficult to break the habit of turning to me with every question; but when I invariably directed them to turn to the "teacher," they soon learned to recognize him as such. Of the many other advantages which this plan gave me, let me speak of one in particular. It was with some trepidation that I took the step; but seeing no possibility of harm, I followed the impulse, and gave up to the appointee the copy of The Sunday School Times, which is distributed regularly to the teachers. This made him a teacher indeed; the powder and ammunition were in his hands, and I was as one of the boys, apparently with no other help than a quarterly.

What would a ten-to-fourteen-year-old boy do with The Sunday School Times, I thought; he won't know what he wants, nor where to look for it, nor be able to comprehend it perchance he finds it. In this instance, I must admit that the boys discovered to me the quality and direction of my own ignorance; for again and again I found them drawing from the helps in The Sunday School Times, and putting me to the necessity of extra exertions to keep sufficiently in advance of them.

This method worked well with this class of boys; applied in a very similar way, it worked even better with a class of little fellows averaging four years younger than mine. In this case its main influence was in winning attention and encouraging preparation of the lesson. In my own class the most incorrigible boy came to pay the best attention.

With a class of young men averaging twenty-five years of age this plan worked grandly, so that during the summer months, in the absence of the teacher, the class taught itself, to the utmost satisfaction of the superintendent. A class of young women in the same school also pursued this method. These four classes were in one school, and were working with little or no knowledge of each other, and all felt more than satisfied with the results. The success of a method under a variety of conditions, it seemed to me, made it worth introducing to others.

Boston, Mass.

THE ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.

BY JAMES HEWITT.

The office of associate superintendent is one that is not clearly defined in many of our schools, and consequently he who is elected to this position is often perplexed to know just what his duties are. Sometimes he finds his office to be one only in title, with no duty to perform save in the absence of the superintendent. Possibly he has the privilege of reciting a verse of Scripture, all by himself, in the opening exercises of the school. Having said his verse, he immediately lapses into silence, resumes charge of his class, and is heard no more.

The rare day comes along, when the superintendent is compelled to be absent. Unprepared for this occurrence, the associate's trouble begins, and lasts until the final hymn is sung and the school is dismissed. How devoutly he hopes the superintendent will live forever, and never get sick any more! And perhaps the school joins him in this wish.

It is to be feared, however, that there are some associates who remind us of a certain class of business signs we see, painted thus:

I. WOOD-BEE, Agt.

Viewed from a distance, one imagines that Mr. Wood-bee is the principal of the establishment, and only the closer view reveals the "Agt." But then, dear reader, Mr. Wood-bee is not in your school.

The office of associate superintendent can be made one of great usefulness. Is not the growing use of the term "associate," in place of "assistant," a recognition of this fact? There are some who still look upon the associate as a "fifth wheel."

I remember seeing a body of soldiers march down the street. How fine they looked! Everything was in perfect order. Back of them came the sound of heavy, rumbling wagons, and of prancing horses. It was the artillery. Mounted on these wagons were great cannons, ready to belch forth fire and destruction. And there was something else on each wagon. It was a wheel like those upon the axles. It was the equal in