

O Lord, in the night." (Psalm cxix. 55) "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." (Psalm cxxi. 3.) "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, he shall preserve thy soul" (Psalms cxxi. 7.) "My meditation of Him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord" (Psalm civ. 34.) "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night." (Psalm xci. 5.) "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." (Psalm iv. 8.) "Thou compasseth my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways." (Psalm cxxxix. 3.) "Thou art near, O Lord, and all thy commandments are true." (Psalm cxix. 151.)

### THE INATTENTIVE CLASS.

(Prov. vi. 12—15.)

It is Sunday morning. The Sunday school teacher is at his post. He has been busy all the week with his daily duties, and if he thought only of his own pleasure, he would like to make Sunday a day of rest and quiet reading in his own home. But he remembers Jesus did not think of himself, but spent his whole days for the good of others, so that he had no time even to eat bread. Therefore the teacher rose early this Sabbath morning—he has already been earnestly asking God to bless the dear boys he is going to teach—he has been reading over their chapter before hand, that he may think of some nice lesson from it that they can understand and remember, and now, as soon as the school bell rings, he is ready for the class.

And the boys for whom he is taking so much pains, surely they are at least thankful to him for his trouble.—It is all for their good. They will surely do their utmost to learn. Some of them are dull; he will not mind that. But surely none of them will be inattentive, much less rude to so kind a friend.

Indeed I wish it were so, but look at them, you will be puzzled what they have come to school for, certainly they have no mind to learn anything. Did you see how Tom Jones was laughing just now? It was John Field who, while the teacher's face was turned the other way, winked so absurdly at him that he could not stand it, and now the titter has spread all down that side of the class. The teacher has just quitted them, when there is a disturbance at his left hand: James Robinson has been pushing his neighbour with his feet, to try and gain his attention, and now they are whispering and nodding. Much the better they are for their lesson! But do you see that tall bold lad, George Somers, he is mocking his teacher, pointing at him with his finger, and trying to make all the little ones round him laugh, and they think him a very fine fellow.—At last the hour is over. The weary teacher feels sad and disheartened. If he had not learnt of his Saviour to be patient and persevering, he would soon throw up his thankless task. And where are the giddy boys? Do you not hear them shouting across the green, only too glad to be free for some more noisy and boisterous fun. They will trouble themselves no more about the school hour.

Something was going on, however during that hour, of which they little thought. The great God had his eye fixed upon them. He noticed every mischievous wink, every rude laugh, every bold push and pull. He noticed them, and He has written all down in His dreadful book, which will one day be opened, that the sins of obstinate sinners may be read out of it. If a loud voice from heaven sounding like thunder, had been heard that morning, telling those bad boys, how angry God was with their winking, pushing, and mocking, it would have frightened them.

I have a message from God for such careless boys,—it is as truly God's voice, as if it sounded in their ears loud as thunder,—for it is written in God's book, the Bible. They do not know there is an account in the Bible, of how they have behaved at their class, but they shall hear the verses for themselves.

"A naughty person, a wicked man, walketh with a froward mouth, he winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers; frowardness is in his heart, he deviseth mischief continually, he soweth discord. Therefore shall his calamity come suddenly, suddenly shall he be broken without remedy."—Prov. vi. 12—15.

Thoughtless, inattentive boys, do take this solemn warning to heart. You have so often been careless at school and at church, and no harm has seemed to come of it, that now you think it is no matter. Remember this is as God has said it would be, the naughty person, the wicked man, goes on "winking with his eyes, sowing discord, devising mischief," and then just when he thinks all is safe, "suddenly his calamity cometh." Yes, some days when you think all is going on as usual, when you suspect no danger, then God may send some sudden sickness which will at once lay you low, some terrible accident which may cut you off in a moment. "Suddenly you would be broken, and oh! how awful those last words are, "without remedy." When a sinner is cut off in his sins, there is no more remedy for him, the voice of hope and mercy sounds not in hell, he is in pain and misery where, no hope or mercy ever comes. How welcome then, the voice of the Sunday-school teacher would be, telling of Jesus's love, telling that Jesus was willing and waiting to save, but it shall never be heard in that dark place.

My dear boys, none of you are yet "without remedy." The rudest, most inattentive boy may now give up his evil ways, and turn to Jesus. He will find it at first very hard to fix his attention, his old bad habits will come back upon him again and again. But if he really wishes to amend, Jesus is willing not only to forgive all the past sins and wipe the tale of them out of God's book, but to help them to do better. Then the Sunday-school hour that he now finds so tiresome will be pleasant and interesting to him. For it will be sweet to learn more about Jesus whom he loves. May this be the happy case with every inattentive boy who has read the *se* lines!

### MUCH IN LITTLE.

Toil is always well repaid by the comfort of rest, and the pleasure of having *done* something.

Those who have nothing to do are strangers to many of the sweetest pleasures of life.

Prosperity and comfort in this world would pall upon the taste, and become almost wearisome, if there were no interruptions: troubles are followed by joys, which without them we could not know.

Perhaps there have been as many rich men living in sin and luxury, who have envied the condition of a labouring peasant, as poor men who were envious of the rich.

The darkest lot is lit up by many bright rays of comfort: the heaviest hour is to the Christian a forerunner of approaching peace and joy.

As the arm is strengthened by constant exercise, if it be not too much for it to bear, so is spiritual joy increased by triumphing over difficulties and sorrows.