

With these facts glaring out in prominence, it is a matter to be deplored that some well disposed iconoclasts would abolish the Bible-school library, the only means by which it is practical to introduce the young to pure and profitable book company.

The transient paper, made for a glance, and prized for a moment, fragmentary in its contents, and no one subject complete, can never take the place of the solid volume, with its careful preparation and coherent completeness.

The habit of reading books is in itself a valuable acquisition, few minds are so obtuse that the reading of a full biography, history, or story does not leave a pretty clear impression, and impart valuable information.

It is well to count the cost ere we exercise that which need only to be rescued from abuse, and elevated to the position of a potent educational agency, to make it a power for good, such as Christians would not spare.

We would have its usefulness extended. We do not believe in the naturalism of Europe to the exclusion of God, Faith, and Revelation, but we do believe that God is the author of works as well as words, of creation as well as revelation, and the time is now when our scientific books should credit the beautiful laws that govern mind and matter to their author. We would therefore select such books as: "Wonders in Insect Life" etc., works on plants, animals, and scientific information generally. Biographies of *real* persons—no Tom Cliffords or Grace Darlings—but true life, say, instead of the trivial, sanctionious, and untruthful fictions, the lives of the Mrs. Judsons, or a history of the Queen of Navarre. Children will early be obliged to deal with real facts and persons, and it is wise to delineate such with all their faults. Interpret their lives, point out in warning tones their follies and vices, and mark with gold the prominent virtues.

Let us keep the library, improve it, purify it, and use it, and may the same prayers be offered for God's blessing upon it, as are poured out for his blessing upon the *spoken* word.—*Sunday School Helper*.

"My Word shall not Return unto Me Void."

BY REV. J. H. M'CARTY, A.M.

To every devout Christian mind there is a great consolation in the thought that God's Word shall not fail. It is written, "My Word shall not return unto me void." Our labors are not in vain, our prayers are not forgotten, not one sermon ever preached has been lost in the great universe of thought. No Sunday school teacher teaches in vain. Go and pick up that little snow-crystal which has fallen carelessly on your door-step; what is it? Only a drop of frozen water. Whence came it? From the clouds. When was it created? In the "beginning," and when that was no stretch of our imagination can tell. Where has it been through all these ages? In God's presence, where all things dwell, doing God's service. Once it lay nestled in the cup of some sweet flower, where it nourished the plant or quenched the thirst of the bird. Beneath the heated sun-ray it was dissipated in vapor to the clouds, and by winds was borne away to Greenland's icy mountains, where, falling to the earth, it lay frozen for ages. Then it drifted to the South, and bore its tiny part in carrying the great ships of trade; and again it rose in vapor and fell upon some dry and thirsty plain, where it sank away beneath the ground only to bubble up in the cooling spring from the dark caverns below to quench the thirst of some fevered lip with a grateful refreshment. And now, a crystal pure as heaven, it lies there on the doorstep, never lost, always fulfilling its mission, ever doing a service in its humble way.

And so the Word of God is not lost. The Bible-reader reads not in vain; the prayer whispered in the silent closet is heard amid the arches of heaven; a word fitly spoken finds a heart-lodgment somewhere. As a seed dropped from the beak of a bird in its flight gives a new species of vegetation to a continent, so a word whispered in some human ear heals a wounded soul and gives it new life; so a few words spoken in the ear of a child may send its soul up to God. Good is immortal. "Kind words can never die."