

How many weary pilgrims have been cheered in passing through the dark valley by the consolation of "Just as I am, without one plea." Charlotte Elliott was an invalid from early years, and died in 1871. She was the third daughter of Charles Elliott, of Clapham, England. *Exchange.*

SOME one estimates that all the prayers recorded in the Bible could be repeated in thirty-five minutes. Most of them are from one minute to two minutes long. The Prayer of Solomon is less than ten minutes. Is there not a lesson and a warning in these facts, which should be noted by Christians! Let us not imagine that we are to be heard for our much speaking.

Do nothing you would not like God to see. Say nothing you would not like God to hear. Write nothing you would not like God to read. Go to no place where you would not like God to find you. Read no book of which you would not like God to say, "Show it me." Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like to have God say, "What art thou doing?"

"One of the fundamental rules of good teaching is to stop when you have done." Rev. Edward Eggleston reminds us of this, through the *Sunday-school Times*, though not to give advice when to stop, but to suggest what should follow, supposing the stop comes for instance, before the hour is half gone. Instead of being embarrassed, the true teacher, he is certain, will make the very best use of the rest of the time. So far from creating a dilemma, the break in the lesson opens a golden opportunity. It is then the time, for one thing, "to find out where your pupils live; find out what are their purposes, their pursuits, their affections, their difficulties, their temptations. Get inside. If you are already intimate with them, and if they have already shown the beginnings of better things, you can hold a sort of experience meeting without letting them know what you are doing. In proportion as you get inside, you will be able to suit yourself better to their wants, and you may after a while find adaptations in Scripture lessons of which you did not dream before." Many, perhaps most teachers under the circumstances, are tempted to spin out the lesson to the end of the hour, which is a bad enough practice as everyone knows. By way of experiment they might now act on Mr. Eggleston's hints.

Even the heathen might teach us. It is said that when Phidias was preparing the figures for the Acropolis (the temple which he was building), although these figures

were to stand upon a background so high that nobody could see them, a sculptor was working at the hair of one of them with minute fidelity, when some one said to him, "What is the use of that expenditure of time and labour? Nobody will ever see your work;" to which the workman replied, "Yes, the gods will see it!" And men might take a lesson from this, and consider that no matter how low or obscure their work may be, God will see it every day, and will not forget it.

## HOME MISSIONS.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL.

We pray for those who do not pray,  
Who waste, O Lord, salvation's day;  
For those we love, who love not thee,  
Our grief, their danger, pitying see.

Those for whom many tears are shed,  
And blessings breathed upon their heads;  
The children of thy people save  
From godless life and hopeless grave.

Hear fathers, mothers, as they pray  
For sons, for daughters far away—  
Brother for brother, friend for friend,  
Hear all our prayers that upward blend.

We pray for those who long have heard,  
But still neglect thy gracious word;  
Softens the hearts obdurate made  
By calls unheeded, vows delayed.

Release the drunkard from his chain,  
Save those beguiled by pleasure vain;  
Set free the slaves of lust, and bring  
Back to their homes the wandering.

The hopeless cheer, guide those who doubt,  
Restore the lost, cast no one out;  
For all that are far off we pray,  
Since we were once as far as they.

"JESUS! TENDER SHEPHERD, HEAR ME:  
BLESS THY LITTLE LAMB TO-NIGHT!"

WE have known seasons so rough, and some lambs of the flock so wee and weak, that the farmer had to separate the young from the ewe, and rear it in his own house. How pitifully the mother-sheep would bleat, as her lambkin was carried away! But it was best for the lambie so, and best for the shepherd so, for thus the lamb was saved for him. We will think of this, whose babes have been lifted by the Shepherd's arms to be carried in His bosom into the heavenly fold.