

### Almost Persuaded.

THE knock was loud at thy heart to-night;  
Hast thou let thy master in?  
He touched thine eyelids to give thee sight;  
For a moment the world lost its false, fair light,  
And hell seemed near and heaven seemed bright,  
And heavy the weight of sin.

Hast thou opened yet? For he standeth near,  
And he bids thee look and see  
The side they pierced with a cruel spear,  
The nail-torn hands, and the thorn-crowned head,  
And the blood for thine atonement shed,  
That the curse might pass from thee.

Hast thou opened yet? O! the words were plain  
That touched thy heart to-night.  
They told of thy Saviour's life of pain—  
Homeless, sorrowful, tempted, lorn,  
That a sinless robe might by thee be worn,  
In heaven's own spotless light.

By that life and death with thy soul he pleads,  
And fain would his rich gifts bring;  
There is full provision for all thy needs—  
A sight of the Crucified gives thee peace  
From the curse of sin and its fear, release  
From the fear of death, the sting.

There are robes of earth that in dust will lie,  
And songs that will end in tears;  
Sunshine to set in rayless gloom,  
Flowers to hide the way to the tomb,  
And through endless ages a lost soul's cry  
For the wasted, vanished years.

There's a home where God wipes the tears away,  
Where we lay aside the sin;  
Where never a ransomed one will say,  
"I'm sick, or pained, or grieved to-day;"  
And the Saviour waits to show thee the way,  
And to bid thee enter in.

Joy in the presence of the angels to-night,  
If thou wilt arise and come;  
But the joy of fiends, if they see thee slight  
The robe, the crown, the home of light,  
And choose the paths that will end in night,  
And hell for the soul's long home.

—Selected.

## Teachers' Department.

### The Office of Librarian.

THE time is coming when the true worth and responsibility of the position of Sunday-school librarian will be better understood than at present. Now, in most schools, it is a position which is found useful in keeping a young man or two in connection with the school who otherwise would not be there. A moderate talent for handling a few hundred books and keeping an account of their whereabouts, with a stock of patience and good nature, constitute the requisite abilities for the average adequate and faithful Sunday-school librarian. It ought to be a position of far greater power and influence. The librarian of the future in Sunday-school work will be able to judge wisely of every book which comes under his control. He will be the influential one of any committee on library enlargement. He will keep himself acquainted with the wide range of Sunday-school literature, and be able to discern between the good, bad or indifferent books. Then, he will also study his readers and cultivate the wise adjustment of books and scholars. A mere name and number on a catalogue will not then be the only basis upon which a scholar takes home a book. The wise discretion of the librarian will be seen more or less in the scholars' selection of books. All books within the limits of the average Sunday-school library are not adapted alike to all scholars, even when as free from waste material as possible. It will be the librarian's work to study the art of adaptation. There ought to be as little misfit reading as possible. The librarian's office is the place to bear the responsibility for this. When the time

comes to honour the position in its possible range of influence in Sunday-school work, it will be seen how strong an adjunct to the wholesome influence of the school's work the library and its keeper can be.

If any church has a member, male or female, who covets earnestly the best gifts, let this one become interested in the Sunday-school library in itself, and become skilled in the power of discerning good books and adapting them to readers. There might be a very great benefit done by one well able to start and to follow up the effect of a good book upon a scholar's life. All this wealth of influence exerted through a suitable and inspiring book, would, of course, take much time and acquaintance with individuals and knowledge of human nature. But it shows the power which still is dormant in the library department of Sunday-school work.

### Our Old Scissors.

OUR old scissors, beloved but dulled relic! Dullness all along the edge of the blade is the rule; at one particular place the thing will cut. Just there our scissors have a little sharpness. Try to cut beyond that point on this side of it, and you might as well try to divide a granite rock with them. One might naturally suggest the touching of that part of the blade with a little red paint, a kind of cutlery-rubic, whose meaning would be, "Cut here!" However, handling has made us experts. We know where to apply the power, whereas any one else would try in despair.

There are some people who are like those dull scissors. In certain kinds of work they can render good service. They can cut through only in one place. Apart from that point of usefulness, they are failures.

Here is Brother A., who has no gift in class-teaching. He is no financier. He can sing, though, all day, and all night, after a short nap. Use him in the song service.

Brother B. can no more sing than a mule. He has voice, but it is a bray. He cannot teach. He would not make a good treasurer. He is, however, a good penman, and you might with fitness set his pen to work in the care of the statistics of the school.

Here is Sister C., who has a knack in working up any social gathering. She will bake and scrub, also, most cheerfully, if it be for any social occasion. Have a place for her under this head of activities.

Still again, there is a woman who has not the least faculty in this world for any such service. However, there is a place where the scissors will cut. You want scholars. This woman has a knack in finding out and getting out people. Put her on the track of children outside the Sunday-school, and she will follow that trail like a hound, and bring you to the game you want, and also bring you the game.

The point in these thoughts is, that everybody is gifted with some useful quality. The scissors will cut in some one place. He is a fortunate administrator who understands, appreciates, and finds a place for other people's powers. Hand us those scissors.—*S. S. Journal.*

### The Bible in the Sunday-School.

EXPERIENCE proves that the Bible, in its entirety as a volume, can be kept in the hands of the scholars in our Sabbath-schools, if the officers of the school, or the pastor, or the session, care to have it done. It is not a question of Bible or *Lesson Leaf*, save as those who manage the school care to have it so, or do not care enough to have it otherwise. In the schools in which any of the parties named above make the effort the Bible is used in the

classes. The vast majority of those who purchase the *Lesson Leaf* desire the Bible-text printed upon it, and they have a full right to claim that it shall not be thrown out against their wish. Certainly those who will not do what is done by others attend to the ordering of their schools as to what shall be in the hands of the scholars during the hour of Bible-study—have no right to demand that those who take the *Lesson Leaf* as it is, with the Bible-text, and wish to continue to receive it with the text, shall be refused this privilege. Far better is *Leaf* is kept in its place, as a help to study, and that the scholars, aye, and the teachers too, use the sacred volume in the class.—*Westminster Teacher.*

### Dangerous Companions.

WHEN a young man has made up his mind to walk on the edge of a precipice for the sake of seeking prospects, he always finds plenty of company. There are abundance of people with strong heads, who, having walked these paths until they are quite certain of their foothold, are ready to go out with new beginners. If these accidentally lose their heads and fall over, whose fault is that? Not theirs, of course—they never fall. They look where they step, and their heads do not turn. It is not the drunkards and thieves who are dangerous companions to young men. Oh dear, no! It is your respectable young men, who have learned to sip discreetly in all sorts of forbidden fountains, and nibble here and there carefully of the forbidden fruit. They drink, but are never drunk. They have the knack of knowing all that is to be known in the ways of wickedness, and yet keep even step with the righteous. They are never going to hurt themselves, they tell you, but they believe in a certain freedom. They could never see the sense of temperance pledges. For their part they don't need them; and if there is any-thing they abominate it is your radical, strait-laced people, who keep always in the dusty turnpike for fear of the precipice. But sometimes men get too near the edge of the precipice, and then—what then? Young man, take counsel of the wise, and walk safely.

### Be Courteous.

NOR long since, while crossing the river to Jersey City, I noticed an old lady, neat but humbly dressed, who was attended by a young gentlewoman. That she was, though her dress indicated one who could scarcely be in comfortable circumstances in life. The younger woman carried a basket of considerable size, while the elder had a bundle and a cane. She was quite lame, and walked slowly. The thought crossed my mind as I gazed at them, "That woman is blessed with a kind and loving daughter or niece."

I passed from the boat in advance of them, and took my seat in a horse-car. Presently, the couple came to the same car; and after comfortably seating the elder lady and disposing of her basket, the younger bade her a kind good-bye, and went away. The old lady's eyes were full, and her heart, too. Turning to me, she said:

"That's what I call Christian courtesy. That girl is an entire stranger to me, yet has come all the way from Eight Avenue cars with me, to carry my basket, and would not even let me pay her fare."

I then recalled her quiet happy expression. I believe I should know her again, here, or hereafter; and I must strongly believe that if she lives to old age she will not be comfortless or cheerless.