

[SELECTED.]

Some Possible Failures of Teachers.

I DO not mean, dear teacher, that your class has been taken from you, or that half of them have left, or that the superintendent wishes you were in China. A Sunday-school teacher may be a failure without any such experience. I have not a few in mind now who stand well in the school, whose removal to the west or east would be followed with a string of resolutions, beginning with, "By the departure of our brother, this school has sustained an irreparable loss," etc.,—when the truth is, the loss would be—gain. They are certainly not winning souls; short of that is failure.

Omitting some of the weightier, I mention a few of the commonplace causes of failure among Sunday-school teachers.

1. *You do not prepare.* True, you may have studied and taught this very lesson once before—and may have done it poorly enough. But if well, at that time, yet you are rusty now. Besides, you are older, and better teaching is reasonably expected of you. Well once would be poor now.

A sensible merchant replenishes his stock, and makes his show-cases and windows more and more attractive, or he will lose trade. Brush up, brother, sister. You've been doing business too long on that old stock. Lay in a new supply. The best wells will run dry if all the springs fail.

2. *Another cause of failure is want of warmth in the work.* The best machine cannot be a Sunday-school teacher. "You go through the lesson faithfully, asking all the questions?" I dare say. Couldn't a—parrot, with your age and experience? Who can't touch off a bunch of fire-crackers, or say the questions to a class? A cold, formal manner may secure quiet and respect. That's something in its way, but it is immensely short of a Sunday-school teacher's business. You must capture the heart, and by heart contact—so far as your work is concerned. For this you must be all aglow.

3. *You have a favorite or two in your class.* Their pretty manners, or faces, or dresses, or minds absorb you. The others are treated shabbily. Their heads and clothes are plain. They are timid and get little attention. They get precious little good from being in your class. They do not like it. Some of them have probably left. Do not be a respecter of persons if you want to succeed.

4. *You are too easily induced to be absent.* Another teacher, better or poorer, takes your place. This always works mischief against you.

If you care for the good opinion of your class,—and they are to regard you as the best of teachers,—don't let a little toothache keep you away from your class. Stand in your lot, if you must do it like my friend, a most successful teacher—on his crutches.

5. *There is too much debating in your class.* True, that looks like business; it makes things lively; it

pleases the disputants, and it makes—a noise; disturbs adjacent classes, and profits—Satan. Don't allow it. Tell the irrepressible talker you will see him out of the class, and draw the bit firmly upon yourself.

6. *It takes you too long to get to work.* Immense concerns hang upon that thirty or forty minutes. It is business for eternity, remember. It may be your last chance for souls. You can't spare time to wake up and yawn.—Rev. C. M. Livingston.

Lines to the Scorners,

AND TO THOSE WHO SLIGHT THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

BY A YOUNG CONVERT.

"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools."—ECCLES. v. 1.

THE Lord Himself speaketh. Oh, scorner, beware! And keep thou thy foot when in God's house of prayer;

Lo! plainly He teacheth, 'tis wrong and unwise To go *there* to offer a fool's sacrifice.

Think of the condition in which you now are If called unprepared to the heavenly bar.

We question you fairly: please make us reply, At *what* do you laugh, and the reason give—*why*?

Can you laugh at a Saviour who suffered for you?

Can you laugh at God's Word, which is holy and true?

Can you laugh at a heaven where saints redeemed dwell?

Can you laugh at damnation and fire of hell?

Can you laugh at the thought, which God declares true?

That hell is for mockers and scorners like you?

Can you laugh at the Gospel God's servants proclaim?

Can you laugh at believers confessing Christ's name?

Can you laugh when the Angel of Death draweth nigh?

Can you laugh that for you there's no hope should you die?

Can you laugh at the time you have squandered away?

Can you laugh, do you think, on the great judgment day?

Can you laugh at Christ's love, which so many souls wins?

Can you laugh at the thought, you may die in your sins?

Oh, thou thoughtless scorner, beware of God's wrath!

And, if you have wandered, come back to the path.

Laugh not at your own folly in going astray,

But mourn that God's laws you now disobey;

With tears penitential, of God pardon crave.

For He is as willing as mighty to save.

No longer the Gospel mock, scorn and deride;

Take Christ for your portion, His Word for your guide.

This truth think of now, and pray ponder it well:

THERE'S NO MOCKING IN HEAVEN, NO LAUGHING IN HELL!

[These lines were composed by one who, after many long years of sin was won for the Saviour by the Divine grace attending the preaching of Brother John Currie, Pastor of the Gospel Chapel, Brooklyn. May the lines be blessed in turn to the awakening of some sinner or neglecter of the Gospel. ED.]

IT is said that the largest weekly church prayer-meeting in America is in Chicago, and is that of the Third Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Dr. Abbott E. Kittredge is pastor.