Cumbered About Much Serving.

CHRIST never asks of us such busy labour
As leaves no time for resting at His feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oftttimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention,
That He some sweetest secret may impart;
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—to endure!

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight,

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see!
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
Be sure to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him whatsoe'er He bids thee!
Whether to do—to suffer—to lie still!
'Twill matter little by what path He led us,
If in it all we sought to do His will.

Failure Among Sunday-School Teachers.

BY REV. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

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, and say the questions to a class? A cold, formal manner may secure quiet and respect. That's something in its way, but it is immensly 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 want 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 that 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.

If your lesson is—well, say about Philip and the eunuch, you haven't time to try to find out how fast Philip ran, or whether the eunuch wore eyeglasses. Without preliminaries, seize some of the roots of the lesson; personal effort, e. g., searching the Scriptures, teachableness, faith, prompt obedience, adaptation of the gospel and its ordinances to all men under all circumstances, joy of the new life, etc.

Look the matter over carefully, and you will find other causes hid away. Drag them forth, put them under foot, keep them there, and by the grace of God you may be one of the most successful and happy teachers in your school.

The Painter's Ruse.

THERE lived in Brussels a celebrated painter named Wiertz, whose eccentricities were such as to give him the name of the "Crazy Artist." That there was method in his madness the following anecdote shows:

After having finished a portrait of the old aristocratic Countess de Arnos, who pretended to be only thirty when nearly sixty, she refused to accept the painting, saying it did not look anything like herself, and that her most intimate friends would not recognize a single feature of her on that piece of canvas.

Wiertz smiled kindly at the remark, and, as a true knight of old, gallantly conducted the lady to her carriage.

Next morning there was a grand disturbance in the Rue de Madeline.

A big crowd was gathered before a window, and the following was whispered from ear to ear:

"Is the Countess de Arnos really in gaol for her debts?"

Wiertz had exercised a little vengeance towards his noble but unfair customer.

As soon as she had refused the portrait he set to work and painted a few iron bars on the picture, with these words: "In gaol for debt."

He exhibited the painting in a jeweller's window in the principal street of Brussels, and the effect was instantaneous.

A few hours later the Countess was back at Wiertz's pouring invectives on him at high pressure—"to have exhibited her likeness under such scandalous"—&c.

"Most noble lady," was the artist's reply, "you said the painting did not look anything like yourself, and that your most intimate friends would not have recognized a single one of your features in the picture. I wanted to test the truth of your statement; that is all."

The portrait was taken away, the city laughed, the artist charged double price, and gave the amount to the poor of the city.

The Church and Missions.

BY JOSEPH COOK.

THE Christian Churches of the world should be satisfied with nothing less than sending out one ordained missionary to every 50,000 of the accessible pagan population of the world.

On the plan of three ordained missionaries to half a million in the foreign field, and one to one thousand in the home field, the whole world might be brought to a knowledge of Christianity within fifty years.

No church ought to call itself thoroughly aggressive and evangelical that does not expend, for the support of Missions at large, at least $1 for every $5 it expends on itself.

I plant myself on these propositions, which I believe, have the approval of great Secretaries of Missions—one missionary for every 50,000 of the accessible pagan population of the world; $1 to be expended for missions for every $5 expended for ourselves. The foremost American authority on Missions said to me: "Let the Churches expend for Missions $1 for every $5 they expend on themselves, and we may hope to put the Bible into the hands of every son and daughter of the human race within a generation."

Speaking roundly a man with the Bible may go anywhere on earth to-day. Of course there are exceptions to this proposition; but in the great nations in the semi-civilized countries of the pagan world, we may publicly and privately preach the Gospel almost everywhere.

Infidelity is occupying the field of the upper and middle classes. Imported unbelief, in many quarters of India, China, and Japan, is as great a danger among educated native circles as hereditary misbelief.

This proposition seems to me of the utmost importance, and is one on which my experience as a traveller has laid great stress. It has been my fortune to give lectures in the largest cities of the East; but I rarely felt it necessary to attack the hereditary misbeliefs of the audiences. My whole opportunity was, in most cases, used in attacking imported unbelief.

The ablest men are needed at the front; and such men have nowhere on earth to-day a wider opportunity for usefulness than in the great cities of India, China, and Japan.

It is evident, therefore, that the longer the churches delay occupying the whole field in this thorough way, the longer will be the effort needed and the greater the expense in the conquest of the world.

Great expenditures now will make great expenditures for Missions unnecessary in a near future; but small expenditures now may make great expenditures necessary through a long future. Immense losses to Missions have often resulted, and may yet result, from the churches not taking advantage of critical hours.

True and Faithful.

"CHARLIE, Charlie!" clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell the voice rippled over the common. "That's mother," cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet! Have it out!"

"Finish this game. Try it again," cried the players in noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear," they exclaimed.

"But I did hear."

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it, and—"

"Let him go" said a bystander; "you can't do anything with him; he's tied to his mother's apron-strings."

"That's so," said Charles, "and it's to what every boy ought to be tied, and in a hard knot, too.

"I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called."

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to anyone else—you see if he does;" and he hurried away to his cottage home

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie Gray is a prosperous business man in a great city and his mercantile friends say of him that his word "is a bond." We asked him how he acquired such a reputation. "I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great a temptation; and the habits thus formed then, have clung to me through life." —*Anon.*

WHEN gruff old Dr. Johnson was fifty years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward but loving boy: "You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for all your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I omitted to do well." John Quincy Adams did not part with his mother until he was near or quite as old as this; yet his cry was: "O God! could she have been spared yet a little longer. . . . Without her the world feels to me like a solitude." When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been for half a century a college president, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent; and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder, and the singing to him of the old-time lullabies; as if his mother were still sitting by his bed-side in loving ministry, as she had been well nigh a century before. The true son never grows old to a true mother.