

flashed open and the lips parted; the wan, curdling hands flew up in the little one's last, impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that breath to her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine, who stood by that bed of joyous death, "If I had never believed in the ministration of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now."—*Heavenly Recognition.*

"IF YE FAINT NOT."

All Sabbath school teachers need to have this precious verse deeply engraven in their memories, "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

How often we go to our classes full of hope that this day we shall see the fruit of our sowing, but are saddened to find that many are careless or inattentive; perhaps one whom we have been fondly hoping to be almost a Christian, is the most thoughtless of all. The lesson which we expected would prove so interesting, seems to fall on listless ears; as we close our exercises, we give a deep sigh, and say to ourselves, it is of no use; the seed will not spring up; the class seems further from heaven than ever before.

At such times we must remember the promise, and claiming it from its author, pray until we believe, "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

I remember one Sabbath I went to my class feeling that the Spirit was very near, and that the lesson, so full of interest to me, would be blest to the class. The lesson was on choosing God or the world. Some of the boys seemed greatly interested, but they were those who always love the truth; they were Christ's little ones. It was for Willy that I had especially suited the lesson; it was for him that I prayed most earnestly before coming to the class. He had formerly been among the thoughtless ones, but lately I dared to hope that the Spirit was striving with him.

Now my heart was pained with his manner. While I asked the most solemn questions, he turned to the class behind, or whispered to those beside him. I had never seen him so inattentive, and regardless of the rules of the class. Soon he even laughed at a little boy in a seat before us. When I asked him the question, "Whom will you choose to-day for your Master, Christ or Satan?" he would not answer, but turned away his head, as if from sheer indifference.

Then I said, "Willy, I have been hoping you wanted to love the Saviour, will you not choose him?" But Willy would not answer, and he was usually the most talkative in the class. "Willy," I said, "will you not choose Christ?" He shook his head. "You do not mean," I urged, "that you will choose Satan?" But he was silent.

As I left the church I felt almost discouraged; I forgot for a time the "due season" and the "faint not." But I could not bear the burden long; so I went to the Burden Bearer, and he took my trouble, and gave me again the promise, "Ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

The next day Willy sent me a note, saying, "Dear Teacher—Do forgive me for my wickedness yesterday. I know I must have grieved you. I was fighting with Satan all day. I almost wanted to choose Satan when you asked me the question. When I got home, I remembered how I had treated you, and how I had treated Jesus, and I could not bear it. I went away into the orchard and asked the Saviour to forgive me, and help me to choose him