

could not help but be interested in you. If I saw your house kindling with flame, I could not help but cry out, "Fire, fire!" If I saw you smitten with some terrible disease, I would run for medicament; but when I find it is the soul that is in disease and in peril, I feel like coming, and with almost a violence of earnestness crying, "Why will ye die?"—*Talmage*.



Wet Sundays.

I WAS very tired one Sunday afternoon, very cold, and not at all inclined to take my usual place in the Sabbath School. It looked miserable outside, and with an unprepared lesson miserable inside too. "Perhaps the children won't be there," I thought; "but if they do come and I am not there, on another wet Sunday they will surely say, 'Teacher don't come on wet days, so I won't.'" My thoughts thus directed, soon determined me on going, only half an hour to the time. I opened my Bible, found the "Golden Text," and the beautiful references given in that valuable magazine, the *Sunday School Banner*. Warmly clad, I went out; truly the rain did pour, and it was very bleak and cold, but I knew it was right to go, and I prayed earnestly that God would richly bless *His own* word.

Arriving at my class, I was rejoiced to find not one absent face, and certainly I was cheered by their loving welcome; they were so attentive, so thoroughly in earnest and interested in the lesson, I felt that God was there, and I trust from that day each can answer from her very heart, "Yes, teacher, I do love Jesus."

Dear Sunday School teacher, when the day is very wet and cold (as likely there will be many such wet days in the coming wintry weather), and you feel far more inclined to sit over the cosy parlor fire, do ask yourself, "Do I love the cause of Christ or my own comforts best? If you are not there the children will miss you, and Jesus, from his heavenly home above, will miss you, too. Will not his smile of approbation be enough? and when at last we enter the bright home above, may each and all hear His loving voice say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." S. E. S.

A Faithful Teacher.

THE following beautiful testimony of a teacher's faithfulness was found among her papers after she had gone to the sleep of death:

"A class of seven was committed to me for instruction, of different ages from twelve to sixteen, and one was older than that. Most of them were girls, with whom I had little or no acquaintance, and as I took my place with them for the first time, I feared I should not have a very interesting class. However, I resolved to be faithful to my class when with them, and in my preparation to meet them; though often fearful that I fell very short, both in teaching them and in commending their case to God in private.

"It has been my habitual practice to press upon their attention those questions in the lessons which are addressed to the conscience and the heart; and frequently to ask a number more, which the subject seemed to suggest, that, if possible, some valuable and lasting impressions might be made; always requiring every scholar to pay her undivided attention during the recitation. Sometimes I was hurt to observe some individuals in the class gazing about the house in a careless manner, but in general their attention seemed absorbed in the lesson.

"About the middle of summer, one of the oldest members of the class began to be anxious about the salvation of her soul. This concern continued for several weeks, until three more of the class were saying, 'What shall we do to be saved?' These four were soon brought to rejoice in hope. Two of the others, I soon found, were mourning over their lost state as sinners, while one seemed hardened, and I feared would be left to her own chosen way.

"It was my usual practice to inquire of each individual respecting the state of her mind, after the close of the recitation, in addition to the practical remarks during recitation. Before the time for closing the summer term arrived, I had the happiness of hearing every member of the class express her hope in Christ, and of seeing six of them united with the Church. (The seventh united soon after.)

"I could not, should I attempt it, describe