

then to hear them say they will murder us if we ask thee to save them. But, though thou slay me, yet will I trust thee.' And then, turning to her son, 'I will never give thee up.' Though her conduct towards him was ever consistent with her prayers, on another occasion he smote her to the ground.

Having removed to Staffordshire, he became, if possible, more abandoned than he had ever been before. After one of the terrible drinking bouts in which he now indulged, he had frightful dreams of the infernal pit, and devils saying to him, 'Thou art too bad to live; thy character is blasted, thy home deserted, thy constitution broken, and everyone frowns upon thee. Put an end to thy life.' With maddened brain and burning brow, he rushed upstairs determined to destroy himself. He took the razor from his box and untied his neckerchief, then tried to chalk upon the floor some message to his landlady. While sharpening the instrument of death, a voice came to him, 'Remember that old woman that cried in her prayers, "Lord, save my lad."' 'What will she say?' he thought, 'when she hears of my sending my soul into eternity before its time?' Casting his razor aside he ran downstairs and told his landlady what he had been tempted to do. She threw up her hands in fear, and, though not a godly woman, exclaimed, 'The Lord have mercy on thee.' He began to wring his hands and curse the day when he was born; but she said, 'Lord bless thee, lad; thank God thou'rt alive. There's hope for thee yet.'

Though thus saved from self-destruction, he continued his evil courses, notwithstanding the rebukes of conscience and the stringings of the Spirit, until, in order to drown painful thoughts and memories, he went to Congleton, four miles from Bidulph, where he then lived, and got drunk.

As he returned home hell seemed to open before him, and such words as these kept sounding in his ears, 'Who shall dwell with everlasting burnings?' Every step he took he prayed for mercy, and promised that, if spared till morning, he would decide for God. It must not be forgotten that all this time his mother was pouring out her soul in prayer on his behalf.

The next morning, when his drunkenness had died out of him, Richard, still in fear of hell, went out into a field, and crept into a sand-hole, where no eye could see him but the eye of God, and there, praying to his Father in secret, he told him all his sorrows, confessed all his iniquities, cried to be delivered, trusted in the blood of Christ, and was made free.

He was to have fought with a man that day, but he began the day with a more terrible adversary. 'In that sand-hole,' he says, 'I had a battle with the devil. Christ and Satan fought it, and Christ gained the victory, and I came off more than conqueror through him that loved me.'

The joy of his old mother on hearing of his conversion knew of no bounds. The news was so good that it seemed to her too good to be true, and the tempter whispered doubts in her ear. But God said, 'Be not faithless, but believe. The child is made whole.' This was in 1852.

Richard, then twenty-five, forthwith began to testify to others of the Saviour he had found, nor was it long before God used him. One night while at work, taking off his cap he fell on his knees and prayed. A collier in a neighboring stall heard him groaning, as he thought, and ran to see if anything had fallen on him, but found him asking the Lord to bless his fellow-workmen. Weaver went on in his prayer, unconscious of any one being near, and, on looking up, was surprised to see his comrade weeping at his side. 'I wish,' said the poor fellow, 'that I

could say as thou canst, that God has pardoned my sins.' 'The blood of Christ,' said Richard, 'was shed for thee. Only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' Still weeping, the man cried, 'Lord, save me'; and before he returned to his work, the load was gone, and he rejoiced in a present salvation.

For six months Richard held on his way, though greatly persecuted; but one day some of the men, in his presence, grossly insulted a Christian young woman, a friend of his. His blood was up in a moment; and, striking out with both his fists, according to ancient custom, he fiercely avenged her of her chief assailant, and would have seriously injured him, had not some of the bystanders stayed his arm.

This was the beginning of sorrows. For several months he returned to his old courses with more abandonment than ever. During this sad period of backsliding, he wandered off into Lancashire, where he suffered dreadful remorse and self-accusation.

About this time he was sparring one night in a boxing-saloon with a black man; and, striking a tremendous blow, the blood streamed down the negro's face. At that moment the Holy Ghost reminded him that 'God giveth to all life and breath and all things, and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth . . . for the same Lord is rich unto all that call upon him; for whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' He went home to his lodgings, fell upon his knees, confessed with bitter tears his backsliding, and was graciously received by the loving Father he had forsaken.

His subsequent career as a popular evangelist, since 1856, has been marked by manifold labors and extraordinary usefulness. Addressing with great power vast crowds in different parts of the country on the simple truths of the gospel, he has been the means of leading thousands of degraded men and women into 'the way everlasting.'

The Pastoral Work of a Sunday School Teacher.

I wonder if Sunday-school teachers sometimes think that, after they have carefully studied the lesson during the week and faithfully taught it to as many as happened to be in the class on Sunday, their duty is done until the next Sunday? I think we sometimes are tempted to feel this way; but there is another important branch of the work, which supplements the teaching—the pastoral work of the teacher.

Let us consider the work, thinking of the Sunday-school class as a miniature parish and the teacher as the pastor. In most cases the work would not be very arduous, as the classes are comparatively small. It would be similar to that we expect our pastors to carry on in their parishes—visiting its members, especially any who may be ill, becoming acquainted with them, that we may know their needs and be able to help them, keeping a careful watch of the attendance, in many cases being able to improve it by a call or note. As a summing up of the whole, let us use all means that we may become well acquainted with our scholars, win their confidence, and make them truly feel that we are their friend.

If we would only make our motto, not how little may we do and still not have our conscience condemn us, but how much may we do for our Master, then would our lives indeed be fruitful.

I have known some teachers who have done much of this pastoral work. One has

been accustomed to write a note to each member of her class who was absent, telling her that she was missed; and as I at one time received one of the notes, I know it was helpful. If a scholar really feels that he is missed, I believe he will make a great effort to be present. I heard this same teacher say that when she was away from home one summer, she kept a whole class together those weeks by writing a letter to be read at the class each Sunday.

A remark that I hear quite frequently from one of our teachers is this: 'My girls will do anything for me.' I feel sure that that teacher has done more than to sit with her class and teach them once a week for an hour.

When quite young I had a beautiful lady for a teacher, who did a great deal for her class. She invited us to her house often, formed a circle of King's Daughters of us, and I am certain that we all felt that we could give her our entire confidence. As a result of her work, the class was one of the most successful in the school.

I knew another teacher who had charge of the primary department of a Sunday-school to which many very poor children belonged. She took almost the entire charge of clothing many of them, and provided much of their food also.

One little girl, who was ill from lack of proper food, lived at her home for several weeks until she was strong and well.

As her class was very large she was kept very busy, but I never saw her unhappy.

Mr. Jackson, the evangelist, speaks of an incident which happened in his own church when he was a pastor in Brooklyn. One stormy night a lady called at his study, and asked if he knew that just around the corner was a family in such destitute circumstances that they had neither fire nor food. He immediately went to their relief, and found little children and a drunken husband. He inquired if the children were not in some Sunday-school, and the mother replied that Johnny had been, but he dropped out because his shoes wore out. Where was Johnny's teacher? Didn't she miss him, and hunt him up? Much suffering might have been saved if she had.

I believe we do need this kind of work in every Sunday-school, not only for the good we may accomplish there, but for the reflex action upon ourselves, for you know that the more we do for any one, the more we love that person.

I heard a gentleman, speaking of a certain line of work, in which he hoped a society would become interested, say that even if it didn't accomplish all that had been planned, the good it would do the society itself could not be estimated.

Let us pursue this line of work, if for no other reason than that we may grow to love our scholars more and be willing to be true friends to them.—Mrs. Ethel M. Driver, in 'Superintendent and Teacher.'

Five Arab Maxims.

Never tell all you know; for he who tells all he knows often tells more than he knows.

Never attempt all you can do; for he who attempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do.

Never believe all you may hear; for he who believes all he may hear, often believes more than he hears.

Never lay out all you can afford; for he who lays out everything he can afford often lays out more than he can afford.

Never decide upon all you may see; for he who decides upon all he sees often decides on more than he sees.