

very near his heart at all times, and earnest were the petitions he daily offered for their salvation. So true is it, "we cannot pray fervently for an object without becoming interested in it."

Is it strange that such labors should be crowned with success, that many from that little band should go out to the world clothed in the armour of Christ, ready to labor for others, even as they had been favored; while a few called in their early teachings to the heavenly world, are, we trust, very near to the Saviour, who, when he was upon earth, called little children unto him, "put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

From the New York Observer.

THE S. S. TEACHER'S PRAYER.

"Come and see me," he had said; "You know where I live: come this week."

I had only known him as we used to gather around him Sabbath after Sabbath and hear him tell of Jesus and His love.

I wondered what he wanted. But I went, and at the appointed hour I found him alone in his chamber.—And there we sat down together: I, a gay thoughtless boy, and he the messenger of God to my soul; and he told me of my sins, and of Jesus and of Heaven, and he asked me if I would not love Him who had so greatly loved me. And then together we knelt before the mercy seat, and what a prayer was that he poured forth! Years have rolled by but it yet tingles in my ears. Wave after wave of youthful folly have swept over it, but it remains still uneffaced. My heartstrings yet vibrate with its sound, and as I look back and gaze into the dim vista of the past, it looms up as looms the canvass on the distant sea.

Full twenty-one years have fled by

since it was breathed forth, and of those twenty-one, sixteen years were of bitterness and sin. For sixteen long years it lay before the mercy seat unanswered, but not forgotten. And when the Spirit came at length to work upon the young man's heart, heavy and dark were the struggles in that soul, as grace fought for the mastery there; but successful it could not but be, and successful it was; for the prayer of faith had been offered for that soul, and we know that "the prayer of faith availeth much."

That Teacher's name has long since been forgotten. Long since have the countenances of those classmates faded from the memory of the past, and sunk into deep oblivion. But that last prayer will never—can never be forgotten. Like an oasis it stands forth amid the desert of my youthful folly and sin; a beacon light on the dark shore of the past; a monument upon which is inscribed "*the faithfulness and love of a Sabbath School Teacher.*"

Sabbath School Instructor: Do you wish for success in your labors? Do you seek to sow imperishable seeds of truth, and create enduring impressions upon the youthful minds of your little flock? Let your instructions, and warnings, and entreaties be more personal and direct. The common method of instruction is not enough. It is too general. Each one applies it to the other; no one to himself. Endeavor to individualize your instructions and remarks. Heat and light concentrated, are tenfold more powerful than diffused. And if God sees not fit immediately to reward your efforts, be not discouraged. You may be sowing seed which, after you are dead and gone—after your name and countenance have long since been forgotten upon earth—will spring up and produce a glorious harvest to your Redeemer's praise.

EPIPHANUS.