

The Bad Boys' Class.

'It's no use to try,' said a young man, who, because not so successful as he could wish in his attempts at Sunday-school teaching, had given way to discouragement. 'It's no use to try. These boys are so careless and unconcerned, I am quite sure I am doing them no good.'

An aged gentleman to whom his remark was addressed, replied:

'It is now nearly forty years since I first attempted to teach a Sunday-school class. It was a class of boys, and they seemed extremely careless and light-headed. Indeed, so deaf did they appear to all my instructions that at length, yielding to despair, I abandoned my undertaking. Thirty years after this, during all which time I had continued uninterested in Sunday-school work, as I was returning one Sunday evening from church, I was accosted by a man who smiled in my face, and, holding out his hand to me, blushing inquired if my name was not Mr. P. I answered that it was.

"Do you remember," said he, "a boy by the name of Dempster who attended your Sabbath-school some thirty years ago?"

"Dempster," cried I; "I remember Tom Dempster very well, and a wild and wicked lad he was, too."

"And that once wild and graceless boy," said the man, "now stands before you, changed, however, thank God; and I desire gratefully to state that by the blessing of God it was through your instructions I was convicted of the truth and ultimately brought to Christ; albeit it was not till long after I had left your school."

'After listening to this declaration you can easily imagine how keen was the rebuke which I felt Providence had hereby administered to me for my lack of confidence in his word, how ashamed of myself was I in view of my pusillanimous weakness and unfaithfulness. My young friend, whether permitted to behold the fruit of your toil or not, never despair. Be content in God's name faithfully to sow your seed, assured that in his own time, in his own way, he will honor your faith, and that in due time your glad eyes shall behold the harvest.'

In almost all our Sunday-schools there is just this class of wild, reckless, harum-scarum boys and its discouraged teacher. These pupils never study a lesson; they afford not the slightest evidence of seriousness or thoughtfulness, or desire to learn anything. During the recitation hour they will be found thinking and talking about everything but the lesson, and giving heed to anything but what the anxious and distressed teacher is struggling to inculcate. At the very moment that the teacher is most in earnest impressing some important truth or duty, Tom is pinching or punching Jim, while the shrill yelp of the latter in turn brings down the uproarious laughter of the class.

There is one redeeming feature connected with this class of boys; they are always there. In this one respect, at least, they are loyal to the teacher and the school. Meantime, but for the fact that these boys are soon to be men, that they have immortal souls to be either saved or lost, they would doubtless, in many instances, be summarily dismissed from the school. In view of all the issues involved no one is prepared to recommend so extreme a measure; and so they are kindly and patiently dealt with with all long-suffering and forbearance; and by-and-bye there is a revival, and many of these very boys, become serious, penitential seekers after Christ.

The writer once knew of a preacher's wife on whom had devolved the responsibility of conducting this bad boys' class. They al-

most worried her very life out of her at first, but she stuck to them, and they stood by her. On the Christmas tree there was found for that faithful teacher a beautiful teacher's bible. Everybody knew where it came from. And when this true-hearted, devoted Sunday-school teacher, sank into her grave under the stress of physical suffering, that whole Sunday-school class were present at her funeral; they gathered about and laid their choicest floral offerings upon her casket, where was placed the bible they had presented to her: They shed tears of sincere sorrow to think that they should see the face and hear the voice of their beloved teacher no more.—Rev. R. H. Howard, Ph.D., in 'The Sunday-school Journal.'

The Weak Made Strong.

Some time ago a sad accident occurred to a poor lad who is occasionally subject to epileptic fits. One morning when the elder members of the family were at work, the younger ones at school, and his mother busy in an adjoining place washing, he was left in the kitchen alone. He took his seat before the fire, when suddenly a fit came upon him and he fell forward upon it. His mother hearing a noise hurried into the room, in time to save him from being burnt to death, but too late to prevent him being seriously injured. He was immediately conveyed to the infirmary. His pain was so severe, and his fear so great, that whenever the doctors had to operate upon him it was necessary to strap him down.

One of his medical attendants, however, wisely directed his attention to a text of Scripture, contained in a little book of Mr. Meyer's, which one of the nurses had kindly lent him: 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' The truth conveyed in these words entirely changed the current of his thoughts. The idea of a loving Saviour present with him, to sustain him in all he was undergoing, and might yet have to endure, came to him with wonderful power. The impression thus made deepened by Mr. Meyer's remarks upon the text. From this time his sufferings have been borne not only patiently, but joyfully. A bright light has broken in upon his life. In a short time he will probably return to his home. May his testimony there prove a blessing to his brothers and sisters.

Would that many of the doctors and nurses attendant on such institutions were equally ready to direct the attention of poor sufferers to the same source of comfort.—'The Christian,' London.

Why the Miner Yielded.

Mr. Moorhouse, a well-known evangelist, went on one occasion to the mining districts of Yorkshire, to hold services among the miners. Not long before there had been a terrible disaster, in which a large number of men had lost their lives. It was hoped that the awful fatality might have disposed the survivors to think of their eternal interests.

The men, however, were as careless and profane as ever, and one, named Tom Brown, who was known as 'the worst man in Barnsley,' was especially abusive. Mr. Moorhouse preached on the love of God. After the service a Christian man who was there said to him: 'You have made a great blunder; you ought to have told those miners that they would go to hell—you should not have told them God loved them.'

The next night Mr. Moorhouse said: 'I

was told I made a great blunder in saying God loved you, but,' he said, 'I am going to repeat it.' And he preached from the same text.

Presently the tears rolled down their cheeks, and 'the worst man in Barnsley' was weeping. Mr. Moorhouse asked him if he wanted to be saved, and he said: 'I do, if God can save me.' That night that man passed from death unto life.—'Sunday Companion.'

'He is Not Here.'

(Meta E. B. Thorne.)

A handful of roses, white and pure,
Outbreathing fragrance rare and sweet,
Type of love that doth long endure—
For, though the roses may fade and die,
Always to each withered petal clings
That undying sweetness that ever
brings
To the heart a memory of precious
things
That hidden deeply perchance may lie—
'Twas this I brought to my dear love's
feet.

The sun shone warm in the azure lift,
The shadows soft swayed to and fro;
On the narrow mound I laid my gift,
And wept for the dear one lying there.
My heart went out in passionate pain
To clasp but a moment his hands
again,
To hear his accents—all, all in vain!
Balmy and warm was the summer air,
But cold was my heart as the winter's
snow.

That moment there came to my inner ear
A whisper as soft as the wind's low sigh,
And as full of sweetness—'He is not here!'
'Twas all; yet I thought of that olden day
When Mary sought for her buried
Lord,
And lo! came the angel's blessed
word—
What meaning to her must his tones
afford—
'He is not here! He is risen to-day.'
No longer in death life's Lord may lie.

'He is not here!' came the words to me,
And my heart leaped up to the welcome
thought.
The heirs of Life are from death set free,
Their blessed Lord from His tomb hath
risen,
And Death hath forever lost his
power.
What comfort it brought me in that
dark hour!
As out of the mold springs the lily
flower,
So life upsprings from death's gloomy
prison—
Such blessed release our Lord hath
brought.

To-day as I look o'er the wastes of snow
That the bleak wind drives with his icy
breath,
I think of my love, and am glad to know
'Tis not he that lies in that lonely tomb
Which the snow enwreaths with its
icy chill,
And though mine eyes with the tear-
drops fill,
And my heart responds with a yearn-
ing thrill,
With upward gaze through the winter's
gloom
I see him safe in his Father's home,
And victor through Christ o'er the last
foe—death.
—'Zion's Herald.'