

## NAGGING.

"Nagging is the bane of the Sunday-school, no less than of the home. In the infant room especially, the less apparent 'managing' the better. A primary teacher who is always fussily wandering about, darting toward this one here and pouncing on that one there, poking and patting and suggesting, for fear that visitors may get a bad impression of her children, has an irritating effect on the beholder. Almost any amount of quiet naughtiness on the part of the children would be preferable to so much unquiet zeal in preventing it."

At the same time the method defeats its own end, and results in nothing but general discomfort. No child, however, well-disposed, can bear up long under such treatment. We have lately seen, and sympathized with, a set of little folks brought out into the 'big room' to undergo the ordeal of Review Sunday. The little low seats were gone and the little legs were dangling. They had to sit up in the front rows to be looked at, and they had to sing their little kindergarten ditties and say their kindergarten pieces, and then sit still a solemn half hour or more and listen while the older folks harangued. In this Sunday-school it is the custom for subjects to be given out and papers written once a quarter on the interesting persons or places studied during that time. . . . On this occasion the primary children bore up under it with exemplary patience. As one motherly old lady whispered, 'They'd 'a' been all right if that teacher o' their'n had only had faith to believe they was goin' to be all right.'"—*Pilgrim Teacher*.

## TO A DISCOURAGED TEACHER.

"To-day is Communion Sunday. If I possibly could I would stay at home. I don't want to go. I shall bow my head and think, as I have so often lately, 'why can't he answer my prayers, as he does others? Why has he given me no sign of encouragement in my class when he has given others so many?' Even when I was most full of his Spirit, my prayers all failed. There is no use in praying, anyway; my girls will not let him answer my prayers, so I may as well stop. I have stopped long ago."

Several months since these despairing words were written me by a young Sunday-school teacher; she is still hopeless concerning her work for her class of girls. God has not

answered her many, many prayers; her work has failed.

God gave her this work; she loved it; she loved to do it for his sake; she thought he would help her, and that he would permit her to bring those untaught girls to him.

She is a young girl; more than one in the class is older than herself. They are mill-hands, and she is cultured, travelled, and wealthy. To them, in her daintiness and brightness, she is like a being from another world; their admiration for her is equalled only by their demonstrative love. They love her, but she cannot win them to love her Saviour. She has given herself wholly to them; she has worked and prayed and—failed.

No wonder she is discouraged; no wonder she has given up praying "long ago."

But another Sunday is coming, and what shall she do?

In the first place, *remember the work is God's, and it is none of your business whether it fail or whether it succeed*. It is none of your business, because it is all of God's business.

The word you speak is his. He has touched your mouth and put his word into it. See that you speak it. Speak it and your work is done.

Let it fall to the ground; he has sovereign right to let his own words fall to the ground.

His words fall to the ground. That is the place for them, or he would not let them fall there. As soon as they leave your lips your work is done and his work begins. We have taken it for granted that your words have fallen to the ground; no one but God knows whether that is true or not. The girls you teach do not know whether the word is in their heart or fallen to the ground. Not until it spring up.

If it has fallen into their hearts, who planted it? Did you?

If it is hidden there, being watered now and then, and sprouting but never so little, are you doing it?

Suppose God wills to keep it hidden and to water it slowly, what have you to say against it?

Are you wiser than the Husbandman? Do you know about that girl's heart better than he does?

You have read about those hearers who "immediately receive it with gladness." Oh, that your girls had immediately received your message to them! How you would have thanked God and taken courage!