

afraid of touching you, or sniggering every time yer lips opened."

Further than this point Miss Yeomans could not get; the girl always came back to the same objections. It was quite a failure. She could not be won. There was a little comfort, however, in the thought that no objections had been made against the bare idea of going to school to learn; it was only the contingencies that were feared.

"But Amy Yeomans did not despair. "I may make some discovery," she said, "which will eventually induce her to comply."

Sitting quietly at her work one afternoon, she began pondering over the subject. Just then her little niece ran into the room with a pitiful face, and as pitiful a tale.

"Oh, aunty," she exclaimed, "my new skipping-rope is too small. I can't skip *half* so well with it as I did with my old one." "Well, Katy dear, I think that can soon be remedied," she answered. "By untying these knots we can draw the rope further through the handles, and so make it longer."

Thus the difficulty was disposed of, and away the little one went to her play.

"Amy Yeomans learnt something from that. "The rope was too short she meditated, "for the bounding form to pass under; perhaps, also, our fold is too narrow, our borders too confined, to admit that poor girl who will not part with her objections. The rope was lengthened: can the fold of our Sunday school be widened, the borders enlarged? But how? The girl says she will not come at all to school."

Then the well-known saying of Mahomet came to mind. "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain;" and with it this thought also,—*"If the girl will not come to school, can I take the school to her?"*

Amy Yeomans then and there became a free-hearted Sunday school teacher. And she soon discovered from two to four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon was not the only time when she ought to be doing the work to which she had dedicated herself; that it was not simply to girls who came to the school she should impart instruction, but also to those who did not come, knowing that it was such who need it most.

For a long time her sphere of labour had been confined between four walls, and then only for two hours in the week were her powers allowed to exercise their direct mission. Now they were escaping from that treadmill to wander whither the spirit led, ready at all times to teach the word.

On the next Sunday evening she called again at the cottage. The girl was standing at the door talking to two of her companions, similar girls to herself. Miss Yeomans kindly asked how she was.

"I'm all right," was the reply; "the other girls, with a visible grin on their faces, walking away."

"I want to know if you have altered your mind at all about going to the Sunday school?"

"Me? No; I'm not so much of a whisp of straw as that!"

"Do you so seldom change your mind?" "Not often," and the girl's face certainly bore testimony to the truth of her words; firmness was unmistakably inscribed upon it.

"I have been thinking very much about you this week." Here Lil laughed.

"Me!" she exclaimed, "well, I declare I should like to hear what it was. It would be like having my fortune told."

"I shall willingly tell you, if you would allow me to sit down in your house."

"Oh, you can come in if you like." "There was no one else in the room, so when a chair had been obtained and dusted, the girl asked in her abrupt way, "Now, what was it?"

"I should like to know, first, if you have ever any wish to be like other girls who are educated and attend Sunday school?"

"I should like it well enough."

"But do you ever wish it?"

"I wish lots of things."

"But please answer my question." The voice was low and sweet, seemingly quite to soothe the girl; she raised her eyes, and looked keenly at her questioner, then replied, "Sometimes."

"I am so glad;"—again the same tone and the same questioning look. There was a dead pause after that, which was broken by the girl asking,—

"What makes you come here? You seem a real lady, and it is not often such like trouble themselves about folks like me, nor come into a sty like this." "You could make this room much more comfortable if you liked."

"I don't know how; and if I try, father swears, and says I am wasting his money."

"But cleanliness is not waste;" and then she pointed out several things in the room which might be made to look quite nice with the aid of soap and water, adding a little general advice, given not in an authoritative tone, but in a simple suggestive manner.

"It's always been the same," said the girl; "when mother was alive it was no better."

"If you made home more comfortable, your father might stay at home more."

"Him stay at home! You don't know him, or you wouldn't say that."

"You might try."

"I thought you were a Sunday school teacher," she asked with a puzzled look on her face.

"So I am."

"You talk like as if you'd kept a register office."

"Why do you think so?"

"Seems as if you were a practised hand at advising girls."

"I certainly like to advise girls when they will let me."

A bare rehearsal of words which afterwards passed between them would give but a faint idea of what transpired. They passed from temporal things to talk of those religious, Amy Yeomans telling Lil all she had thought concerning her. An unseen influence was at work which the girl could not resist. It was not long before tears rose to her eyes—eyes which seldom wept save when her father beat her.

It was not long before a compact was made between them to the effect that Miss Yeomans was to come every Sunday evening at eight o'clock for the purpose of teaching her.

"Would you mind Poll coming?" referring to one of her companions.

"I shall be pleased to see any one you like to invite."

That proved but the commencement of a large class numbering about twelve girls, who were all Lil's work-companions or

neighbours. After a while they also met once a week at Miss Yeomans's house.

It was not all accomplished at once. The story is soon told, but the labour was very great. Many times was the teacher disheartened, and about to give up in despair; the girls were rude and ignorant, often times they would laugh and sneer at most solemn truths. Her friends chided her, some were very sarcastic in their remarks, but still she went on, and at last, after many weary months, success came.

One Sunday night, when Lil's cottage room was almost full with the assembled class, who should come in but her father! He knew of the meeting, had given his consent to it, especially after Miss Yeomans agreed to pay something towards fire and light. But he had always been out at the public-house.

He sat and listened to all that was said, and after that was never absent.

When Lil at length summoned up courage to attend the afternoon class held in the schoolroom, six of the other girls accompanied her. And when she went to chapel, to the surprise of nearly everybody, *her father went with her.* From henceforth Jim Thomas became a changed man. He had often stood inside the cottage door unknown to those inside, listening to the same stories he had heard from his mother's lips. His was not a sudden conversion; rather like a child commencing to talk did he become possessed of the knowledge of his own sinful condition, and the pardoning love of God. So while the little sling, unlike that of David's, had been aimed at a low mark, it struck higher, even to the heart of a Goliath in wickedness.

At the same time Lil Tom became so altered that no one thought of calling her anything else but Lily, and the name was truly appropriate; her life grew as pure and beautiful as any lily flower.

All this sprang from that one teacher becoming convinced of the narrowness of her actions. Two other ladies were induced to commence similar work, till the evening cottage classes were recognized as an important part of school work.

But, alas! after all this sunlight fell a great heavy shadow. A cruel hand tore the flower away, and on earth poor Lily Thomas was known no more, save in sweet remembrance. Her dress caught in the machinery while at work, and she was carried home a mangled corpse. There, in the room which she had made beautiful since the time her life began to amend, laid they her dead form; and there came her fellow scholars with loving hands to strew pure lilies over her coffin. They carried her to her last resting-place, Miss Yeomans walking with the father as chief mourner. Though her grief was great, yet joy abounded that before it was too late this lamb had been brought into the fold.—*London Sunday School Teacher.*

THERE was a ludicrously sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous where a clergyman, preaching on the "Ministry of Angels," suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper." The change of tone started one of the deacons who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet he cried, "It's the boys in the gallery."