

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARBER for TEACHERS AND YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Leave me not Now.

LEAVE me not now, while still the shade is
creeping
O'er the sad heart that longs to rest in Thee ;
Hear my complaint, and while my soul is weeping
Breathe Thou the holy dew of sympathy.

Leave me not now, Thou Saviour of compassion,
While yet the busy tempter lurketh near ;
Lord, by Thine anguish and Thy wondrous
passion,
Do I intreat Thee now to linger here.

Jesus ! Thou soul of love, Thou heart of feeling,
Let me repose the weary night away
Safe on Thy bosom, all my woes revealing,
Secure from danger, till the dawn of day.

Then leave me not, O Comforter and Father,
Parent of love ! I live but in Thy sight ;
Good Shepherd ! to Thy fold the wand'r'er gather,
There to adore Thee, morning, noon, and night.

The Man whom the Crank turns.

BY REV. H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

IN my dining-room, over the furnace register, there is a pasteboard figure of a man grinding at a hand-mill. He seems an earnest worker. With coat off, both hands grasping the crank, his form swaying to and fro, as the crank, with a fan-wheel above it, goes round and round, his every

motion is that of an intelligent and industrious toiler. His are no humdrum ways. At times he grinds patiently as if for continuous hours of effort. Again he springs to his task as if for his life, every nerve seeming strained, and his whole soul in the endeavor. Then he appears overworked, almost ready to drop. He starts the crank, but it comes back on him. He tries once more, but vainly. Pushing slowly forward, he carries it by the centre almost round the circle, but he cannot complete the circuit. As he rests there all in a quiver, unable to perform his task, one is tempted to pity him for the burden he bears ; and it would seem cruel to intimate that he is making no effort, having no thought.

Yet it is true that, even mechanically, that man in no sense moves the crank. On the contrary, the crank moves the man. The current of ascending hot air starts the fan-wheel above. The fan-wheel turns the crank below. The crank moves the man, in whose hands it is securely fastened. The varying motions, the fitfulness, the halting, or the plodding, are all those of the mill, not of the grinder. Indeed, the power of man is hardly essential, to the idea of such varied activity at the crank ; for when a monkey's figure is put in the place of the man, he seems quite as competent and as active as the other.

There are not a few Sabbath-school workers who are fitly represented by "the perpetual grinder."