

A Worker's Prayer.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wand'ring and the wav'ring feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hung'ring ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord—use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

The Careless and the Pains-taking Teacher.

SEE the careless teacher at his work. One trembles to watch him open the First Class Book, and read his text:

"God has fed me day by day.
God is not far off now.
God can see me, and all I do."

What little he has to say on the lesson is soon said. To amplify the themes, and diversify the illustration of them, is far beyond the capacity of any person previously unprepared. The ideas, though couched in monosyllables, are big with meaning. Providence—the omnipresence and omniscience of the Deity—what can an empty mind do with them? The children soon get restless. The teacher feels uneasy; sighs over what he wrongly attributes to his

own inability; gets overwhelmed; is vexed to find himself in a situation so painful, and longs for the time when the task will be over. Who can wonder that such teachers early sink beneath the irksome duty, and leave the work in disgust?

Let us turn to the painstaking man; it may be profitable to observe his movements. Before he begins, a keen sense of responsibility causes him to probe his motives, and invoke divine assistance. He fixes his eye upon the monosyllables, and gazes at them, till the little words swell with their big meaning, and branch out into copious and self-creating trains of thought. First thoughts are rejected, till other and more matured reflections expand into profitable and useful forms. He knows by experience that ideas rise into the mind only by reiterated and protracted contemplation; but he knows, also, that success is the sure reward of diligent research. Having separated and arranged his principles, he proceeds to look out some Bible tale illustrative of them. In the case supposed, the tale of Elijah occurs as most suitable as it elucidates the whole lesson. Providence, in that God fed him by the agency of birds; omniscience, in that God saw him in the cave; omnipresence, in the multiplied forms of his appearance to the prophet. Thus further furnished, he looks about for other illustrations suitable to children, and selects a few, such as the following: To illustrate providence in the article of food, he calls to mind the fact that the philosopher, Leguat, and his companions were thrown upon the island of Rodriguez, on which they found no cocoa-nut trees; but precisely at that time the sea threw upon the coast several cocoa-nuts in a state of germination, as if to induce them to remain and cultivate them. To illustrate omniscience, he selects the following: There was once a prisoner confined in a dungeon, under strict surveillance. In addition to the fetters by which he was bound, a small opening was made in the ceiling, and in the chamber above a keeper was ever stationed, whose unceasing duty was to bend down and look into the room to watch the prisoner's acts. Whatever he did, there was ever that eye upon him. For omniscience he takes the following: Collins, the freethinker, once met a plain countryman going to church, and asked him where he was going. On receiving the reply, he put to the countryman, in ridicule, this foolish question: "Is your God a great God or a little God?" and got this wise answer: "Both. So great, that heaven cannot contain him; so little, that he can dwell in my small breast."—*Blacket*.

NOTHING so clearly discovers a spiritual man as his treatment of an erring brother, wishing to restore rather than to upbraid him.—*St. Augustine*.

OLD

Tom O
the
The Bi
Litt
Rev
Sammy
Rev
The Ma
an U
sons
Peter C
By E
The Bu
By J
William
and
Keel
John N
Anne
Father
Char
Honest
Meth

Special

Overdale
Christabel
St Beetha
Nobly Born
Lady Claris
Father Fab
Grey and G
Violet Vau
Canonbury
Thornycroft
Oliver West
Singlehurst
Millicent Ke
Margaret To

Rec

Boo

Suit

For

Libr

WILLIA