

advantages in obtaining wealth, places his son in a family where God is not feared, and among associates whose influence is adverse to religion, does not watch over the soul of his child. He says, by his actions, that wealth is preferable to a salvation. How many sons of Christian parents have become careless, irreligious, and, in some cases, hostile to religion, in consequence of the influences to which they were deliberately exposed by their parents, that they might gain a portion of the wealth that perishes in the using!

Those parents who permit and encourage their children to associate with the lovers of pleasure, who would prepare them to receive the admiration of those who are devoted to the follies of time, do not feel a deep concern for the souls of their children. No soul was ever made better by the foolish talking of the fashionable party, and "giddy mazes" of the dance.

Those parents who are so immersed in the cares of business, that they have no time to attend to their children, do not watch for their souls. "I wish," said one, "to engage a person to take the entire charge of my sons: I am willing to pay any price to a competent person.—My business will not allow me to give them my care."

What was his business? An extensive manufactory. He had time to watch over his spin-dles, but no time to watch over the souls of his children!

Those parents who do not watch over the souls of their children, have no care for their own souls. He who does not care for his own soul, cannot of course be a Christian parent. But the fact that he is not a Christian, does not render him less responsible for the neglect of the soul of his child. God did not give children to such a parent that he might lead them, by his example, to the gates of eternal death. But this is what he will do, if God in sovereign mercy do not interpose.

Unconverted parents sometimes feel on this subject. Would that they would so feel, that they might be led to right action. "I do not wish my child to be lost, if I am lost myself," said an impenitent mother to one who spoke to her respecting her son. And there are many who have felt in the same way. Why then should they throw the powerful weight of parental example into the scale of ruin? Why say to their children that God is not to be feared, and Heaven is not to be won!—*Pres. Banner.*

SELECTIONS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE BOY AT THE DYKE.

It is said that a little boy in Holland was returning one night from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dyke. He stopped and thought what the consequence would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell, the sad disasters which happened from such small beginnings, how in a few hours the opening would become bigger and bigger, and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dyke, until the whole defence being washed away, the rolling dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property, and every thing in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole might even then be so large as to defy all attempts to close it.

Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently waited the approach of some villager. But no one came.—Hour after hour rolled slowly by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at his post. At last the morning broke. A clergyman walking up the canal heard a

groan, and looked around to see where it came from. "Why are you here, my child," he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position. "I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dyke was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was prevented.

"Heroic boy! What a noble spirit of self-devotedness he showed!" every one will exclaim.—A heroic boy he indeed was; and what was it that sustained him through that lonesome night? Why, when his teeth chattered, his limbs trembled, and his heart was wrung with anxiety, did he not fly to his safe and warm home! What thought bound him to his seat? Was it not the responsibility of his position? Did he not determine to braco all the fatigue, the danger, the darkness, and the cold, in thinking what the consequences would be if should forsake it?—His mind pictured the quiet homes and beautiful farms of the people inundated by the flood of waters, and he determined to stay at his post or to die.

Now, there is a sense in which every person, every boy and girl, occupies a position of far weightier responsibility than that of the little Hollander on that dark and lonesome night; for, by the good or bad influence which you do, and shall exert, you may be the means of turning a tide of wretchedness and eternal ruin, or a pure stream of gladness and the goodness on the world. God has given you *somewhere* a post of duty to occupy, and you cannot get above or below your obligations to be faithful in it. You are responsible for leaving your work undone, as well as having it badly done. You cannot excuse yourself by saying, "I am nobody; I don't exert any influence;" for there is nobody so mean or obscure that he has not some influence, and you have it whether you will or no, and you are responsible for the consequence of that influence, whatever it is. Take your stand before the world, then, with a determination to devote your influence to virtue, to humanity, to God. Let the children begin life, and grow up with these solid principles of action, to fear and to honour God, to be true to your conscience, and to do all the good you can. Then will your path indeed be like that of the just, which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—*Chris. Treats.*

THE TWO ANGELS.

Little Carl lay dangerously ill. The night lamp burned upon the table, but the fever of the boy burned more fiercely. On his cheeks were implanted dark red roses, his lips were parched with thirst, and his eyes had lost their grateful lustre.

Beside the bed knelt his mother. Three days and nights she had been silently praying and weeping; and now, for the first time, slumber had stolen upon her wearied brow, and she laid her head upon the pillow before which she knelt.

The day before, the physician said that little Carl must soon close his eyes, and see his mother no more. Now, Carl was a gentle and pious child, and with folded hands prayed, "Abba, dear Father, let me not yet die!" Upon his bed lay a picture,—the present of his lately deceased father. It was the picture of the child itself, in attitude of prayer, and below was written:—

"Abba dear Father,
Oh! make me now a child of light,
That I may be an angel white."

On the right and left of the picture stood a pair of lovely angels, whom Carl always took delight in beholding, and his mother told him that he would also be like one of these angels. His dim eye rested on them as he prayed his "Abba, dear;" he loved them so well, and would have

been content to die, if he could only take them and his "dear mamma" along with him.

The flame in the dying lamp stood quivering, now leaping off, now returning to its socket, as if loath to leave it,—true image of the soul of man. This night it seemed to say, "Dear Carl, shall we not fall asleep together?" The unsteady flame at length expired, but the picture upon Carl's bed grew suddenly bright with marvellous splendour, and from the adorned borders out stepped the two angels like corporeal beings. He dreamed. They seemed to grow larger and larger, their apparel shone like thousands of softly glittering stars, and their eyes were of celestial brilliancy. They placed themselves beside the bed of Carl, and looked on him with a friendly look as only angels have. At first the pale child trembled, but he soon recognised his beloved, and stroked their cheeks. "Must I indeed die?" he asked; "will you take me to heaven? Yes, let me go with you, but let me take dear mamma with me, for without her I cannot be happy in your home."

"No, thou shalt not yet die," answered one of the angels; "but on some future day we shall see thee again, then thou shalt go with us."

Thereupon the two angels rose, and ascended a golden ladder, which carried them up high as as upon the golden rays of the sun. With mournful looks Carl saw them disappear above the clouds. But the clouds parted again, and the angels returned, bringing a beautiful book, such as Carl had never seen before. This they gave him, and said: "Thy Father in heaven sendeth thee this book; there are great truths in it; these thou shalt proclaim to thy fellow-creatures, both on this and on that side of the sea, in countries far and wide. That thou mayest do these things, thou shalt live."

"Oh! the excellent and beautiful book!" cried Carl, and pressed it to his heart. But the angel kissed his brow; "We shall see thee again at some future day," they said, and departed.

Many years had passed away, when a man lay upon his death-bed, far away in China. His hair had not yet turned white, his strength was great and his word mighty. He had wandered thousands of miles to proclaim the Word of God among the heathen. He had endured great fatigue, and undergone many hardships, but he had brought many to the worship of the true and only living God. This was consolation in his dying hours. No father, no mother, no wife, no children, stood around him to weep. But he was happy, for he was about to return to his heavenly Father.

As the evening approached, he prayed once more, for his eye was declining with the setting sun. He slumbered again. On a sudden the room brightened as from the lustre of the noon-day sun. Once more he opened his eyes, and to there stood the angels of his infancy.—"Forty summers have passed," said they, "since we saw thee last. At that time we promised to see thee again; and we have come now to take thee to our home, for thou hast done enough. Thou shalt rest, and appear before Him whom thou hast made known on earth." And the angels laid their hands upon his eyes, and the holy book upon his heart. His body they left to rest on earth, but his soul they carried up to the land of joy and bliss.

The people of the earth called him Carl Guts-laff, but in heaven he is known as one of the most faithful sons of God.—*Chris. Treats.*

SAYINGS OF THE AFFLICTED.

My afflictions are fewer than my sins, and lighter than my deserts.

My afflictions are as much the fruit of God's love, as any of the bounties of his providence.

It gives no pleasure to God to see me suffer. "He does not afflict willingly" If I am in heaviness there is a need for it.