

from the academy one day, when Edward asked his companion to join him in a mischievous play. Henry immediately said, "That would not be right." Edward replied impatiently, "*What do I care for right?*"—The boys grew up to youth. We will pass over several years of their history, and tell you what became of them.

Henry loved the Saviour, and wished to be a minister. Before he could get ready to preach, consumption began to take his strength away. He went home from school to die. His mother was also dying with the same disease. Their rooms were not far apart, and so they sent daily sweet messages to each other about Christ and heaven. One morning Henry with a smile "fell asleep in Jesus." Soon as his father saw that he was gone, he entered the room of the mother, who was waiting for her Redeemer. She inquired, "How is Henry?" His father answered, "He is well." In a few moments she was with him, we doubt not, in paradise. It was a touching and beautiful scene, and many tears were shed at the funeral, although the grave was bright with the hope of heaven. Such was the death of a boy who loved to do right.

But it was not so with Edward. He left home for the sea, and in early youth became very wicked. He tried to kill the captain of the ship, that he and his companions might turn pirates. His plan was found out, and he was *hung*, and his body was thrown into the ocean. Does not the awful scene make you think of his words when a child, "What do I care for right?"

The Bible says, "Even a child is known by his doing, whether his work be pure, and whether it be *right*?"—Think of it, and remember, as you live *now*, if spared, you will probably be when older, and when you *die*.

P. C. H.

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## SABBATH-BREAKING.

Edwin S—was the son of a pious mother. A friend presented him a gun; and on a bright Sabbath-morning a school-mate called, and without the knowledge of his mother, led him with his gun into the forest. In about an hour the sound of a gun struck the ear and the heart of the mother and with her little daughter she started in the direction of the sound, meeting the school-mate of Edwin hastening to summon assistance. Without a guide they wandered long, but at last discovered Edwin, fainting and exhausted, lying among the fallen leaves. The gun had been accidentally discharged while the boys were sitting on a log and conversing in all the thoughtlessness of boyhood.

When kind and sympathising neighbors reached the spot, they found Mrs. S—supporting in her arms the bleeding body of her son; while the little girl, trembling and terrified, was kneeling under an aged tree, and calling on God for help. It was a scene never to be forgotten. In the deep wood, through a wound in his breast, the lifeblood of the beloved son and brother was rapidly flowing away, while his intellect and conscience were fully awake to his danger and his sin. Through many long hours, he mourned over his desecration of the Sabbath, and the waste of that life from which he had anticipated so much joy. Supported on a bier borne on the shoulders of men, and followed by his agonized family, he returned to the home which he had left in the morning with a light step and happy heart. "Oh that I had gone with my brother to the house of God," was his constant exclamation, as the bearers cautiously threaded the forest paths, and at last laid him down on his own bed to die. So great was his horror at the thought of thus dying in his youth,