

HARRY AND HIS DOG, OR THE EVILS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

"Come, Nero!" said Harry Long, as he passed out of the house, with his satchel in his hand. "Come, old fellow!"

Nero sprang instantly to his feet, and, discharging his duty, ran a few rods from the house, and then pausing, turned, and with a look of triumph in its pleasure and intelligence, waited for Harry to come up with him.

Now Henry's mother had more than once told him, that he must not take Nero away when he went to school. But it was so pleasant to leave the dog's company along the road to the school house, that the lad every now and then disobeyed this injunction, trusting that he would escape punishment.

Nero was quite as willing to go with his young master, as the latter was to have him at his command; and he bounded away, as has been seen, at the first word of encouragement. But the two friends had not proceeded far, before the mother of Henry saw them from her window, and instantly came out, and called after Nero. She was offended at the disobedience of her son, and uttered some threatening words to both him and the dog.

Nero did not at first show much inclination to obey the authoritative voice of Mrs. Long, and if Harry had only spoken a single word, would have gone with him, in spite of all opposition. But that word Harry dared not speak; and so the dog stood still, looking back first towards Mrs. Long, and then wistfully after his young master. Finally Nero returned slowly to the house, and Harry went on as slowly, and equally as much disappointed, to school.

When Henry returned home, a few hours afterwards, his mother received him kindly, yet with a serious countenance. His first thought was of his disobedience in trying to get Nero to follow him to school; and, as he expected, she began at once to speak on that subject.

"Henry," said she, "I hardly think you can have forgotten what I said to you last week, about taking Nero away from home."

Harry hung his head, and did not attempt to offer an excuse for his conduct.

"I am extremely sorry," continued Mrs. Long, "that my son should have acted so disobediently—sorry for his sake; for disobedience brings evil into the heart, and this creates unhappiness. And I am also sorry for another cause: to disobey, is to do wrong; and wrong doing, in almost every case, injures others."

Harry looked up into his mother's face, with a glazer of inquiry.

"Yes, my son," she added, "wrong-doing, in almost every case, injures others."

"It couldn't have hurt any body, if I had taken Nero to school with me; how could it, mother?" said the boy.

Mrs. Long gazed for a few moments into the face of Harry, and then reached her hand toward him, and said—

"Come!"

There was something so reproving, not to say solemn, in the face of Mrs. Long, that Harry began to feel a little strangely.

"Where, mother?" he asked.

But she did not answer, and he moved along silently by her side.

From the sitting room down stairs, where the mother had met her boy, they passed along the passage, and up stairs into a chamber, where, to his surprise, Harry saw his little sister Phoebe, a sweet child in her second year, lying asleep, and looking so pale and dead, that the sight caused a shudder to pass through his frame.

"Oh, mother!" he exclaimed, turning quickly, and grasping the garment of his parent. "Dear mother, what is the matter with Phoebe?"

"Let us sit down here by the window," said Mrs. Long, in a calm voice, "and I will tell you all about what has happened."

"Is she dead, mother?" eagerly asked the boy, while the tears came into his eyes.

"No, my child, she is not dead, thanks to our heavenly Father. But I cannot show it would now be, if you had taken Nero off to school with you this morning."

"Who, mother, what did Nero do?"

"Listen, and I will tell you. After I called the dog back, he came and laid himself down on the mat before the door, and waited for me. He was very quiet, but his eyes, and he seemed to be sleeping. He remained lying there for nearly an hour, when about one o'clock, when I came in, and looked about him. Presently, he ran off, and went around the house. He seemed to be very easy about something. First he looked in one direction, and then in another; snuffed the air; put his nose to the ground, and ran a little way from the house, and then came back again."

"What's the matter, Nero?" said I.

"He came and fixed his eyes upon my face, with a look that to me seemed anxious, stood for a few moments, and then he went to his mat again. But he did not stay there more than an instant, before he rose and started up stairs. A little while, he came down, and seemed more uneasy than ever. I began now to feel strangely."

"Where is Phoebe? I now called out to Margaret, who was in the kitchen."

"I am sure I don't know," replied Margaret. "I thought she was with you."

"At this moment, with a short bark, Nero sprang away toward the spring. I saw this, and fearing that Phoebe might have wandered off in that direction, I followed. But ere I had gone half way, I beheld the noble dog returning with your little sister in his mouth, and the water dripping from her hair and clothes. She appeared to be quite dead when I took her into my arms, and did not show any signs of life for nearly half an hour afterwards. Then she began slowly to recover. Oh, my son! think what might have been the consequence, if our faithful Nero had not been at hand!"

Harry covered his face with his hands, and buried his head in his mother's lap, sobbing bitterly.

"And what Phoebe got well, mother?" he asked, looking up with tearful eyes, after he had grown calmer.

"Yes my son," replied Mrs. Long; "she's out of all danger now. God has permitted her still to remain with us."

"Oh, if she had been drowned!" said Harry, the tears flowing afresh.

"But for Nero, this painful event might have taken place."

"Suppose he had gone to school with me?" the boy sobbed as he spoke.

"And, sad might have been the consequence of your disobedience, my son. You now understand what I meant by our wrong acts affecting others as well as ourselves. In right-doing, Henry, there is always safety. Never forget this. May the lesson you have now received, go with you through the remainder of your life!"

Just then, Phoebe awoke, and rose up in bed. Harry ran to her, and putting his arm about her neck, and kissed her tenderly. Nero came in soon after, and shared the joy and caresses of his young friend, with whom, not many hours before, he had joined in willing disobedience. But Nero was not to blame in this; for he followed the instinct of his nature. Henry was alone to blame; for he had reason and reflection, and knew that the act he meditated was wrong, because it was an act of disobedience.—*New York Organ.*

DEAL GENTLY, OR THEY WILL LEAVE THE CHURCH.

"You must not be too rigid or severe in insisting upon the claims of duty and benevolence, or you will drive some of the members away from the Church." Such is the kind of voice which a cautious church-member sometimes volunteers to his minister.

In this day, faithfulness is often called severity, and telling the truth plainly, scolding. I hate scolding in the pulpit, both in its terms and in its tones. But I utterly loathe time-serving, or the policy that conceals or palliates truth from dread of giving offence. I would bear the truth spoken in love. The idea of glossing truth for the sake of keeping in their pews a body of indifferent worldly sinners, who feel no interest and will bear no responsibility in promoting the welfare and usefulness of the church, is abhorrent to good policy, true piety, and sincere integrity.

"But you will hurt their feelings," says one.

They ought to be hurt. I would see truth poured scorching hot upon their consciences until it burnt out their indifference. They are immorally hurting the church by their worldliness, and why should we scruple in wounding them. Ulcers must be sometimes painfully probed or they will never heal.

But some very good people say, deal gently with such or they will leave the church. Well what good will they do in it? What would the church lose if they were all gone? Is their association with it so very desirable and beneficial, that we should tenderly implore their stay?—What of strength or efficiency would a thousand such add to the church?

Leave the church! What right have they in it? If they have no sympathy with it, no interest in it, no affinity with the spirit of Jesus Christ they are none of his, and what right have they in his church? If the church is designed to be a living body, why desire to retain a hanging mass of diseased or dead members? Turn off the dead limbs, and the vine will be only the more flourishing.

Leave the church! What a blessing that would be. If it is impossible to draw from them any manifestation of spiritual life, any expression of devotion and zeal, if they obstinately repudiate in their lives all that is positive and practical in Christianity, then their leaving will be a speedy relief.

Leave the church! Let them go to the world to which they belong, or to some worldly church where their consciences may be lulled by the form of godliness without the power. The Bible recognizes no such Christianity as theirs. It knows no piety that does not bear good fruits.—If they bring forth only thorns and thistles, then they are only thorns and thistles.

There ought to be no tenderness wasted upon such professors of religion; none felt except such as we feel for all the ungodly in common with them. As unregenerate sinners should they be exhorted to repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, lest they be found knocking at the closed door of heaven at last, saying, "Lord, Lord open unto us," and waiting at the fearful answer, "Depart from me ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you."

Dr. LAYARD.—In the Ethnological subsection of the British Association, lately, Major Rawlinson stated that Mr. Layard had, at Korymbos, penetrated into a chamber which appeared to be of the same class as the "House of Records" noticed by the prophet Ezra, where was found a copy of the decree of Cyrus, permitting the Jews to return from captivity. In this chamber, Mr. Layard found terra-cotta tablets piled up from the floor to the ceiling, and representing, apparently, the archives of the Assyrian empire during the long historical succession. Mr. Layard had packed, from the last accounts, five cases for transport to England; and these only occupied one small corner of the apartment. Here, then, we find, that terra-cotta tablets inscribed with everlasting records, like Job's writing with a pen of iron, in the rock, so far from being a novelty, are as old as any of the oldest records of human ingenuity.—*The Builder.*