

And the poison is drank. Ye laugh, because the future is never thought of. Ye will not own, that, when to-morrow comes, there is a thirst which water will not quench, nothing satisfy but wine. So you go on from one glass to twenty, until you stand, a mark for gibes and sneers. Your intellect lost, your health impaired, your bed the gutter, and little children learn from you the path of destruction.
—*Boston Olive Branch.*



The Caged Eagle.

There was a very large eagle that had been kept, in a cage for many years. The owner at length concluded to give him his liberty, and at the appointed time a large number of persons assembled to see him take his flight. The door of the cage was opened, and the noble bird stepped to the threshold, and after deliberately looking round on those who were standing there, he spread his wings, made two or three circles over their heads, and then darted directly towards the sun, and was soon lost sight of in the distance.

The time will soon come, my little readers, when each one of you will take your departure from the body in which your soul is caged; and perhaps some of your friends may then stand by to see you go, and bid you the last long farewell. O that God would grant that you, like the captive eagle, may, after a parting look at those you love, ascend heavenward in your flight, and stop not till you reach the throne of God. As you think of the holiness and happiness of heaven, may you have a heart to adopt this sweet language of the poet:

I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see:
I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I want, Oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you."

Little Lelia.

A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

(Concluded from our last.)

Still later, another picture presents itself. The invalid is extended motionless on the bed of death, looking with fixed eyes upward, while tears lie upon her sunken cheeks.—Over her bends the child, the inseparable child, reading with a sobbing accent from a book of religious consolation: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth;" "Let not your heart be troubled—ye believe in God, believe also in me;" "In my father's house there are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you;" "Whoever believeth in me shall never die."

Little Lelia, alone in the world, was timidly conscious of her new and helpless lot, and was penetrated with unutterable sadness, but not with despondence. Her severe discipline of trial had taught her to trust in God, even extremity. During the last three years the family of her aunt, wherein she and her mother had found a home, had passed, by rapid transitions, to almost the frontier line of settlements on the Red River; but in these movements in the remote wilderness she had met with religious influence of a very humble, but important character, the history of which we cannot now detail. They had given new resources of