



A Sabbath-Truant.

Look at that boy. What is he doing? He is playing truant from the Sabbath-school. It is a Sabbath evening in summer. Alick has been careless and idle all the week. And this afternoon he has not been in church; he has taken up with some wicked boys, and he has been away with them rambling in the woods, catching birds and cutting sticks, breaking the holy Sabbath.

He knows it is time for school. He saw all the boys and girls gathering together, and he slipped away out of the house, lest his mother should tell him to go. But he is determined not to go to the Sabbath-school. He cannot say his lessons; and will be afraid to look his teacher in the face.

The ways of transgressors are hard. Here is the picture of a poor boy who is setting at nought God's holy commandment.

Reader, are you a Sabbath-scholar? Be sure that you are regular and punctual in attending the school. Let nothing hinder you, except illness, or some other necessary cause.

Think of the trouble and pains your teacher takes, in trying to do you good. Perhaps he prays for you, and visits you when you are sick, and pleads with you when you are alone, to be reconciled to God. Perhaps he spends time late at night, when he ought to be asleep,—preparing lessons to interest you at the class on the Sabbath; and then, when he goes to meet you, thinking he has something to say that will be sure to interest you, he finds that

you have not come! Dear reader, it is as true of kind Sabbath-school teachers as it is of parents,—if you behave to them with carelessness or neglect, you will perhaps repent of it when it is too late.

“Remember I am with you, and the good Lord over all.”

They came in the night of sickness and fear, those gentle words of soothing. When the fever-touch was on the weary frame, and the very heart was faint. “I am with you.” How cheering is the thought that the strong one on whom we in our weakness lean, will not fail us, that the loving eye keeps vigil in the time of darkness, even as in the light of joy,—that the true heart, beats in sympathy with all our wants, our weakness, and our sorrow. But if so soothing be such memory of mortal love, and watchcare, how inexpressibly dear the thought, that a *Higher* power—a more sleepless eye—an arm of greater strength—a love which is above all others, encircles both. The Lord of heaven and earth, who heareth the young ravens when they cry, is even our keeper, our Father, and our Friend.

Oh! when the night of despair seems closing upon us, when sickness and sorrow are nigh—when even the winged angel comes hovering o’er—when the waters of life are cold and troubled—though the waves are about to overwhelm and we turn shuddering from the deep waters, let us not fear as those without hope, for rayless though our way may seem, a bright