

at best but short; let us improve it. Life is uncertain; let us make sure work for eternity. Life, if rightly viewed is very solemn; let us spend it as intelligent and accountable creatures should. And when tempted to trifle, when inclined to squander away a day or an hour, let the question influence our decision, "What is your life?" If it is brief, should it be spent thus? And let the Saviour's question be seriously considered by all who make gain the end of life, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37). Reader, the time is short, eternity is near, salvation is of infinite importance; let us therefore decide, and accept the Saviour's glorious invitation at once, and so shall we be saved for ever.

For the Young.

STORY OF JOHN B.

Addressed to Sabbath Scholars.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,—Let me impress upon you the duty of reflecting on the truths taught you by your Sabbath-school teachers. All the benefit to be derived from sermons and addresses, depends upon the improvement made of them afterwards; and if you go away, and think no more of what you have heard about the value of the Gospel, and the importance of your spiritual privileges, you might as well, or perhaps better, have been at home. In your prayers at night entreat that what you have heard may be blessed to you; and that you may be led to improve your distinguishing privileges, and live to the glory of God. It is certain that all who read this article, will not live to be men and women. Some of you will die in childhood. This is a serious consideration: and would it not, I ask, be well for all to be prepared to die? Even though you were assured of living to old age, you would not be the less happy because you sought the Lord in early life. The less happy! You would be all the happier. Indeed you cannot enjoy true happiness till you become religious. I would, therefore, urge you to attend to religion now; for "now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation."

I was reading a story, the other day, about a little boy, that struck me very forcibly, the particulars of which I will relate to you:—

There was a person in Edinburgh, that taught a Sabbath-school, which was attended by children who dwelt in one of the poorest districts of that city. One Sabbath afternoon, while he was engaged

in teaching, a little ragged boy, about eight years of age, presented himself at the school door, and asked the teacher's permission to become a scholar. He told his name, and also the street and the number of the house in which he dwelt. He was at once admitted; and that same afternoon the teacher could not help noticing the eager interest and anxious look of intelligence with which the little fellow listened, for the first time in his life, to the good news of salvation through a crucified Saviour. Hitherto he had never heard the name of Jesus, and he felt deeply impressed with what the teacher told him of the Saviour's matchless love. Next Sabbath the little boy was a-waiting, much to the regret of the teacher, who resolved to call during the week and inquire after him. However he had much to mind during the week, and he forgot all about it till next Sabbath, when he again missed the boy; and with many upbraidings of conscience for his neglect, he resolved once more to call at his dwelling before another Sabbath returned. He did so early in the week, and inquired at the house if John B. lived there. A woman, who answered the door, said he did; and, in a tone of despair, added, "There he is," pointing at the same time to a dark corner of the desolate and comfortless apartment, where lay extended the lifeless body of the little boy. A day or two after he had been at school for the first, and, as it proved, the last time in his life, little John was seized with scarlet fever, and died after a fortnight's illness. The little he had heard that evening at the school, respecting the love of Jesus, had been blessed to his conversion. The Holy Spirit had impressed the truth with saving power upon his heart, and he died in peace, confiding in his Saviour's love. During his illness he talked much about what he had heard that evening in the Sabbath-school, and he often expressed a wish to see his teacher; but he had a wicked, careless, drunken mother, and she would not take the trouble of sending to let the teacher know.

My young readers, would you not like to meet that little boy in heaven? He is happy there now. See that you follow him thither. Would it not be an awful thing for you to have attended the Sabbath-school for months or years, and yet never believe in Jesus, and perish at last? How this little boy, who was only one night at the Sabbath-school, and on that one night sought and found a Saviour, will rise up in judgment and condemn you. Oh, then, listen to the voice of Jesus! and when he says unto you, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," let your answer be in reply, "To whom, Lord, can we go but unto thee? Thou only hast the words of eternal life."—*Christian Penny Magazine.*

A SAILOR BOY.

The *Cornelia* was a good ship (said one of the West India chaplains of the American Seamen's Friend Society; but at one time we feared she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days out from New York, when a severe storm, of five days continuance, overtook us. Like a noble charger between two contending armies, did the ship quiver in all her joints, and struggle to escape from the fury of the winds and the waves. At the height of the storm, one of the boys on board performed a most daring feat. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumbing Webster's Spelling-Book, than facing a sail-mastorm. But his mother was a widow, and where could the boy earn a living for himself and his mother better than at sea? The ship was rolling fearfully; twice I saw the Captain lose his centre of gravity—though he kept his temper well—and measure his length on the deck. Some of the rigging got foul at the mainmast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and rectify it. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate, and heard him order that boy aloft to do it! He lifted his cap and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling wrathful sea, and at the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment; then, rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the fore-castle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes when he returned, laid his hands on the railings, and went up with a will. My eye followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending that boy aloft. He could not come down alive! Why did you send him? "I did it," replied the mate, "to save life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel. He is more careful. He'll come down safe, I hope."

Again I looked, till a tear dimmed my eye, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes, having finished the job, he came down, and straightening himself up with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act, he walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day, I took occasion to speak with him, and asked him why he hesitated when ordered aloft,—why he went down into the fore-castle?

"I went, sir," said the boy, "to pray."

"Do you pray?"

"Yes, sir, I thought I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God."

"Where did you learn to pray?"

"At home. My mother wanted me to go to the Sabbath school, and my teacher