

Family Reading.

TWO POISONS.

"Papa," said Arthur Wilson one evening, "will you give me the key of the book-case in your study?"

"Why, my Boy?"—"I wish to take out a book."

"Which book?"—"A book from the high shelf."

"That is not answering my question."—"A scarlet book, papa; I am not sure of the name. I wish to read it this evening."

"Who gave you that book, Arthur?"—"One of the boys at school. He said there were nice stories in it, and I began one of them. Was it you papa, who locked it up?"—"Yes."

"Why did you do so?"—"Because I did not wish you to read it. I have not read it myself, but I know the name of the writer well—he is a French-man, and a very bad man, who writes things that it would be very wrong in me to allow you to read.

Arthur looked much vexed.

"I am sure, papa, that was a very nice story I began last night, and I wish very much to finish it. Will you give it to me just for this evening, I will pass over all that is wrong."—Mr. Wilson smiled. "And how will you know what to *pass over* till you have read it?"—"But, papa, I am sure just reading it once, quickly, would do me no harm."

"Arthur, why is your mother always so careful to keep the bottle of laudanum locked up?"—"Because it is poison of course."

"Is laudanum the only poison in the apothecary's shop?"—"No, papa, there are many others."

"Yes, and of many kinds, which may hurt a man in various ways. Some will bring a deadly sleep upon you, others violent pains and convulsions. You may die from swallowing one kind or allowing another to touch an open scratch and so get into your blood, or by breathing another kind into your lungs. A sensible man will handle them all most cautiously; a sensible child will not handle them at all. But there are worse and more deadly poisons than any kept by the apothecary.—Which is of most importance, my son, to you and me—our soul or our body?"—"The soul of course."

"Why?"—"Because it must live for ever, in heaven or hell."

"Then, is not the poison, which would destroy our souls to be more dreaded and avoided than what would merely injure our poor mortal bodies?"—"Yes, papa."

"Well I believe that fatal poison is contained in your scarlet book, which I have locked up from you, just as your mother locks up the laudanum. The writer of that book is a wretched man, who is poisoning the souls of his fellow-creatures. He does not himself believe in God, and by his writings he is destroying the faith of others, and at the same time those moral virtues which can never stand if the foundation of Christian faith is undermined. And all this is done in the most dangerous way—under the form of most interesting stories. When you are older, and your faith and knowledge confirmed, you might, I hope, read the book, and note and loath its errors. But meanwhile, my dear boy, be as much afraid of *reading* poison as of swallowing it. Never begin a new author until you have asked myself, or some other friend whom you can trust, if the work is safe and suitable for you. Pray for the blessing of God upon all the studies to which we direct you; and, above all, study and value *the Book*, God's own precious word, where in every page you may find food and medicine for both mind and soul."—*Family Treasury*.

"THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME."

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother, of one who had not; her mother was dead.

"Mother told me who to go to before she died," answered the little orphan; "I go to the Lord Jesus; He was my mother's friend, and He's mine.

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky; He is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know is, *He says He will, and that's enough for me.*"

What a beautiful answer was that. And what was enough for this child, is enough for all.