

say—"I have saved those thousands. I have saved all—all but that boy. He would not come unto me that he might have life!" Make it your prayer now, dear children—"Lord save me; I perish!"—*Church of Scotland Juvenile Record.*

VOICES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Can you hear those voices? "What voices?" perhaps some of the children say when they see this title. I mean the voices which children should be always ready to obey. One of these is the *voice of conscience*.

I knew a little boy only six years old who understood about this voice so well, that I think you would be pleased to hear about him. We were walking home from Sabbath-school one bright morning when the birds were singing and the winds were all still.

"James," said I, "when you are just about to do something wrong, don't you sometimes seem to hear a voice within you saying, 'James, stop, stop?'"

"Yes, sir," he answered in a quiet way, as if he felt the stillness of the morning.

"And what do you call that voice?"

"I call it *conscience*," said James.

"That is right, and don't you think you would have done wrong many more times than you have, if it had not been for this voice within to check and reprove you, and should you not be very thankful that God has put this voice within your heart, that it may help to guard you from sin?"

"Yes, sir," James replied, "*it's like the voice of my mother.*"

Now, that was a beautiful answer for such a little boy. It showed that he had a good conscience, one which was like a real living voice to him. Of course James was a good boy. His mother was so sick not long since, that she had to go away from home for her health, and James was left in the care of his aunt. She told me she never saw a better boy, or one who was less trouble. I suppose the reason was that when his mother was away and he could not hear her voice, then he heard and obeyed the voice of conscience. Many children do not seem to think or to care whether they are doing right or wrong. Their conscience is asleep, or if it speaks, they disobey it. Such children will only grow worse and worse. We cannot be really good, unless we have a conscience with a clear distinct voice, "*like the voice of a mother.*"—*Sab. Sch. Visitor.*