

What then was wanting? Not kind feelings, not cultivated intellect, not time or means for the improvement of every good gift which the hand of a beneficent Creator can bestow. Yet that something must be wanting was evident, for the "serpent sin" was already entering this garden of Eden, and threatening to poison the peaceful streams by which its flowery paths had hitherto been refreshed.

Here was a proof, then, that it is not from without that our worst enemies assail us. Here the world—as we are accustomed to understand that word—was in a manner excluded. Society brought no contamination here. The theatre of ambitious hope offered no temptation to enlist in its struggles. Pecuniary privations inflicted no wound upon the goaded spirit. Nor was the rivalry of party feeling known within this peaceful home.

Were all its inmates, therefore, necessarily safe? Alas! no. There are traitors within, as well as foes without, the camp; and the general who would be sure of his resources, should have a talisman by which to try the heart of every man in his army.

Religion is this talisman. Without its test, there is no safety even where the situation is most secure, where danger appears most distant, and protection most certain.

### The Reformed Parents.

A Sabbath School Teacher, who was returning to his home one Sabbath evening, was much struck by a beautiful little girl of eleven years of age, who was playing in the street, with a crowd of rude and ragged children. Feeling interested about her, he called her aside from her companions, and affectionately endeavoured to show her the awful consequences of breaking the holy Sabbath. After some conversation with the interesting girl, he accomplished his object, and made arrangements to procure clothing for Mary, (the name she gave herself,) and she promised to meet them the following Sabbath at the school. The next Lord's Day, she made her appearance at the appointed time, and seemed delighted with the new scenes to which she was introduced; her mind was open to divine impressions, and her improvement was rapid. In a short time, she was able to read her Bible, and before she had been many months at the school, she appeared to have experienced a change of heart, and entered the church of Christ. But Mary had trying difficulties to contend with at home, if a miserable abode, poorly furnished, and crumbling into ruins, could be called a home; but it was all the home the sweet girl could claim in this world. She was a great favourite with her father and mother, but they were both intemperate—not always so: there were weeks and months when they refrained altogether from indulging their fatal propensity. It happened providentially for Mary, that during the time she had been at the Sabbath school, they had remained sober; she had, however, to struggle with their opposition to every thing like religion, which frequently broke out into expressions of ill-humour that were truly frightful. They at length returned to their habits of intoxication; and when the holy Sabbath again dawned upon the dear girl, her parents were lying, unable to help themselves, on the floor of the only room there was at all comfortable in their wretched abode. Mary was compelled to stay at home—she could not attend her school under such circumstances. This she could have borne for one Sabbath, but when the next, and again another came, and she was not permitted to tread the courts of the Lord's house, her heart failed within her. But the cup of her sorrow was not yet full. The bad passions, aroused by the evil spirit that is ever found lying in wait, like a serpent, in the poisonous bowl, were displayed in various ways. Mary's home, from being barely tolerable, suddenly changed to a scene of drunken dissipation; and when she attempted to plead with her

parents, her Bible was taken from her, torn in pieces, and burnt. To crown all, the little martyr, because she would not desert the Sabbath school, and renounce the religion of Jesus, was forcibly dragged to a dark room, the garret of their crazy dwelling, and the door fastened upon her. For nearly two weeks she was left without a bed or scarcely a covering, half starved and worn to a skeleton; but Daniel's God was with her, and when all seemed dark, and death stared her in the face, the Lord was about to deliver her, and bring her out of all her difficulties, to show forth all his praises, and to magnify his name. The fit of intemperance was gradually losing its influence over the minds of her infatuated and besotted parents, and their eyes began to open and see, and their hearts to feel, that they were acting a cruel part towards their little child, whose general conduct, they were forced to acknowledge, had been remarkably altered for the better from the moment she entered the Sabbath school. Their better feelings at length prevailed, and the father concluded to release poor Mary from her confinement. It was late on Saturday when he passed up the broken flight of stairs which led to her prison. When he reached the door, he was arrested by the voice of his child—he listened—she was pleading with God most earnestly in his behalf. The eloquence of her manner struck him—tears began to flow down his rugged cheeks,—his heart was melted—he rushed into the room, and throwing himself at the feet of his child, cried out, "Mary, O Mary, is it for me, your poor old wicked father you pray? O God, be merciful to me a sinner?" What a scene! There they were in that desolate apartment, the father prostrate on the floor, his grey hairs lying in the bosom of his pale sick child, his slender fingers clasped and lifted up over his head, and her lips moving with all the fervency of prayer. The mother hearing the noise of her husband's fall, immediately joined them. On entering the room, the spectacle before her deprived her of speech, and for some time her heart was too full for utterance. She at length fell upon her knees by the praying publican, and mingled her cries with his for mercy. The Sabbath morning came; a spacious school-room, opening on a sloping lawn, covered with a variety of flowers and graceful trees, and neatly fitted up, was filled with children, all clothed in white, their hymn-books in their hands, and looking towards their superintendent, who had just risen to commence the service with a song of praise, when every eye was turned, and a scene presented itself, that cheered every heart. A lovely little girl, her eyes sparkling with happiness, dressed in the clothing of the school, which heightened the paleness of her white cheek, appeared at the door, between an elderly man and woman, both meanly clad, but perfectly neat and clean—it was Mary and her parents; they advanced into the middle of the room, when the father broke out in the language of nature, and poured forth his gratitude to God for the Sabbath school; then turning to Mary, who stood between her happy parents, all beaming with smiles and joy, he blessed his child.—*Morning Star.*

### Juvenile Temperance Societies.

Every little boy and girl should belong to a Temperance Society, for this is the way both to do good and to get good. We do good by our example, and by advising others to imitate it; and we get good by associating with sober persons, for their example encourages us to persevere in keeping our pledge. In some places, there are societies formed altogether of young persons, but in this country they are not so numerous as they ought to be. It seems that in America, there are many more such *Juvenile Societies* than in Great Britain. They are called the "Cold Water Army," and it is by these, the older people hope, by and by, to destroy intemperance entirely, or, at least, to drive it from their own country. Sometimes thousands of these young tee-