

we should repent deeply; because he has done us ten thousand kindnesses, and is doing them every day, and because we have committed ten thousand sins more shameful than this shameful sin of the little boy.

There was a wicked boy once, who would leave his father's home and go to sea. His kind father tried to persuade him not to go; but he was not to be kept away from the sea. The reason was, he thought that he might be wicked when he got away from his father, and there could be nobody to reprove him. His weeping father gave him a Bible as he went away, and begged him to read it. The boy went away, and became very wicked, and very profane. But God saw him. There was a great storm upon the ocean. The ship could not stand against it. She struck upon the rocks in the dark night. It was a time of great distress;—and for a few moments, there was the noise of the captain giving his orders, the howling of the storm, the cries of the poor sailors and passengers, who expected every moment to be drowned. Then this wicked boy wished himself at home. But he had but a few moments; for a great wave came and lifted the ship up high, and then came down upon another rock, and was shivered in a thousand pieces. Every soul on board was drowned but this same wicked boy. By the mercy of God, he was washed and carried by the waves upon a great rock, so that he could creep up, much bruised and almost dead. In the morning, he was seen sitting on the rock with a book in his hand. It was the Bible,—the only thing, except his own life, which had been saved from the wreck. He opened it, and there, on the first leaf, was the hand-writing of his father! He thought of the goodness of that father, and of his own ingratitude, and he wept. Again he opened the book, and on every page was the hand-writing of his heavenly Father; and again he wept at the remembrance of his sins against God. His heart was broken. He was truly penitent; and from that hour to this he has lived as a Christian. He is now the commander of a large ship, and seems to make it his great business to honor Jesus Christ. This was true repentance.

But I must tell you in a few words, why it is necessary for every one to repent of sin.

1. Because all have sinned. I need not try to tell how many times. I might as well try to count the hairs on that little boy's head, who stands at the pew door and gives me all his looks while I am speaking. We all have sinned against our parents, by not obeying them and being kind to them; we have sinned against the Sabbath, by not remembering to keep it holy; against the Bible, by not loving it and not keeping its sayings; against conscience, which stands close to our heart, and, like a sentinel keeping watch, cries out when we sin; against the Holy Spirit, by not doing as he says, when he makes us feel solemn and sinful; and against God himself, whose commandments we break. Oh! our sins are like a cloud. Did you ever see a cloud of dust or sand in a windy day? And could you count the little particles of dust in it—all of them? No, no. But our sins are quite as many.

2. None will forsake sin till they have repented. You might stop a man from stealing by killing him or shutting him up in prison. But this would not stop his *wishing* to steal; and that wishing, in the sight of God, is sin. One of these children might have his tongue cut out so that,