

and then the bell will ring for meeting. How few moments are there comprised in so brief a space, and yet how much good may be done while those little sands of time are dropping. Did you ever think, scholars, that there will come a time when you will each have but five minutes on earth? When as you lie pale and sick on your death-bed, with father and mother, brothers and sisters around, the physician will whisper, 'he has but five minutes to live!' Think of it, your last five minutes on earth! Oh how much will crowd upon you then in the once disregarded little minutes! Your last looks upon all you love, your last motion of the lips, your last breath, all so soon to be taken. But if in the midst of your suffering and agony, you know that you love Christ, you will indeed be happy because your precious Saviour will be with you in these last moments. And when your eyes peacefully close and you fall so gently asleep in Jesus, you will awake in the bright Heaven above, never more to weep and be sick, but to be always, yes, forever full of happiness and joy. Think of it, children, only five minutes more on earth, and always forever after in Heaven!

But (shall I say it) perhaps there are some here whose last five minutes will be the most dreadful of any ever experienced. Having forgotten their kind teacher's words, having forgotten those precious hymns and verses they once learned at the Sabbath school, having neglected a mother's entreaties, and wilfully rejected the Saviour, they will now be upon the very edge of life, looking forward into a dark, dreary land, where there are no Sabbath schools, no Bibles, no pleasant Sabbath bell,—no merciful Saviour. And then to know that in five minutes all will be over, and having refused to love God on earth, how can you love him in eternity? Remember, I beseech you, scholars, that the time is coming when you will have but five minutes to live. Prize every moment then, improve every little minute, love the Sabbath school,

listen attentively to all your teachers say to you, and above all, go to Christ and give him all your years, and months, and weeks, and days, and hours, and all your little moments, offering with them your heart, and then how joyous it will be to think that soon you will have only five minutes on earth, and after that all eternity in Heaven!"—*From the Reaper.*

A Dog Story.

The following well authenticated dog story is worth telling:—A provision dealer of this city, who lives in Somerville, owns two dogs, one a large and stout Newfoundlander, and the other a much smaller dog. Frequently the provision dealer walks to this city, and is usually accompanied by the small dog. Near East Cambridge the dog has been often attacked and bitten by a large dog of that vicinity. The Newfoundland dog has never been in the habit of accompanying his master, but the other day, the gentleman found, after starting for the city with his small dog, that the Newfoundlander was following him. He drove him back twice, and finally supposed he had gone home. On reaching East Cambridge, the little dog's old enemy made his appearance, and commenced his usual attack, but the little cur instead of running as was his custom, this time turned upon his enemy and showed fight. The mystery of this courage was, however, soon explained, for directly came bounding towards the combatants, the little dog's old friend, the twice driven-back Newfoundlander, and the two Somerville dogs together turned to and gave the East Cambridge surly one a thorough trouncing. This accomplished, the little dog went on his way rejoicing to Boston, while the Newfoundlander turned on his tracks towards Somerville, saying, no doubt, as well as a dog can say—"There sir, now learn to let a little fellow, half your size, alone, when he goes by your kennel, or you'll get it worse next time."