

not sit up. His mind wandered; he talked about the sun and the grass as if he saw them.

Saturday came. Five days, and the men outside knew there was not a moment to lose. They were too anxious even to speak. It was only work, work, work, for dear life. For hours they had heard no signals. Were their poor comrades dead. Suddenly the wall was pierced; feeble voices were heard. "Truman, are you there?" "Yes, all here." "All living?" "Yes, thank God, all living." "All living! all living!" shouted the men; and the shout went up to the top of the pit. When Robert's father heard that his little son was alive, the good news was too much for him, and he fell down senseless.

One hour more and the rescuers reached their comrades. Who can describe the meeting? I can't, or the joy and gratitude of wives, mothers, and friends as one and another were brought out to light. Here comes Mr. Lester with Robert in his arms. What a huzza rent the air as they hove in sight. Safe, safe! God be praised!—*H. C. Knight in Family Treasury.*

6. LED, NOT DRIVEN.

A mother, sitting at her work in her parlour, overheard her child whom an older sister was dressing in the adjoining room, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister; "No, I don't want to say my prayers."

"How many," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal, even from themselves, the feeling?"

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two at the parlour door;—the tone and the look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going out to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute; I want you to come here and see me first."

The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward.

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am very glad you are well. I am very well too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy, in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after it. Conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a moment of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and sitting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now? How steadily it beats!"

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating, I should die at once."

"Should you?"

"Yes, I cannot keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God."

A silent pause.

"You have a pulse too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If He should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know, mother," said the child, with a look of anxiety; and another pause ensued.

"So, when I waked up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me and all the rest of us."

"Did you ask Him to take care of me?"

"Why should I?"

"Because I did not ask Him and I suppose you did."

"Yes, but you should ask Him yourself. God likes to have us all ask for ourselves."

A very long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and almost anxious expression of countenance showed that the heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask for yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy readily.

He knelt again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his own simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of Heaven.

Suppose another case. A mother overhearing the same words, calls the child into the room. The boy comes.

"Did I not hear you say you did not want to say your prayers?"

The boy is silent.

"Yes, he did," says his sister behind him.

"Well, that is very naughty. You ought always to say your prayers. Go right back now, and say them like a good boy, and never let me hear of your refusing again."

The boy goes back pouting, and utters the words of prayer, while his heart is full of mortified pride, vexation, and ill-will. Could it not be managed better.—*Eng. Mothers' Magazine.*

7. I.—DUTIES OF PARENTS.

To bring up children for God,—Eph. vi. 4.

To instruct them in heavenly things,—Deut. vi. 7.

To stay at home with them,—Tit. ii. 5.

To love them,—Is. lxvi. 13; Tit. ii. 4.

To be gentle and encouraging,—Col. iii. 21.

Not to spoil them,—Prov. xiii. 24; xix. 18; xxiii. 18, 14; xxix. 15.

But to correct them for good, as God does,—Heb. xii. 6, 9, 10.

To set them a good example,—Gen. xviii. 19.

To ask for wisdom and guidance,—James i. 5.

To be more careful for their spiritual than temporal prosperity,—Luke xii. 29, 31; Ph. iv. 6.

To make them obedient to parents,—1 Tim. iii. 4.

To make them obedient to teachers.—Gal. iv. 1, 2.

To discountenance ungodly marriage,—2 Cor. vi. 14, 15.

II.—PROMISES TO PARENTS.

Is. xlv. 3; liv. 13. Prov. xxii. 6, 15; xxix. 17; xxxi. 28.

Ps. xxxvii. 25, 16. Deut. xi. 19 to 21. Mark x. 14.

III.—EXAMPLES OF FAULTY PARENTS.

Rebekah deceitful,—Gen. xxvii. 6 to 17.

Punishment,—Gen. xxvii. 42 to 46.

Jacob's improper partiality,—Gen. xxxvii. 3.

Punishment,—Gen. xxxvii. 32 to 34.

Eli indulgent,—1 Sam. iii. 13.

Punishment,—1 Sam. ii. 27 to 36.

Zebedee's wife ambitious,—Matt. xx. 20, 21.

Punishment,—Matt. xx. 22.

IV.—EXAMPLES OF GOOD PARENTS.

Abraham,—Gen. xxiii. 19.

David and Solomon,—1 Chron. xxii. 11 to 13; xxviii. 9; Prov. iv. 3, 4.

Hannah,—1 Sam. i. 20 to 23.

Job,—Job i. 1 to 5.

Manoah,—Judges xxiii. 8 to 12.

Isaac and Rebekah grieving for Esau's marriage,—Gen. xxvi. 34, 35; xxvii. 46.

In warning Jacob,—Gen. xxviii. 1.

Those who brought their children to Jesus,—Mark x. 13 to 16.

Lois and Eunice,—2 Tim. i. 5; iii. 15.

The Elect Lady,—2 John i.

8. A CHAPTER OF FIRST THINGS.

The earliest reference to music we have is in the Book of Genesis (chapter iv., verse 21), where Jubal, who lived before the deluge, is mentioned as the "father of all such as handle the harp and organ."

Christmas was first celebrated December 25th, A. D. 98.

The first trial by jury took place May 14th, A. D. 970.

The first Cardinal was made November 20th, 1042.

The first mariner's compass was made Nov. 21st, 1302.

Gunpowder was first used December 23rd, 1331.

The first printing was done, April 24th, 1415.

Printing was first brought into England, March 26th, 1571.

The first Total Abstinence Society in the United States was organized at Trenton, N. J., in 1805.

Calico, the well known cotton cloth, is named from Calicot, a city in India, from whence it first came. Calico was first brought to England in the year 1631.

The first Commencement at Harvard College took place Oct. 6th, 1642.

The first insurance office in New England was established at Boston in 1724.

The first building erected in America to collect the King's duties occupied the site at the corner of Richmond and North streets, Boston.

The first cut nails ever made were produced in Rhode Island, and the Historical Society of that State has the machinery employed in their introduction. The nails were made during the Revolution.

The first religious newspaper ever issued was the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, which was published by Elias Smith of Portsmouth, N. H., 1808.