



A CHILD OVER THE FALLS.

Two or three weeks since, a party of little children were playing by the brink of the Niagara River. There was a boat partly drawn up on the shore, and the children in their play were jumping in and out of it, when it suddenly slipped out into the waves, bearing one little boy with it toward the foaming rapids.

It was the sabbath, and the Churches were just coming out, when the alarm was given that a child was going over the Falls. The poor mother of the little boy reached the shore among the first, and saw her darling child drifting out in the rapids. A good swimmer might then have saved him, but the only man near her could not swim, and before others came, he was beyond the reach of aid. The little fellow stood up in the boat, and stretched out his arms toward his mother, calling, "Mamma, mamma, take me; I want to come to you, mamma;" while the poor frantic mother ran screaming and shrieking along the shore, beseeching those near to save her child.

But nothing could be done; it was a hopeless case. A thrill of horror ran through the crowd, as the boat struck a rock, and was upset, and the little fellow was seen no more till his body was picked up some miles below the Falls.

After hearing an account of this sad event, which came from one who witnessed it, I saw, in my mind's eye, another scene far more sad and terrible, and which should cause in our hearts a deeper and more intense interest than did this scene at Niagara.

I see hundreds of immortal beings drifting down the rapids of time toward the fearful precipice over which they will plunge into eternity. Heedless of approaching danger, they are hurried on, till suddenly they strike an unseen rock, disappear, and are seen no more. There is a time when they might be saved, if friends are to put forth all their efforts; but those who stand by seem not to see the danger, and raise not the warning voice. O how strange! how unaccountable is this apathy? If their danger was to be seen as plainly as was that of the child drifting towards the cataract, what efforts would be made, what shrieks, what prayers, what warnings to them, what cries to God for deliverance!

If, my young friend, you have not given your heart to the Saviour, if you are not in reality a Christian; even though all may seem smooth and pleasant around you, you are surely and certainly drifting on, and will soon be in the fearful rapids. But, remember, that you are not yet beyond the reach of safety.

There is a strong Arm stretched out, upon which you may seize, and be drawn from those waves, and your feet placed firmly upon the "Rock of Ages." There, and there alone, you will be safe; the billows may dash and foam around you, but they can never disturb that "firm foundation," or harm him who rests his hopes thereon. O seek that Rock in time, for the dreadful precipice is just before you, and you know not at what moment you may strike an unseen rock, and disappear from human sight for ever!—*American Messenger.*

I HAVE LOST IT.

"I have lost it," said Charles, as he came into the house, with a very sad countenance. "What have you lost?" asked his father.

"My knife—that beautiful knife that uncle Philip gave me. I have looked every where for it, and I can't find it, and I shall never see it again."

"Didn't you see it under the barn?" said his father.

"Under the barn! Is it likely that my knife is under the barn?"

"No I don't think it is; but as you said you had looked every where for it, you must have looked under the barn."

"I didn't mean every where."

"I knew you did not; but you said so. Boys should always say what they mean. Have you looked in your pockets?"

"No, sir, but I have felt in them."

"I knew a boy once, who made a great outcry about losing his pencil, and when he was made to unload his pockets he found it."

Charles well knew who that boy was, and proceeded to imitate his example. He had a foolish habit, which some contract, of stuffing his pockets with a great variety of useless or unnecessary things. He began to unload one pocket. He first took out some birch-bark, then a leather string, then a ball of twine, then a piece of Indian rubber, then a crooked stick, then a small gimblet, then a quantity of tow, then two or three knife-handles without blades, then a fish line, then some parched corn and beach-nuts mingled together. It was pretty plain that it was not there; so he proceeded to unload another pocket, which was filled with a similar variety of articles. In the course of this process he came upon the lost knife.

"I have found it," he cried out, and proceeded to refill his pockets.

"Stop," said his father; "go to the corn-house, and get a corn-basket."

Charles went for the basket, wondering what his father wanted with it, but asked no questions. He was accustomed to obey his father without questionings and gainsayings. He brought the basket and set it down.

"There, now unload all your pockets into the basket, if it will hold their contents."

"I guess it will pretty nearly," said Charles, proceeding to deposit one thing after another in the basket, till his pockets were empty.

"There," said his father, "don't you feel lighter now?"

"I think I do some, sir."

"Well, keep lighter, then, and do not make yourself a walking curiosity-shop. You have a basket to keep your things in."

"I'm glad I haven't lost my knife."

"I am afraid you have lost something more valuable."

"Whon, sir?"

"This morning?"

"This morning, sir. Have I lost any thing this morning, sir?"

"I am afraid you have. Indeed I know you have."

"What is it, sir?"

"Try if you can't find it out yourself."

Charles could not think of anything that he had lost that morning. He concluded his father must mean time, and yet he had been quite busy all the morning.

I will tell you some things which happened that morning, and perhaps you will understand that was the loss to which Mr. Neal alluded. Two boys were passing on their way to the village, and fell into some dispute which ended in their coming to blows just in front of Mr. Neal's house. He saw them and called to them to desist, unless they both wished to test the strength of his arm. They stopped; one of them went on, and the other sat down on a large stone by the wayside, and wept. Mr. Neal went out to him, and asked if he was hurt, and he said he was not.

"Is he hurt?" said Charles as his father came in.

"He says he is not."

"What is he crying for, then, if he isn't hurt?"

"Perhaps he feels bad because he gave way to his passion so far as to come to blows with his companion. Perhaps you had better go and talk with him about it."

"I don't like to talk with boys that fight."

Mr. Neal was called away at that moment, and said no more to his son about the matter till evening. He then had it in his thoughts, when he said, "I am afraid you have lost something far more valuable." What was it! It was an opportunity of doing good. To lose a valuable knife is a misfortune, but to lose an opportunity of doing good is a far greater one. If Charles had gone and talked kindly to the boy, he might have exerted a strong influence for good over his mind. Charles should have been willing to talk with a boy who fought, provided there was an opportunity of doing him good. Whatever you may lose never lose an opportunity of doing good.