

lay his head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself; or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed and kindly nurse him. But now how different! shut up in a dark, gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing and swearing, and making horrid noises. O, he felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go to the State Prison, I am so sick. O, if I was only ready to die, it would not matter so much!"

"And are you not ready to die?"

"O no," said he, "I am afraid to die."

"But why are you afraid to die?"

"Because I am such a sinner."

"There is hope, and mercy, and salvation for sinners, for the greatest of sinners, through Jesus."

"I have no hope. You may talk to me about Christ and salvation; but there is none for me, and that makes me afraid to die."

I talked to him sometime about his father; and when I spoke of his mother, then his lips trembled, and a single tear stole down his burning cheek.

"Was not your mother a Christian?"

"O yes, sir; and a good woman she was. Many and many a time has she warned me of this."

"Then you have had good religious instruction, and kind Christian parents, who, no doubt, often prayed for you, and taught you to pray?"

"O yes, sir."

"Then why are you here?"

Said the dying man, "I can answer you all in one word—I did not obey my parents!"

These were the last words he spoke to me. After saying a few words more to him, I came away,

reflecting upon his awful condition, and the reason he gave me for being in that dark and gloomy jail. "I did not obey my parents."—*Sunday School Advocate.*

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When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking out for himself or herself, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarrelling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

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THE HAPPY GIRL.

Ay, she is a happy girl—we know by her fresh looks and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do, and she takes hold of her work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we always love and respect, wherever we find them, in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind; they never turn up their noses before your face, or slander you behind your back. They have more good sense and better employment. What are flirts and bustle-bound girls in comparison with these?—Good for nothing but to look at: and that is rather disgusting. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simpletons.