

in connection with the account of the loss of 220 lives by the collision of the Atlantic with another vessel on Lake Erie. How touching is the little fellow's confidence, in immediate prospect of drowning, that if his papa could only be at hand he would hold him up.

But alas! how many tender children on the great ocean of life are sinking daily and hourly, unblessed by the consolation that if papa was at hand he would hold them up. On the contrary, the bitterness of their perishing state, is that their father is the only cause of their sinking. He is at hand only to pull them down into fathomless depths with himself.

See the wretched slave of appetite and victim of the bowl. What is he doing but dragging to the depths of misery and shame the innocent ones who call him father, and whose very instincts prompt them to look to him for support and happiness. Who can guess the blank dismay and horror which an innocent child must feel when it first comprehends the truth that its own father is its foe, and not its friend; its destroyer and not its preserver.

Too Old to Bend.

Some years ago, a gentleman in one of the southern states had a wild, reckless son. He had long passed the age when the rod is deemed necessary to insure obedience; but one day, after some great offence, the father resolved to whip him. The youth submitted, but after receiving the chastisement, quietly turned to the parent, and pointing to a tree near the door, said, "Father, I wish you would bend that tree for me." Surprised, the father answered, "Why, what do you mean?" "Can't you do it?" said the son. "No, of course not." "You could have done it once, father,—and so it is with me; there was a time when you could bend me to your will; it is too late now."

A Word to the Young.

BY A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND.

Children there's a path before you,
Steadily pursue the track;
'Tis the way of God's Commandments,
Stand not, turn not, look not back.

Do not dread the scorn of others;
Shrink not from the smile, the sneer;
Children, be ye free men,—never
Hide your principles through fear.

In whatsoever pathway
Your Saviour King you view,
Count it your highest honour
To plant your footsteps too.

Oh walk alone with Jesus,
And follow him to death;
And never be ashamed
Of your most holy faith.

Children's Reply.

Yes, we have not forgotten
This glorious truth we know;
We bear the name of Christians—
The cross is on our brow.

A mighty King hath armed us
And sent us to the field;
We'll fight beneath his banners,
For only cowards yield.

This—this shall be our war-cry,
"Victory or Death;"
We will never be ashamed
Of our most holy faith.

Little Children.

BY M. A. BIGELOW.

Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.—LUKE xviii, 16.

Let them come, those little ones,
With playful feet,
And the merry laugh of joy,
So wild and sweet.

Let them come, while yet their hearts
And minds are tender;
Teach those little lambs of mine
Praises to render.

Hearts of innocence are theirs,
Believing, kind;
Bring them early to my fold,
Leave none behind.

Lead them gently in the way
To life and heaven,
For it is to such as they
That crowns are given!

CARTHAGE, N. Y.