

## CARELESS SOULS.

Acts 17: 18—"And Gallio cared for none of those things."

The things about which Gallio cared not were religious things. Multitudes now manifest the same carelessness. This is unreasonable, for the things about which they care not are not trifling matters. They are not such things as may be attended to or not, just as it happens, and no sad effect follow the neglect. They are things of the most weighty and solemn import, and which demand the first and chief attention of men. They pertain to *the soul*. Our bodies are frail and decaying. The seeds of disease and death are planted in our systems and soon the fruit of corruption will be brought forth. Sin reigns unto death, and our bodies must soon return unto the dust. But the soul, who can measure the period of its existence? Who can tell how much it may enjoy or suffer? Who can estimate its value? What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Mark ix. 36. 37.

And these things pertain to *eternity*. How we prize the things of time! We toil and fatigue ourselves for the sake of a little money: and we think it well worth our while to spend a whole life in accumulating a little property. And when we get it, what is it? How uncertain! how soon may it vanish! and how soon may we be called to leave it for ever! But *eternity*—who can count the years of its duration? Who can measure the circle of its revolutions? And shall we be so taken up with the matters of time, and yet be thoughtless of eternity?

"Eternity is just at hand  
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,  
And careless view departing day,  
And throw my inch of time away?"

But our eternal state depends on the manner in which we live here in time.

"But an eternity there is  
Of endless woe or endless bliss;  
And swift as we fulfill its round,  
We to eternity are bound."

We are hastening towards heaven or hell,  
Happiness or misery that shall never end.  
~~And does it become us to trifle or be un-~~

ferent, when so fearful realities are before us?

Reader, can you be careless and indifferent about these things?

## FAITH.

A little boy once sailed down the waters of the St. Lawrence. He was but six years old, and images of beauty floated for him on every distant cloud.

The day wore on; the islands were passed, and now the boat began to descend the rapids. A head wind lifted the breakers, the sky was darkened, but the child and mother felt the excitement of the scene. Like a living human creature the strong boat kept its way. It took a manly pride, it seemed, in mastering the obstacles to its course, and as it rose and fell with heavy swing, a sense of power filled the hearts and souls of the passengers.

The boy stood still. Tighter and tighter he grasped his mother's hand, and, with blue eyes darkened with earnest thought, looked upon the face of the water. Soon the rain began to fall heavily, the water was still more agitated, and the mother felt that when the keel of the boat grated against the rocks, visions of storm and wreck passed through the little one's mind.

She saw that he was frightened, and began to question whether it would not be best to carry him to the cabin, and by song and story beguile his excited mind. Just at this moment he gently pressed her hand, and looking down upon him, she saw the expression of serious thought give way: a sweet smile dawned on his lips as he said softly to himself, rather than to her, the following lines—

"Then the captain's little daughter  
Took her father by the hand  
And said, 'Is God not on the water,  
Just the same as on the land?'"

The mother felt thankful for this pleasing proof of her little son's confidence in his Heavenly Father's love and tender care, and prayed that the same sweet trusting spirit might cling to him through life.