

ALWAYS A LITTLE TOO LATE.

John Sheldon used to be a very good boy, but he was forever too late. Something or other always kept him from being in his place in Sabbath School, until after the school had commenced. Many a time he came in during prayer. Then he was famous for being late to school on week-days. By and by I found out why he was so tardy. I got my mother's consent to stay one night at Mr. Sheldon's, and I saw how he managed. He was the last one up in the morning, to begin with. It was a long while after he was called, before he could muster resolution enough to jump out of bed. Then of course he had to dress himself hastily, in order to be down in season for breakfast. After prayers it was nearly time to go to school, but John had neglected to get his lesson. So he had to study a quarter of an hour, when he ought to have been on his way to school. When John grew up, he was always late to Church; and if anybody made an engagement with John Sheldon, at a particular hour, they never expected he would come until the time had passed. Something seems to go wrong with his machinery all the time. He is like a poor watch I had once. It would go too slow, in spite of all I could do. I moved the regulator, but it did no good. It didn't affect the hair-spring any. So it is with John Sheldon; and so I am afraid it always will be. He loses time, and you can't regulate him. Indeed, I don't believe such men have got any hair-spring at all; but whether they have or not, nobody can regulate them, so as to make them go any faster. Young reader! take care you do not form such a habit as John Sheldon has. Be in season. Better too early than too late.—*The Monitor.*

4 THE BOY WITH THE SHORT MEMORY.

Returning from meeting one Sabbath afternoon, Deacon Todd was accosted by a man. "Sir, did you see a boy on the road driving a cart with a bag of cotton in it?" "I think I did," said the deacon, musingly, "A boy with a short memory, was'nt he?" The man looked confused, and said, "Why do you think he had a short memory, sir?" The Deacon seemed to enjoy his confusion, and even determined to increase it. "I think so; and I think, moreover, that he must belong to a family that have short memories." "What in the world makes you say that?" said the man, more than ever perplexed. "Why, simply this," said the old gentleman, assuming all of a sudden a very grave and solemn manner, "because God has proclaimed from Mount Sinai, in a most solemn manner, among other things, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;' and that boy has forgotten all about it. His memory must be *very short indeed, very.*" We rode off as the deacon pronounced the last word; and left the man to his own thoughts. He had evidently not been to church that day, but surely he had heard a sermon.—*Ch. Index.*

WE HAVE BUT ONE SUNDAY IN A WEEK.

A person being pressed to join a friend in an excursion of pleasure on the Sabbath-day, replied "No; much as I should like the excursion, I have but one Sunday in the week, and I can't spare that." Such will be our language also, if we feel the worth of our souls, and the necessity of salvation, either for ourselves, or for our fellow-creatures.

A TURKEY STORY.

An old lady, resident of a neighbouring place, kept a large family of turkeys, perhaps sixty. She, like a great many other people, thought a great deal of her turkeys; consequently valued them very highly. Opposite her door was a "West India goods store." The man who kept it one day emptied his casks of cherries, intending to replace them with new. This old lady, being economical, thought it a great pity to have all these cherries wasted, and, in order to have them saved, she would just drive over her turkeys and let them eat them. In the course of the day the old lady thought she would look after them, and see they were in no mischief. She approached the yard, and lo! in one corner lay her turkeys, in one large pile, dead. Yes, they were "stone dead!" What was to be done? Surely the old matron could not lose the feathers! She must pick them! She called her daughter and picked them, intending to have them buried in the morning. Morning came, and behold there were her turkeys stalking about the yard featherless enough, (as may be supposed,) crying out "Quit, Quit!" feeling no doubt mortified that their drunken fit had been the means of losing their coats. Poor things! if they had said "quit" before they had begun, they would not have been in this "bad fix." We would advise all young men who are in the habit of drinking, to leave off before they get picked; and to those who do not, let every young lady say "Quit."—*Youth's Cabinet.*

A DIFFERENCE IN YOUTHFUL TRAINING.

The following conversation, which took place not a great while ago, may be thought worthy of insertion as showing the effect of different kinds of training.

"My father tells me," said a little urchin, smartly, to one who was endeavouring to settle a childish dispute, peaceably, "that if a boy strikes me, I must step up and show him that I have as much spirit as he has." "Ah! and how, my dear?" asked their friend. "Why, he says I must turn my back on no boy, till I have given him as much as he gave me," said the little champion. "Does this agree with what the Bible teaches?" asked their friend, to half-a-dozen youthful listeners. "No," said one who had been differently taught, "Jesus bade us resist not evil; and when the soldiers struck him, he answered not a word." "Did he make no return for their indignities?" "He said, Father, forgive them."—*N. E. Puritan.*

CHRISTIAN DILIGENCE.

Man has but one state of probation, and that of an exceeding short continuance; and therefore, since he cannot serve God long, he should serve him *much*; employ every minute of his life to the best advantage; thicken his devotions; hallow every day in his calendar by religious exercises, and every action in his life by holy reference and designments; for let him make what haste he can to be wise, time will outrun him.—*J. Norris.*

AN ADMONITION.

A little boy was sick, and about to die. He was solemn, for he considered death very near. Shall we send for your Sabbath School Teacher? inquired his friends. "O no," said the dying boy; "he is always laughing, trifling, and I can't see him."