escape the tyranny of study, they fall under the tyranny of hard work. God help the little children selling papers, cleaning boots, trotting twelve hours a day between the counter and the desk. God help the babies selling flowers and sweeping crossings and learning by hunger and co'? and beatings the value of a five-cent ? ?e !

Intentional wrongs are vast enough, but perhaps as many children suffer from wrongs wrought by thoughtlessness as much as by intention. I shall never forget an accident that happened under my sight during a yellow-fever epidemic a few years ago. A lady living near me had two lovely boys of the age of four and eleven years ; but she, supposing them to be thoroughly acclimated, had no fear, and suffered them one terribly hot day to go down to the gulf with their fishing lines, making to the eldest, as they left the house, some sarcastic observation about him "never catching anything."

Just at dusk I happened to walk down to my garden gate, and I saw the two children coming staggering home, the eldest carrying the youngest, and both apparently either ill or very tired. I went to meet them, and took the younger in my arms while his brother walked silently beside me—all his quick vivacity, all his usual flow of talk gone—he asked but one question : " Is mother angry ?"

Yes she was angry. She launched forth into severe rebukes, and without asking for reason or excuses ordered both boys to bed. I suggested that they both looked flushed and sick, and spoke as plainly as I durst of the rapid spread of the fever. " Oh," she said, " Willy had as much yellow-fever as he'll ever have, two years ago, and Harry is thoroughly acclimated."

In the middle of the night the unhappy mother sent for me. The boys were dying. Both were delirous, Harry muttering sadly over and over again of the fish he'd " tried to catch for mother." What availed now the passionate words of love, the agony of mother-kisses on the insensible burning heads and lips ? The children were past hearing, past answering ; they never heard or spoke again and the last words they heard had been a reproach ! Too late for evermore

to unsay them—too late ! Too late for loving kiss and whispered " good-night," or gentle soothing of fierce pain. O miserable mother ! for not only grief but remorse filled up the room of her dead children and walked up and down with her !—S. S. Times.

DON'T FORGET THE CHILDREN.

A WORD TO PREACHERS.

When preparing for the pulpit, remember that one-third of your hearers may be children, and then arrange some thoughts, and select some illustrations specially for them. They are the lambs of Christ's flock, and their circumstances demand special attention and careful feeding. Tell them at the commencement of your sermon that you hope to have their attention, and that you have something for them. Many good results will follow the course recommended.

1. It will serve to increase the children's interest in the preaching of the Word, and in the services of the sanctuary in general.

2. In expectation of what is coming for them, they will pay more attention to what is addressed to adults.

3. The time of service, which often appears so long for children, will appear shorter if they are noticed, and interested in the way indicated.

4. The Saviour's command, "Feed my lambs," will be obeyed. What must be said of those ministers and laymen, who neither in their prayers nor in their sermons utter a syllable respecting the children ?

5. The word of instruction, instead of being lost upon older heads and hearts, will often have a deeper and more lasting effect than when addressed to them—as a direct attack often arouses opposition.

6. It will be a source of encouragement to parents and Sabbath school teachers. These are often discouraged on account of the waywardness of their charge, and the little good they appear to accomplish. A word from you will make them feel that you are their fellow-labourer. Probably what you say will have some bearing on points on which they have been dwelling, and consequently your instruction will add weight to theirs.—Selected.