

up and enjoy the fun, set it down as a very hopeful sign that the older boy is a Christian, and the little one soon will be. If we fail to recognize the spirit of the Master in that little boy's conduct, it is because we are blind and cannot see a far off. When the little girl who likes to sleep long in the morning conquers her desire to please herself, and rises early helps her mother by taking care of baby and making herself useful; the only true reason for it all is, that she is trying to be a Christian. It is the dawning of a religious life manifesting itself in good works.

How important is this point in the child's history, and how careful we ought to be not to cast a stumbling block in the way. If we fail to see the effort it costs our little ones to do what they are trying to do, and we blame them where we ought to encourage, they soon give up trying to please, and only do what we compel them to do, in a hard, defiant manner, instead of the cheerful loving way in which they first set about it. While we are in sympathy with them all they do for us is spontaneous, and gushes out like a spring of pure water; but when we push and drive they become sluggish and lose their love, consequently lose their religion—for love is religion and religion is love. Christian parents too often fail to see these beautiful buds of promise, and blast them before they develop into perfectly rounded symmetrical Christians.—*Mrs. Holmes.*

FOUR WONDERS.

There is a capital story told in the very pleasant memoirs of that beautiful and admirable man, Dr. Alexander Waugh; it was given to the doctor of the Hague, and the incident appears to have happened before his visit there in 1802. There was a young man of great ability, a student for the ministry. His father was an ordinary preacher at the Court of the Prince of Grange; the prince wished to hear the son, but would scarcely condescend to ask him to take the pulpit; but he ordered the father to push the son into the pulpit without much notice, at the last moment, in order that the prince might form a fair estimate of his powers. The prince also gave to the father the text; it was from the eighth chapter of the Acts, the twenty-sixth to the fortieth verses, the story of Philip and "the eunuch of great authority under Queen Candace." The young man was confounded, but there was no escape.

The church was crowded; the audience mostly courtly and noble. After the preliminary service, he announced his text, which he said contained four wonders which he would make the four heads of his sermon, and if he should say anything to which their ears had been unaccustomed in that place he hoped the unprepared state of his mind, and his sudden call, would plead his apology, and that they would consider the things he might speak as, according to our Lord's promise, given to him in that hour.

"Head the First; Wonder the First. A courtier reads!" Here he explored the sad neglect in the education of great men in modern times; their general ignorance and the little attention paid by them to books in general.

"Head the Second; Wonder the second. A courtier reads the Bible!" Here he dwelt upon and deplored the melancholy want of religious sentiments and feelings in the minds of the great, and how impoverished and destitute such minds must be.

"Head the third; Wonder the third. A courtier owns himself ignorant of this subject!" And here he dwelt at length, while he exposed the conceit and presumption of ignorance in high places, which fancied itself to be in possession of real knowledge, ashamed to confess its want of information. And then came.

"Head the Fourth; Wonder the fourth. A courtier applies to a minister of Christ for information, listens to his instruction and follows his counsel!" It was said that the prince usually slept through the whole sermon, but he neither winked nor nodded once while this sermon was going on. It is also said that this young preacher was never put into that pulpit again. The "legate" was too faithful!—*Sunday at home.*

ENCOURAGE THE CHILDREN.

In reading the life of George Combe, the father of English phrenology, we were much struck with the following paragraph which occurs in a fragment of autobiography all too short: "With a nature highly affectionate I never received a caress; with ardent desire to be approved of, and to be distinguished for being good and clever I never received an encomium, nor knew what it was to be praised for an action, exertion or sacrifice, however great; and humble as was the figure I made at school, I did my best, and often dragged my weary bones there, when with a feebleness of duty