

SOWING DOCK SEED.

Will my dear little readers listen to me for a little, while I tell you a story? Did you ever see a "dock?" It is a tall plant, with a hard stalk like a cane, a dark green leaf, somewhat broad and tapering, a root that sticks very hard in the earth, not unlike a carrot. It is a weed, and grows in fields and gardens, and by the way side. Long, long ago, I came home to my father's house, after an absence of about ten years. I had nothing to do, and was going about idle. My father never liked to see anybody idle, and so he said to me one day, "You have nothing to do. I wish you would go out to that field behind the house, and pull up the docks that are growing there. I want to plow field; but these nasty docks must first be pulled up." Away I went to the field, and sure enough there were plenty of docks there. I pulled and pulled all day long. My back ached and ached again. My hands were hot, and sore, and blistered; and I could hardly sleep at night, I was so tired. Next day I was at it again; and the next. Then I began to wonder where all these docks could have come from. I had never before seen so many in one field. After thinking about it, I at last remembered how they came there.—Many years before that, when I was a very little boy, my little sister and I used to play at shops and houses. I had stripped off a great lot of dry dock seed; and this I sold to my sister, sometimes as tea, and sometimes as sugar—just as she wanted one thing or the other from my shop.—One day, however, I had seen a man sowing seed; and when we were tired playing at shop and houses, I betook me to playing the man sowing seed. So, gathering a great lot of this dock seed, and tying it up in a handkerchief, I went forth to sow. In my sport, I sowed a great part of this very field, and I had done my work too well. The seed I had sowed in sport, rooted and grew in earnest. It grew, and sowed itself again when I was far away.—So the whole field got to be covered with docks. And there it was, hard and fast, and trodden into the ground, all ready for me to pull it up as I best could when I came to be a man. How my back did ache!—

How my hands did burn as I pulled and tugged to get the nasty weeds rooted out! I have never forgotten my two days hard work in that field. I often think of it as I walk about the streets.

When I see a child doing anything wrong, I say to myself, "Ah, that poor child is sowing dock seed. He will have an aching back and blistered fingers for that some day."

When I see a little boy breaking the Sabbath, or disobeying his parents, or swearing, or telling lies, or doing anything wrong, then I say to myself, "He is sowing dock seed."

When I find that a child is growing up without the habit of prayer, without reading the word of God, without faith in Jesus Christ, then I say, "He is sowing dock seed. He will have all that to root out some day in this world; or if not, it will be a curse to him in eternity."

My dear little readers, are you sowing any dock seed, even in sport? It will grow in earnest. Weeds are terrible things.—Sin grows fast, and spreads far. Take care what you do. If you have already sown dock seed, watch its springing, and root it out while it is yet young and tender. By and by it will have a hard hold of your heart, and be difficult to root out. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." If you do so, you will not have to pull docks with a painful back, as I have had to do; but you will have a rich harvest of good corn, which will give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater.—Beware of sowing dock seeds, even in sport.—*Sunday at home.*

"I'LL THINK OF IT."

So replied a Sabbath scholar to the earnest appeal of her teacher, when urging her to the duty of a personal decision to be a Christian.

"I'll think of it!" That is well. All matters involving personal welfare require, and should receive deliberate thought.—It is worthy of the interest in question, and of the person whom that interest is to affect. There is a great deal of thinking in the world, which is to little or no purpose. But where important consequences are suspended, and every thing depends on