

"With me!" he cried, "you could not stand it for an instant."

"Father, let me be with you," she repeated.

"My child, you would be more frightened then," he said, kissing her, while the tears were on his rough cheeks.

"No, Father, I will not be afraid if you take me with you. O, father, let me be with you!" and she threw her arms around his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome; he lifted his child in his arms and carried her away with him.

How much I felt her departure? As long as the captain's child was near, I felt her to be a sort of pledge for the return and care of the captain. I knew that in the moment of greatest danger the father would run to his child; I was certain were the vessel about to be abandoned in the midst of the wild waves, I should know of every movement, for the captain would not desert his child. Thus, in the presence of that child I had comforted myself, and when she went I felt abandoned—for the first time, fearful. I arose and managed to get on deck. The sea and sky seemed one. It was a dreadful sight; shuddering I shrank back, and threw myself again on my couch.

Then came the thought: the child is content—she is with her father: "And have I no father?" O God, I thank thee! in that moment I could answer, YEs. An unseen Father, it is true; and faith is not as sight, and nature is not as grace; but still I knew I had a Father—a Father whose love surpassed knowledge. The thought calmed my mind. Reader, does it calm yours?"

"Oh!" cries the trembling soul, "the storm is fearful; the sky is hid; we walk in darkness and have no light." "Be still, and know that I am God," saith the Lord; "Be happy and know that God is thy Father. Fear not for I am with thee: be not dismayed for I am thy God. All things are under the dominion of Christ, and all things, yea, terrible things shall work together for good to them that love God." Tempest-tossed soul, as the child clung to her Father's bosom, so cling thou to thy God; in the moment of thine extremity he will appear to be with thee, or take thee to be with him.—*Christian Palladium.*

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

Dying is a part of one's life here in the world. It is in a sense, "his last will and testament," by which he hands over his life to posterity—the act by which he sums up his testimony as a moral agent, and solemnly affixes to it his name, and gives it a place among the permanent influences of the world. Dying, we all know, does not put an end to man's influences in the living world; often it only serves to quicken it and give it a wider scope. The same law which constrains every man to live for others, will give effect to his life when he is dead.

One's living presence in the world is not essential to the exercise of influence, either for good or evil.—The stone cast into the water speedily sinks, but its effects flow on till they reach the shore. So a man's life continues to flow on in its effects over the wide surface of human being, and down the ever-widening stream of time. He cannot gather up his influence when he comes to die, and take it with him out of the world. He cannot bury his example—the moral atmosphere he has created and spread around him—with his dust in the grave, and so prevent it from doing any further mischief. He cannot take back his last angry words, call in his ungodly principles, blot out his evil deeds, correct his mistakes and

errors, and so put an end to his moral and responsible being on earth. Many a dying man would give worlds, were they his, could he but do this. It would smooth many a man's dying pillow could he but drag with him, into the oblivion of the grave, his infidelity, his evil example, or all the bad influences which he has originated, that they might not survive him to curse his memory, to blast the character and happiness of his children, to pain the hearts of his best friends, and entail ruin and damnation on the world. But he cannot do this. He has no power over his life. He cannot even die to himself.—He cannot separate his being from the being of the world in this last solemn act. All along through life his being has been entering into the being of others; and, while his body moulders away in the grave, the spirit of the man will be as active in the world as ever. He cannot stay in death the waters which his own hands have wantonly let out. He has been busy while living, sowing broadcast in the soil of this earth the seeds of an evil life; and that seed will live and bring forth its kind until the fires of the last day shall have consumed the world. He may dispose of his property in his "last will and testament;" he may order when and where his body shall be buried, and what kind of monument shall mark the spot; but that which formed his moral being he cannot touch. His evil example, his wicked sentiments, his misleading influence will mock his dying fears and regrets, riot over his ashes, and, like evil spirits, walk the earth to carry on the work of sin which he began while yet alive.

It was the actual remark of a dying man whose life had been poorly spent, "Oh! that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me." He realized in that thoughtful hour the fearfulness of having one's evil influence going on accumulating in the track of coming ages, perpetuating his ungodliness in a world of immortal beings and sweeping over a wider and yet wider surface from generation to generation. But his wish could not be gratified. That man's influence survives him. It still lives, is still working on, and will live and work while there are beings in the world for it to work upon. He could not when he came to die, and perceived, in the dawning light of eternity, how evil and injurious his influence had been, put forth his dying hands to arrest the stream. It was too late. He had put in motion an agency which he was altogether powerless to arrest. His body could be shrouded, and confined, and buried out of sight, but an ungodly, soul-ruining influence—that, the grave had no power over.

Let no man think that death will end his life. Individual life is bound up in the life of the world.—The foot-prints made while passing through it will abide, as if made in the solid rock; and many a traveller, coming after will be guided by them in his great journey to the future; and that path will come in time to be trodden hard, so many will go therein. Long after the marble monument, which affection may rear over the grave, shall have crumbled to dust, the influence of the life which it commemorated will live on fresh and effective as at first. While time itself endures, that influence which life is now treasuring up, and giving form and force, will speak in praise or in blasphemy. It will make impressions on minds and hearts which no man or angel can efface. With every revolving sun it will touch cords that will vibrate to all eternity, responsive to the melody of Heaven or the wailings of the damned.—"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Life is no jest or trifle, invested, as it is, with such a responsibility—possessing, by the laws of its being such an undying power for good as