

Let her be ingenious in devices for its amusement. But let her not ruin her precious treasure by indulging it in peevishness or disobedience. Your child cannot possibly be happy, unless taught to subdue his passions and to be obedient to your will. We would have kindness, and gentleness, and love, ever diffusing joy through the family circle. But if you would see your children happy, and be happy yourself, you must, when your children are in sickness, as well as when they are in health, summon sufficient resolution to ensure propriety of behavior and obedience to your commands.

Be firm then in doing your duty invariably. Never refrain from governing your child because it is painful to maternal feelings. It is certainly wisely ordered by Providence that it should be painful to a parent's heart to inflict suffering upon a child. He who can punish without sympathy, without emotions of sorrow, cannot punish with a right spirit. Even our Father in heaven does not willingly afflict his children. But does he on that account withhold his discipline, and allow us to go on in sin unpunished? We must, in earnest prayer, look to him for strength and wisdom, and religiously do our duty. We must be willing to have our own hearts bleed, if we can thus save our children from the ravages of those passions which, unchecked, will ruin their usefulness and peace.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

"The Traveller"—Earthquakes.

(Continued from page 121.)

Gilbert.—O do go on about the earthquakes, for though they are terrible things, it is a long while since what you have described took place, and the places you mention are a long way off.

Traveller.—That is true, but earthquakes have occurred in later times. I will, however, give some account of the one I have alluded to. It was on the morning of the first of November that a most violent shock was felt in Lisbon, which overthrew every church and convent in the city, together with the royal palace. About a fourth-part of the dwelling-houses were shaken down, and, at a moderate computation, thirty thousand individuals perished. This terrible event took place on a day of solemn festival, so that the churches were filled with people to witness the celebration of the mass; the destruction among them was dreadful.

Edmund.—No wonder that there were so many killed when the churches fell upon them.

Traveller.—The knowledge of such a fearful calamity ought to fill our hearts with thankfulness, every time we bend the knee, and offer up our prayers and praises in the house of God in safety.

The mighty Lord our breasts can fill
With peace, when troubles loudly call,
And guard our heads and hearts from ill,
Though uttering ruins round us fall.

Leonard.—I dare say that they were all very wicked people in Lisbon, or they would not have been killed by the earthquake.

Gilbert.—I should think so too; for I remember that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed for the wickedness of the people.

Traveller.—No doubt Lisbon was a wicked place. God is pleased, at times, to execute his judgments in a remarkable manner; but if he were to punish all wicked cities in the same way, we should indeed have reason to tremble. When our blessed Saviour speaks of the men upon whom the tower of Siloam fell, he asked, "Think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt at Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay." My dear boys, we should think more of our own sins than those of others, and flee at once to the Lord Jesus Christ as our only refuge from the wrath of God, which our sins have deserved.

The first shock at Lisbon was followed by two others. About two or three hours after, fires broke out in three separate parts; a fresh gale sprung up, which occasioned the fire to rage with such fury, that in the space of three days almost all the city was laid in ashes.

Edmund.—The fire must have been as bad as the earthquake.

Traveller.—One calamity trod on the heels of another; for the tide suddenly rose at the entrance of the harbour, full fifty feet higher than it had ever been seen before, and if it had not subsided as suddenly as it rose, the whole city must have been inundated with water.

Gilbert.—There seems to be no end to the troubles of Lisbon.

Traveller.—Had not the fire consumed the dead bodies, a pestilence would no doubt have followed. As it was, a famine ensued.

Edmund.—Such an earthquake as that at Lisbon must be felt at a great distance.

Traveller.—O yes. It extended itself over a tract of several millions of square miles; Europe, Africa, and America were affected by it.

Gilbert.—Did it reach England?

Traveller.—Yes; in several parts of this country the shock was felt, but its extreme violence appeared to be exercised on the south-western parts of Europe. I recollect hearing my mother relate, that she then was a little girl, living in London, and she well remembered the day of the earthquake at Lisbon. It was a gloomy stormy day; and the thunder and lightning, unusual at that time of the year, were very strong. One flash in particular lighted every object around, in a manner she never forgot. Her father said he was sure they should hear of some dreadful calamity taking place somewhere, and not long after came the news of the earthquake at Lisbon.

In the Isle of Java, a space of ground of fifteen miles in length comprising part of a volcano, was swallowed up by an earthquake. In the year 1783, earthquakes were felt in Sicily, from February to May, and great damage was done by them. Huge mountains were severed, the courses of rivers changed, and more than thirty thousand people destroyed.

Edmund.—Well, it has been fifty years since those earthquakes took place; that is one comfort.

Traveller.—We have reason to suppose that the same causes which produced them then, are in operation now, and if we rejoice in being free from them, we should rejoice with trembling. In the year 1812, Venezuela, in South America, was visited by a terrific earthquake. For a period of one or two minutes the earth rocked in all directions, and nearly twenty thousand persons lost their lives. Bear in mind that this is not half fifty years ago.

Gilbert.—How can a shaking of earth kill so many people?

Traveller.—You forget that the shock of an earthquake shakes down houses, and churches, and temples, on the heads of the people below; and then, when the earth opens and swallows up part of a city, very many must of necessity be destroyed.

Gilbert.—I understand it now.

Traveller.—The earthquake in Venezuela happened upon Good Friday; the people were thronging into the churches, and soldiers, according to the custom of the country, were collected on the outside, to follow the different processions which take place. When, therefore, the churches fell, no wonder that so many people perished.

The last earthquake which I shall mention is that which took place, in 1822, at Aleppo, in Syria, which is a province of the Turkish Empire. You see that I am now coming very near to our own times. Aleppo was the third city of the Ottoman Empire, in point of size and population, and was built entirely of stone; yet, in the space of a few seconds, it was overturned to its foundation. If you are at all weary of the account which I have already given you, I will speak of Aleppo at another opportunity.

Edmund.—O don't put it off, let us have it now, I am not in the least tired.

Gilbert.—Yes, let us hear about Aleppo; I shall not be tired these two hours.

Traveller.—Well, then, I will proceed. The narrative of this particular earthquake is very ably given, in a letter written by an English gentleman of respectability, who was an eye-witness to the dreadful scenes he describes, I will read you his remarks. His account is as follows:—

"I was, at that time, asleep on the terrace of a particular friend, who, by the help of the Almighty, was mercifully saved, with all his family. About half an hour previous to the great shock, a light one was felt, when I took the precaution to draw my bed from under a very high wall, where it was placed. I was soon awakened by the fall of that wall, on the very spot where my bed had stood. I sprang from my couch, and, without waiting to dress myself, fled into the house, which I found falling on all sides.

"To remain in the house, or to take flight through the streets amidst falling houses, appeared equally dangerous. I recommended my soul to God, and embraced the latter resolution. In consequence I descended the back stairs of the house, by the Almighty's guidance, for the front staircase fell at the same time.

"The darkness of the night, and the clouds of dust, prevented