

“CAN'T YOU STOP THE CLOCK?”

“Father,” said a little boy of four years old, “may I go with you to-day in the cars?”

“Yes, Eddy, if you will be at the depot at just three o'clock.”

The little boy went again to his play. So busy was he in some little work he had on hand for his amusement, and so engrossed in it were his thoughts, that he had quite forgotten his arrangements to meet his father, till the appointed time had almost arrived. As it flashed upon his mind, he instantly left his play, and ran with the greatest haste to his mother, and begged her to put on his apron quick. While making his preparations, the shrill whistle of the approaching engine pierced his ear, and in a moment more the train of cars came rushing by.

The poor child looked disconsolate enough. He walked about a few moments in sadness, then returning to his mother, he anxiously inquired: “Mother, what do the folks do when the time has all gone away? How do they get it back? Can't they keep it from going away, mother?”

“No, my son, there is no way to stop it, or to get it back when it is all gone.”

“Can't you stop the *clock*, mother?” still more earnestly he inquired.

Now, children, are there any lessons of wisdom we can learn from the trouble of this little boy?

Should we not be *prompt* and *punctual* in meeting all our engagements? When the appointed time is past, it can never be brought back again—it may then be too late to meet the engagement at all. And *we* may not be the only ones that will have to suffer for our tardiness. All concerned in the engagement may be injured by our fault. Always, then, be prompt in the performance of every duty. Be punctual at the house of God, at the

Sabbath and the week-day school, and in *all* your engagements of pleasure or business with others, however trivial they may be.

But there is a more important lesson than this to be learned from this scene in the life of this little child.—We, *young friends*, “cannot keep the time” God has given us, in which to prepare for death and for heaven, from going away. We may stop the clock, but our minutes and hours will continue to fly. And when *all* our time has gone away, we can never get it back again. No; if it is misspent or neglected, it can never be redeemed. All the duties toward ourselves and others, and toward our Maker, that we have failed to perform, must remain unperformed forever. If our “time has all gone away,” and we have not repented of sin, and become the children of God, it will then be *too late*. That precious opportunity can never be recalled.

Our time will all be gone whenever we are called to die. At death, *time* closes, and *eternity* begins. And our time may close at any hour or moment. O, then, “remember *now* your Creator.” Secure the friendship of God *now*, and become his children. If you neglect this important *now*, you may, like that little boy, forget your duty till it is too late, and you will then mourn at the last, “O, that I had been wise! O, that I had not neglected the things that belonged to my peace! Now the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved!”—*Well-Spring*.

THE PREACHER AND THE ROBBERS.

A Methodist Preacher, many years ago, was journeying to a village, where he was to dispense the word of life, according to the usual routine of his duty, and was stopped on his way by three robbers. One of them seized his bridle reins; another presented a pistol, and