

might become a minister of the gospel. His another died, and he forgot her counsels; and now, said he, 'I am on the road to hell.'— Young man, *Pray for me, Oh pray for me; let me have your prayers.* This of course was promised; and entering the room where a few Christians had assembled for prayer, the whole story was related, and each one in their turn prayed for that man who once had a praying mother. The sequel the day of judgment will reveal.

THE LESSON LITTLE DAVID TAUGHT HIS TEACHER.

A teacher looked into the street one Sunday morning, and seeing snow on the ground, and snow falling through the air, he concluded not to go to Sunday school. He, therefore replenished his grate, drew his old arm-chair close to the hearth-side, took up a book, seated himself before the blazing fire, and began reading in a very cozy, comfortable mood.— Scarcely had he fixed his attention on the book before a gentle rap at the door disturbed him. Supposing that a beggar was there he went out, but found to his great surprise that the intruder was a little boy named David, his favorite scholar, and a child of an uncommonly beautiful character. The little fellow was muffled up in an old great-coat and seemed bent on brawling the storm. Surprised at the child's appearance, the teacher exclaimed:

'What! David, is that you? Where are you going to such a morning as this?'

'To school, teacher,' replied David emphatically.

'To school, my boy? Nay, come in and sit down by the fire, and I will talk to you about Jesus Christ,' rejoined the teacher.

'I would rather go to school, if you please, teacher.'

'Well, but, my boy,' replied the teacher, feeling somewhat confounded, I am poorly, I cannot go this morning. I should take a fresh cold.'

'I am sorry for that, teacher, but perhaps there will be another teacher there, and I will tell him 'tis too cold for you. Good-by my teacher.'

With these decisive words the little dumpling of a boy turned away and plodded through the untrodden snow. The teacher resumed his place by the fire, but his charm was broken. The boy's fidelity and zeal had pierced his conscience. After a few uncomfortable moments he jumped up, put on his great-coat, buttoned it well under his chin,

and started in pursuit of David. He soon overtook the little toddler. Taking him up in his arms he carried him to school, where he found nearly all his scholars waiting for him.

Little David taught his teacher a lesson of zeal that morning which he never forgot. It has spurred him to school many a rude morning. Should it become a spur in the consciences of other teachers who are in the habit of accepting a little rough weather as a justification for neglecting their classes, the child, now in heaven, will still live in his influence on earth.

FORGOTTEN.

The following was cut from an Ohio paper seventeen years ago. It has been carefully preserved by one who, appreciating its value, desires to have it reappear in *The Independent* for the benefit of "generation after generation:"

"Generation after generation," says an eloquent modern writer, "have felt as *we* feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapour, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so likewise shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our grave as they are now around our path; the world will have the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while, and all this will have happened!— The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind on its way, and the prayers will be said, and the grave-colds will be thrown in, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind to darkness and the worm. And it may be for some short time we shall be spoken of; but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the very chamber in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and will glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name. Then shall we have become, in the touching language of the Psalmist, 'forgotten and clean out of mind.'"