

fect, appropriately term it the *liquor clock*. And a first rate goer it is, never stopping, though now and then *regulated* by law; yet all these regulatings only make it worse. It is, however, wonderfully inclined to an increase of speed, going decidedly too fast; a propensity that grows rapidly upon it of late. Perhaps this trait is somewhat owing to the progressiveness of the nineteenth century; or rather to the drowsiness of those whose business it is to see that its motions are kept properly in check. The men whom we annually send to Albany to attend to such matters are evidently poorly skilled in clock-repairing, or they would long since have attended to the pressing wants of this wonderful instrument. Had we not better send in their stead, next year, students who have studied under the celebrated Neal Dow, a man, who has shown himself to be a perfect genius in this kind of repairing? Something must be done immediately; for every tick the old clock makes, ticks one of our immortal fellow-beings down to the regions of dark despair; every tick breaks the heart of some wife, blasts the prospects, for time and for eternity, of some human soul, adds a deeper hue to the cloud of mortal woe, misery, and wretchedness, and a more agonizing tone to the wail of crushed humanity which is ascending to the ear of the righteous Judge of the Universe. Shall it tick on? Shall its wheels move on with increasing speed unchecked? Is there no power to stop its motions? The tears of wretched families, the cries of worse than orphaned children, the temporal death of thousands upon thousands of immortal spirits have failed to do it; but there is a power amply sufficient for the task; it lies in the hands of the people; it is the mighty power of self-government which they and they alone possess. Why do they not exercise that power? The great day of Judgment will reveal the reason.—*Ulrica Teetotaler*.

“The Worst of It.”

“Do you want to buy any berries to-day?” said a poor little boy to me one afternoon. I looked at the little fellow and he was very shabbily clothed; grey pantaloons, very much patched, an old cotton shirt, and miserable felt hat, made up the whole of his dress. His feet were bare and travel-stained. In both hands he held-up a tin pail full of ripe and dewey raspberries, which were prettily peeping out

from amid the bright green leaves that lay lightly over them.

I told him I would like some; and, taking the pail from him, I stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind whistling to my canaries as they hung in their cage in the porch. He seemed engrossed with my pretty pets, and the berries seemed forgotten.

“Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right?” said I; “how do you know but that I may cheat you, and take more than the three quarts I have agreed upon? The boy looked up archly at me and smiled. “I am not afraid,” said he, “for you would get the *worst of it*, ma’am.”

“Get the worst of it!” I said; “what do you mean?”

“Why, ma’am, I should only lose my berries, and you would be stealing; don’t you think you would get the worst of it?”

What a lesson for us, dear children! This poor little boy, so tired and warm from picking berries all day in the sun, trudging miles with his heavy pail of fruit, felt, if he had lost them all, he would not have been so badly off as the one who would cheat him! Little children, will you just think of this, when you are tempted in any way to defraud a playmate? Just think you get the worst of it, not the loser, by the fraud. How often do we hear persons express great pity when any one has had property stolen from him. But he does not get the worst of it. Though a man lose all he has, and retain his integrity and honesty, he is rich, compared with the man who has robbed him.

Yes, little children, if you disobey your parents, if you abuse your schoolmasters, if you are guilty of lying or stealing, *you get the worst of it*; far more than those whom you may deceive, or injure, or disobey. The suffering may be theirs, but the sin is yours; God marks the sin; and, though the sinner may awhile go unpunished, still there is a great day of accounts, when all these little sins will appear in fearful array against you. Just think of this little boy, when you are tempted to deceive. He seemed to have no fear of being cheated; he only felt it would be great injustice; and, though he might be the loser, he would not exchange situations with one who might deceive him. I have often thought of this poor boy since, and when he comes with berries, I always buy them and pay him well, knowing that he must be an honest, faithful child.