

sure place; and if I could read anything from outward expression, conscience was saying Amen to its necessity and suitableness.

Here was a young messenger early called to testify on behalf of God's day; and who can estimate the nobility and permanent effects of his testimony? Well does the sweet singer of Israel say, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.'

While I know of no special results, I cannot believe that such a reproof, from such a quarter will be useless to those who heard it. The scene has often been present to my own mind. I have repeated the facts on many occasions; and whatever may be the results to those who deservedly heard it first, I am certain it has not been as water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up again.

It is fresh and useful as ever, and must produce good fruit in the heart of every child who learns aright from the short lesson—'Shut the door, and no let God hear.' There are many, for other reasons, who wish they could 'shut the door, and not let God hear.'

But, if I am not trespassing on the space of your kind editor, perhaps some of you would like to know what has become of a child of such promise. The answer is short, and in some respects sad—He is not because God took him. So far as my memory serves me, scarlatina was very prevalent and fatal in the district, and a short time afterwards our young hero became one of its victims.

When I began, you might think that my speaking about disease and death was useless to the telling of a story; but you see now that both are associated with it, and that I could not rightly avoid them. It really is a story of a life which shortly afterwards ended in death.

You can easily imagine how the parents of such a child would feel the stroke of bereavement; yet they were comforted with this hope, that what was their loss was his gain. The stroke was heavy, like others which have been felt since, but the promise was large and the comfort secure.

They have the pleasant reflection that their early training was blessed of God; and when He was pleased to take what He had given, like David, they could say: 'We shall go to him, but he shall not return to us.'

Now, my young friends, endeavour so to live that your death—come when it may—will be a happy change to yourselves, and afford pleasant reflections to your surviving relatives. The Lord's day will be precious to you, just as you are personally interested in Christ, who loves little children, and says, 'Forbid them not to come unto Me, for of

such is the kingdom of heaven.' You will delight in the return of the Christian Sabbath, and increasingly have a relish for all its holy services; you may be compelled, in vindication of its sanctity, likewise to say, "*Shut the door, and no let God hear.*"

Christian parents, as you love the eternal happiness of your children, you will live and labour and importunately wrestle for their spiritual welfare. It is only as you do so that you can expect that your instrumentality will be blessed of God with a happy, heavenly, useful offspring.—*U. P. Jun. Miss. Mag.*

Lost! Lost!

Early in the month of March, a few years since, a party of friends were separating after spending an evening together, when the rumour reached them that three men were lost on the sands! The gentlemen rushed out of doors, and following the crowd, soon made their way to the shore, about a mile distant. The moon had been for some time overshadowed with thick heavy clouds, and the first attempt was to collect and kindle a number of tar barrels, so that the light might afford some guide. Boats were soon manned, as the tide was rolling in with fearful velocity; but all was in vain, as no sound now met their ears. Those who were first on the shore distinctly heard the repeated cry, 'Lost! Lost!' but it was heard no longer.

The poor fellows had gone out at low water some hours before, searching for cockles and shrimps and had proposed returning at the flow, taking advantage of the moon. The sands where they lost their lives abound in streams and small rivulets, which are at all times dangerous to a stranger, and require great care even from those familiar with the coast. Entangled amidst the quicksands and creeks, they could not escape the steadily advancing tide, and perished. The first body was picked up about a mile from where the fatal catastrophe occurred, after the lapse of a week. The second, many miles distant, in the course of a fortnight; and the third was not found until more than a year had elapsed, and then it was found buried in the sand. This melancholy event caused thirteen children to be left fatherless, and made two wives widows. There was something very touching in the case of one of the women. Her cottage stood at a distance from the few dwellings on the shore; and having prepared her husband's supper she went to the door anxiously waiting his return, when hearing a noise from the sea, she distinctly heard the heart-rending cries—'Lost! lost!' and her poor husband's voice fell as a death-knell on her ears.

In reading this true and affecting story, you have probably felt sorrow for the loss of