

because it is too warm or too cold or too rainy, frequently absent themselves on fair Sabbaths.

11. Though my excuses satisfy myself they still must undergo God's scrutiny, and they must be well grounded to bear that (Luke xiv. 18).

12. There is a special promise, that where two or three meet together in God's name He will be in the midst of them.

13. An avoidable absence from church is an infallible evidence of spiritual decay. Disciples first follow Christ at a distance, and then, like Peter, deny Him.

14. My faith is to be known by my self-denying Christian life, and not by the rise or fall of the thermometer.

15. Such yielding to surmountable difficulties prepares for yielding to those merely imaginary; until thousands never enter a church, and yet think they have good reason for such neglect.

16. By a suitable arrangement on Saturday, I shall be able to attend church without exhaustion; otherwise my late work on Saturday night must tend to unfit me for the Sabbath enjoyment of Christian privileges.—*Evangelist.*

Hearing the Sermon.

A HOME LESSON.

"Mother," said a little boy one Sabbath, "mayn't I stay at home? There's no use for me to go to church, I can't understand one word the minister preaches about. I do not want to go." "Not one word?" "No, not one word," he said, in that positive tone little boys are apt to have. His mother thought he had better go; but he twisted his mouth and pouted his lips, and said he would not go. I dare say you have seen little boys do so.

"If puss went to church I should not expect her to understand a word. If Rover went, I should not expect him to understand, or the cow, or the pig; but I should have expected better things of a boy. I wish you to try again. See if you cannot at least understand one word the minister says. After that we will see." Mother looked very sober as she spoke, and the little boy did not quite like to be put on the same shelf with cats and pigs.

After a little more talk the church bells rang, and he went off with the honest wish in his heart to listen to the sermon and learn what a little boy could,

His father was out of town, and his mother was sick at home, so he and his two older sisters, with a man, occupied the pew. Henry liked the singing, for he could find the psalm, and keep his eye on the place. He could bow his head when the minister prayed, and liked to hear "Our Father who art in heaven." When the sermon came, he fixed his eyes on the minister's face and his mind on the minister's words, trying to find something he could understand. Nobody was more attentive than Henry.

When he got home, "Mother," he said, "I did get one word out of the minister's sermon. I got 'God.' He said God over so many times, and I kept thinking God, God, God, all the way home. I said to myself, God made the sky, God made the trees, God made the rain, God made the little ants; He made the busy bees. God made me—my hands to handle with, and my eyes to see with, and my mind to learn with. But God didn't make my new jacket with those bright buttons, did He? You made it, mother."

"God created the lambs' wool for the weavers and spinners to make the cloth of," said his mother; "and down in the dark earth He created the substance of brass for the button-makers to use."

"Then without God it would not be," said the little boy. "What a great, good God He is."

"Yes," said his mother, "and how we should desire to know Him more, and to please Him constantly in everything we do."

"I think as much," cried little Henry, as if a bright, new thought had struck him. It was bright and new to him, because he had worked it out all himself, and his little mind kept on the subject, for he asked his mother questions growing out of it four or five days after.

Now was it not better for that little boy to go to church than to stay at home?

Aside from the duty and privilege of taking our little children with us to the house of God, some parents think there is not much use for them to go, because they cannot understand, and therefore are not interested; yet, if we encourage them to try to understand, I am sure there are few so small but a precious little seed thought, even no bigger than one word, may be in their tender souls for the shoots and blossoms of early piety.—*Juv. Miss-Magazine.*