

which I would not willingly give to have the veil of oblivion cast over the scenes and the sentiments of that corrupt volume, which still haunt me like foul spectres during my hours of private devotion, in the sanctuary, and at the communion table. Oh, what sad work did that quarter of an hour make upon a human soul. *Young man, beware of bad books, and beware also of evil companions.*

My early friend, after well-nigh accomplishing my ruin, became a dissolute man, imbibed evil sentiments, and at last, as I greatly fear, died by his own hand. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

I love Thy furnace, and I kiss Thy rod;
I ask not that these fiery trials cease;
My soul is bowed before Thee, O my God!
For pardon, patience, purity and peace!

A WISE LITTLE BOY

I was well acquainted with a little boy by the name of Hans. One day, when his pastor left the house, he went to his mother and said, "*Mother, why did you not tell the minister to ask God to give me a new heart?*" That was truly a great question for a boy so young, that he had never even thought of going to Sabbath school. Hans felt that he needed a new heart. He had likely prayed for a new heart himself. His godly parents had, doubtless, asked that best of gifts for him, and he was anxious to have others ask that great treasure for him. Children, I am not only telling you about somebody that did live, but about somebody that does live. I could any day step up and lay my hand on the head of that same littlered-haired Hans. He has now become a dear little Sabbath school scholar. I hope God has given him a new heart, and he is learning more and more about the Saviour.

Now, dear children, I think I hear you saying, "I would like so much to have a new heart, too." I am so glad to hear you say that. But you say, "Will God give a new heart to unworthy sinners?" Yes, he will, for he expressly says, "A new heart also will I give you." Then go and pray, O Father, give me a new heart, according to thy promise, for Jesus' sake. May your great desire be to get a heart to believe all that God says: to love him more than any

other object, and to do whatever he tells you. And, in order to secure this precious jewel, make a good improvement of all your privileges, and trust in the Holy Spirit to make you holy and happy, and prepare you for going to heaven.

"A broken spirit is to God
A pleasing sacrifice;
A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord, thou wilt not despise."

I will ask God to give you all this new heart.—*Youth's Evangelist.*

"VERY PROUD TO-NIGHT."

It was a very cold night in winter. The wind blew and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath the cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and notwithstanding the storm, the villagers ventured forth to hear him. William Amesley, buttoned up to the chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the new-fallen snow against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother—

"Couldn't you walk more easily if you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his, and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had grown up so tall that she could now lean on his. They had not walked far before he said to her—

"I am very proud to-night, mother."

"Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him, with a heart gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should, in his manhood, lovingly provide for her who watched over him in his helpless infancy. It was a noble pride, that made his mother love him, if it were possible, more than ever; and made her pray for him with new earnestness, thankful for his devoted love and hopeful for his future. There is no more beautiful sight than affectionate, devoted, obedient children. I am sure He that commended children to honour their father and their mother, must look upon such with pleasure. May He bless dear William, and every other boy whose heart is filled with ambition to be a blessing and "staff" to his mother. *Independent.*