

what can you do for yourself? "If I had a child," says the precise man, "you should see." He *does* have a child; and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose, like all children; and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing. He is like everybody else: "a little child shall lead *him*?" Poor little children, they bring and teach us human beings more good than they get in return. How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and egotism to a whole world of new and higher feeling! How often does the mother repay this by doing her best to wipe off, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity of childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been! The hardened heart of the worldly man is touched by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son; but he repays it, in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks, and hard ways, and callous maxims which have undone himself. Go to the gaol, the penitentiary, and find there the wretched, most sullen, brutal, and hardened. Then look at your infant son: such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate; that rough voice was tender and lisping; fond eyes followed as he played; and he was rocked as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft and unknown, might have been opened to questions of his Maker, and been sealed with the seal of heaven. But harsh hands seized it, and all is over with him for ever. So of the tender, weeping child,—he is made the callous, heartless man, or the sneering sceptic: and the beautiful and modest,—the shameless and abandoned: and this is what the world does for the little. There was a time when the Divine One stood upon the earth, and little children sought to draw near

to Him. But harsh human beings stood between Him and them, forbidding their approach. Ah! has it always been so? Do not even we, with our hard and unsubdued feeling, or worldly and unscriptural habits and maxims, stand like a dark screen between our child and its Saviour, and keep, even from the choice bud of our heart, the radiance which might unfold it for paradise." "Suffer children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," is still the voice of the Son of God; but the cold world still closes around and forbids. When, of old, disciples would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of His kingdom, He took a child, and set him in the midst, as a sign of him who would be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. That gentle Teacher still acts the little child in the midst of us. Wouldst thou know, O parent, what is that fath which unlocks heaven? Go not to wrangling polemics, or creeds, or forms of theology; but draw to thy bosom thy little one, read in that clear and trusting eye the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done. Blessed shalt thou be indeed: "a little child shall lead thee."

THE THOUGHTFUL BOY AND HIS SISTER.

It was a bright summer afternoon, and Thomas was sitting in the porch with his sister Mary. Thomas had been away from home for several weeks, and now he had just come back.—Mary was very glad to see him; so they were sitting together and talking very busily.

"I suppose, Thomas," said Mary, "that you have had a good time. I shall be glad when it comes my turn to go and see grandmamma; wont you tell me all about how it looks there, Tommy, and how you enjoyed yourself?"

Thomas.—In the first place, Mary