

feeling will generally, sooner or later, lead to reformation.

Whatever defect there may be of moral culture in our common schools it is more than supplied in our Sabbath schools. Here the whole training is of a moral and religious character, entirely free from sectarian influences.

Impressions thus made can never be eradicated. * * * And it may not be an extravagant calculation to suppose that every ten years five millions of persons, who had been Sabbath school scholars, enter into active society. More or less they may be supposed to be influenced by the principles inculcated at those schools. Restrained themselves by moral considerations, their example may have some influence on an equal number of their associates. Here, then, is an element of power, which must be salutary on our social and political relations.

A SHORT STORY.

TOLD BY A SUPERINTENDENT TO THE CHILDREN OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL, JUST BEFORE HE OFFERED THE CONCLUDING PRAYER.

I very well remember, that about ten years ago, when I lived in a small pleasant village in the county of —, there was, within a short distance from my own house, a little old fashioned house, with a pretty garden very neatly kept; the roses, the lilies, and the honeysuckles in which I have often admired. In that house lived a poor widow with six children, one of them an infant three or four months old. The father, a civil, friendly, industrious old man, had worked early and late to support his family, and all the while he was in health he had plenty of plain food and warm clothing; but he caught cold, and was very ill. His sickness lasted several weeks,

and when he died he left but a few dollars in the house. The good widow was, therefore, in great distress; for she had no rich relations to whom she could look for assistance, and she was not strong enough to work herself.

“William,” said the poor weeping widow to her eldest son, a healthy, strong, lively boy, about twelve years of age—“William,” said she, “our money is all gone and you have no kind father, now, to earn more; you know how cheerfully he worked every day while the strength lasted, but he is now gone to heaven. I know not what to do, something must be done. Now there is good Mr. Mathews, the farmer, has plenty of work for men and boys; he knew your father well. I think if you go to him and ask him, as a favor, to employ you, he will find you something to do; he will not make you work too hard, and he will give you wages, not much, but a very little would be of great use to us now.”

Well, William listened to his mother with attention; and he was sorry to see the tears roll down her pale cheeks, and he promised to try. He went, therefore, the next day to Mr. Mathews, to ask for employment, but he met some boys on the road, who talked to him about cricket, and kite, and marbles, until he thought no longer of his mother's grief, or of what she had said about his own good behaviour; he knocked at the door so loudly, that the servant who opened it expected to see a pedlar, and he asked so carelessly and seemed so indifferent, that the good farmer, who was a kind-hearted man, said to himself, “This little fellow is not in earnest; he does not really want work, and will not thank me if I give it him; he must wait till he knows how to be-