

she give him good advice, and direct his mind to that Saviour who suffers little children to come unto him.

One Saturday afternoon, in the month of July, a steamboat, for the first time, came up the creek, and harbored not far from where the mother and her son lived. Of course all the little boys and girls in the town desired to see this surprising object.

Little Johnny asked his mother if he could go and see the new steamboat. She readily consented, telling him to return very soon.—He did so, and told her what a great boat he had seen. After he had described the pipe and various machinery to her, she told him to-morrow would be the Sabbath, and no doubt a great many little boys would go down to the landing and see the boat; “but, my son, you must not go there on the Sabbath, for it is God’s holy day; and he commands you to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.” Johnny retired that night, and thought little of what his mother had told him until the next Sabbath afternoon, when some of his playmates came and invited him to go with them to see the new boat. He told them that it was the Sabbath, and that his mother had charged him not to visit the landing on God’s holy day. They replied that his mother would know nothing about his going, for they would soon be back. At last he yielded to their entreaties, and accompanied them.

When he reached the boat he saw that it did not come up to the landing, but a plank was laid with one end on the boat, and the other upon the landing, so that any one might go on board.

Johnny trembled as he placed his foot upon the plank. He felt that

a guilty conscience was at work within him: but he stepped forward until he had reached nearly the middle of the plank, when a sudden motion of the boat threw him into the water, and he was drowned. A crowd of men soon gathered round, and in a few hours succeeded in finding his body; but it was cold and lifeless. The spirit had taken its flight to God who gave it. Little did Johnny’s mother think that he was there, as she saw the gathered crowd. The men carried the lifeless body to his mother; and who can describe the feelings of that mother, when the body of her only son was laid at her feet in the cold embrace of death! She stood amazed—she could not weep—her fount of tears was dry. She could not speak; for all that had made earthly happiness for her had fled beyond her reach. She was alone.

The next day Johnny was buried, and nearly all the children in the village followed him to the grave. For many days a cloud of sorrow hung over the little village, and not until their dying day will Johnny’s playmates forget the Sabbath afternoon they went to see the steamboat.

If any of the little boys or girls who read this account of little Johnny are in the habit of disobeying their parents, let them remember that the way of transgressors is hard. If Johnny had stayed at home and read his Bible that Sabbath afternoon, he might have been alive at this day, a comfort to his mother, and a blessing to his country.—*Presbyterian.*

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Happy are those who not only talk of the truth, but walk in the truth.

Repentance is the greatest honour next to innocence.