

wicked ways. He determines to restore him to a sense of filial obligation, and to his home. And what is the plan? He writes a letter—all that is moving in paternal love, is thrown into that letter. Now, on what will its success depend? On its being delivered? On its being read? All this is required; but something more is indispensable, to bring out its full force upon his wicked heart. *He must reflect upon it, as the expression of a tender father, whose heart, which he had well-nigh broken, still glows with warmest love for him.* Young men, in this picture, behold yourselves. You are prodigals. You have violated the love, and forsaken the home, of the Infinite Father. Here is a letter which he has addressed to you. In it he says, 'Come now, and let us reason together.' Oh! what omnipotent reasonings of paternal love are here! Have you ever devoted one day to a concentrated reflection upon the contents of this document, in its relation to You? If not, you have never yet tried the *only* way to repentance. Go and think this, and as you muse, *the fire will burn.* God's complaint of the world is, its religious thoughtlessness. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

The Sailor Boy Seeking Jesus.

A poor sailor boy, a native of the Caucasian Mountains, was some three years ago on board his vessel at Constantinople. It was his duty to go every day on shore to purchase provisions for the crew. One day he called at a baker's shop, to buy some bread; and there met a Jewish missionary, who spoke to him of Jesus, and tried to impress his mind with the need of seeking the salvation of his soul. So greatly did this interest the lad, that for three months he sought out the missionary every day, and got more instruction from him.—

At last the ship had to sail, and the poor boy must part with his kind teacher. The missionary told him, perhaps they might meet again, as he was going to Holland, and the ship might some day or other touch at some of its ports.

Fort two long years the boy sailed from port to port, and wherever he came, he asked the question, "How far is this from Holland?" At last he sailed for London, and asked his usual question, "How far is this from Holland?" He was told that a steamer would soon leave for Holland, and he could go in it if he liked. It was going to Rotterdam, so he paid his fare, and off he set, hoping to meet his much-loved missionary there.—The poor lad had hardly money enough to pay his fare, and he got to Rotterdam almost without a farthing in his pocket, and nearly destitute of clothes. Yet hoping and praying that there he might be led to Christ. On reaching the city, he wandered up and down its streets, till at last he came into its very poorest parts. It so happened, that in these parts several Christian people lived. He went into a barber's shop, and there he saw a Bible. This seemed to give him hope, and he asked the barber at once to tell him something about Jesus. The poor barber, however, knew nothing of Christ, and could tell him nothing, but his wife was a Christian, and she gladly told the sailor boy about the Saviour, and then took him to the Bible Society's agent, Mr. Van Dorp, who found, however, that the lad spoke German, of which he knew so little, that he took him to a German family where he could be better understood. These people were very kind to him. They took him in, gave him food, clothed him, and what was better, taught him all he wished to know.—Van Dorp gave him a New Testament, and the Christian people were very kind in doing all they could to help him.

There he was a few months ago, and