

berries. I got angry with him, without cause, and killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it till I awoke the next day and found myself guarded. Whiskey had done it! It has ruined me! I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. Never, never, never, touch anything that can intoxicate!"

Think what one indulgence in drink may do.

This youth was not a habitual drunkard. Shun the deadly cup which steals away your senses before you are aware of it; for you cannot know the dreadful deeds you may commit while under its influence.

### TEN YEARS OLD.

To be ten years old has always seemed to me a very serious thing ever since the day when I became so. It was a Sabbath day, my tenth birthday. I think that I had about as good a mother as any boy ever had—very loving, very wise, and very faithful. She did not worry me with too many talks and lectures, though she kept her kind watchful eye on me always, and she had a firm as well as gentle hand. When she did sit down to have a regular talk with me she was apt to say things worth remembering—things which I could not forget. On that Sabbath day, my tenth birthday she said, "My son, if you live as much longer as you have lived now—ten years you will be a man, as tall and large as you are ever going to be. Then you will not be taken care of and guided by your father and me. You must learn how to govern and guide yourself before that time."

She made me see that it was a great thing to get ready to be a man, and to do a man's part, and bear a man's responsibilities in this world. She made me feel that it would make a great difference to others, what kind of a man I should be. She had not waited till then to teach me

the lesson which King David taught to Solomon: "My son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind. . . . if thou seek Him He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him He will cast thee off forever." She was always teaching me that—she and my father—even more by their honest, godly, kind, lives than by their wise and faithful kind words. But I remember no one day in which that good lesson sank deeper into my heart than on that Sabbath day which was my tenth birthday.

When the next ten years had gone and my twentieth birthday had come, sure enough, I had gone through college and was teaching a school, in which were some scholars as old as I was. I remembered that talk with my mother, and wrote to her about it on that day. Ten more years and I was a father and a pastor. And so the end of each ten years has found me with serious responsibilities, in which at all times it has helped me to recollect what my mother taught me when I sat on her lap, and how she advised me when I was taller than she. I do not remember ever being sorry for having done as I thought my mother would wish. This was so quite as much after she had gone from this world as when I could write letters to her and get letters from her.

A good many little readers of these pages are about ten years old, I suspect. Some have had their tenth birthday, and some will have it soon. Do not wait for that particular day to come before you seek the Lord. "If thou seek him now, he will be found of thee." But still I cannot help thinking it is a very serious thing to be ten years old; and there is only one way to make it a happy and safe thing to be more than ten years old. Has not what I have been saying made it pretty plain what that way is? Think it over, my little Presbyterians, and talk it over with you mothers on any Sabbath day, whether it is your birthday or not.—*Ed.*