

to live, my readers, you are to live for ever. The last day of time shall come, when this earth shall be needed no more, and be destroyed. But there is that within you which can never be destroyed even by eternal woe. This sun shall cease to shine; but the immortal spark within you shall never be quenched. The stars shall fall from heaven, as a fig tree casteth her untimely fruit when shaken with the wind; the moon shall be darkened, and the earth shall be burned up; for the angel, standing with one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, shall lift his hand to heaven and swear, time shall be no more. But you shall be without end. You have begun an existence that will never cease. You will still live, and live on, so long as God himself shall exist.

It is that we may prepare for new and untried scenes that time is now so valuable. It is that we may pass through a kind of pupilage, and be trained for higher pursuits. We are born, and placed on this earth for a season, that we may here be educated, and disciplined, and fit ourselves for a station of glory. And the man who overlooks this great object, mistakes the purpose of his being. He has forgotten the errand on which he was sent into the world. His occupations are as useless, in respect to the end for which life was given, as the truant boy's idle amusements; they are insignificant and trivial as the toyings of smiling, thoughtless idiocy. The angels who behold us from above, must look down upon the men who are bustling, striving, and toiling solely in the acquisition of terrestrial good, as we do upon the busy emmets of a mole-hill, that are exerting all their little energies with ceaseless diligence, to build a structure which our wandering feet may crush, and to lay up stores for the support of their puny bodies during a few month's existence. Such short-sighted, narrow-minded, unwise men are bowing themselves beneath a burden, to gather up grains from the earth, while the angel of religious hope is hovering over them with an extended arm, and offering to wing them up to the skies. The ambitious and aspiring amongst them, are struggling to encircle their heads with honors, as poor, and trifling in comparison with the glories that ought to be theirs as the grass wreaths with which children entwine their brows in their sports—while Jesus himself is calling to these deluded men of earth—and offering them a crown wrought with more than angelic hands, and which can never fade away. Ye abusers of time! look up and behold its purpose. Ye who are so anxious and studious of your own interests! look up and see where your true interest lies. There is the object for which you live. If you have never considered it till now, your life is wrong, your plans are wrong, your designs are wrong, you are all wrong—you have mistaken the purpose of time.—*S. S. Magazine.*

SKETCH OF A CLASS OF BOYS.

It has been truly said that the Sabbath school is the nursery of the church. When the Sabbath school was first formed in D——, in 1817, there were five small boys who came in and formed a class. It was a new thing, and boys were not very willing to attend, but these boys became deeply interested. At that time there were no question books; and they would to commit fifty or sixty verses from the Testament, besides a number of Watts' Hymns, to recite every Sabbath. Three of them used to see which would get the greatest number, and most perfectly; and they would commit sometimes over a hundred verses, besides a number of hymns.

I well knew one of those boys; he had to work hard all the week; every spare moment he would take his Testament and study his lesson, and what he could not commit in the week, he would rise early on the Sabbath morning and finish. By this devoted industry he learned the Gospel of Luke, and a greater part of Matthew and John. His teacher would often tell him, that he could not have time to say all his lesson.

The eldest of them is now a minister in a large city; the second is a missionary in Asia; the third has entered the ministry; the fourth is a popular teacher; and the fifth is a merchant.

SUNDAY SCHOOL INFLUENCES.

Away among the Alleghanies, there is a spring so small, that a single ox in a summer's day could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms; and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then, joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away, some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the tributaries of that ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roar and roar, till the angel, with one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with *moral influence*. It is a rill, a rivulet, a river, an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity. That rill is now rising in every soul, in every class! Oh, spirit of God, sanctify these influences for earth's benefit and heaven's glory!

A CARRIAGE FULL.—A minister in Maine, who has been very successful in establishing Sunday schools, says that he is in the habit of speaking kindly to every little boy and girl that he meets in the road. If he finds they go to no Sunday school, he invites them to his. Sometimes, when approaching the school, he invites such children to ride with him. One day he had eleven in his carriage at once.