

"But I *shall* want to go," said Charles, beginning to cry.

"You must not go now," said his mother, "for you said you did not want to go, just because you felt contrary, and out of humour."

His mother then sat down to work. Charles, finding it was useless to cry, dried his tears, and began throwing his playthings about the room.

"Don't you do so," said his mother; "you will break that pretty box, and your white cards, with the pretty coloured letters, will get soiled, and not fit to be used."

"I don't care if they do," said Charles; "it is not a pretty box, and I don't like the cards."

His mother rose, took away all his playthings, and left him sitting upon the floor, with nothing to do. As she took no notice of his cross looks, he presently went to the window, and stood on a little cricket, looking to see the horses and carriages passing, and soon he began to feel pleasantly again.

"Oh! mother," said he, "there are two beautiful little dogs in the street, and a little boy running after them. Oh! how I should like a little dog. Mother, will you buy me one?" and he ran to his mother and looked up in her face.

His mother laid down her work and took him in her lap. "What would you do with a dog," said she, "if you had one?"

"Oh! I should play with him; I would put some things in my cart, and tie the dog to it, and let him draw it to market; just like the dog in William's picture."

"But I am afraid," said his mother, "that if your father should buy you a dog, you would sometimes get out of humour with him, and then you would say it was an ugly dog, and you did not want it any more."

"No, I would not," said Charles; "I should always love my little dog."

"So you said, if I would buy you a new cap, you would be a good boy, and never give me any trouble about it, but yesterday you forgot your promise, and did not put it where it hangs; and to-day you have made me very unhappy by your bad temper. And you have displeased God too, for he was looking directly into your heart when you said you did not want to go with Susan, and saw that you was saying what was not true."

"But I will remember next time, if you will only get me a little dog."

Just then William came into the room with a large piece of cake in his hand, which a lady had given him. He went up to his brother, and breaking it in two pieces, offered him one of them.

"No, I want the other piece," said Charles.

"But I can't give it to you," said William; "I want it myself."

"Then I won't have any," said Charles impatiently,

"Keep all the cake yourself, William," said his mother; "Charles must not have any, because he is not a good boy."

"But I do want some," said Charles, beginning to cry very loud. Then his mother went to the door, and calling Susan, told her to take Charles into the other room, and keep him there until he was perfectly pleasant and good-humoured. So you see Charles lost a pleasant walk and a nice piece of cake, and after all, had to be sent away from his kind mother, just because he would be a contrary boy. Do you think he was happy?

The next afternoon, as these two little boys were playing in the yard, they looked up, and saw a carriage, drawn by two large white horses, stop at the door. It was their aunt's. She had brought her little son and daughter, named James and Mary, to spend the afternoon with their cousins. As soon as they were out of the carriage, they ran to their cousins, and all looked as happy as if they were expecting to have a noble good time; and so they were.

Their aunt went into the house, and the children played together out in the yard. When they were tired of that, they went into the mowing field, where the hay was spread to dry, and began to throw it upon each other. This they enjoyed very much till Charles began to cry, and say they should not throw the hay upon him. He wanted to *pelt* the others, but was not willing to have them pelt him. So this contrary boy spoiled the whole play, and he cried so loud that his mother had to call him into the house. When he was gone, James laid down in the hay, and told his sister and cousin to cover him up in it. When he was hidden entirely, so that they could not see him, he jumped up suddenly, and ran to catch them with an arm full

of hay, to *pay* them for treating him so. They laughed very loud, and were very happy, now they had no one to disturb them with crying. They were soon called in to tea.

Charles had not been very well in the morning, and his mother was afraid to give him as many strawberries in his milk as she did the rest. So Charles began to cry, and said he would not have any. His mother then sent him out of the room, and did not allow him to return until his cousins had gone.

You see how many pleasant things he lost by being so contrary. His mother said she could not buy him a dog until he had learned to be a good, pleasant boy. His cousins said they did not want to go and see him again, for he spoiled their play; and when his mother went to see his aunt, she took William, but left Charles at home. She said she could not take him with her until he was willing to do as others wished to have him, and not always cry to have his own way. By and by, Charles learned that it was better to be pleasant all the time, and not get out of humour when things did not exactly suit him; and then every body loved him, for he was a good little boy in every other respect.

FEMALE INFLUENCE AND OBLIGATIONS.

(Continued.)

Let females reflect on the *guilt which they incur by refusing to exert their influence in favour of the Christian religion*. Let them seriously consider, *whose authority they reject and contemn, when they do nothing to honour Christ and save souls; and when, perhaps, they do much to dishonor the former and destroy the latter—when, in fact, they neglect their own souls and the souls of others*. It is the authority of the everlasting God. Oh, what an act of high-handed rebellion is here! A female setting her God at defiance! And remember, God has bestowed upon you powers and opportunities of *achieving much*. He has exalted you in the family circle, has thrown the entire infant world into your arms for moral training, given you a vast control over the virtues and vices of society, opened before you the habitations of poverty, disease and death, and invited you to enter and do good; and if these interests are disregarded, if this trust is betrayed, guilt of a crimson stain must be incurred. If properly seen and felt, this guilt would be indeed appalling here; but its true character will never be known till it is looked upon in the light of eternity. It will then be seen, that "where much is given, much is required;" and that guilt and punishment will be proportioned to the talents and influence which have been possessed and abused. It will then be seen, too, that you are chargeable with the loss of that good which you might have secured by embarking in the great interests of Christ's kingdom. And do you ask the amount of this good, in order to finish the picture of your guilt? This can never be ascertained till we obtain facts from the records of another world. But should the soul of your husband, your child, or your neighbour, perish for the want of that Christian influence which you might have exerted—and who will dare to say that this may not be the case?—what guilt would be yours! Think of this—a soul irrecoverably and eternally lost through your neglect! And instead of *one* soul, it may be *many*. Can the female heart reflect on these things, and not be moved? Oh! while you read, resolve, by the help of God, to consecrate your soul, with all its living energies, to the kingdom of Jesus Christ and the interests of a perishing world. Let your *own* heart be right with God, and then you may do good to others.

But if the fear of incurring guilt cannot induce you to devote your influence to the cause of Jesus Christ, then let the consideration of *the actual good you may accomplish* find its way to your heart. You live in a world of means; and God himself is bringing about his great purposes by the use of means; by the instrumentality of human influence and of human action. He is employing men and women as his instruments to reform and save their fellow-beings. The work of preaching the Gospel is committed to *men*; but this is only one wheel in the vast and mighty machine which is radically to change the character, feelings, and habits of the world. In the gospel kingdom much is to be done; and the exertions of pious females have always been attended by the blessing of Heaven. God has given you influence for this very purpose, that you might exert it for his glory and the good of others.

But do you ask what good you can do? The answer is easy.