

Filial Obedience—An Incident.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." So says Divine inspiration, and he who would claim the verification of the promise, should not fail to perform the required duty. How pleasing to christian parents to see the objects of their mutual affection, dutiful and obedient—to find that the principles inculcated in their early days are fondly cherished in maturer years, and how consoling the hope that they will be the "staff of their declining years." Children are too apt to forget the obligations they are under to their parents—that to them they owe more than to any other human being. They engage in the busy pursuits of life, and seem unconscious of the duty they owe to those who fed and clothed them in their childhood days—who spent the hard earnings of a toilsome life to bestow upon them a liberal education, the benefits of which they are now reaping. This ingratitude on the part of children to their parents meets not the approbation of Jehovah, but will surely receive his condemnation. We have an incident in our mind's eye which came under our observation, and which we will record, hoping that it may be productive of good to our youthful readers. It contains a fearful lesson.

In the town of — there lived a pious couple, who were devoted members of a christian church. They were blessed with a family of six lovely children, who contributed in no small degree to the happiness which existed in that domestic circle. The eldest was a boy whom the parents entertained a hope might become an honored, useful, and respected member of society, as well as a comfort to them in their old age.—They spared no pains or expense to give him a good elementary education; neither did they neglect his religious training. He was a regular attendant upon the Sabbath School, and his seat in the church was seldom vacant. At the age of eighteen years he was sent to a high school in the State of New York. Here he made great proficiency in his studies, and was acknowledged to be one of the brightest ornaments in the school. He soon obtained the confidence of his teachers, and was respected by all who knew him. In the immediate neighborhood of the school a number of young men had formed themselves into a club for the purpose of disseminating infidel principles, among whom were several of his acquaint-

ances. Not being possessed of a very strong mind, he was frequently induced to attend the meetings of this club. Gradually he was led to imbibe the doctrines promulgated by these deluded followers of Tom Paine and Voltaire, and soon became a leading member. The club at the close of its meetings would usually adjourn to a neighboring tavern, where the night was spent in revelry and debauch.

His letters to his parents became less frequent, and finally he ceased writing altogether. Think not, reader, that during the downward course of this young man, he never thought of the happy home he had left—of the fond parents who had borne him—of the sunny days of childhood, when his heart knew no guile. Often would his mind wander back to his boyhood days—to the scenes of his early youth—to the friends endeared to him by so many associations; and earnestly would he wish himself again under the paternal roof, making one of the happy group encircling his father's fireside. And even when he would be violently declaiming upon the falsity of the Bible, and of its corrupting tendencies, he would shudder at his own sayings, and to drown his sorrows, would fly to the inebriating cup. But as time sped on apace, the young man had been confirmed in his belief—his heart became steeled to all good impressions—his conscience was seared, and he would frequently pour forth harsh invectives against the principles instilled into his youthful mind by his pious parents. He had arrived at the age of nineteen. His father who had often written him, and obtaining no answer, finally concluded to go and see him. He had heard of the course of his profligate son, and his heart was well nigh broke. His hair was already silvered o'er with sorrow, and he was fast sinking into the grave. He visited him, conversed with him, and endeavored to show him the dangerous path in which he was travelling; but all to no avail, no impression was made on his mind. The son heaped bitter curses upon his parent grown grey with sorrow, and the tear that coursed its way down the care-worn cheek of the father as he left his son's presence, told too plainly the result of the painful interview. The father returned to his home—a few weeks passed away, and the church-bell tolled a solemn dirge, and the body of the premature old man was laid in the tomb.

Meanwhile the son was rapidly sinking,—his wild, bloodshot eye, his bloat-