

ness, it may be unpleasant at first, and perhaps there may be some person so incorrigibly lazy that it may never be pleasant to them. To the great majority, however, habitual industry becomes pleasant—far more pleasant than idleness. Mark a plan for labour. Pursue it steadily and regularly for a short time, and it will become pleasant. You will love it. You will taste the pleasures of industry.

God would have made all his children industrious. He says to every one, “*go work* in my vineyard.” “My father worketh hitherto, and I work,” said the Saviour. We must follow his example. A lazy Christian is a contradiction in terms.

THE SAILOR'S DYING MOTHER.

During the last illness of a pious mother, when she was near death, her only remaining child, the subject of many agonising and believing prayers, who had been roving on the sea, returned to pay his parent a visit.

After a very affecting meeting, “You are near port, mother,” said the hardy-looking sailor “and I hope you will have an abundant entrance.

“Yes, my child, the fair haven is in sight, and soon, very soon, I shall be landed

“On that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.”

“You have weathered many a storm in your passage, mother; but now God is dealing very graciously with you by causing the winds to cease, and by giving you a calm at the end of your voyage.”

“God has always dealt graciously with me my son; but this last expression of his kindness, in permitting me to see you before I die, is so unexpected, that it is like a miracle wrought in answer to prayer.”

“O, mother!” replied the sailor, weeping as he spoke, “your prayers have been the means of my salvation, and I am thankful that your life has been spared till I could tell you of it.”

She listened with devout composure to the account of his conversion and at last, taking his hand, she pressed it to her dying lips, and said, “Yes thou art a faithful God! and as it hath pleased thee to bring back my long lost child, and adopt him into thy family, I will say, “Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”—*Day Star.*

The Useful Scholar.

“I recently visited,” says a gentleman in America, in 1828, “a well conducted Sabbath school consisting of nearly 200 children, seated on circular forms. The director gave out a hymn, which was sung by the children. He then told them he would introduce to them four new scholars, who were arranged before the desk, and their names were mentioned. The superintendent read the rules of the school, which were printed on a card, and were very simple and appropriate, and explained them to the scholars then to be received. He then prayed for each one of them, after which the following verse was sung by the children’ who were seated:

“We welcome you to this dear place,
Where kind instruction’s given;
And hope that you may see the face
Of Jesus Christ in heaven.”

“I do not remember all the rules on the little card, but the last was, ‘I must get as many children to go to the Sabbath school as I can.’—This rule will not be forgotten, from an interesting circumstance which the superintendent stated, of a little boy whose name was Samuel. He always made it a practice to invite