

scene which we can link it, viz., that in the chamber of David when he lamented over Absalom. "O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! Would God that I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

What was the cause of all this disgrace to this young man? What was the cause of this sorrow to these worthy parents? It was strolling on the Sabbath!

Some young man on reading this, may say, "O, these are extreme cases; no eye shall ever see me in such a position; no eye shall ever see me touch my master's property; no eye shall ever see me in prison! I was respectfully educated; my father was a clergyman." Ah, young man, take care what you say! many as secure as you have been caught and degraded. Think not to say I have Abraham to my father; the young man I have mentioned was the son of a clergyman highly respected and deservedly honored.

And here allow me to urge clergymen in town and country to take a deep interest in Young Men's Christian Associations. When a young man leaves the country without a friend or companion, let him be sent direct by letter of introduction, from his clergyman, without any ceremony to the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of the city for which he is bound; and he holds out a friendly hand to him, and introduces him to other young men of noble mind, and pious sentiment, and so long as he conducts himself well, he has them for his friends and companions.

Had the young man last mentioned got such an introduction, by the blessing of God his parents might have been saved all the disgrace occasioned by his imprisonment.—*British Messenger*.

AFRAID OF THE WAGES.

"I want your boy in my shop," said a shop-keeper to a poor widow. "I have had a great deal of trouble with clerks, and now I want your Seth—because I know he is honest."

The widow was glad, for it was time for Seth to be earning something, and she thought it would be quite a lift in the world, to have him to go with Mr. Train; and she knew he would suit Mr. Train, for Seth did well everywhere.

When Seth came home from school, he was almost as much pleased with his good fortune as his mother was. Neither mother nor son knew anything about Mr. Train's store. It was in the lower part of the town, but his family lived near the widow's, in fine style. Seth was to go the next Monday morning; and Monday morning he was punctually at his new post.

The week passed away. When he came home to dinner or supper, his mother used to ask him how he liked it. At first he said "pretty well," and then, "he didn't exactly know;" and then, "not very well;" and on Saturday he told his mother plumply, that "he did not like it at all, and wasn't going to stay."

"Why, Seth," exclaimed his mother, grieved and mortified at the change, "are you so difficult to suit as all this comes to? Do you know how important it is to stick to your business? What will Mr. Train say?" "Mother," answered the boy, "the shop is a grog shop, and I cannot stay there." The mother's mouth was stopped; indeed, after that she had no wish to have him remain; but she was very sorry that the case was so.

When Mr. Train paid the boy on Saturday night, Seth told him he could not stay. The shop-keeper was surprised; "how's this," said he, "haven't I

done well by you this week?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy; "I never expect to find a kinder master." "Do you find fault with the pay?" "No, sir," answered Seth, "It is good pay." "Well, what's the difficulty, then?" The poor boy hesitated to give his reason. Perhaps the man guessed what it was, for he said, "Come, come, Seth, you won't leave me, I know; I'll raise your wages." "O, sir," answered the brave boy respectfully, "you are very good to me, very good, sir; but I cannot be a dram-seiler. I am afraid of the wages, for I cannot forget that the Bible says, 'The wages of sin is death.'"

Seth left. The man afterwards said it was the greatest sermon he ever had preached to him; and it set him seriously to thinking about giving up the business; but he did not, and his own family bore awful witness to the Bible declaration. A few years afterwards he died the miserable death of a drunkard, and within six months his son, in a fit of intoxication, fell into the river and was drowned. Is it not dangerous to tamper with the wages of sin on any terms.—*Child's Paper*.

A PRAYING MINISTRY.

In prayer,—in real, hearty, earnest prayer, all things around us are set into their proper places. The earth and its interests shrink into their real insignificance. Time and all its train of pleasures, pains, shame, poverty, honor, and riches, what are these to one whose eye is on the great white throne, before whom lies the awful book of judgment, who sees heaven opened and Jesus standing on the right hand of God? In prayer, our minds are armed for the coming temptations of the day; they are cooled, refreshed, and calmed after its vexations, fatigues, and anxiety. In it, we can, indeed, even whilst compassing with infirmities, bring our own crooked or withered will into His presence who is the healer and whose word of power shall restore the shrunken sinews to their vigor, and make him strait whom long infirmities hath bowed down. On our knees, if anywhere, we learn to love the souls of our people; to hate our own sins; to trust in Him who shows us then his wounded side and pierced hands, to love Him with our whole heart. Nothing will make up for the lack of prayer. The busiest ministry without it, is sure to become shallow and bustling. To come forth from secret communing with Him, and bear our witness, and to retire again behind the veil to pour out our heart before Him in unceasing intercessions and devout adorations; this is, indeed, the secret of a blessed fruitful ministry. In God's strength thou must wrestle with wandering thoughts; sap their strength by the countermines of watchfulness and self-denial; fly from them into quietness and separation; so shalt thou find in the wilderness of this world the mountain of God's presence, where He shall look in upon the soul, and draw out all its hidden powers and fragrance by the sunshine of His own countenance.—*Bishop Wilberforce*.

Lecture of Prof. Gajani, before the Lowell Institute.

THE EARLY ITALIAN REFORMERS.

Professor Gajani began by saying that the present course being on the Italian reformers, he must necessarily allude to the abuse which they were called to reform. "I mean to do so," said he, "without bitterness. I am not a sectarian. I love, with all my heart, Christianity in all its forms and denominations, though I profess that which I think the most simple and pure. Besides, I am perfectly inclined to be tolerant because I am a victim of persecution."