

you as a thief. Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day ; we are not of the night, nor of darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others ; but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep, sleep in the night ; and they that be drunken, are drunken in the night. But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation. For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."—*Norman Macleod.*

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#### THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.

The little Ina lived with her father, in a cottage on the lonely beach. She was his only child ; and her mother died when she was but an infant. All the tender recollections of love and care, linked in the minds of most children with the name of mother, with Ina, belonged only to her father's name. He had been to her, nurse, father, mother, and even playmate ; what wonder, then, if the little maiden's heart belonged to him alone ? When he was compelled to leave her, as he now frequently was, by the duties of his calling, her little mind was ever busy planning some innocent device of love to please and surprise him on his return. At last she thought that she would decorate his favourite room in the hut, with the mussels, and other brilliant-coloured shells that were strewed about the beach. Full of her new project, the active child was up with the earliest dawn, and day after day saw her climbing, regardless often of the returning tide, amidst the rocks where her coveted treasures were hid.

Ina's first thought had been to give her father pleasure by this fresh proof of her love ; but, by degrees, her project itself, her pretty work growing under her hands, the many pleasing adventures into which it led her, engrossed all her thoughts. The father frequently found her absent on his return ; he missed many of her wonted endearments, and, besides, he trembled for the dangers into which he knew the thoughtless child frequently ran.

One evening, then, when she returned with a glowing countenance, and a basket full of new-found treasures to the cottage, he called her to him, and kindly admiring her work, he added, 'I have now a fresh proof to ask of your love.' 'What father?' said the child, delighted at the thought of some new undertaking. 'I wish you, Ina, to remain at home when I am compelled to leave you.' 'At home, father! Alone in this room with nothing to do! Must I look for no more shells? I find them now better every day, as I know more of the rocks and caves.' The father fixed on her an eye of tender reproach, and said, 'I have then, asked too great a proof of my Ina's love.' This was more than enough ; and, amidst tears and kisses, she strove to obliterate the remembrance of that moment's rebellion. The following morning he left her ; the sun shone with more than wonted brilliancy on the wet stones left by the receding tide : she watched his little boat till it was but a speck on the water, then looked on the sparkling strand, then on her unfinished work ; and a sad feeling of discontent and listlessness began to creep over her mind. 'Surely,' said the child, 'it is very strange that my father should wish me to sit thus idle here. Oh, if he did but know the weariness of these long hours!—these long, long hours!' she repeated to herself almost unconsciously. 'It was but yesterday I found quite a new treasure amongst yonder rocks. I meant to have secured so much of it to-day ; and now I am shut up here alone, and I have nothing to do.' Here she recalled her father's parting words, 'Have I asked too great a proof of my Ina's affection?' 'No, dearest father,' said she to herself, 'you shall see you cannot count too much upon the love of your child. How foolish was I in thinking I had nothing to do! I am obeying my beloved parent ; I am shewing him my love. Is not this a sweet and blessed task ? Was it not for this I began collecting all my little treasures ? Only I had grown so fond of them, I had almost forgotten I was gathering them for him.' Then she thought of the sweet smile with which her