

ges and duties, and earnest efforts to make the very best of them as a means of good to themselves and the world.

HOW BROAD IS SUNDAY.

Quite a small boy desired permission to do a certain thing.

"It 's Sunday," replied his mother.

"Is it Sunday up at Mr. A's?"

"Yes, my child."

"Is it Sunday down at M.?"

"Yes."

"Is it Sunday everywhere?"

"Yes, everywhere."

Do all my little friends, do all full-grown people, know the breadth of the Sabbath? Is there not an idea among them that, somehow, it don't come in some places just where it does in others.

When at a certain time Ellen stole to her room, and took out her doll, and made a new dress for it, and spread her little tea-cups and saucers on a table before it, did she think it was Sunday there? She knew there was sacred stillness through the house, and that her mother was in the parlor engaged with her Bible; but was she aware that the Sabbath reached to her own room, too? Did she reflect that any deeds unsuitable to the day were just as wicked there in secret as if done anywhere else?

The other day Robert and some of his companions got together and had a game at ball. The church steeple was out of sight; they could not see the people on the road going to meeting; but was that retired nook beyond the limits of that sacred day?

Ah, my friends, the Sabbath is as broad as the earth! You are bound to keep it holy, wherever you are.—Though you may retire where no human eye can see you profane it, no spot is so clouded, no darkness is so deep, that the eye of God cannot there be a witness to your conduct. "Can any hide himself in secret places that

I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord." Jer. xxiii, 24.—[New York Observer.

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

I was standing in the broad, crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; and although the sun was then shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the frozen ground. There was a clear bright look, and a cold bracing feeling in the air, and a keen north-west wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a *poor*, ill-clad child: her clothes were scant and threadbare; she had no cloak, and no shawl; and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I, even I, who could do nothing else, pitied her. As she passed me, her foot slipped upon the ice and she fell, with a cry of pain: but she held the bundle tightly in her hand. and jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavoured to run on as before.

"Stop, little girl, stop," said a soft, sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped up in a large shawl, and with furs all around her, came out of a jeweler's store close by. "Poor little child," she said; "are you hurt? Sit down on this step and tell me."

How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked!

"O, I cannot," said the child; "I cannot wait, I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more shoes to bind."

"To-night?" said the beautiful woman, "to-night?"