

suffer great pain for want of that medicine?" I did not know but he might have died for the want of it. In a day or two he was put into the ground and buried. There were several ministers at the funeral, and each spoke kindly to me, but could not comfort me. Alas! they knew not what a load of sorrow lay on my heart. They could not comfort me. My father was buried, and all the children scattered abroad, for my mother was too feeble to take care of them.

"It was twelve years after this, while in college, that I went alone to the grave of my father. It took me a good while to find it: but there it was, with its humble tombstone; and as I stood over it, I seemed to be back at his bed-side, to see his pale face, and hear his voice. Oh! the thought of my sin and wickedness cut me to the heart. It seemed that worlds would not be too much to give, could I then only have called loud enough for him to hear me ask his forgiveness. But it was too late. He had been in the grave twelve years, and I must live and die, weeping over that ungrateful falsehood. May God forgive me!"

This closes this affecting incident, and I dare say, dear reader, you have been almost melted to tears while reading it. You have felt deeply for the little boy in his sad distress, and in thought you ran along with him to the doctor's in the hope of saving the dying man. But it was then too late. O see here the sad results of a single sin, and take warning. I beseech you, from this, to *watch against the first beginnings of sin*. Here you see how one sin led on to another: and such, dear reader, is always the case: *therefore* beware of yielding to any temptation to indulge in sin. Ah, you know not where it may lead you. When the little boy left home for the medicine the thought of committing such great wickedness never entered his mind, yet you see how that from one sin he was led on to another; and then, how

sad the consequences! When he remembered all his father's love and kindness, and *then thought of his own sin*—of the way in which he had returned his father's tenderness and affection, he was quite overcome, and would have given worlds for his father's forgiveness. Doubtless, dear reader, you are saying within yourself, —I would not have acted in this way to my kind father. No, my young friend. I do not think you would, and yet I ask you seriously, and *mind you speak the truth*,—How are you acting towards the kindest and best of fathers? Do you not often sin against your Heavenly Father, and yet do you pass day after day without his forgiveness? O, can you look upon the cross of Calvary and think of all the *pain which your sins have caused Jesus to suffer*, and yet not feel sorry that you have sinned? Can you think of all the love and kindness of your Heavenly Father, and yet not desire his forgiveness?

The poor little boy could not obtain his father's forgiveness because his father was dead. But we rejoice to tell you, dear reader, that you may *now* have your Heavenly Father's forgiveness for all your sins. He is "ready to forgive." (See Psalm lxxvi. 5.) He "will abundantly pardon." (See Isaiah lv. 7.) You need not then, dear reader, live and die weeping over an unforgiven sin, because **FOR THE SAKE OF WHAT JESUS HAS SUFFERED FOR YOUR SINS**, your Heavenly Father delights to forgive you.—*Day-Star.*

The Three Hindu Boys.

Three Indian boys were sent by their relations to fetch some clay. What do you think this clay was for? "Nothing was to be made of it: what could it be? A house to live in? No. Was it to make brick with? No. To make pots and pans with? No. Oh! sad, sad ignorance and folly! it was to make an idol with—a god—something that the poor Hindus were to bow down to, and pray to, and trust in.