

tion of the saints, if we love the souls of sinners, if we love our own souls, let us never be *missing at the prayer-meeting again.*

### BREAKING THE SABBATH INJURIOUS.

You know there is a country in Europe called Holland. The land there is very low. In some places it is lower than the sea. The only way in which they can keep the sea from overflowing it, is by building great walls, or banks of earth, which are called dykes. One of the greatest evils that could happen to Holland, would be to have those dykes broken down; for then the sea would rush in drowning the people, and destroying the country.

In the Bible, wickedness is compared to floods of water. The greatest harm that can happen to a country is to have these floods let loose upon it. To protect us from this harm, God has given us the Sabbath. It is God's wall of defense around our country. Wherever the Sabbath is properly kept, like the dykes of Holland it rolls back the floods of wickedness, and prevents them from sweeping in ruin over the land. But every Sabbath-breaker is trying to throw down these protecting walls, and let the sea of wickedness come rushing in upon us.

You know that in France, during the Revolution, at the close of the last century, they tried the experiment how they could get along without the Sabbath. They resolved to have no Sabbath. They burnt the Bible. They said there was no God; no heaven; no hell.

The result was dreadful. All kinds of wickedness prevailed. The prisons and dungeons were crowded full of prisoners. These prisoners were the best people in the land. They were taken, by cart-loads, every day, and beheaded. The blood of the people was shed like water. That time was called "the reign of Terror."—It was the most dreadful time ever known in the history of the world. They had broken down the Sabbath—God's protecting wall—and wickedness rolled over the land in a flood. Every Sabbath-breaker is helping to do this same thing here.—Breaking the Sabbath does great harm to the country.

### TEACHING YOUNG CHILDREN.

In my humble opinion, it is a great error, and it is the parent of errors more serious than itself, that, as a child should understand everything step by step, so he will care for nothing that he does not understand. The very contrary is, I think, nearer to the truth. Try the experiment for a given time, say ten minutes; read to a little boy some pages of this sort, "My cat put her paw up on the hot poker, and then she cried—mew!" For Another ten minutes take a page from Shakespeare or from Milton. I could wager upon the issue of such an experiment, unless the subject of it belonged to the lowest range in the order of mind. But it is not the *music* of words and sentences only that awakens the young brain. If we could but apply our microscope to the brain-mass, so as to see the curdling and crystallizing, and the feathery frost-work that is going on in the cells of that creamy viscous, we should see what sort of process it is, that at the end of five-and-twenty years, has rendered the cerebral substance a tenacious repository of millions and millions again of records, words, things, feelings, until this crowded mass has become a congeries of lexicons and of cyclopedias.—*Isaac Taylor.*

### DON'T WRITE THERE.

"Don't write there," said one to a lad who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel.

"Why?" said he.

"Because you can't rub it out."

There are other things which we should not do, because we cannot rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of the diamond upon the glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last for ever.

On many a mind and many a heart there are sad inscriptions, deeply engraved, which no effort can erase. We should be careful what we write on the minds of others.—*Merry's Museum.*