

pronounced, after which this pleasant social gathering gradually dispersed, each individual and group to their own homes.—*Comm.*

### WHAT OUR PARENTS DID FOR US.

"Why should we obey our parents?" does any little girl or boy ask? We would say, because they are our *nearest and dearest* friends. We are "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh;" so much so that every body looks into our faces expecting to see them reflected there as in a mirror. They say, "I see your father there"; or, "I see your mother there." Some are so very sharp-sighted that they see both father and mother in one and the same face. Think of your mother! She fed you at her bosom day by day for many months; she denied herself for you; she thought of you wherever she went, and your little cries drew her home; she bore with your weaknesses and frettings; she dried up your tears with the sunshine of her smiles, and sung you to sleep with gentle lullabies; her kisses cured your infant wounds; and, when sick, her arms were your hospital.

Meanwhile your father was moistening the field with the sweat of his brow, or rising early and toiling all day in the office, or shutting himself up till late at night with pen and paper to get you bread to eat and raiment to put on. How often have both father and mother talked about you, and laid plans for you, and prayed God to give you a new heart, and number you with "His saints in glory everlasting?" What cares, what pains, what anxieties, what tears, you have cost them! How unwearied has been their affection, how infinite their tenderness? Have they not taught you all you know? Did you not learn, "Our Father which art in Heaven," at their lips? Who gave you all those pretty presents? Who took you to all those sights? Who made all your studies interesting to you? Who is now supporting you, educating you, protecting you, clothing you? Who but your parents? Let any boy or girl, who doubts this, be turned out of doors for a while to beg in the streets or work for themselves, and they will soon see what a blessed thing it is to have a father and mother to provide for them.—*Juvenile Messenger, &c.*

### A CURE FOR A FIT OF PASSION.

WALK out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.