

to Jesus. Her work at home, her collected pennies for missions, and 'er little bazaar for a poor woman, in which she wrought for weeks with ardour and childlike glee, all say "she did what she could."

And working for Jesus does not tend to self-confidence or pride, for her latest prayer before delirium closed the scene, was in these words, "Forgive all my sins and give me a new heart, for *Jesus sake*."

Dear children, begin to serve the Lord *now*. For what is your life? A vapour visible in the morning gone in an hour! On one lovely Sabbath in August Carrie was well, repeated her catechism, read the scripture, sang the praises of God after church and Sabbath school with brother and sisters; on the next she was watched over, on a sick bed, by anxious parents, and before the third, death had come, the coffin had been closed, the grave held her wasted body, and the Sabbath school children all knew that one of their number had been called away.

May they all be encouraged by the invitation, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and accepting it, "Come to Jesus *just now*." G.

Halifax, 19th September.

Fire-side Reading.

The Warning Bell.

In every youthful breast doth dwell
A little tingling, jingling bell,
Which rings if we do ill or well.

And when we put bad thoughts to flight,
And choose to do the good and right,
It peals a chorus of delight;

But if we choose to do the wrong,
And 'gainst the weak strive with the strong,
It tolls a solemn, sadden'd song.

And should we on some darksome day,
When hope lights not the cheerless way,
Far from the path of duty stray,

'Twill, with its tones serene and clear,
Of warning in the spirit's ear,
Our slow returning footsteps cheer.

And always in the worldly mart,
With its sweet voice it cheers the heart,
To do with energy our part.

Then let us strive with main and might
To shun the wrong and do the right,
And the bell's warning never slight.

CONSCIENCE.

The Foes of one's own Household

It is a terrible thing to be an enemy to one's own child. But we may be so. And we are so in fact if we do it evil instead of good. We are its greatest enemy, its enemy in proportion to the love we bear of it, if we come between it and its heavenly Father, the salvation of its soul, and the service on earth which will secure it riches in heaven.

Our enmity may consist in leading children to sin by our conversation or example, by our light esteem of what is right and good, by the inculcation of bad principles, by indulgence in bad habits, by our neglect of God's ordinances, by not professing his name before men.

But we are enemies of our children also if we do not teach and train them to do their duty to God. If we neglect to store their memory with God's blessed word, and with those precious summaries of divine truth, the catechisms with which the church has furnished us; if we do not teach them to pray, and ever carry their wants to God as a loving and pitiful father; if we do not educate their mind and tastes to love and to enjoy what is truly useful and good; if we do not train them in the right uses of time, and money, and earthly goods; then, too, we are enemies to them, preparing them for future sorrow.

And sometimes a dear son has his heart turned to the Lord. He is capable of being greatly useful. He hears a voice which calls him to preach the gospel to the perishing. Shall we set the love of a father or a mother in opposition to his love, to Christ? Not long ago a theological student, one of the most promising in his class, called the writer of this article into his room, and told him in confidence, while his countenance was filled with sorrow, that it was the wish of his heart, and had been so for years, to go as a foreign missionary. But he was an only son, and in truth the idol of his parents. "And (said he) my father and mother say they will *never* consent. It is of no use to ask them." Were not this man's foes they of his own household? Jesus who came, as his great mission, to send peace on earth, often sends not peace but a sword. A sword that separates kindred. Woe unto those whom the sword of his just indignation shall pierce.