

**"IF ONE LESSON WON'T DO,
ANOTHER WILL."**

"Mother," said Mary, "I can't make John put his figures as I tell him."

"Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply."

"But he won't let me tell him how to put the figures, and he does not know how to do it himself," said Mary very pettishly.

"Well, my dear, if Henry won't learn a lesson in figures, suppose you try to teach him one *in patience*. This is harder to teach and harder to learn than any lesson in figures; and perhaps, when you have learned this, the other will be easier to both of you."

Mary hung her head, for she felt that it was a shame to any little girl to be fretted by such a little thing, or, indeed, by anything.

"A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that can be tied."

WINNING SOULS.

The venerable Dr. Wisner, says the New York Evangelist, when travelling through Western Massachusetts, once called at a farm-house to procure a glass of water.—A young lady very courteously brought one to him, and as he turned to leave, he kindly said, "My friend permit me to ask you before I go, whether you have yet given your heart to the precious Saviour?" She told him frankly that she had not.—He conversed with her tenderly for a few moments, and bade her adieu, expecting never to meet her again until the morn of the resurrection. Several years afterwards, when on board of a steamboat going from New York to Philadelphia, he was accosted by a gentleman and asked if he was the Dr. Wisner who once visited the town of —, in Massachusetts. The stranger then informed him that a lady had requested him, that if he ever met Dr. Wisner, he should remind him of a young girl who once gave him a glass of water at a farm-house door. The brief conversation he had with her that summer day, had won her soul to Christ. She sent her heartfelt thanks for a kind word in season. *He that winneth souls is wise.*

WAIT.

I SAW the proprietor of a large garden stand at his fence and call over to a poor neighbour. "Would you like some grapes?" "Yes, and very thankful to you," was the ready answer. "Well, then, bring your basket." The basket was quickly brought and handed over the fence. The owner took it, and disappeared among the vines; but I marked that he was depositing in it all the while rich and various clusters from the fruitful labyrinth in which he had hid himself. The woman stood at the fence the meanwhile, quiet and hopeful. At length he reappeared with a well replenished basket, saying—"I have made you wait a good while, but, you know, the longer you wait, the more grapes."

It is so, thought I, with the proprietor of all things. He says to me, and to all, "What shall I give thee? What shall I do for thee? Ask and thou shalt receive." So I bring my empty vessel, my needy, but capacious soul. He disappears. I am not always so patient and so trustful as the poor woman. Some times I cry out, how long! how long! At last he comes to me—how richly laden! and kindly chides my impatience, saying, "Have I made thee wait long? See what I have been treasuring up for thee all the while!" Then I looked, and behold! fruits more and richer than I asked or hoped for; and I pour out my heart's thanks to my generous benefactor, and grieve that I distrusted him; and I carry away my burden with joy, and find that the longer he makes me wait, the more he gives.—*Home circle.*

Corruption in the heart, when it breaks forth, is like a breach in the sea, which begins in a narrow passage, till it eats through and casts down all before it. The debates of the soul are quick and soon ended, and that may be done in a moment which may undo a man for ever.