

and wild eyes told that he was very far gone in the road to ruin, as with horrid oaths he brandished his clenched fists, swearing that he would be revenged upon the man who had so ill-used him. This poor young man was so excited and blinded with passion, that he did not see the lady, who stood very near to him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking him what was the matter.

At the first kind word the young man started as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he said—

"I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it! But her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had a mother, then," said the lady, "and she loved you?" With that sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of fine nervous temperaments, the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "Oh yes, I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy! But since she died all the world has been against me, and I am lost! lost to good society, lost to honour, lost to decency, and lost for ever!"

"No, not lost for ever; for God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had been untouched in the young man's heart so long, thrilling it with magic power, and wakening a host of tender emotions, which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way the young man followed her. He marked the house where she entered, and wrote the name which was on the silver door-plate in his little memorandum-book. Then he walked slowly away, with a deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper, more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her.

Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlour, where she found a noble-looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her. Holding out his hand, he said—

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago," said he, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have quite forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognized it anywhere. And your voice too, it is so like my mother's!"

Those last words made the lady remember the poor young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the drinking-saloon so long before, and she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly over the man's cheeks.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat down and told the lady how those few gentle words had saved him, and been instrumental in making him what he then was.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost for ever,' followed me wherever I went," said he, "and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me; and by the mercy and grace of God I have been enabled to resist temptation and keep my good resolutions."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the lady; "I never dreamed there was such power in a few kind words before, and surely ever after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life."—From "*Sunny Faces*."

3. RESULT OF A KIND ACTION.

In September, 1805, a poor young mechanic, just arrived from England, was wandering about New York in deep dejection; he was without money, without friends, and without work; and far from his native home, he knew not which way to turn, but passing along Nassau Street, an open door encouraged him to enter. The proprietor was a little man indeed, perhaps five feet high, but he had a pleasant countenance and a large heart; for upon being asked by the homeless and pitiless stranger if he could direct him to some respectable person who could board him until he could find employment, and thus obtain means of payment, the storekeeper, pleased with the expression and demeanor of the eighteen year old boy, had it in his heart to offer the desired favor himself, but he had a wife whom he knew to be a woman of rare worth, for she was prudent, self-denying, and humane. He might have known what would be her answer, for he had only to make the proposition in a way to indicate his own views, and it would have met with an instantaneous

and cheerful acquiescence, unless from some almost insuperable reason. The young stranger was admitted into the family. But the yellow fever was raging in the city. In less than a week the poor lad was stricken with it, and recovered, although he was at the point of death for several days. During his illness he was cared for by his kind host and hostess, with an assiduity and watchfulness which only they know who act from sterling principle and high humanity. Just a quarter of a century later, this same man was applied to by Major Noah of pleasant memories, who was then surveyor of the port of New York, to put together a machine in the custom house and take models of its various parts. This was done and the machine conveyed the idea of a similar article, which should excel anything of the kind for efficiency in the Old World or the New, and he succeeded. He died in 1833. His son succeeded him in business, and inheriting the inventive genius of his father, combined with rare business tact, and indomitable energy, he made the whole world his debtor. There is not one of all its millions of families which does not every day derive great benefit therefrom. It carries light to every household; hour by hour is lifting the degraded and fallen, and is aiding wrong doing and injustice. But that machine, what is it? Fifty years ago, one might have been purchased entire for a hundred or two dollars; a common dry good box might have easily contained all its parts; but now in its perfected state, it occupies a space fifteen feet high, and forty feet long; it is made of fourteen thousand seven hundred and thirty parts, weighs fifty thousand pounds and costs thirty thousand dollars. One of its belongings not named above is thirty thousand and sixty yards of tape. The penniless English lad was Robert Hoe. The good Samaritans of Nassau Street were Grant Thorburn and his wife, the latter an angel now; the former "still living" in an honored old age, by seven years over four-score. The machine is Hoe's ten-cylinder printing-press, as now in operation in the office of the *New York World*, and is the largest ever made.—*Hall's Journal*.

4. THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

We have oftentimes met with a good thing in the *Edinburgh Review*; and among many of its high literary articles are to be found valuable suggestions to the mind of the contemplative Christian. The following remarks are valuable, not only on account of their literary and historical excellence, but on account of the grave moral they convey. The writer in the *Review* says:—"The tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory; and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The temple of the Sun at Tadmor in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountain sparkles as freshly in his rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save mounds of crumbling brickwork. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time we may well believe it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should still flash through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow-men rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation—imparting to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition, or mere magnificence."

5. THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF OUR BEST FRIEND.

A pious old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said:

"Good morning, Mr. Rice."

"Ah, good morning," replied he; "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along."

"Well, what has he left you?" said his friend.

"Why, he has bequeathed me a hundred fold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting."

This beautiful reply was the means of comforting his Christian friend, who was at the time in sorrowful circumstances.—*Record*.