

ignorance, and struggling with the thick darkness seated there? To catch the first bright flashes of eyes lighted by new and holy thoughts, enkindled by yourself? To submit to the rude but hearty embrace of rugged natures, to whom loving and being loved are sensations alike novel and transporting? Is it nothing to be an humble follower in the footsteps, and a sharer in the heavenly motives and impulses and joys of Him who, amidst the half-shocked amazement of His own disciples and the sneers of captious bystanders, took in his arms and blessed—not only, in all probability, the trim and dainty scions of wealthy, or the sweet prattlers of virtuous households, but the begrimed, neglected offspring of poverty, perhaps of shame? Blessed indeed are they who can find it in their hearts to go and do likewise. Such a blessing is being now tasted by many generous souls in this and the mother land. It was the privilege of the writer to visit, not long since, a house for destitute orphans, mainly managed and supported by a good brother in one of our thriving towns. As we listened to the joyous shout of welcome which greeted this brother's approach, and noted the smiles of glad eyes and the murmur of grateful voices as the little ones, rescued but yesterday from the gutters and cellars of the great British Babylon, clustered around their benefactor, we could scarcely restrain a feeling akin to envy. We doubt whether the marts of the civilized world can offer any other investment capable of repaying to a generous, Christian heart so large a percentage of elevated and unselfish gratification as that in which this gentleman had invested a few hundreds. The stock is unlimited. Will there not be many others to bid for shares in similar enterprises?

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