

Wrong, and unfit for you :

Perchance the lad those words who said,

'Mid crime and darkness born and bred,

Their meaning little knew:

But you, so much more highly blessed,

Of Christian home and friends possessed,

And Christian knowledge too;

To take God's holy name in vain,

Or utter any words profane,

Is surely guilt in you.

Then, oh, my boy, let every word

In future from your lip that's heard

Some worthy thought express;

Then, as to Heaven those sounds ascend,

God, the great Father, Judge, and Friend,

Will hear, approve, and bless!

THE LAST MEANS.

An old teacher at Osnabrück, long since dead, had once in his school a very wicked boy, with whom all kinds of punishment, entreaties, admonitions, threats, keeping after school-time, caning, and so on, however often they had been inflicted upon him, had proved utterly useless.

One day he committed another offence, his fellow-pupils were in great expectation of the new punishment the teacher would assign to him. Then the venerable man spoke: "My children, you know that I have tried every possible means to bring this offender into a better way; and you see that all my endeavours are in vain. Only one means is left; let us kneel down, and unite in fervent prayer for your poor fellow-pupil."

This all the children did. The wicked boy was moved by the earnest prayer which the teacher offered, and mended his manners from that hour.