

and wish to be heroes. We think of the good we might do if our lot had been cast in different scenes. We forget that the world bestows no title as noble as father, mother, sister, or brother. In the sacred precincts of home we have many chances for heroism. The daily acts of self-denial for the good of a loved one, the gentle word of soothing for another's trouble, the care of the sick, may all seem as nothing, yet who can tell the good they accomplish? Our slightest word may have an influence over another for good or evil. We are daily sowing the seed which will bring forth some sort of harvest. Well will it be for us if the harvest is one we will be proud to garner.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Hark! a voice from India stealing!

Children's voices we discern;

Voices sweet and full of feeling,

Such as come from hearts that burn:

"Come and teach us;

We are young and we can learn.

"From our idols, scorned and hated,

Wooden gods that we could burn,

Unto Him whose word created

Heaven and earth, we fain would turn.

Come and teach us;

We are young and we can learn.

"We have heard of One who never

Little children's prayers doth spurn:

Guide us to His feet, and ever

Heartfelt thanks will we return.

"Come and teach us!

We are young and we can learn."

REMEMBER POOR JACK.

A sailor, half sober, sauntered one evening into the bright bar of our "Sailor's Rest." Throwing down a half-crown on the counter, he called out to one of the servers to give him a glass of half-and-half; "and mind you make it stiff," he added. Instead of looking grimly at him and reproving him, she at once said with a woman's tact, "We haven't your sort of half-and-half, but please try some of ours?"

"Yours!" was the response. What is that, then?"

"Well," she said, "will you have something hot or cold?" He smiled. "You seem to have something more than cold water, I'd like a jorum of something hot."

"Well, would you like a cup of coffee?"

"Yes, that I would," he answered; "it's a long time since I've had much in the coffee line." Looking at him and thinking she would bait the hook still more, she said, "Are you a Devonshire man?"

"To be sure I am, a west countryman to the backbone," was the prompt answer.

"Then," she said, "you'll like a little Devonshire cream in your coffee?" This fairly carried the day. Jack's eyes fairly danced in his head as he said, "I've been round the horn, and I don't know where besides, but it is a long day since I and Devonshire cream have met. Thank ye, missus, kindly," and he sat down to enjoy the first cup of coffee he had tasted for many a day. When he had finished it she brought him back the half-crown which he had thrown down, saying, "Can't you give me a penny instead of this?"

"A penny!" he exclaimed, "You don't mean to say you are only going to charge a penny for all this and the Devonshire cream into the bargain. Well, if Miss Weston gives away things like that, she'll have to shut up the place." It was explained to him that on every cup of coffee a profit of at least a half-penny was made; and he went away to tell his ship-mates to come and try the "new-fangled" public house he had found. Thank God, this visit, and this cup of coffee given by a kind Christian woman, was the beginning of a new life to him; he became a temperance man, and afterwards gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, besides persuading many of his ship-mates to give up drink.

"All along," as he said, "under God, of that kind word and cup of coffee."

FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend: but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.