

In many a soul—which blazed and burned  
 With pure revival light—  
 What could it mean? The Lord was there,  
 Who scorns the weapons men prepare,  
 Yet honors humble, fervent prayer—  
 Who, not by power or might,

Nor by the wisdom of the wise,  
 His kingdom buildeth up;  
 But by his Spirit strikes the blow  
 Which humbles e'en his haughtiest foe,  
 And opens in Achaz's valley low,  
 To faith, a door of hope.

Till he, who oft in wisdom's pride  
 In vain had preached the word,  
 Beheld with joy God's work go on,  
 As day by day some ransomed one  
 Was built on Christ, the corner-stone,  
 And glorified the Lord.

Where is the scribe? and were the wise?  
 Hath not Jehovah said,  
 His folly wiser is than men?  
 Yet oh, what thousands still complain  
 Their labor in the Lord is vain—  
 Yet, tell me how they prayed,

And I will tell you why they failed  
 Their hearer's hearts to win.  
 No human voice the dead can wake:  
 But he who pleads for Jesus' sake,  
 Impression cannot fail to make  
 On souls deep sunk in sin.

### THE BOY WHO CONQUERED.

Some few years ago, a lad who was left without father or mother, of good natural abilities, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as errand-boy or otherwise, till he could command a higher position; but this boy had been in bad company, and acquired the habit of calling for his 'Bitters' occasionally, because he thought it looked manly. He smoked cheap cigars also.

He had a pretty good education, and on looking over the papers, he noticed that a merchant in Pearl-street wanted a lad of his age, and he called there, and made his business known.

'Walk into the office, my lad,' said the merchant. 'I'll attend to you soon.'

When he had waited on his customer, he took a seat near the lad, and he espied a

cigar in his hat. This was enough. 'My boy,' said he, 'I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have ever found cigar-smoking in lads to be connected with various other evil habits, and if I am not mistaken, your breath is evidence that you are not an exception.—You can leave; you will not suit me.'

John—for this was his name—held down his head, and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who, upon her death-bed called him to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, said, 'Johnny, my dear boy, I'm going to leave you. You know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death, and I want you to promise me before I die that you will never taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father. Promise me this and be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace.'

The scalding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised ever to remember the dying words of his mother, and never to drink spirituous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebuke from the merchant he remembered what his mother said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and and people gazed at him as he passed along, and the boys railed at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon the bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house.

But John had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour had passed he made up his mind never to taste a drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar as long as he lived. He went straight back to the merchant. Said he, 'Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not to do, and have not followed the good advice of my poor mother on her death-bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor