

And for several hours the child sang on such little hymns as she was familiar with. I cannot tell the story of her life—it was a short one. She did not care for play, but was extremely fond of singing, only hymns, however. If her grandmother would sing any amusing rhyme to her she would say—“Oh, Lucky, dinna sing that, for Jesus is nae in it.” Her favorite hymns were such as—

Oh, Thou lovely, lovely Jesus !
 Though! Thou art precious unto me,
 Thousands in thy blessed person
 No comeliness can see!

Lovely Jesus ! lovely Jesus !
 Oh, draw sinners unto Thee ;
 Lovely Jesus ! oh, my Saviour !
 Give them eyes Thy charms to see.

By-and-bye the summons came for this little lamb, and after taking farewell of her friends, she clapped her hands, as if in ecstasy of delight ; then waving them upwards, as if giving some one the signal that she was coming, her spirit took its triumphant flight.

“THE HOLY BLESSING.”

The following, from the *Free Methodist*, concerns a missionary work in Monrovia, Liberia, Africa :

Miss M. A. Sharp, in speaking of the children she has adopted and is educating as teachers, says : “ They are such a comfort to me ; this morning early, they had their little prayer-meeting. ‘ I am so wondrously saved from sin,’ was the first thing my ears heard, and then the wae one praying, ‘ Give us golden hearts, dear Lord.’ ” Of them at another time she says, “ My little children are having prayer, and have just sung upon their knees, ‘ O, the blood, the precious blood.’ They are full salvaticists.

“ One of my little girls was one day in meeting where one of the preacher’s wives told how she longed for full salvation ; and at night she prayed for her, saying, ‘ Lord, bless sister W., and help her to take the holy blessing.’ ”

Perhaps older ones in America might profit by the suggestion—“ to take the holy blessing,” who are waiting to have it come to them in some inexplicable way, they know not how, thinking they lie passive, waiting the Father’s time, while it is only Satan’s device to procrastinate, and they ought to be active enough to accept what he places in their hands.

THE more perfect we are ourselves, the more apt we are to make allowances for the imperfections of others.