

am, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down beside his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

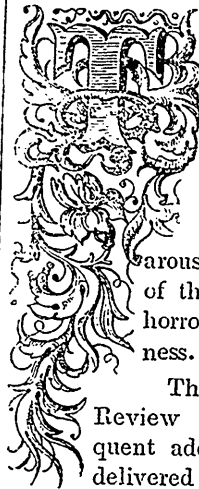
And the memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's great Master, went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, when the grave damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

All honor to these great hearts who from their high stations send down bounty to the widow, and to the fatherless child.

A SENSIBLE woman, the mother of a young family, taught her children to consider ill-humor as a disorder which was to be cured by physic. She had always small doses ready, and the little patients, whenever it was thought needful, took rhubarb for their crossness. No punishment was required. Peevishness or ill-temper and rhubarb were associated in their minds always as cause and effect.

A boy called a doctor to visit his father, who had the delirium tremens; not remembering the name of the disease, he called it the devil's trembles—bad Latin, but good English.

MR. GOUGH IN ENGLAND.



HE justly celebrated temperance lecturer, J. B. Gough, is now in England, doing, as we trust, a great deal of good in arousing the attention of the people to the horrors of drunkenness.

The Band of Hope Review reports an eloquent address which he delivered to the children of London in Exeter Hall.

The Earl of Shaftesbury presided at the meeting, and expressed a deep interest in the welfare of the children and the remarks of Mr. Gough. Our readers will not be surprised on reading the following specimens:—

THE IDIOT.

When once stopping with a minister's family, I noticed something strange in one of the children. The father observed my looks, and said, "Four years ago that child was the idol of our family. He had been staying one night at a brother minister's, where they had feasted him, and he enjoyed himself. I saw him the next morning and he appeared to be stooping, I said to him, 'Stand up my child, stand up.' I put my hand upon his shoulder, and brought him round—in a fit! He now has them four and six times a day. Sometimes he will say, 'O pray to God Almighty, father, for me! O, shall I be an idiot?'" And that father at family prayer poured out his soul