

tears which flowed down their weather-beaten faces showed how much they felt what he had said.

THE ORGAN BOY; or, A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

REMINISCENCE OF A FRIEND.

THEY had all gone away that day. I was alone, and sad; very sad and lonely I felt. I was looking around on the shadows that seemed deepening and darkening, and beheld not the sunlight, bright and broken, that lay at my feet.

And thus it is. How often comes up a murmur, when we should be careful for nothing, but with prayer, supplication, and thanksgiving, make our requests known unto God!

All at once there broke upon the stillness the dearest, sweetest strain of music—so mild and winning that it startled me. In a moment I knew what it was. It was only an organ boy in the street. I did not look out, but taking a few pieces of silver in my hand, went to the door. He stood close by the step. What a pale, sad face met mine, and the large, mournful eyes thanked me more than his broken Italian could. I went in and closed the door. He continued playing piece after piece, skilfully, with a master hand, as if in gratitude for what I had given him. The sad, sweet face, and the forsaken look, haunted me.

It was only an organ boy. How often I had heard the words said, coupled with a feeling of disdain. But even an organ boy might have a loving mother, a gentle sister, poor and dependent, perhaps. I had given him some coin, and that was all that I could do—no, not all. He might be hungry. I laid some slices of cake upon a plate, and as I passed the table, took up the first tract that presented itself, and placed it with them. He might need the bread of life. I opened