

This time he sang,

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

My own eyes were dimmed, said
the gentleman, as he came to the lines,

"Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace."

It seemed as if for a moment an angel's wing brushed away the shadow from those darkened hearts, and tears moistened cheeks long unused to heart-rain. The singing stopped. "Go on, go on, we will pay you more," said one and another. "I cannot now," answered the boy "it is time for Sunday school, but I will sing again next Sunday, if you'll come." And as he put into his pocket the coppers that were handed to him, he said:

"I wouldn't take these only I am going to send these to the heathen; I'll sing you the hymn—it's beautiful—about 'Greenland's icy mountains,' " and humming it to himself, Bill Jones left the bar-room.

Reader, should it ever be your good fortune to walk down this thickly shaded village street, on a Sabbath morn, you might, within those very halls, now pure and white, hear the rich baritone voice of "Bill Jones" leading in some song of Zion, and with many others, "plucked as brands from the burning."

The greatest truths are the simplest,
and so are the greatest men.

The terror of being thought poor has
been the ruin of thousands.

Liberality consists less in giving much
than in giving wisely.

Who cannot keep his own secret, ought
not to complain if another tells it.

The most splendid efforts of genius
are less the effect of inspiration than they
are of deep thinking.

MEMORY ACQUIRED BY PRACTICE.

The history of the celebrated conjuror, Robert Houdon furnishes a remarkable example of the power of memory acquired by practice. He and his brother, while yet boys, invented a game which they played in this wise: they would pass a show window, and look in it as they passed, without stopping, and then at the next corner compare notes and see who could recollect the greater number of things in the windows, including their relative positions. Having tested the accuracy of their observations, by returning to the window, they would go and repeat the experiment elsewhere. By this means they acquired incredible powers of observation and memory, so that after running by a shop window once, and glancing at it as they passed, they would enumerate every article displayed in it.

A TEXT A DAY.

A father taught his child, to say
A text at breakfast every day,
And ere at night he went to bed,
Again the little text was said.

Friend—have you tried this simple plan?
If not—now do—I'm sure you can—
The youngest child will like to learn
And say his little text in turn!

Begin betimes to sow good seeds—
Or soon you'll see the noisome weeds,
How easy thus to teach a child
To be, like Jesus, meek and mild!

While you are teaching "God is love,"
He'll pour His blessing from above,
And while you thus your children train,
He'll send his grace like early rain!

'Tis easy work—if you begin
In early days—to wean from sin,
Then teach your children every day
At least one little text to say!

Few things are necessary for the wants
of this life, but it takes an infinite number
to satisfy the demands of opinion.