

combination, a "power of titles" which has wrought great issues in the funds of all our missionary and benevolent associations. God bless the child's penny!

"A penny is a little thing,
Which even the poor man's child may fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.
As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a million fold.
For lo! a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.
'That soul can scarce be saved alone:
It must, it will, its bliss make known.
'Come,' it will cry, 'and you shall see
What great things God has done for me.'
Hundreds that joyful sound may hear—
Hear with their heart as well as ear;
And these to thousands more proclaim
Salvation in the 'Only Name.'"

Thus hath the poet sung—we ask whence cometh the inspiration that can cast a solitary genial ray around a leaden contribution? We fear that it must remain "unhonored and unsung." The wheels of the missionary enterprise, are however to an amazing extent encumbered by dead-weights. Individuals destitute of godliness, but remaining members of churches will operate as dead-weights on God's cause. Retarding the progress of the gospel by their leaden dullness and cold formality, their influence sinks every hopeful movement. You might as well expect to move under a mountain of lead, as look for the ethereal and god-like spirit that gives birth to missions and vigorously sustains them, in the cold regions of a slumbering church. Nothing save a leaden lustre shines in their works. Never can they shine as stars in the firmament, from having turned many to righteousness.

Kind readers, we have done, and should our words implant a higher principle and diffuse or strengthen a generous sentiment in connection with giving for the Lord's work, our labour as suggested by that bullet will not be in vain.

A JUST REBUKE.

Dr. Howe's report upon the sanitary condition of the Massachusetts troops at Washington contains the following incident:

"There will be many captains like one whom I could name in the Massachusetts

Fifth—the stalwart man, every inch of whose six feet is of soldier stamp; the captain who eschews hotel dinners, and takes every meal with his men, eating only what they eat; who is their resolute and rigid commander when on duty, but their kind and faithful companion and friend when off duty; who lies down with them on the bare ground or floor, and if there are not blankets enough for all, refuses to use one himself; who often gets up in the night and draws the blankets over any half-covered sleeper, and carries water to any one who may be feverish and thirsty; the man who is like a father as well as a captain of his soldiers.

"He is the man who administered that stern rebuke the other day to the upstart West Point Cadet sent to drill the company. The first day the Cadet interlarded his orders with oaths—his commands with curses. The men complained to their captain. 'I'll stop that to-morrow,' says he. The next day's drill begins, and the Cadet begins to swear at the soldiers. 'Please not swear at my men, sir,' says the Captain. 'What do you know about the drill?' says the Cadet. 'And what can you do about my swearing?' 'Sir,' says the Captain sternly, 'I know it, and you ought to know it—swearing is forbidden by the army regulations, if you continue to break the rules, I'll order my men to march off the ground, and they'll obey me, and leave you to swear alone.' The Cadet took the rebuke, and swore no more at that company."

WHAT A BOY CAN DO

"Sir," said a boy, going up to the counter of a gin-hop, "I want to ask you never to sell my father another glass of grog. He's a kind father as ever was when he's sober, but gin tigers him."

"What right have I to refuse him more than any other man?" asked the gin-seller.

"You may tell him Bob begged you, for our sakes and for his own sake, *not to do it*," said the boy. "If you give it to him he'll kill my mother, and *you'll* be the murderer."

"Woe unto the man that giveth his neighbour drink!" Hab. II. 15.