

pany, and all were suffering more or less from the effects of neglect and starvation. It had struck me that plainer fare would have done as well to fill those hungry little stomachs with, but a glance at that ghastly little skeleton convinced me that only nourishment of a substantial kind would bring up that poor, weak, debilitated body. And then it must be borne in mind the children have only two good meals in the week. Five days out of the seven it is scanty faring, hardly as much as will keep in life in most cases. Clearly, then, if permanent good is to result from 'children's dinner tables,' the food supplied must be substantial and of the best quality. But we were discussing the pudding. What a plateful this small man at my side has got before him; but never fear he will find room for it all. Three years old and motherless, poor little fellow. "And who fetches him?" "His brother"—that boy standing beside him, David, is a brave little man. He has brought up little Jim from infancy, and quite taken his mother's place in the family since she died. Dinner is over, and I am passing out with the guests, but I must stop to have a talk with David. The modest little fellow blushes at a word of praise, and he does not seem to think he deserves commendation above his neighbours. Jim is a good wee chap, and so is Willie, who is at home badly. "But is it true, David, that you have all the cares of the household upon your head?" "There's nobody but me, you see, mum," answers David apologetically, casting his mild brown eyes on the floor. "You have been to school David?" "Oh yes, when mother was living. It was different with us then." A shade passed over the boy's face, and I noticed he took his little brother's hand caressingly in his, and turned away his head. "One question more, David, Would you like to go to school again?" He brightened suddenly, and looked me full in the face with sparkling eyes. "Yes." But almost before the word was out of his mouth the joy light faded out of his eyes. "I can't be wanted at home," he said, suppressing a sigh. Poor David was the head of the house, and all the responsibility of family matters rested upon his young shoulders. He was just nine years old, but he stuck to his post like a man. "I promised to mother afore she died that I would take care of wee Jim and Willie." "But you have done your duty bravely, David; and if somebody were to think of you now, wouldn't you leave your little brothers." The bright intelligent face clouded over a moment with grave thought, then the smile around the mouth grew hard. "I couldn't break my word with mother." My visit is ended, and a more interesting one I have never made in my life. Let me recommend all who have time at their disposal to look in once, at any rate, upon the destitute children's dinner table. As I am going out, a melancholy band of 'expectant' stop the way

Those are the hapless 'outsiders' who have no ticket of admission, and they are waiting, with trembling eagerness, to know if there be any fragments of the feast for them. Oh, those hungry, pleading, watling eyes! They might draw out the tightest purse to enrich the funds that none may be sent empty away. I am, &c. S. M.

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Lord Broughman's Favorite Hymn.

If his life was a battle as his countryman, John Knox, not unlike him in many things, always described his to be, how profoundly peaceful was his end! He simply lived life out. Death has been called the "brother" of sleep; in his case there was no distinction; he died in sleep, he slept in death. It was, literally, a death-sleep. Touching contrast to that sleepless, perturbed life! But before his death—for some years, as I understand—he had also enjoyed an inward peace, which I shall not disturb by attempting to define what it was; indeed, I do not know beyond the general statement; I do not seek to know. Suffice it to say that he had returned round (one of those beautiful cycles we sometimes see in a long life!) to the simple faith and feelings of his childhood. One of the narrators of the circumstances of his death, writing from Cannes, relates, with apparent knowledge, that he had long derived peculiar pleasure in listening to the hymns sung in the English church at Cannes and that he asked the clergyman to add one, a favorite of his own, to the number. It was the hymn sung at the funeral. The words are given, and the singing of it, it is said, always produced in him visible emotion. And what, do our English readers think, was this hymn? No other than a Scottish paraphrase with which Henry Broughman had been familiar in his childhood. These Paraphrases were collected by the Church of Scotland just about the time he was born, in St. Andrew's square, Edinburgh, and were read and admired in all families conneed in the schools, and sung in the churches. Who can doubt that little Henry had often repeated this same paraphrase on Sundays at his mother's knee, an excellent and admirable woman, the niece of Principal Robertson, the historian?—that he had often heard it resounding through the arches of St. Andrew's church, to the grand ancient tunes, St. Paul's, or Montrose, or the Martyrs? Long, long years rolled between, years of proud science, of vaulting ambition—of debates like Thunderstorms, of passions like those of the tiger, of worldly intrigue, worldly vice perhaps, perhaps also reasons of incredulity, of indifference to the spiritual instincts in man. Then behold the snow of augh ninety winters lightly sprinkled over that still firm, massive head; look into these