

HYMN FOR THE EVENING.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

THE SINGING STUDENT BOY.

Many years ago a student boy was seen and heard in the streets of an ancient town singing. He was a stout, plainly dressed boy, but his face was pale, and his eyes were sad and tearful. Every time he finished a song, he stepped to the door of a house and gave a gentle tap. When it was opened, he said in humble tones:—

"Please give a poor student boy a morsel of bread,"

"Begone with thee! thou beggar's child," was the rough reply that met his ear as he shrank from the door steps.

Thus driven from door to door, he sang his sweet songs until his body was weary and his heart sad. Scarcely able to stand, he at last turned his steps homeward. Striking his noble forehead with his hand, he said:—