

musical. A rough hand lifted him up and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men, as they passed, laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and inquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a moment to jeer and load him with their insults. Poor boy! he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of. Certainly he did not deserve one. But if none but the deserving had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady passed. Her kindness of heart prompted her to stay and say a word to the boys who were joking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looked fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad against the wall.

"Why, John, is it you?"

He removed one black fist from his eye and looked up. He recognized her. She had taught him at the Sunday School.

"Oh, ma'am! I'm so bad!"

She had him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterward she visited him kindly and frequently.

A year passed by.

There was a fire one night. A dwelling-house was in flames. The engines had not yet arrived. The inmates would not be rescued. A boy looked on. Suddenly he shouts: "Oh! she lives here!" Then he climbed up the heated, falling stairs. He fought against the suffocating smoke. He hunted about until he found what he sought.

She had fainted—was dying, perhaps. No! He would save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she was safe in the cold air.

The bystanders were struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walked about muttering: "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt."

Oh, friends! the stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond!—*Epworth Herald*.

Methodist Magazine and Review for April.

The Wesley bicentenary receives prominent treatment in a brilliant article by the late Dean Farrar, and a careful study by the Editor on "The Beginnings of Methodism," also a story of the days of Wesley, by Miss M. E. Braddon.

The strong Canadianism of this oldest Canadian magazine is shown in an amply illustrated article on "Montreal, Past and Present." "The Tragedy of Martinique" and "The Bermuda Islands" are also copiously illustrated. A fine study of Shelley; "The Life of Service," by Miss S. E. Springer; a sketch of Senator Cox, and Frank Bullen's serial will all be read with interest. Quite an Easter flavor is given the number by pictures and poems.

Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. \$2.00 a year; \$1.00 for six months.

The Song of Moses.

(From the Authorized Version.)

BY G. G. M.

I will sing to the Lord, of his triumph
and glory;
The horse and his rider are cast in the
sea,
The Lord is my song, my salvation, my
story;
My God, who exalted and templed shall
be.

His name is the Lord, and in war he is
glorious,
Pharaoh's hosts, with their captains
and chariots, are drowned;
The floods have gone over them; we are
victorious;
As a stone in the bottom to-day they
they found.

How mighty, O Lord, thy right arm hath
become;
Thy foes, into pieces, thy right hand
hath broke,
Thy majesty marked them, and they be-
came dumb,
Thy wrath, it consumed them, like
stubble in smoke.

A breath from thy nostril, it only was
wanting,
To gather together the waters so deep;
The floods, they stood upright, thy power
as vaunting,
The depths, they were frozen, congealed
in a heap.

St. John, N.B.