

of the soul. We sacrifice our devotions to our dignity.

But the more the love of Jesus abounds and glows within us, the more shall we burst out in those hymns and into those utterances in prayer which are the best foretastes of Heaven. The most delightful feature in a true Christian service is when all hearts break out in some strong rapturous love-chant to our Redeemer. Wesley struck this note when he wrote his incomparable "Jesus, lover of my soul." We ought to have more of such melodies of Calvary in our prayer-meetings, and sing them with open mouths, and eyes brimming with tears.

I confess to a great liking for the godly old negro "Uncle Johnson," who used to say "Massa, you knows *de flesh be weak*; and when dey begins in *de meetin'* to talk and sing about Jesus, I begins to *fill up*, and putty soon I has to holler, and den dey say, 'Carry dat ole man out; he 'sturbs *de meetin'*.'" Would to God that all our church prayer-meetings had a few more such blessed disturbances!

THE BEGGAR BOY.

The following story beautifully illustrates the power of kindness.

"Go away from there, you old beggar boy! You've no right to be looking at our flowers," shouted a little fellow from the garden where he was standing.

The poor boy, who was pale, dirty, and ragged, was leaning against the fence, admiring the splendid show of roses and tulips within. His face reddened with anger at the rude language, and he was about to answer defiantly, when a little girl sprang out from an arbor near, and looking at both, said to her brother—

"How could you speak so, Herbert! I'm sure his looking at the flowers don't hurt us." And then, to soothe the wounded feelings of the stranger, she added: "Little boy, I'll pick you some flowers if you'll wait a moment," and she immediately gathered a pretty bouquet, and handed it through the fence.

His face brightened with surprise and pleasure, and he earnestly thanked her.

Twelve years after this occurrence, the girl had grown to a woman. One bright afternoon she was walking with her husband in the garden, when she observed a

young man in workman's dress, leaning over the fence, and looking attentively at her, and at the flowers. Turning to her husband, she said—

"It does me good to see people admiring the garden; I'll give that young man some of the flowers;" and approaching him, she said, "Are you fond of flowers, sir? it will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment into her fair face, and then said, in a voice tremulous with feeling: "Twelve years ago I stood here, a ragged little beggar boy, and you showed me the same kindness. The bright flowers and your pleasant words made a new boy of me; ay, and they made a man of me too. Your face, madam, has been a light to me in many dark hours of life, and now, thank God, though that boy is still a humble, hard-working man, he is an honest and a grateful one."

Tears stood in the eyes of the lady as, turning to her husband, she said, "God put it into my young heart to do that little act of kindness, and see how great a reward it has brought."

A FAMILY WITH SHORT MEMORIES.

"Sir," said a man, addressing a minister going home from church one Sabbath afternoon, "Did you meet a boy on the road driving a cart, with rakes and pitchforks in it?"

"I think I did," answered the minister, "a boy with a short memory, wasn't he?"

"What made you think he had a short memory, sir?" asked the man, looking surprised.

"I think he had," answered the minister, "and I think he must belong to a family that have short memories."

"What in the world makes you think so?" asked the man, greatly surprised.

"Because," said the minister, in a serious tone, "the great God has proclaimed from Mount Sinai, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' and that boy has forgotten all about it."

"WITHHOLD not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it."