

I have not, I am very well content to wait."

Leonard Grey had not long to wait.— That same evening there was a knock at his door, and Mr. E— was admitted.

"I wrote an ugly letter to you some time ago, Mr. Grey," he said.

Leonard could not deny this, so he said nothing.

"And you sent me a very proper answer. I am come to thank you for it."

"I am glad you think so," said Leonard.

"I did not think so at first: it put me out more than I care to acknowledge now," continued Mr. E—; "but it was a right and proper answer. And I am come to tell you now that I was in the wrong altogether. Will you shake hands with me over it?" He held out his hand as he spoke, and Leonard took it.

"I have something else to say to you," Mr. E— went on; and his voice trembled a little.—"I have been ill since I wrote to you"—Leonard Grey noticed now that his visitor looked weak and palid—"and when I was at the worst, your letter kept haunting me. You wrote that you had 'spread' my letter 'before the Lord;' and I thought how all my thoughts, and words, and deeds had been spread before him all my life long. I thought of this, Mr. Grey, till I could bear the thought no longer."

"And then——"

"And then I spread my own unhappy case before the Lord. I said, 'Enter not into judgment with me, O Lord; for I have sinned: I have sinned!'"

"And then, Mr. E—?" said Leonard, with a beaming, eager, anxious smile——

"And then, sir, the blessed truth was brought home to my soul, as I hope and believe,—'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' And now, Mr. Grey, I ask you once more to forgive me for writing that unfriendly and unjust letter."

We need not write down Leonard Grey's reply.

THE POOR LITTLE BOY.

I saw just now a little boy

Go limping down a narrow street;
His clothes were wet and ragged too,
He had no shoes upon his feet.

His feet were red and blue with cold,
He look'd at me so sad and grave;
And as he pass'd he seem'd to say,
Oh! what a happy home you have!

His hair was rough, his cheeks were pale,—
I wonder where his home can be;
And if he has a mother there
To take him kindly on her knee.

I wonder if he has a bed,
And where he went this stormy day;
If he has milk, and meat, and bread,
And books to read and toys for play.

I've read of little orphan boys
Who had no home but in the street;
And begg'd about from door to door
For bits of broken bread and meat:

Who slept on straw, alone and sad,
With hunger pinch'd and full of pain
Oh! I do wish that little boy
Would come along the street again.

I'd take him gently by the hand,
And speak as mother speaks to me:
So sweetly kind, poor little boy!
I wonder where his home can be. !

I should not like such clothes to wear,
To limp along with naked feet;
I should not like such tangled hair,
Nor home in that dark dirty street.

How many pleasant things I have!
I never thought of that before;
I will not keep them all myself,
But give some of them to the poor.

Like Jesus Christ—who could not bear
That we should not to heaven come;
He wish'd so much that we should share
The pleasures of his glorious home.

If I can act like Jesus Christ,
I know I shall be always right;
If I could find that little boy,
I'd give him all my tea to-night.