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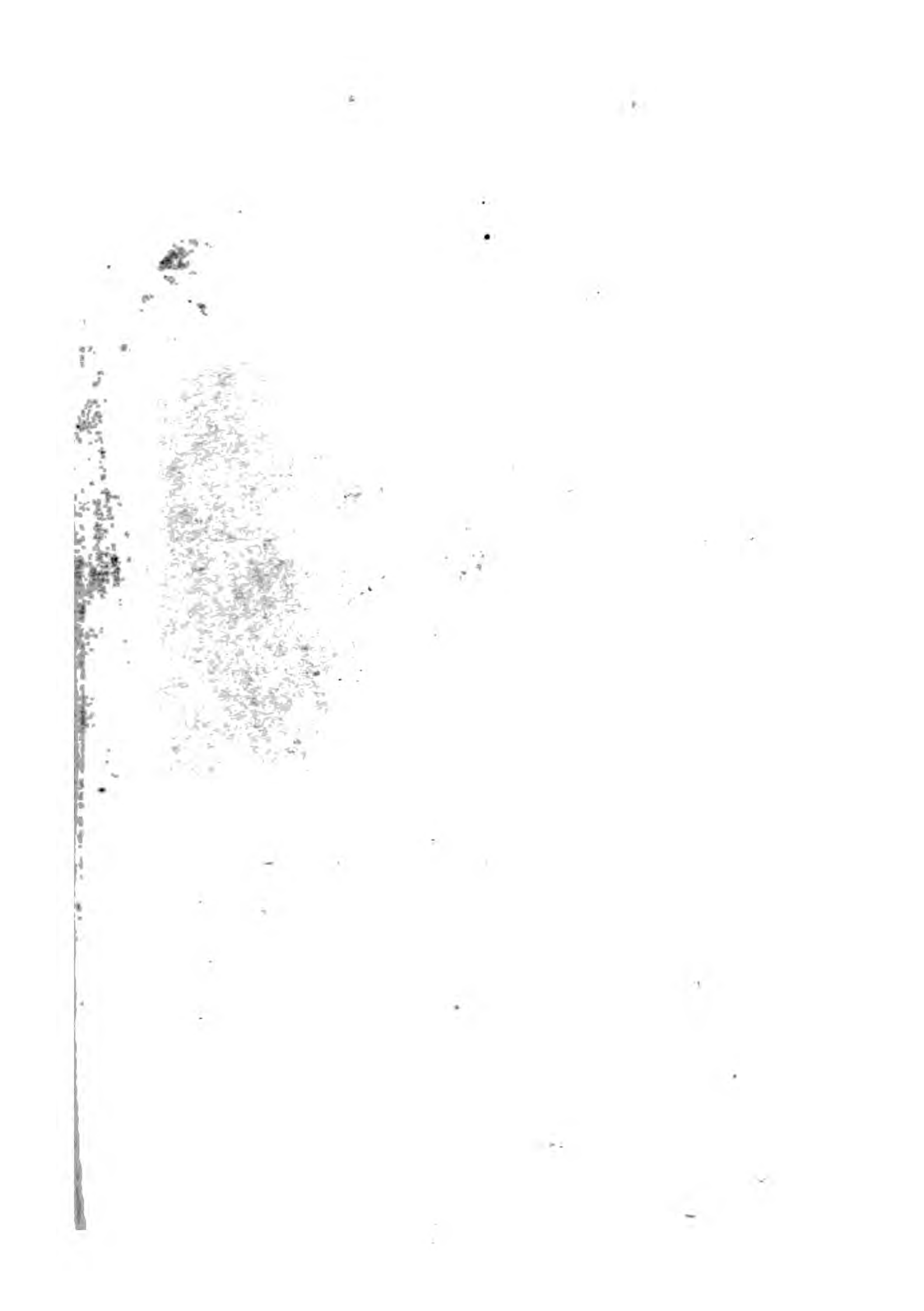
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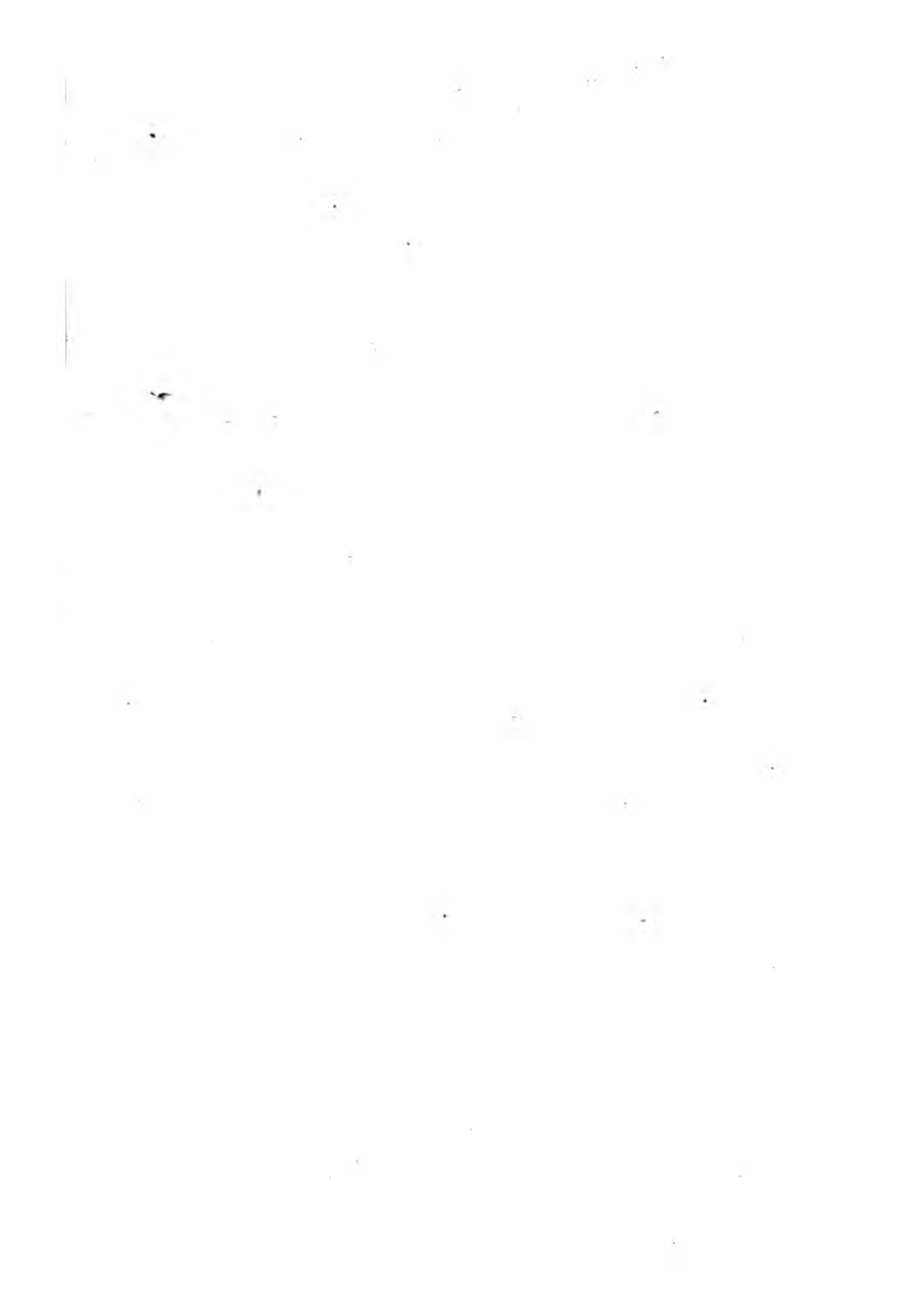
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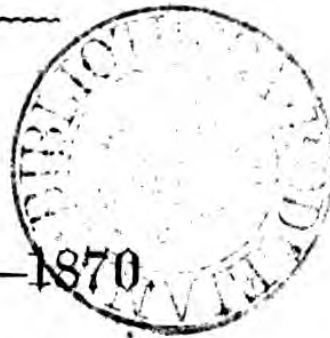
P E A R L S

FROM THE

GOLDEN STREAM.

~~~~~  
"That sacred stream thy holy word."—Watts.

~~~~~  
Vol. IX.—1870.



LONDON:  
HOULSTON & SONS, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
BRISCOE & SONS, 28, BANNER STREET, FINSBURY.

—  
*Price One Shilling.*

## PREFACE.



WITH the present number another Volume is complete, which the Editor trusts will be as acceptable in its bound form as its predecessors ; if not even more so, from the fact that the full title-page of the monthly numbers will now no longer mar the appearance of the Volume.

The present is a favourable opportunity for obtaining *new subscribers*, and the Editor hopes his young friends will kindly avail themselves of it ; while it will still be his study to make the “ Pearls ” as attractive and interesting as possible.

The Editor presents his thanks to his correspondents who have so kindly aided him in his “ labour of love,” and hopes for a continuance of their valued services.

# INDEX.

	PAGE
ANCIENT BRITONS.....	102
Answers to Enigmas. ....	16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 118, 128, 144, 160, 176, 188
Bible, my precious .....	38
Brown, Mary.....	28
Camel and the Miller .....	148
Charades.....	15, 32, 112, 128, 188
Child's Work.....	171
Courage, Christian .....	47
Cousin Mary .....	153
Deaf and Dumb, the .....	168
Dying Girl .....	91
Enigmas .....	16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 127, 143 160, 175, 188
Edmund Croft's Treasure .....	11, 19, 36
Faith before Baptism .....	29
Flower Whisperings .....	81, 98
"Follow me!" .....	126
Gardening .....	70
Goats, the two .....	58
Going.....	31
Good Fight, the .....	158
Hand, Thoughts on a little.....	33
Home in Heaven .....	86
House-top, Four lessons from.....	61
Hymn, Anniversary.....	28
Helmets, the rusty .....	179
Idol, the, and the Doll with moving eyes .....	124
In Memoriam .....	110
Ivy and the Vine .....	170
Johnny's Prayer .....	78
Judgment, a solemn.....	5

	PAGE
"Little child shall lead them." .....	137
Magazine Our .....	1, 65
Malagasy Idol Maker .....	4
Marie's Fidelity.....	132, 149, 161, 181
Matilda's New Dress .....	84
Nelly's Last Walk .....	121
Nero, the Emperor, and John Trudge .....	55, 68
New Year, a happy .....	2
Norton, Sarah .....	40, 52
Not .....	92
Old-fashioned Ladies, the .....	108
Organman, the grateful .....	477
Pearls worth stringing.....	30
Pergamos .....	60
"Please to remember the Grotto." .....	113
Pigs, Farmer Gilbert's .....	186
Queen Victoria and the Missionary .....	43
Question, Scripture .....	160
Quite as bad as Adam .....	9
Self .....	17
Smith's Family, the .....	89, 115, 134, 164, 184
Spring .....	54
Strict Baptist Mission .....	26, 45, 62, 106, 129, 145
Susan Wheatley's Treasure .....	93, 105
Tears .....	140
Truthful Boy.....	15
Voyage, Life's .....	49
Waiting .....	14
Withered Tree .....	100
Work .....	74
Wounded .....	154

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## "HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS"

Is now ready, 2½d; post free from the Printers, Messrs. Briscoe & Sons,  
28, Banner Street, Finsbury, E.C.

ONE HALF-PENNY.



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Vol. IX.

January, 1870.

No. 100.

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OUR MAGAZINE,

**A**S our readers will have noticed, has assumed a somewhat new appearance. Like the chrysalis, it has thrown off its outer covering, and we think is the more beautiful for the change.\* And now, like the butterfly, we wish it to fly abroad and be seen by thousands. We purpose to send many flying by post, and hope each one of our readers will make a point of introducing it to his or her friends at this social season. And now, announcing our intention to do all we can to improve its pages by superior illustrations and more interesting narratives and anecdotes, of which we know our young friends are fond, we join with our correspondent on the next page, and heartily wish them

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

\* This will especially appear in the Bound Volumes, which will no longer be marred by the recurrence of the wrapper.

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Published by HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, Paternoster Row.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

“**A** HAPPY NEW YEAR!” How many times will this be repeated! Childish lips will utter it in merry glee, with no other thought than present happiness—others, who have lived longer in the world will say it thoughtfully and longingly, that their fondest hopes may be realized—and dear, silver-haired old grandfathers will sigh, perhaps, when the cheerful greeting reaches them, and the ready tears will fill their eyes—not regretful tears, but tears of quiet joy, as they think how soon perhaps their weary pilgrimage will be ended, and that it will indeed be a *happy* year for them!

“*A happy new year!*” What a host of kind, loving wishes are crowded into the few simple words! *Happiness*—that’s the one great thing that the world has ever been yearning for. No wonder there are so many restless hearts, if they’re not happy. Every one wants to be happy, and then, if we ourselves are happy, we must make others so too, for it’s impossible to keep our happiness to ourselves; this would be very selfish, and selfishness and happiness are as much opposed to each other as can be.

“*A happy new year!*” We say it now as a matter of course, and expect to say it, some of us hardly giving a thought that perhaps it is the last time we may say it. A year ago, on the 31st of December, at midnight, a young man, to whom life was opening with a brilliant future, *died* with the old year. And as the bells joyously ushered in the new year, a little soul flitted away, to spend its new year with Jesus. A pretty, loving, intelligent child of four years was little Gertrude, and we loved her, and so we thankfully think of the happy year *this* has been to her!

But a great many who are reading this, will live to see many New Years. Much lies before you, dear children, in your future life—but do not wait till you’ve grown up, before you begin to do something.

“*Act, act, as in the living present.*”

Try this year how you can best make it a happy one. When I sometimes tell you I want you to be thoughtful and considerate, I do not mean that you should be very quiet, and old-fashioned, and *un-childlike*. God intended us to be happy, and if we are otherwise, it is sin that has made us so.

Be unselfish if you wish to be happy. Those who have the least selfishness in their natures have the most happiness. Take notice of the *very little things* of life—the little *every-day* circumstances. They are so varied and numerous that I could not tell you of half of them, but I'll just shew you what I mean.

Take, for instance, those poor Italian organ-men who play in our streets. Sometimes their tunes are pretty and plaintive enough, but there *are* times when we would thankfully know they were out of our hearing. But just try for a moment to forget any little unpleasantness they may cause, and then we shall have eyes of pity to note the sad and weary look on their pale faces, and at least we shall give them a kind thought or word, if not something more practical.

It is astonishing the effect a *kind word* has upon the poor ! How their tired faces beam with pleasure as the softly spoken word falls soothingly on their ear ! Maybe it has been many a long day since they heard anything but *harsh* ones. Don't be sparing with your *kind words*, and especially with the homeless, and friendless !

Well, then again, if you're out in the street, and see a little child vainly trying to reach a high knocker—perhaps you may be rather taller,—go and offer to knock ; it *won't* be much trouble, but it *will* be a little kindness. And if in school your companion wants to sit in the place you are occupying, give it up—*God will notice !* And if any of them have mislaid a book or pencil, lend yours. It is in these



*little* ways that we shall make our days and years happy ones.

“Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden  
Like the heaven above.”

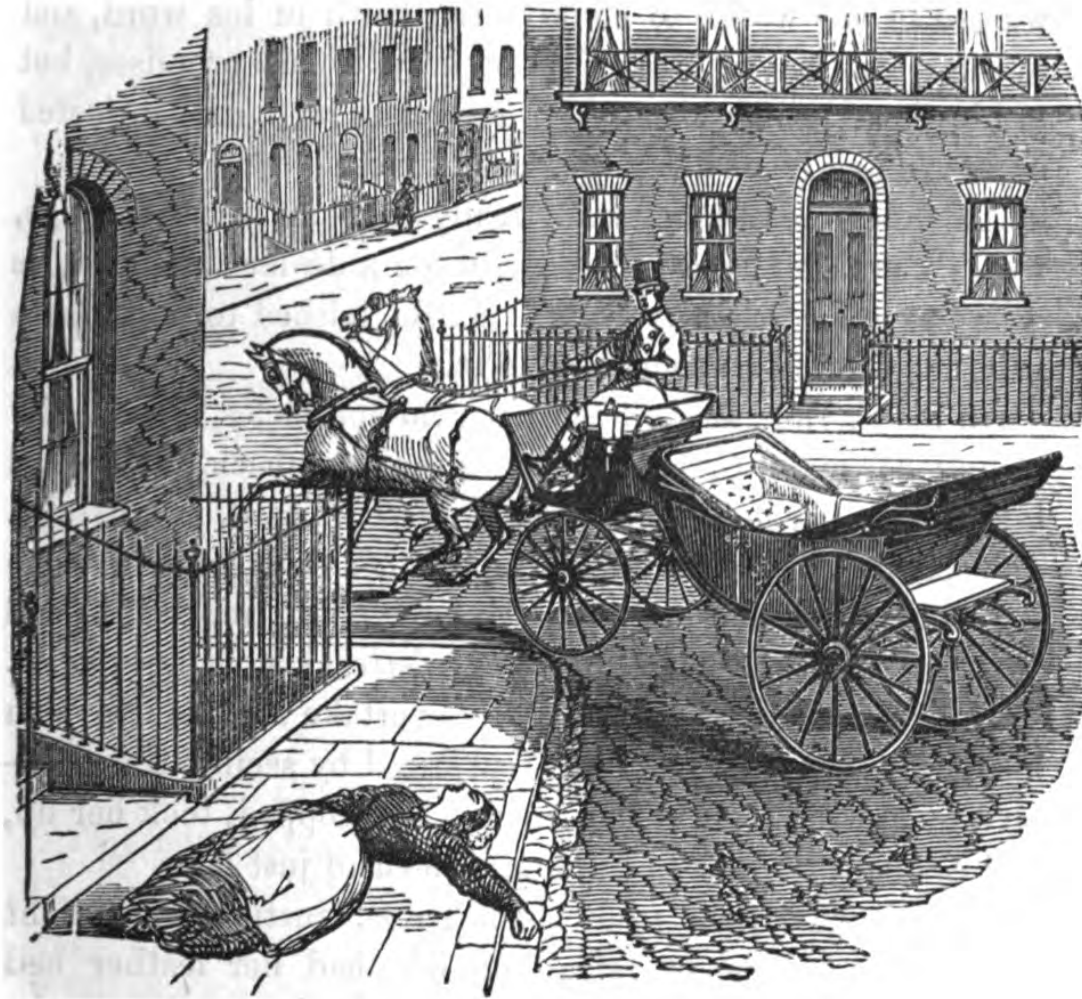
“*A happy new year!*” I wish it for you with all my heart  
—so do your parents and friends, yet none desire it so much  
for you as your best Friend. Seek his help, and he himself  
will make for you all, “**A HAPPY NEW YEAR!**”

L. A. G.

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### THE MALAGASY IDOL MAKER.

**A** MARRIED couple went some few years since to a person of this description, living about fifteen miles from the capital, and wished to purchase an idol. He had none to sell, but desired them to come next day. They went; he was still without any, but promised to have one by the evening. They remained till the evening. The man went to a neighbouring forest, selected his tree, cut down a large bough, brought it home, and prepared his idol, leaving the smaller branches littered about near his fireplace. In the evening he invited our married friends to take their meal of rice with him, and they saw him put some of these self-same branches into the fire to boil the rice. They returned home, having paid about two dollars for their new god. Shortly afterwards, a young man, a Christian, called at their house, and happened to read to the wife that graphic description of idolatry in the 44th chapter of Isaiah,—“With part thereof he roasteth roast, maketh a fire, warmeth himself, and the residue thereof he maketh a god,” &c. She was astonished. It reminded her of what had just occurred, helped to convince her of the truth of the sacred volume, awakened deep attention, and led to the abandonment of the idol. She continued a learner, became a true disciple, and is well known as Rafaravavy



### A SOLEMN JUDGMENT.

“**G**OD is angry with the wicked every day ;” yet the punishment of the wicked is, for the most part, reserved for a future state. God is so longsuffering, that sinners take advantage of his forbearance. When the solemn warnings of Scripture are repeated, they try to disbelieve them, or to think that God is not so holy as the Bible says he is ; that sin is not so hateful to him now, as it was when a sabbath-breaker was commanded to be stoned to death,—when Gehazi was smitten with leprosy for his covetousness, or when Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead for telling a lie. Now and then, however, God displays his vengeance on the

wicked in *this* world, to confirm the truth of his word, and to show that he is "faithful," not only to his promises, but to his threatenings also. The following well authenticated narrative is a remarkable instance of this.

An elderly lady was getting ready to go out in her carriage, which was standing at the door, when a dealer in spectacles called to ask her to buy some. As she wished to purchase a pair, she desired he should come in.

On his leaving, she missed her gold spectacles, and hastily calling her maid, told her to bring the man back, for he had taken away her gold spectacles, as she supposed, in mistake. The servant ran immediately to obey her mistress, and when the coachman asked her where she was going, replied, to call back the man who had stolen her mistress's gold spectacles.

Thinking he could more quickly overtake him, he drove on his horses, but was suddenly surprised by seeing the maid-servant fall senseless in the street. He stopped, took her up, and carried her back to the house she had just left.

She was quite dead ; but her mistress, trusting there might be yet some hope of remaining life, had her feather bed fetched to lay on it the poor body. But how sad was the discovery, for under *that* feather bed was found the pair of gold spectacles ! proving, that as a thief, and with a *lie* on her lips, she had been called to appear before the Judge of all, from whom nothing can be hidden ; although she had deceived her mistress, who had confided in her as a faithful servant.

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." "Let none of you suffer as a thief." And remember that "The lip of truth shall be established for ever : but a lying tongue is but for a moment."

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## THE STRICT BAPTIST MISSION.

**O**UR young friends who support this Mission, will be glad to hear that *one* of the mission boxes, to fill which most of them contributed, has arrived safely at its destination. We refer to the one which was sent to Mr. Doll at Madras for the schools under the care of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Coopoosawmy Row.

Mr. Doll says (Oct. 12th,) "I am happy to inform you that the box has safely reached me. Please heartily thank all concerned, for so substantial a proof of their deep interest on behalf of the Mission both at St. Thomas' Mount and Perambore. The division made of the numerous articles sent, I will communicate to you, with replies to the loving letter sent with the box."

When these replies come to hand, we shall place them before our young friends, and hope by that time to hear of the safe arrival of the other box at Ceylon.

Our missionary at Madras, Mr. Thomas, has, we are sorry to say, lost his little boy, just as he was entering the fifth year of his age. He says of him, with all a father's love,— "He was a good little boy, foremost to join in family and public worship, and would never fail to pray, morning, noon, and night. Little as he was, he would constantly speak of Jesus and heaven, and sing his little hymns. He would reprove the scholars of the Mission Schools when they did wrong. He was a source of much pleasure to us, and the thought of his being taken from us is saddening, and draws tears from our eyes; while the remembrance of the home in which he now lives fills our hearts with joy."

This touching account will, we are sure, touch the hearts of our young friends, as it has our own. We will only ask them with earnestness to *ask themselves* whether they love Christ as little James Thomas did, and have a good hope of going to the happy home where he now dwells.

We are sorry to report that Mr. Coopoosawmy Row, our missionary at Perambore, has been very ill. He was threatened with symptoms of Asiatic cholera, but the Lord mercifully blessed the means used for his recovery, and has spared him to us, though he still at the last account remained very weak. At the time when he feared the worst, he says, "I told my wife, if it pleased the Lord to take me to himself not to be troubled, but to have faith and reliance on him ! "That day," he says, "I preached as a dying man to dying people."

With regard to his day school, he says that a "rival school has been set up to which heathen parents prefer to send their children, as the Bible is not taught there. They would rather pay fees to send them to this school than send them free to ours where the Bible is the principal book." The Sunday-school is, however, well attended.

Coopoosawmy relates a pleasing instance of the usefulness of his ministry to a sick man—a native, who he says died, it is hoped, though nominally a heathen, yet believing in Jesus, late in the day, like the thief on the cross. "Before his death he told his people, not to burn his body (as was the heathen custom), but to bury it as Christians do, and he further said that he felt happy to die, while believing in the ONE of whom that Brahmin Christian, (myself) spoke, and advised his kindred and friends to become my friends, and do as I tell them, because I *say truth*."

Thus we have given our readers an instance of a young child, and an old heathen, both found trusting in Christ alone for salvation. What more can be desired for English children and adults also ? The same gospel with the same Holy Spirit to apply it to the heart, are absolutely necessary in our Sunday-schools at home as in the darkest village in India.

Next month we hope to be able to report a little news of the Mission-school in Ceylon

G. P.



### QUITE AS BAD AS ADAM.

**W**HAT a plain and simple command was that which God gave to Adam in the garden of Eden! and how easy it was for him to keep it! No doubt many of you think that if you had been placed in the same position you would not have eaten of

“ The fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste,  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.”

A poor countryman thought so, and as he went about his

work, he often used to sigh —“ Oh, Adam ! Adam !” A rich man who overheard him asked why he so frequently called upon Adam.

“ Oh !” said the poor man, “ I cry out Adam very often, and I think I have great reason to do so ; for had not Adam, the father of us all, been so foolish as to eat the forbidden fruit, I should not now be obliged to get my bread by the sweat of my brow. Had I been in his place, I would not have had anything to do with it, no ! I would not have touched it, I know.” “ Well, we shall see,” was the reply. Now very soon after, the gentleman sent for the poor man, and taking him into a beautiful room where a large table was spread over with dainties, told him he might sit down and eat till he was satisfied ; and not only that day, but that he might come every day and do the same. “ Every day ?” replied the poor man. “ Yes, every day ; on condition that you do not eat of the dish that is covered over in the middle of the table ; but if you even touch that, you shall return here no more.”

The gentleman left the poor man to himself, who began to eat of the delicious provisions, thinking, “ So long as I can have such fare as this, I do not care a fig about the dish in the middle.”

When he had satisfied his hunger, and tasted of almost every dish, he looked at the cover in the middle, and felt that he should like very well to know what was under it. Not that he had any wish to eat of it, whatever it might be, for he had taken enough already, but he wanted sadly to look at it : if he could only know what it was, he would be satisfied.

From the moment this desire entered into his heart, it got stronger and stronger. He remembered, however, that he was forbidden to touch the dish, and so he sat looking at the cover in a very discontented spirit.

Whenever a person, about to commit a sin, begins to reason upon it, instead of going directly away from the temptation, he is pretty sure to find out some way of committing the sin, and justifying or excusing himself. The poor man looked towards to the middle of the table until the thought struck him, that though he was forbidden to touch the dish, he had not been forbidden to touch the cover which was placed over it ; there could be no harm in doing that : besides it was impossible that any one could ever know that he had touched it. One single peep, then, he was determined to have ; so he gently lifted up one side of the cover, when, to his dismay, *out ran a mouse !*

In vain he endeavoured to catch the little creature ; for it was too nimble for him, and hid itself, first behind one dish, and then behind another. He tried again and again, to lay hold of the mouse, until, in the confusion, he knocked down a dish upon the floor. The noise of the broken dish brought in the rich man, who immediately dismissed the poor man from his house for ever.—“Go !” said he, “and return again to your labour, and never more complain of Adam for eating the forbidden fruit. When you think of Adam, and of the tree in the middle of the garden, think also of yourself, and of the dish in the middle of the table.”

---

### EDMUND CROFT'S TREASURE,

AND HOW THE DOG TOOK CARE OF IT.

**A**BOUT three hundred years ago, there lived in the city of London a rich merchant named Gilbert Croft. He was a very grave man, and seldom permitted his children's voices to be heard : not that he was really unkind to them, but he thought it best to show a stern, reserved manner towards them. One day, the father's voice was heard in loud, angry tones ; the children were crying, and their mother sat



by silently weeping. What could be the cause of all this? I will tell you. Gilbert Croft had been away on a journey for a month; a few days after he was gone, a great quantity of goods arrived from the continent. On the day it was unpacked, Edmund, the eldest boy, was in the warehouse. It was but lately his father had allowed him to enter it, though he was fourteen years of age, and it was his favourite resort after school hours. As one of the men was unrolling a bale of carpet, a little book fell out. "Here, young master," said the man, "here's a fine book that has got slipped in by mistake, I reckon; you had better take it away, for I be no scholar."

Edmund picked up the book, but did not give himself time to look at it, for he was eager to show it to his mother, and ran down stairs with it. She was busy, however, with some visitors, and he could not speak to her; so he went away into his own room, and sat down to examine his prize. Now you will remember, that books were not so common in those days as they are now. Printing had not long been invented, and the few books that were printed were very dear; so you may imagine that Edmund was far more delighted than you are when you get a present of a new book.

But what was the book about which Edmund held in his hand? It was indeed the best of all books, and contained the best of all news. (O that the dear young readers of the "*Pearls*" might, one and all, love its sacred pages!) It was none other than an English translation of the New Testament!

Edmund had never heard of the book before. He knew who Jesus Christ was, because he had heard the Romish priest at church mention his name, when all the people kneeled down before the great golden cross, and he knew that the suffering figure he had seen on the cross in pictures and images represented Jesus the son of "the blessed virgin;" but this was all he knew about him.

He began to read at the first chapter of Matthew, and read on without once looking up until he had finished the last chapter, which, you know, tells of Jesus ascending to heaven. Just then his dear mother came in. Edmund drew a long breath; "Oh mother," he cried, "I have such a beautiful book! it is better than all the stories that old Michal used to tell us. Just listen, mother ——." "But, my son, how did you come by the book? and what is it about? Edmund then told his mother how he got it, and putting it into her hand, read over the title to her; for, like many others at that time, she was not very well able to read herself.

She then said, "I have heard of that book before, and I believe it contains many beautiful things besides stories; but you shall read some of it to me as your sister and I sit at our spinning-wheels."

Hour after hour, that night, and for many nights after, did the boy read aloud this wonderful book; and when it was laid down, each one had much to say, and many a question to ask about what had been read. Alas! there was none there to answer. The mother was nearly as ignorant of the blessed gospel as the children. Every evening Edmund brought out his testament and read to his mother and sister. All day long Mistress Croft was thinking over what had been read to her the night before, and longing to hear more about it.

One evening Edmund was reading the 3rd chapter of John. That chapter God the Holy Spirit blessed. Mistress Croft felt that she was a sinner, and that Jesus was a mighty Saviour. She remembered, too, a sermon that she had heard many years before, and told Edmund of it, saying, "I shall never forget it."

"Tell us about it, mother," asked both the children.

"The preacher's name was William Tyndale; he was a grave-looking man, he seemed to look through me. His text

was the very words you have just read : " For God so loved the world," &c. Many a time since I have wondered who told him such things ; but now I remember he often read out of a book : no doubt it was like this New Testament. But go on, Edmund."

One day a messenger arrived with the news that " Master Croft would be at home on the morrow." He did not arrive until the evening, and Mistress Croft was too much occupied for Edmund to bring his book.

*(To be continued.)*

---

### WAITING.

**A** LITTLE longer to wait,  
Ere my work on earth is done ;

A little longer to wait,  
Ere my heavenly work's begun ;  
Ere I walk those golden streets,  
Or enter that pearly gate,

I have work to do on earth, and so  
I've a little longer to wait.

A little longer to wait,  
To love, and be loved again ;

A little longer to wait,  
In this world of care and pain ;

A little longer to wait,  
Ere my earthly race is run,

A little longer to wait,  
Ere the victor's prize is won,

A little longer to wait,  
On this earth 'mid noise and strife ;

A little longer to wait,  
To fight the battle of life ;

Then, having crossed the stream,  
 I shall join those millions blest ;  
 On angel-wings be borne above,  
 In my heavenly home to rest.

FANNIE E. G.

---

THE TRUTHFUL BOY.

**A** LITTLE boy, the son of an artizan who resides in one of the villages in the neighbourhood of Halifax, was one day amusing himself with bowling a round stone—a very common mode of amusement amongst the juveniles in that locality,—when it chanced to strike against the edge of a slightly elevated flag in front of some cottages, and bounding into a window, broke a pane of glass. The tenant, a working man, who happened to be then in the house, immediately ran out, and seeing no one near but the boy, who was looking at the damage he had occasioned, asked him who had broken the window. “I did,” answered the little fellow ; but I will pay for it ; and then he told him how it had happened. The man was for a short time speechless with astonishment at the fearless honesty of the boy ; and, on recovering himself, he said, “But you shall not pay for the window ; for, as you have neither ran away, nor told me a lie to save yourself, I will pay one-half of the expense ;” and so he did.

---

SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

**B**Y God our Father’s guardian care,  
 And by his high behest,  
 My *first* occurred both when and where  
 His love determined best :  
 For all his wisdom has ordained  
 My *second* will describe ;

His character remains unstained,  
In whom we move and live.

My *whole* great dignity conferred,  
And consecration too :

A right to wealth was in that word,  
Perchance a throne in view.

Yet one young man contemned the whole,  
For present brief delight ;  
As many disregard the soul,  
And sink in endless night.

JOSIAH.

The Editor offers to give a Bound Volume of the Pearls, for 1869, for the best answer to the above. Competitors should be under 14 years, and should send their answers on or before January 10th.

### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**A**N ancient king of Israel—  
Transposed, the letters then will spell,  
What Jesus did to many, when  
He dwelt below with sinful men.  
Transpose them yet again, and mark  
The mother of a patriarch :  
Again transpose, 'tis hearty, strong,  
And likewise means, to drag along.

E. J. W. (*altered.*)

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1.—MANNA (Anna—Man)

2.—“LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE.”  
[Enoch—Eli—Othniel—Lot—Cor—Bel—Ruth.]

Correct answers have been received from—

Miss A. M. J., Dalston, 1	Master A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2
„ Oliver, Islington, 1	„ G. H. Iles, ditto 1, 2
„ Anne Shuff, Hammersmith, 1, 2	„ E. J. Welch, Merton 1, 2
Master J. J. Bird, Pulham, 1, 2	„ A. Woollard, Bildestone, 1, 2

*Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the Printers.*

BRISCOE & SONS, Printers, Banner-street, Bunhill-row, E. C.

## ONE HALF-PENNY.



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Vol. IX.

February, 1870.

No. 101.

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### SELF.

**C**HILDREN, what do you love most? Can you tell me? Perhaps you don't know. Johnny looks at his heap of toys there,—the kite, the top, the picture-book, and bag of marbles; he is very fond of playing with them all, and cannot say which best he could spare. And Louie looks at her pretty little kitten, and then at a wee baby in a cradle in the corner, and can't quite make up her mind. And little Fred's puzzled face as he casts an eye on his mother, and then through the window to his own little garden, and back again into the room at a tiny steam engine,—the result of his own ingenuity,—tells that he, too, is quite as much at a loss.

Now I don't know any of you, but I believe I can tell what you love most; and strange to say, not only you

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Published by HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, Paternoster Row.

children, but others, and nearly every grown-up man and woman too, loves the same thing, and they don't know it either,—not many of them, at least.

A little boy was asked the other day if he knew who was his greatest enemy, and he said, "Oh yes ; it is that big boy at our school who tells tales of me, hides my books, cuts away the string of my kite, and does all he can to vex me !"

Ah, George, I thought, you do not know that your greatest enemy is that which you, and almost everyone else love best in the world—SELF !

Strange to love an *enemy* best of all !

"But," I fancy I hear some of you say, "Isn't it right to try to love our enemies ? Doesn't the Bible teach us so ?" Yes, dear children, and we all know how hard a thing this is to do ; but I think I may safely say that this enemy, Self, we are not to love.

Now when Jesus told us to love our enemies, he meant that we were to be kind and forgiving to those who were unkind to us,—that when they did us any injury, we were not only not to resent, but to forgive them freely, and try to do them a kind action. *Gentleness has melted far more hard hearts than harshness.*

But we are also taught to avoid bad companions. We are always to try and do good to all our companions ; but if they will not do what is right, they will be almost sure to try and lead us astray ; and so, then it is our duty to leave them and give up their companionship.

Now our hearts are naturally bad,—dark with sin, and it is these wicked hearts of ours that are always leading us into sin. We cannot get away from them, and we get so wrapped up in *self* that we seem to care for little else than pleasing ourselves. Oh *these little selves* ! They are sad hinderances on our little errands of mercy ! How many a kind action is

spoiled by the *selfish* motive which prompted it. We deny ourselves some little pleasure so as to *appear* very generous to another; but it is very often done when a friend is near who will notice it, and think how kind we are, and who will esteem us the more. Was it not done more with a view of gratifying our selfish vanity than of doing a service for another?

We all like to stand high in the estimation of our friends. We are so aspiring! Is it not enough to feel the approving smile of our Father, and to hear the words so full of tenderness and encouragement: "She hath done what she could?" How father-like that is! so easily satisfied! so ready to give his child the full credit for its feeblest efforts!

Oh if we could look into our own hearts as the great Searcher of hearts does, I think we should have rather humbler views of ourselves than we now have.

We want to live happy, useful lives, but *self* seems to spoil everything. So you see what an enemy it is. What *are* we to do? The only thing we *can* do is to try in every possible way to *forget* self, and study the happiness of others, and to ask God to cleanse our sinful hearts, so that all we do may be prompted by motives only that are *pure*.

L. A. G.

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EDMUND CROFT'S TREASURE,  
AND HOW THE DOG TOOK CARE OF IT.

(Continued from p. 14.)

**A**FTER Gilbert Croft had given an account of his journey, he asked his wife to tell him all that had been going on in his absence. She then told him of the Testament, and of the joy the reading of it had given them. Her husband looked angry, more angry than she had ever seen him look before. He rose from his seat, and, walking backwards and forwards across the room, said at last:—



“Wife, you have done wrong! Where was your sense to let such a book as that remain in the hands of foolish children? Don’t you know that it is a most dangerous book, full of deadly poison. Why, it was only last week that the King (Henry VIII.) gave orders that every one of those heretical books should be seized and burnt; and I understand that a great heap of them have been seized and burnt at St. Paul’s Cross. I met Miles Grimby on my way up; he told me that the officers of our lord the King are making most diligent search for them. Now, suppose they should hear of this unlucky book,—no doubt Edmund has been prating of it to his companions,—what if it were found? a fine disgrace, truly, to have it said that Gilbert Croft kept an heretical book in his house!”

To all this poor Mistress Croft could only say she was sorry; she had no idea that the book was heretical, but she thought it could not be a bad book, since it contained such good things.

“Peace, woman! Call the children, that I may crush this mischief in the bud.”

Edmund and his sister Ann obeyed the summons immediately. At first Edmund was bewildered; then he tried to persuade his father that he was mistaken—that it really was a good book, and drew it from his pocket, intending to read a portion, to convince him; but his stern father’s voice awed him into silence; he laid the book down, as he was bidden, and stood trembling before his father.

After Master Croft had given a severe reproof, he dismissed the children. When they were gone, he took up the offending volume, and left the room, without uttering one word to his wife; she supposed he meant to burn it, but in this she was mistaken. He took it to his private room, and sat down to read it. He was surprised to find it both interesting and

easy to be understood : far different from what the Romish priests had said, that it was a book no one could understand but themselves, and full of dangerous doctrines. He locked it up, for further examination before he burnt it.

About three months after, his wife was one day delighted to see him with the Testament in his hand. "Then you have not burnt it," she cried. "No ;" and he told her that he had carefully examined it, and should have no objection to read a chapter now and then.

The chapters were read, more and more frequently, much to the joy of Mistress Croft, who had been hungering for the Word of God. It was not long before she found peace—that peace which none but God himself can give. The Holy Ghost convinced her of her sins, and then led to the blood of Jesus Christ. No longer did she want absolution from a priest—Jesus Himself said to her, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

It was not easy, in those times of persecution, to read a Bible long without being found out. Edmund and Ann were told by their mother on no account to tell their companions that they had a New Testament ; but she had quite forgotten little Maude. She had been in the room once or twice while the chapters were read, and had heard her brothers and sisters talk about the book when it was first found. The child innocently told her nurse Bridget what she had heard. Bridget thought a great deal of what she had heard, and, after a while, began to think she ought to tell her confessor of it ; for, being a strict Roman Catholic, she believed that it was a deadly sin to hide anything from the priest, Still she did not like the thought of bringing her master and mistress into trouble ; they had always been kind to her—she had nursed their children, and was attached to them. She hesitated long between her duty to the family, and, what she thought, her duty to God. At last she made up her mind

that, come what would, she must confess to the priest, what weighed so heavily on her mind, and made her so unhappy.

The priest soon gave information to the officers whose duty it was to search the houses of those who were suspected of having New Testaments in their possession.

That very day, as Mistress Croft was sitting at her spinning-wheel, her husband came into the room with a troubled look. "Wife," said he, "it is as I feared; by some means or other the search-officers have found out that we have a Testament; they will be here in half-an-hour; the nurse has just come in, and says that her brother, who is one of the officers, gave her a hint of their intentions, so the good creature hurried back to tell us. Where shall we hide it? Come, think."

"Oh, then, you will not give it up?"

"Give it up! No, indeed, not as long as there are holes and corners to hide it in. I must say I like the book."

"Mistress Croft soon thought of a place in which to hide the precious treasure. Without saying a word to her husband, she took it from its usual hiding-place, put it in her large pocket, and, with a plate of bones in her hand, went into the courtyard, where there was a large mastiff, chained to the kennel. Neptune barked with joy at seeing his mistress; she caressed him a little, and then taking her loved Testament from her pocket, placed it on the straw inside the kennel, saying, "Mind it, Neptune; mind it, good dog!" and then gave him the bones.

She knew that the book was as safe under his keeping, as it would have been if guarded by a file of soldiers.

His good mistress then returned to the house, and informed her husband that she had found a safe hiding-place, but she would rather not tell where, unless he wished; so she and the dog had the secret between them.

*(To be continued.)*



## MARY BROWN;

### OR, THE STOLEN PURSE.

**I**N a pretty little cottage in the beautiful county of Devonshire, lived Mrs. Brown, a truly Christian widow, who loved God with all her heart, and strove to bring up her daughter in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Nor were her admonitions in vain; her daughter had grown

up, with credit to herself and her fond mother ; and more than this, she too loved the Saviour.

When Mary Brown was about eighteen years of age, circumstances occurred which rendered it necessary that she should leave home for service. This was a severe trial ; to be separated from her dear mother was almost more than she could bear : but as she had been taught to commit her ways unto the Lord, in this *her* time of trouble, she fled to him for refuge, and graciously experienced the fulness of the promise, "He will direct thy steps."

Mrs. Brown also felt keenly the prospect of being separated from her beloved daughter ; but as both believed it to be the arrangement of an all-wise providence, they sought and found grace to enable them to submit cheerfully, and to say, "Thy will be done."

Before leaving home, Mary received the best advice and instruction relating to the duties of her future employment. "I have no doubt," said her mother one evening, while sitting at needlework, "but that you will have many little trials at first, all will be strange ; but, by strict attention, you will soon be happy in your new home. As your time will be spent chiefly with the children, you will have constant opportunities of doing them good ; never let them read foolish tales, but always have some good book at hand to amuse them with, as opportunity may offer. Always bear in mind that those little creatures are born to live *for ever*, and that, under God's blessing, you may be the means of leading them like lambs into Christ's fold, and teaching them about that blessed Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Everything being ready at the appointed time, and the carrier having called for her boxes, Mary left the beloved home of her infancy, followed by the prayers of her aged mother, who stood at her cottage door to see her safely off.

Mary found her mistress a very kind, amiable lady ; the children, also were well-behaved and affectionate, and she anticipated being very happy in her situation. But her trials soon began ; she found it a difficult task to please the nurse, a jealous, disagreeable, wicked woman, about thirty-five, who had not the love of God in her heart, and persecuted poor Mary on account of her religion, and sought many opportunities to get her into trouble. But Mary persevered in her duty, and was kind and obliging to all.

Now it happened one morning, that the mistress left her purse on the dressing-table, and on her return it was not to be found. Diligent search was made, but to no purpose. At last nurse proposed that all the servants' boxes should be searched in the presence of the mistress. This was accordingly done, till they came to Mary's, who stood unmoved, feeling confident it was not there. So they took the things one by one out of her tidy box, when one called out, "Here it is !" and held up the purse.

"How could it get there ?" said Mary, turning pale ; "I did not put it there." "Oh, I dare say not," said the nurse ; "I am glad we have found the thief at last." "Hush, nurse," said the mistress, coming forward ; "I will speak to you, Mary, in my room." For a long time did she talk to her about the great sin of stealing, and in vain was it for Mary to declare her innocence, her mistress would not believe her. However, she promised she would not expose her, but insisted on her leaving the house immediately, without a character. So the poor girl was obliged to return to her mother's house. But in all her troubles she put her trust in God, and had confidence that he would in some way bring her out of her difficulties.

Mary had not long been at home, when she one day received a letter from her old mistress, saying she wished to

see her. Her bonnet and shawl were soon on, and she hastened into the presence of her mistress, who immediately exclaimed, "Mary, you are innocent." Words fail to describe the feelings of thankfulness experienced by Mary at this moment; she knew that God had heard and answered her prayers, which filled her with joy.

It appeared that several things had been missed from different parts of the house, among which was a gold brooch belonging to the mistress, found about the nurse's person. She was immediately taken to prison, where she confessed to have stolen all the missing articles, also to have concealed the purse in Mary's box.

Mary was again received into her old situation, where she she lived long and happily in the perfect confidence of her mistress. She visited the nurse in prison, often read and prayed with her, and entreated her to forsake her wicked ways, and to seek mercy through the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ.

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### STRICT BAPTIST MISSION.

#### COLOMBO.

**O**UR last number announced the safe arrival of the case sent to India, full of nice presents for the school children. Those of you who contributed thereto will now be pleased to learn that the other case has safely arrived at Colombo; so that by this time, the hearts of the dear children there have been made glad by your kindness. Yet after all, "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" for you have given to those who are not so highly favoured as yourselves, and have the happiness of knowing you have made them happy.

The Sunday-school anniversary was held on the 21st of November. Mr. Wyderman preached in the morning at

nine o'clock ; Mr. John De Silva (a teacher) at one o'clock ; and Lieut. Molesworth (all Baptists) in the evening at half-past six. One of the hymns sung on the occasion is given on page 28.

On the following Wednesday, the annual meeting was held, and a happy meeting it was to both teachers and scholars. Tea and cake were provided, and the evening was spent in a pleasant and profitable manner. Not only were addresses delivered to the children, but the children repeated pieces of poetry, &c., which they had learned. One of the scholars who is blind, repeated the well-known, touching verses commencing—

“Oh say what is that thing called light;”

And the children received, not only some of the things sent by Sunday-school children in England, but handsome reward books and picture-cards as well. The teachers collected about £10, which, with the collections amounting to £1 10s., were expended in entertaining the children. The school now consists of ten teachers, and seventy-four children. The day-school, of course, is not so numerously attended ; but it now consists of eighteen pupils ; and since we last referred to Colombo, it has changed its teacher. Mr. Fernando having resigned, has been succeeded by Mr. Jayewardine, who has been highly recommended, and seems to be well fitted for the office ; and we are informed that “the children like him exceedingly,” which, perhaps, is the best testimonial as to his abilities. It is far more than we could say of our school-master when we went to school ; and we are sure that if he had won our affections we should have learnt far better.

We are happy to report, also, that a Portuguese church was formed on December 9th, under the pastorate of Mr. Andriesz, our missionary at Colombo. It was a solemn occasion, and after Mr. A. had given the right hand of



fellowship to the six members who compose this interesting society, the Lord's-supper was celebrated.

Thus you see the Lord is blessing our Mission in answer to our prayers. Let us be more earnest in prayer ; and may the Lord give us faith to prove him now therewith, whether he will not " pour out a blessing so that there shall not be room enough to receive it." J. B.

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### HYMN

SUNG AT THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE STRICT  
BAPTIST MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL, COLOMBO, CEYLON.

**T**HERE was a time when children sang  
The Saviour's praise with sacred glee,  
And all the hills of Judah rang  
With their exulting jubilee.

O to have joined their rapturous songs,  
And swelled their sweet hosannahs high,  
And blessed Him with our feeble tongues,  
As He—the Man of grief—went by !

But Christ is now a glorious King,  
And angels in His presence bow :  
The humble songs that we can sing,  
Oh will He, can He, hear them now ?

He can, He will, He loves to hear  
The notes which babes and sucklings raise ;  
Jesus, we come with trembling fear :  
O teach our hearts and tongues Thy praise.

We join the hosts around Thy throne,  
Who once, like us, the desert trod ;  
And thus we make their song our own—  
Hosannah to the Son of God !



## FAITH BEFORE BAPTISM ;

OR, COMMON SENSE BEFORE SPONSORSHIP AND SPRINKLING.

**A** PARTY, composed of an infant, its parents, and the usual number of sponsors, went once to one of the Plymouth churches to have the child 'baptized.' The godfather, who stood next the infant while in its nurse's arms, was, in the course of the service, addressed by the clergyman, who read over to him the usual articles of the Christian Creed from the Prayer Book, and then said to him, "Dost thou believe all this?" To which the sponsor answered, "I do." The next question was, "Wilt thou be baptized in this faith?" To which the godfather replied, "Sir, I have been baptized already." The clergyman rejoined, "But this question is addressed to the child through you." The sponsor asked, "And was the question relating to the belief in the Christian doc-

trine also addressed to the child?" The clergyman replied, "Yes, through you." "Then said the sponsor, "the mistake was mine, since I answered as for myself, seeing that I do really understand and believe all that you recited; but as for the child, it is impossible for me to make it comprehend your questions, or to answer them, and in this state of its ignorance it is perfectly passive. I think, sir, therefore, with your permission, that we had better take the child home; and when it is sufficiently advanced in years and knowledge to comprehend what you say, and to understand the nature and object of baptism, it can come again and answer for itself, and be thus a voluntary agent in this solemn profession of the Christian faith." The clergyman made no reply; and the party retired, to the great surprise and disappointment of the mother and nurse, who thought these scruples most ill-timed and unreasonable.

The narrator goes on to say, "This incident led me to search the Scriptures thoroughly on the subject, and as I could find *no instance* of any other baptism recorded in them than those of adults, who, following the example of the Saviour, used this rite as their public profession of renouncing an erroneous life and doctrine and embracing the Christian faith: while the little children brought to Christ, on which so much stress is laid, were *not baptized* by him or by any of his disciples; my convictions were confirmed as to the irrationality and inefficiency of infant baptism (so called), and the superiority of the adult initiation into the Christian fold, and I was subsequently baptized."

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#### PEARLS WORTH STRINGING.

THE cloth of humility should always be worn on the back of Christians.

PRAYER without watching is hypocrisy ; watching without prayer is presumption.

CHRISTIANITY commands us to pass by injuries ; policy, to let them pass by us.

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GOING.

I'M going, to the land,  
 Where no wintry winds are blowing,  
 No summer's heat to make me weary ;  
 No chilly rains that make me dreary,  
 But balmy sunshine bright and cheery,  
 Where I am going.

I'm going to the Eden,  
 Where the tree of life is blooming,  
 Where sweeter than earth's fairest flowers,  
 Or can compare with those of ours,  
 Are seen amid those heavenly bowers,  
 Where I am going.

I'm going to my home,  
 Where every face is glowing  
 With joy, unmingled with the tear ;  
 No pain or sorrow, grief or fear ;  
 And I shall meet with loved ones dear  
 Where I am going.

I'm going o'er the brink,  
 Where the cold, dark river's flowing,  
 "O'er the ocean wild and wide,"  
 Lord, be Thou by my side ;  
 Through the journey be my Guide,  
 To the land where I am going.

FANNIE E. G.

### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**M**Y whole is a mountain, or rather a range  
**M** Of mountains of various height :  
 Remove my initial, and then it is strange,  
 What a vast transformation occurs by the change,  
 For then I'm a Midianite.

### SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

**M**Y *first* was in the prison found,  
**M** Where Joseph cruelly was bound ;  
 My *next* by Jewish priests was worn,  
 Their sacred persons to adorn ;  
 My *whole* my *second* should contain,  
 While out of use it may remain.

ELLEN OLIVER. (Versified.)

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

- 1.—(CHARADE).—BIRTH-RIGHT.  
 2.—ELAH.—[Leah—Heal—Hale.]

The prize has been awarded to

MISS NELLIE BUTCHER, Tring, Herts.

Correct answers have also been received from :—

Mrs. Cobb, Highbury, London, 1	Master J. J. Bird, Pulham, 2
Miss L. Barmore, Hornerton, 1, 2	„ A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2
„ Bessie ———, Dalston, 1, 2	„ F. Palmer, Lee Green, 1
„ E. Oliver, Islington, 2	„ J. Southern, Bromley-by-
„ L. Johns, Dalston, 1	Bow, 1
„ A. Palmer, Lee Green, 1	„ E. J. Welch, Merton, 1
„ A. Shuff, Hammersmith, 2	

*Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the Printers.*

ONE HALF-PENNY.



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### THOUGHTS ON A LITTLE HAND.

**I**T was resting on the side of a little crib when first I saw it. It was very soft, and fair, and tiny, and looked very, very pretty.

Its owner was scarcely five months old, and was then in unconscious sleep. So I stepped noiselessly to the side of the little sleeper, took the tiny velvet hand in mine, and mused over it.

As yet, it had been used only to caress its loving mother. No soil was on it ; no harm had it ever done. What would it become ?

\* \* \* \* \*

I heard angry voices, and saw two boys who were fighting. It was a bright, sunny afternoon in Spring, and an hour before, as I passed, I saw in the hedges, though almost

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hidden from view, a bird's nest. It had five bluish eggs in it, and looked very snug and pretty. And now, I had just returned in time to see one of the two little boys, who were talking loudly and angrily, snatch something from the other. Another minute, and the eggs fell crushed to the ground, and one little angry hand struck the head of the other boy. I shuddered as I looked at that hand, for I knew it again! . . . I saw a crowd, and a policeman was walking in the midst, and close by his side was a man who had just been detected in the act of stealing. His hand had been seen thrust into a lady's pocket, in order to get her purse, and with grief I found out that it was the same hand which I had so anxiously watched for years. . . . And once again I saw it, when the stain of murder was on it. It was old, and wrinkled, and stained now—dark with the sin it had wrought, and with great difficulty, and much sadness of heart, I at length recognized it as the same hand, which fifty years since had looked so beautiful in its baby innocence. . . .

A slight movement roused me, and I awoke, and thankfully found it had been but a dream, and that the little hand was still there, pure as ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

I dreamed again. I found myself in a little study. Nothing was to be heard save the faint ticking of an ancient clock, and the swift movement of a pen. I looked up. The hand that held it was fair and delicate, but the words it traced were strong, manly, and soul-stirring. Its owner's face was pale, and soft brown hair shaded a thoughtful brow. That hand was doing its work. Those words, soon to be published to the world, would send a thrill of happiness to many a sad soul. And I rejoiced that the little hand I had loved so well had found its work to do.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again I saw it. Besides being hard at work from morning

to night, it found many opportunities in the spare minutes for little acts of kindness and usefulness. It was always busy, but always *very quiet*. Now kindly patting a little child's head—now carrying some wild flowers into a sick room—now gently smoothing a pillow on which languidly lay a weary head—now leading an old blind man across the road. Always busily engaged in some kindly office for another. . . . And once again I saw it when its work was *done*. It had grown large and rough, but it was none the less beautiful for that. It had been engaged all its life long in performing *beautiful* deeds of charity, and now, with its fellow, it lay peacefully folded over the brave heart. The kind, active, tired hands were now at *rest* for ever!

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

I dreamed yet again. The little hand was still fair and tiny, but it lay painfully still.

Between the waxen-like fingers, were placed a few little snow-drops, but a shadow fell on those fragile bells, from that darkened room, instead of the clear Spring light they had lived in. And while I stood and looked long and earnestly, a pale young mother came, and wept over the little dead hand, and the snow-drops glistened with her tears. . . . And then the scene changed. I was amongst a countless throng, with bright, joyous faces. *There was no weeping there*. Everyone seemed happy, and the little fingers which but just before had lain so still in death, now swept the strings of a tiny harp.

I heard one burst of rapturous music, and then I awoke. The little sleeper had awoke too. The clear blue eyes were wide open, and fixed on mine, while a musical little laugh sounded pleasantly on my ear.

What lies in the future for the little one, I may not know. Should the kind Shepherd early gather His lamb into the fold, we know it will be safe; but, if a long life be before it,



God grant that the little dimpled hands may be used only in performing good and noble deeds, and then, after a lifetime of useful *working*, they shall lie calmly crossed over the unheaving bosom, and *rest*.

*Little hands, now holding this little book, what will ye become?*

L. A. G.

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EDMUND CROFT'S TREASURE,  
AND HOW THE DOG TOOK CARE OF IT.

(Continued from p. 22.)

SOON the men came to search the house. They set to work, and examined every part, but unsuccessfully. Corners into which a mouse could scarcely have squeezed itself, were eagerly looked into. Beds, pillows, and cushions got many a rough shake, but it was all of no use, and the men were getting quite impatient. They had ransacked every part of the house, the shop, and the warehouse : as a last effort, they went into the court-yard to examine the out-buildings. Neptune seemed to consider this a most impertinent invasion of his territory, and saluted the intruders with his most angry growls and barks.

"Do you see that dog, how he is placed close against the stable?" said one of the men, "I'll warrant now, that's the place where these heretics have hid their book."

"Ay then we'll cheat them, that we will," said the leader—"Ho there ! down, sir ! lie down, brute ?"

Neptune had no notion of lying down, nor of letting them pass him ; but when his master made his appearance, and ordered him to be quiet, he at once obeyed, but sat at the mouth of his kennel, and, with a low deep growl, seemed to say, that he knew better than his master for once, and that he would like to keep the intruders at a distance.

Of course the search was unsuccessful ; the men were obliged to go away disappointed, and Neptune barked in

triumph. It was quite plain he knew he had done his business well, for when his mistress (who had watched all from an upper window) came to take the book from him, and patted his rough, shaggy head, he wagged his tail and looked the happiest of dogs. "Ah, Neptune," said she, as she went back to the house, thou little knowest what thou hast saved."

That night, as the family sat reading their beloved Testament, Mistress Croft thought she would be ready to die, as so many were then called to do, rather than give up that blessed book and its truths. Her husband said little; but after reading a few chapters, he paused, looked thoughtfully at his wife, and said as he shut the book, "Mistress, I'll go no more to mass—every time I have gone since I read the New Testament, I have felt what a foolish and sinful thing it is. I wish I knew more of those people called Lutherans; it seems to me that their teachings are very like what we have been reading, and if it be so, why it is better to be right with the few than wrong with the many."

"Ay, even if we suffer persecution for it," said his wife.

"Father, what is that Jesus said about those that love him being treated like him?" asked Edmund. "Oh, you mean, 'if they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.'"

"Yes, that's the verse. I see now why Smith, the man that was burnt yesterday, bore all his sufferings so calmly. The boys at school were talking to-day about him; he was killed because he would not go to mass, nor kneel to the wafer. Some of the boys saw him when he was led to the place where he was burnt; they went along with the crowd that followed him, and they said that nearly every one was pitying him, and yet he looked quite happy and cheerful, and even sang a hymn.

It was not very long after this, that Gilbert Croft was ordered to leave the country with his family, and give up all he possessed to the king. This he did without a mur-

mur. Many were the hardships and privations of this little family in Holland, where they took refuge ; but they counted it all joy for the sake of Christ Jesus their Lord.

After the death of Henry VIII., when his son Edward came to the throne, Gilbert and his family returned to England (with many others who were banished for their faith,) where they could worship God as they pleased, and read their Bibles openly.

Dear young reader, *do you love the Bible?* It has cost many their lives to read it ! They loved it above riches, and even life itself. Remember, if you *love* not the Bible, it is because you love not the God of the Bible ; and how solemn the thought to be at enmity with God !

But to those of you who do love the Bible, and can say with good king David, "It is sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb," I would say, read it with diligence and with prayer. We live in solemn times, and God only knows whether we may not live to see the day when the Bible shall be taken from us. Oh, then store it in your memories, and above all seek to have it in your hearts. One of old said, 'Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.' C.

### MY PRECIOUS BIBLE.

*By a Clergyman's Wife.*

<b>T</b> HERE is no other Book that can	Matt. xxii. 29
Make known the shameful fall of man,	Rev. iii. 17
When sin and misery first began,	Gen. iii. 1—24
But this, my precious Bible.	Rom. v. 12
There is no other Book can show	Isa. i. 16—18
Where streams of pardoning mercy flow,	Zech. xiii. 1
The antidote for human woe,	1 John i. 7
But this, my precious Bible.	Rev. xxi. 6

There is no other Book to prove  
 The pure and never-failing love  
 Of Him who sits enthroned above,  
 But this, my precious Bible.

No other Book can tell me where  
 I may repose all anxious care,  
 And heavenly consolation share,  
 But this, my precious Bible.

I ne'er should have been led to see  
 The vast amazing legacy,  
 Which Jesus hath bequeathed to me,  
 But for my precious Bible.

Nor could I e'er have known the way  
 To realms of everlasting day,  
 Where sorrows will be chased away,  
 But for my precious Bible.

The constant inward happiness,  
 The foretaste of unsullied bliss,  
 In a far better world than this,  
 I owe my precious Bible.

No earthly changes can destroy  
 The sweet supply of holy joy,  
 So free from error's base alloy,  
 Produced by thee, my Bible.

Thus, while I live beneath these skies,  
 My grateful song shall daily rise  
 To heaven for such glorious prize  
 As this, my precious Bible.

And when I on Death's border stand,  
 Awaiting the Divine command,  
 My passport to yon happy land  
 Shall be my precious Bible.

Jno. iii. 16, 17, 23

Jer. xxxi. 3

1 Jno. iv. 10, 16

1 Cor. ii. 9

Psa. lv. 22

Isa. xxxii. 2

2 Cor. i. 3—7

1 Peter v. 7

Isa. xxxii. 17

John xiv. 27

Rom. v. 1

John xv. 26

John v. 39

John x. 28

2 Cor. iv. 17

Rev. xxi. 4

Psa. cxix. 103

2 Tim. iv. 8

Col. iii. 3

1 John iii. 2

Psa. cxix. 50, 92

Rom. xv. 4

John xvii. 17

Psa. cxix. 140

Psa. xxxv. 28

Psa. lvi. 4

Psa. cxix. 54

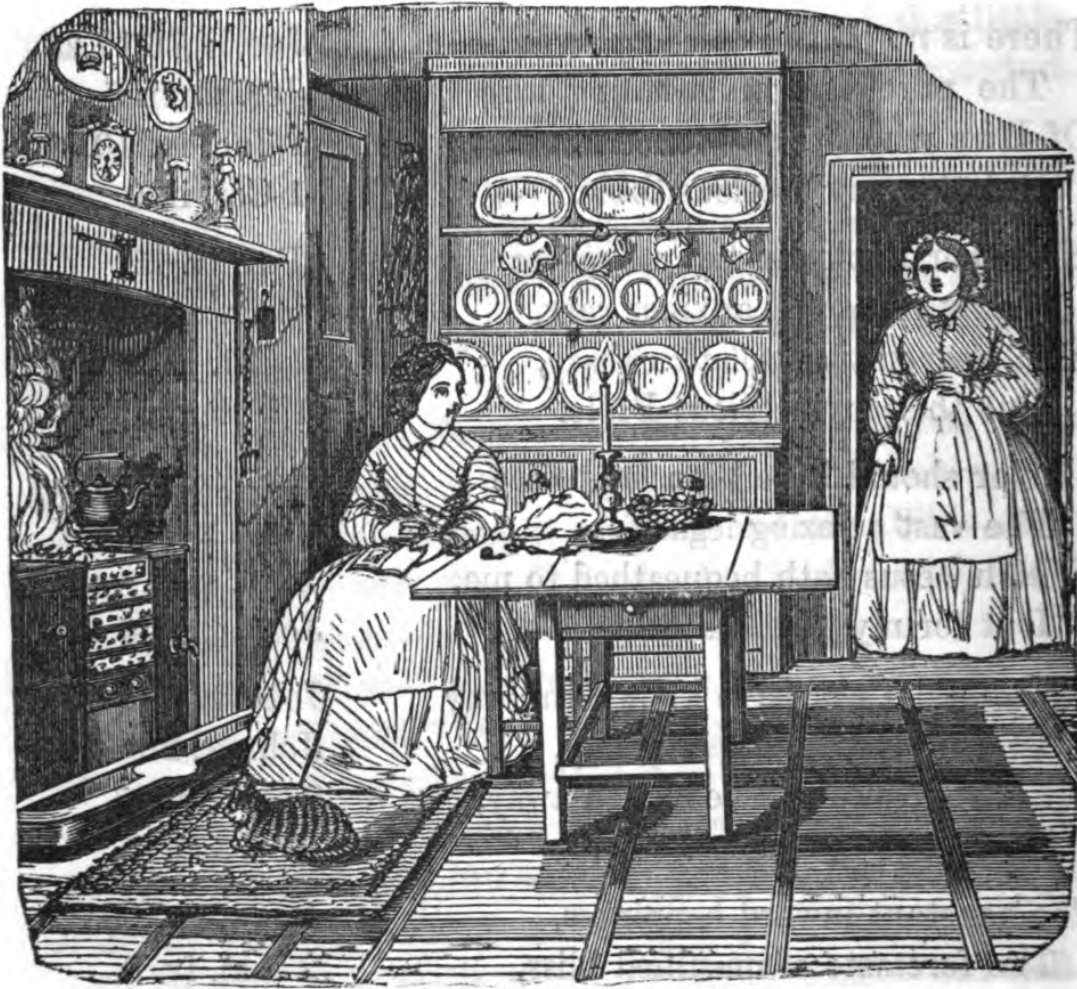
Isa. xxxviii. 19

Psa. xxiii. 4

Job xiv. 14

1 John ii. 25

1 Cor. xv. 55, 57



## SARAH NORTON;

OR, PERSEVERANCE IN WELL DOING.

**S**ARAH NORTON was but twelve years old when she went to her first place as kitchen-maid.

She had not been privileged with pious parents, nor with those who appeared to be concerned as to her welfare ; but still she understood common things, could read simple words, and had been taught to use her needle sufficiently well to keep her clothes repaired ; for she had been taught in the village school, the payment for which had been made up from her own earnings, by fetching water, &c., for a neighbour out of school-hours. But to enable her to accomplish this, perseverance was needful.

Let us see how she gets on,—now that she is so differently situated ; her former home had been so very mean, that the kitchen appeared to her a drawing-room. Of course hers being the lowest place in the house, it was very seldom that she was addressed by the “grand lady,” as she called her, meaning her mistress ; above her were the housemaids, cook, nurse, and housekeeper, all of whom to please she found very difficult ; for what the housemaid had told her to do, perhaps would clash with an errand to be fetched for cook, &c. ; but still her perseverance often prevented her from getting into trouble. She never felt happy if a day passed without having made some progress with her book, and very often a little needle-work done besides. After tea, Sarah might have been seen in her clean cotton gown and apron, and with her hair so tidily fastened up in her black cap, seated in the kitchen, with her book open, and looking over her already learned lessons, while waiting for the cook, who, in consequence of her good behaviour, had undertaken to give her lessons every evening.

Although Sarah tried to be so dutiful to those around her, still she lacked one great thing ; that was love to God. She would read her Bible and repeat a prayer every evening ; but this was done merely as a form : for those around her had told her that *that*, with good moral conduct, was quite sufficient. But on this point Sarah was not to be kept in the dark very long, for a Christian gentleman was visiting at the house, and while there, asked to see Sarah ; and after talking to her for a short time, asked, “Do you ever pray ?” The girl looked confused, but after a minutes’ pause, said, “I say my prayers, sir.” The gentleman kindly showed to her that saying prayers was not praying, and explained the real nature of prayer.

A difference was noticed in Sarah’s countenance that day : she appeared to be in deep thought ; but it was not spoken

of. When she retired to her room, all that the gentleman had said began to trouble her, and after much thought she came to this conclusion, that if she ought to pray, there must be something to pray for ; then she thought, How am I to *know* what to pray for ? and the words seemed to come very forcibly, "Search the scriptures." All desire for sleep had now vanished from her eyes, so she felt determined to begin to search without delay, and on opening her Bible the first words that struck her were, "Lord, teach us to pray ;" and after reading the chapter through, she felt convinced, that if Christ so willingly taught his disciples to pray, he would teach her also. So Sarah's first prayer was, "Lord, teach *me* to pray."

The answer came directly ; for on she prayed that the Lord would shed his love abroad in our heart ; and before she rose from her knees, she felt that he had answered her simple prayer. Her heart was changed and his Holy Spirit at length clearly testified to her that her sins were pardoned, for that her Saviour had paid the ransom.

From this time she was enabled to take all her trials (which now began to increase) to her heavenly Father, who helped her to bear them patiently. Now the great change in Sarah was clearly seen by all, and the other servants did not feel comfortable when kindly reprov'd by her for many little things, as they called them, which appeared to her sinful ; so they determined to inform the housekeeper of her ridiculous notions, as they termed them, and succeeded in persuading her to speak to her. So Sarah was called into the housekeeper's room one morning, and told that if she did not give over reprov'ing the servants—in fact, give up her religion, she must give up her place. Sarah was not long in making up her mind which she would do ; so it was settled that she was to take a month's warning.

(*To be continued.*)



### QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE MISSIONARY.

**T**HE following is part of a letter published in the *Christian Treasury* some time since.

“ Mr. Crowther (a Negro, once a slave, and now a minister of the Gospel) was at a Missionary meeting at Windsor. After the meeting, Lord W. Russell (brother to Lord John Russell, a clergyman, and a member of the Evangelical Alliance) told him that Her Majesty wished to see him at Windsor Castle. When at the palace, he met one of the



ladies-in-waiting who was a collector for the Church Missionary Society, and who addressed himself to him as such, and as one deeply interested in the progress of the Society, and anxious to shake hands with him as her brother in the Lord. He then passed into a room in which was Prince Albert, who immediately addressed him most kindly; and they were in deep conversation on Missionary subjects, when a *lady* walked in, and joined in conversation. Mr. Crowther, taking it for granted it was the lady he had met in the ante-chamber before, took no particular notice of her, further than continuing in most earnest discourse, pointing out places on the map, describing the various stations, &c. At length Lord W. Russell said something apart to make Mr. Crowther aware that he was speaking to the QUEEN of England.

He was a good deal abashed, both at the presence of royalty and the honour conferred upon him. In the gentlest, sweetest manner, (like a most loving mother to her people,) Her Majesty set him quite at ease, and continued her close inquiries on subjects connected with the Church Missionary Society, and Sierra Leone. They had not quite light enough at the table where the maps were spread out, and the Queen brought one from another table, which Mr. Crowther, in turning over the leaves of the atlas, *put out*, to his great distress; but the Queen (evidently not wishing the delay and interruption of calling a servant) immediately lighted it herself, and continued the conversation, asking many questions about the African Missions." My brother asked Mr. Crowther *what sort* of questions the Queen asked. He replied, 'A devoted lady-collector could not have asked closer questions on the spiritual wants of the people, and the working of Missions.'

Surely all British Christians, whether old or young, have cause to rejoice with thanksgiving for having a Queen who sets such a noble example, and to pray that in *her* faith may be revealed to faith, and grace added to grace.

## STRICT BAPTIST MISSION.

**T**HE following letter written by our now well-known Missionary, Mr. Coopoosawmy Row, to our Sunday-schools in England, will, we are sure be read by them with lively interest.

*To the Keppel-street Sunday-school and to the other Schools contributing to the support of the Strict Baptist Mission.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—In my last letter I informed you about my school, which receives your cheerful and liberal support.

I am indeed sorry to inform you, that nearly all those dear boys alluded to in that letter, have left the school and are gone with their parents to Cuttack, a long way from my station; I loved them very dearly; but however, you will be glad to hear that what they have learned from me, they have carried in their hearts with them, as you will see from what I am going to tell you. One of them, by name *Papaya*, has written me a very nice letter, in which he says that he loves Jesus, and hopes some day to profess him as his Saviour. You will kindly bear in mind, dear friends, that it is a hard thing in India for children to profess to love Jesus, and harder still to profess his holy name in baptism. If a boy only says that he desires to become a Christian, his father, mother, and all his relations and friends will soon turn his bitterest enemies, and consider him worse than a malefactor, and beat and ill-treat him; and if that will not do, they will turn him out of doors, and treat him as an outcast, forsaken by parents and kindred for ever. Oh may the time come when the heathen parents in this country themselves will teach their children of “the love of Jesus,” as your good parents do to you.

Therefore, pray very much for *Papaya*, that he may be blessed with strong faith in Christ, and great boldness and courage to count this world as dung and dross for the excellency of the cross of Christ.

Another boy *Appulnarasaya*, was one that I loved much also. I learn from an esteemed servant of Christ, Mr. Anthravady, pastor of the Strict Baptist Church, in the 41st regiment, Native Infantry, now at Cuttack, that *Appulnarasaya's* father desires to be baptized, and I hope that his son (*Appulnarasaya*) also will soon follow his father's example.

Since January last, I have had all new scholars ; they were at first very troublesome, and much opposed to biblical and religious teaching. They are not so now, but behave very differently. Their conduct is good ; and they like me and my teaching.

The first-class boys learn both the Old and New Testament, history of India, history of England, grammar, geography, and decimal fractions in arithmetic. The second and third classes learn first book and alphabets.

The boys in the Indian Mission-schools are after secular knowledge, and aspire to high worldly employments, &c., but are far from wishing to learn Christianity. We have to teach them secular subjects, in order that they might learn the Scripture, by which alone they can become "wise unto salvation."

The Lord alone must cause his own word to prosper ; and I know that he will in his own good time, vouchsafe a blessing on his own good work, which you so cheerfully support, and we so heartily delight to labour in. I have now on the register 28 boys, all of whom do not attend regularly. The parents encourage their children in this indifference, because they themselves are more prejudiced to Christian instruction than the children.

Some of the boys told me one day, "Sir, if you don't teach the Bible, many boys will come to our school ; they like to be taught in other studies only, but not the Bible." I stated that I could not comply with their wishes, as I considered education without true religion would only make "clever devils."

I have now a girls' school consisting of about 7 girls. You will be surprised at the small number ; but, my dear young friends, Hindus deny any learning to their girls ; it is thought a shame for the girls to learn ; so you see that the 7 girls are so good as if we had ten times that number, viz. 70. My dear wife teaches them to learn, and sewing.

Now, my dear young friends, accept our hearty thanks for your interest in our school, &c., in Paramboor. Remember me, my scholars, my field, and my labours in your prayers, and may the gracious Lord be pleased abundantly to bless you all with "that blessing which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow." I remain yours sincerely,

COOPOOSAWMY ROW,  
*Missionary, S. B. Mission.*

*Paramboor, Madras, India,*  
Nov. 19, 1869.

### CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

**C**HRYSTOSTOM, before the Roman Emperor furnishes us with a most impressive and beautiful example of true Christian courage.

The Emperor threatened him with banishment if he would still remain a Christian.

Chrysostom replied, "Thou canst not, for the world is my Father's mansion,—thou canst not banish me."

"But I will slay thee," said the Emperor.

"Nay, but thou canst not," said the noble champion of faith again ; "for my life is hid with Christ in God."

"I will take away thy treasures."

"Nay, that thou canst not," was the retort ; "for in the first place, I have none that thou knowest of ; my treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there."

"But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no friend left."

“Nay, and that thou canst not,” once more said the faithful witness; “for I have a Friend in heaven, from whom thou canst not separate me. I defy thee. There is nothing thou canst do that can hurt me.”

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### SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

**M**Y whole is a proverb concerning idleness, and consists of thirty-three letters.

My 8th, 23rd, 21st, 2nd, 24th, 15th, 1st, a precious stone; my 23rd, 13th, 28th, 19th, 12th, 8th, 26th, one of the twelve apostles; my 25th, 3rd, 13th, 29th, one of the sons of Lamech; my 1st, 18th, 30th, 16th, 22nd, 10th, a celebrated woman; my 31st, 9th, 20th, 8th, 30th, one of the twelve tribes; my 16th, 21st, 1st, 24th, 30th, a tree; my 33rd, 6th, 25th, 31st, 27th, a mountain; my 19th, 6th, 32nd, 2nd, 27th, 11th, a river.

FANNIE E. G.

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**T**HE Lord who guards his own elect,  
Has often been my *whole*:  
He leads, and follows to protect  
The weak and trembling soul.

Remove two letters, then 'twill name,  
Dear reader, you will see,  
What God to Abraham became:  
Oh is he so to thee?

JOSIAH.

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### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

- 1.—HOREB—OREB.
2. (CHARADE.)—WARD-ROBE.

Correct answers have been received from—

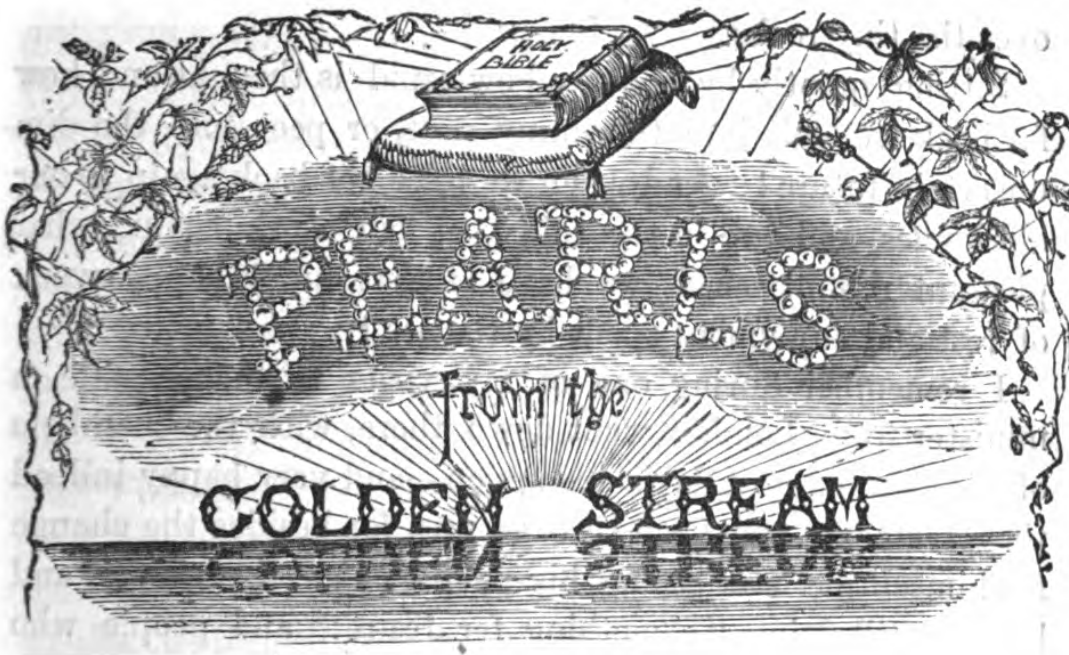
Miss L. Barmore, Homerton, 1, 2		Master A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2
„ A. Shuff, Hammersmith, 1, 2		„ E. J. Welch, Merton, 1

*Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the Printers.*

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ONE HALF-PENNY.



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### LIFE'S VOYAGE.

**T**HE sea! Is it not wonderful? I daresay most of you have seen it, and I shouldn't much wonder if you've been in it too. I have been by it at all times: in the winter, when hardly any-one was near, and its great roaring waves came dashing angrily at my feet. Yet I have not *felt alone* there. Few can, I think, who are in hearing of the sea's restless murmuring, for surely—

“The voice of the great Creator  
Dwells in that mighty tone!”

I have seen it when the sky has been clear, and its blue reflected on its calm bosom; when it has seemed the very embodiment of peace and tranquility, and the sun has shone on it, till it looked like a “sea of glass.” I have seen it, too, when the silvery moon-light has flitted over it, and very

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musical has been the low murmur of the waves, as they rippled over the tiny rocks.

Sitting quietly by the sea, how rapid is thought and how far back we look into the sunny past, or peer into the dim uncertain future! And when we have got back again to our old homes, and are in the midst of our work again, what pleasant reminiscences we have of that quiet, happy week of rest and enjoyment spent by the sea!

I remember during one of my visits to the sea-side, a minister from London went down there, with the members of his church, on a day's excursion—and very happy indeed they seemed; and I am sure *he* was, for besides the change for himself, he was seeing his people enjoy themselves, and he was still doing "something for Jesus:" and people who have the consciousness of doing *this*, are always happy! In the afternoon he preached a rather short sermon in one of the large halls there; the text was—"The sea is His, and He made it." I wish you all could have heard it. You would not easily have forgotten it, I'm sure.

Often I have sat by the sea in the summer, when the weather has been very hot and sultry, and the cool sea-breezes have been very refreshing, making an agreeable contrast to the oppressive heat and impure atmosphere of crowded London. Others have found it so too.—I have seen ladies sitting chatting together, or intent upon some light fancy work, or perhaps sketching; and gentlemen in the full enjoyment of the morning paper, now and then raising their heads to look out upon the wondrous sea before them; and little children, some with their shoes and socks off, wading into the water,—others digging up the sand and putting it into little pails;—some with little ships, and others fishing, or hunting for shells and curiosities. How they do seem to enjoy it! It does one good to see them. I pity the poor little ragged children of London who never catch sight of the sea!

It is almost impossible to read a book on the beach at such times. There is so much to be seen, and so much to think about. I have often sat dreamily watching the ships and little rowing boats, sometimes gliding along so peacefully in the sunshine, as though no danger could ever befall them,—and then again, when clouds have gathered, and great surging waves have threatened to swallow them up ; when with hard toiling, and fierce battling with the waves they have at length reached the harbour in safety. And I have thought, how like life ! We are all on a voyage. Our life is like a ship tossed upon the great ocean, the world. Our thoughts are the crew, which should be in subjection and governed by God the Captain. Our heart is the helmsman, and if that be right, we shall be sure to steer in the right direction : besides which, we have the Bible for our compass. We pass many rocks and quicksands,—these are the temptations which we shall have to battle with all through our voyage. But here and there a friendly light-house cheers us—these are our *friends*, our *true friends*, who will warn us of danger, and guide us into safety. Hope is the anchor, and heaven the bright safe port, the peaceful haven we hope to reach. Once there, no more troublous waves to affright us. No fear of treacherous quicksands, or adverse winds !

To some, the voyage is very short ; there are thousands of little children whom the great Captain sees are very frail, unable to bear the storms of life, and these He lovingly brings quickly to the harbour ; while others are long tossing upon the sea of life.

Dear little children, and big children too, if there be any reading this,—not only *we* ourselves have this voyage before us, but our friends have it too. We have in our possession something which, if well-used, may be the means of saving the lives of many. It is a life boat ; and by this I mean our opportunities for doing good. Neglect them not, I implore



you. See you not that little child? It is being led away by the tide of sin: it knows not of its danger. Oh, hasten to its rescue—launch the life-boat—delay not a moment—seek to show it its peril, and speak to tell it of Jesus, the Ark of safety, where all weary sinners find shelter and rest.

And that poor drowning man: hear you not his shrieks of despair? He feels what a sinner he is, and sees nought but death. Tell him of Jesus, who stilled the tempest, and then there was a great calm. Point him to the great Rock, the Rock of Ages, where all such may come and find shelter and rest. He has well nigh made shipwreck of his soul; but oh, rush to him—tell him it is not too late! There is a strong rope thrown out to him; a hand is stretched out towards him; the loving hand of Jesus has grasped him through he fears it is not so; and Christ will support and guide him,—bear him above the stormy billows, and at last bring him safe to land.

To some of us, our voyage may be almost ended. May we safely anchor in the “desired haven!”

L. A. G.

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SARAH NORTON;

OR, PERSEVERANCE IN WELL-DOING.

(Continued from p. 42.)

SHE now felt that no time was to be lost, and immediately began to enquire respecting a new place; several offered, but her religious character did not suit, and poor Sarah was almost tempted to despair; but she remembered that her heavenly Father was all-sufficient, therefore she committed himself to His care; and He very soon opened a way for her escape, to a godly family, which she entered on the very day she left. It was not such a large establishment, but Mrs. W——, the lady, engaged her as housemaid,

and the other servants were all seriously disposed, indeed no no others would gain admittance there, so that our Christian readers may imagine the comfort this was to Sarah, who felt assured that it was God who had directed her.

Six months had now passed since Mr. S — (the gentleman who visited her at her first place,) had seen Sarah ; and when again visiting her former mistress, he asked for her, the lady in reply said, "Oh ! she has grown so fantastical in her opinions that the servants could not put up with it any longer ; so she left a short time since ; but if you want to find her out, the housekeeper will give you her address."

The gentleman thanked the lady, and went after the girl. When he arrived at the house and had knocked at the door, it was opened by Sarah, who was not known to the gentleman on account of her improvement ; he therefore asked for Sarah Norton. She immediately dropped a curtsy, and said, "That's me, Sir." The gentleman expressed his pleasure at finding her so comfortable, and asked her if she had kept her word ; to which she answered, "Oh, yes, Sir, and it has indeed brought me comfort." The gentleman was gratified to witness such a change, and his interest in Sarah increased.

Although Sarah's parents have not been spoken of, yet by her they were not forgotten. She was often troubled at the thoughts of their destitution, and whenever she could, a trifle was laid aside on purpose for them, and she was in hope that some day she would be enabled to take it to them : but as she was far from home, and travelling expenses were then very great, she had thought that that pleasure was far distant.

She told the gentleman the anxiety she felt respecting them, and, after due consideration, arrangements were made between mistress, gentleman, and Sarah, for the latter to visit them, and to remain with them a whole month,

during which time she was to help her mother in every way that she could. All expenses were to be paid by the gentleman, and a considerable sum was given besides, which was to be laid out in a manner most advantageous to her parents.

Sarah now felt overjoyed at the expectation of such pleasure, and thanked the gentleman over and over again, not forgetting her Heavenly Father, who had so graciously influenced his mind.

On her arriving at her home she found her father laid on a sick bed, and her mother, although up, was in a very impaired state of health. But she received a hearty welcome. By careful attention her parents recovered their health; and when the time came for her to return to her place, it was with a light heart and a full determination in God's strength, to persevere in well-doing.

P. A. M.

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### SPRING.

**L**ITTLE children, come with me;  
 Let us ramble forth and see  
 Meadows green and gardens where  
 We may breathe the balmy air.

Where the birds so sweetly sing,  
 Primroses and violets spring,  
 Snowdrops of the purest hue,  
 And the yellow crocus too.

Hold your breath awhile, and hark  
 To the notes of yonder lark,  
 Soaring in the heavens to sing,  
 Welcome to returning spring.

Let us hence a lesson take;  
 Bid sweet gratitude awake  
 To our God, whose daily care  
 Gives the blessings that we share.

E. COBB.



### THE EMPEROR NERO AND JOHN TRUDGE.

**T**HERE are in the world two classes of persons who always sing in different notes. The one—the sanguine—are continually declaring that men are improving in skill and knowledge so rapidly, that, if their plans were justified by facts, man ought long ago to have flown above the earth, and by this time to have been winging his way at will among the stars. The other—the desponding—are no less invariably croaking, and that so dolefully, that, were their views correct, man some years since must have ceased to be an erect being, and have become little better than an earth-worm,

Meditating upon this, my mind was brought to consider what real improvements had taken place in social life since the Christian era. And, as one thing suggested another, it appeared at length indisputable, that an honest English peasant, with tolerable health and employment, in the midst of all his trials, was possessed of many comforts of which even the Emperors of Rome knew nothing.

I then, calling fancy to my aid, conceived the idea of introducing my respected neighbour, John Trudge, to the Emperor Nero, in order that they might fairly compare notes as to their respective circumstances. To effect this introduction with due decorum, I suddenly placed John before a statue of the said Emperor. Thereupon I marked with much pleasure the gradual dilation of John's eyes and lips as he took in the external eccentricities of his marble majesty; and, as a smile began to dawn over his features, I thought that I could interpret their language in this way: "A good job it is for you, Sir, that you are cut out of stone; had you been of flesh and blood, you must, indeed, have had a dog's life of it, in so outlandish a dress as that. You look grand enough, no doubt; but *I* would rather not stand out in the rain and wind all day with no beaver on my head, nothing but two soles laced to my feet, and my knees scarcely reached by that strange petticoat of broad straps, which, what they were originally made for, I can't tell.

The introduction thus effected, I was encouraged to urge on the acquaintance a little further; and having, when at school, read of an artist who ingeniously infused into his statue the principle of life, I thought that I might be allowed (at least in imagination) to quicken the cold marble, and not only to make it move from its pedestal, but even to follow John Trudge to his cottage. Nero was, indeed, a cruel tyrant; but I took the liberty of supposing that gratitude for having been recovered from his mineral state had somewhat sweetened his temper for a time.

It was evening when the pair arrived at John's cottage. John had led the way by a quiet path, so that nothing remarkable occurred, except that a simper passed over his face, when the Emperor's stately march was discomposed by the *stiles*, when a dog snapped at his jingling femoralia, and when a turkey cock *gobbled* at his purple robe. Entering the cottage, the Emperor stood upright and began to speak superbly: "O John Trudge," I thought he said, "within these narrow walls are all your days consumed; What would you have said had you seen the palace I built after I had nearly burnt down Rome? Unhappy man! *My* galleries were a mile in length, my ceilings revolved by night and day, and poured down roses and perfumes during my splendid entertainments. The gods never feasted as I did. Gold and marble shone on every side: and though, since my death, the sculptors have reduced me to my natural dimensions, I then expressed the magnitude of my glory by a colossus 120 feet in height. But you have some things I never saw. Pray what is that curious machine that keeps on chirping like a cricket?" "That, your majesty," said John, "is a *clock*: night and day it tell me all about the time. Had your majesty such an one in your fine palace?" "No," said Nero, with that hoarse voice for which he was so famous, "but we had sun-dials and water-glasses. "Aye, aye," said John, "but on a rainy day, or during a frost them fineries would'nt do me much good. Besides, I have a *little clock*, which, as my minister would explain to you, goes truer than the sun—(Nero opened his eyes)—and which I carry about with me in a little pocket." "What is *that*?" said Nero, changing the subject. "That," said John, "is what we call a *chimney*; it saves us from being smothered by the smoke from my coal fire (had you any Newcastle coal, I wonder?) which is always burning." "Indeed," said Nero, "the contrivance was unknown in ancient Rome, we

usually warmed our rooms with braisers, and our halls sometimes became so soiled that they were called by a name signifying the *black place* (atrium). And are those your windows?" "They are, Sir," answered Trudge, beginning to look big, "and observe, they are fitted up with glass, and shut and open according to the weather, and yet never exclude the light. Does your highness understand me?" "I do," said Nero. "When I lived our artisans had made something like them of a clear stone, the *lapis specularis*; but they were awkward, costly and uncommon. Glass was known in my days, but few had thought of turning it to such a purpose." Here John, whose eyes had been fixed on the window, cried abruptly, "Excuse me for a moment, the sparrows are at my cherries again." Thus saying, he snatched a gun from the wall, rushed to the door, and discharged it at the marauders, two of which fell dead before him. The Emperor for a moment resumed his statuary aspect; he was astounded at the report, the flash, and the effect. He at last resumed his animation, and exclaimed, "Eugè! at Rome we worshipped *Thundering Jove*, whom we represented with lightnings in his hand and an eagle at his feet; but little, O great John Trudge, could even he have done against such an instrument as that!"

(To be continued.)

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### THE TWO GOATS.

**T**HERE'S many a useful lesson taught,

In many a bit of fun;

And if you'll listen, girls and boys,

I'll try and tell you one.

Then let me now at once begin:

Come, gather round my knees;

And a couple of the younger ones

May mount them if they please.

And as my own dear little ones  
 Have often heard me tell ;  
 You'll fancy while I tell it you,  
 I'm *acting* it as well.—

Two goats intent to cross a stream,  
 Upon a plank had met ;  
 And, head to head, they paused and stood—  
 No farther could they get.

“*I* was on *first*,” one goat exclaimed,  
 To his opposing brother.  
 “I beg your pardon, you was not :  
 Go back,” replied the other.

As neither of them would give way,  
 A fight at length ensued ;  
 And then they stood awhile and paused,  
 And then again renewed.

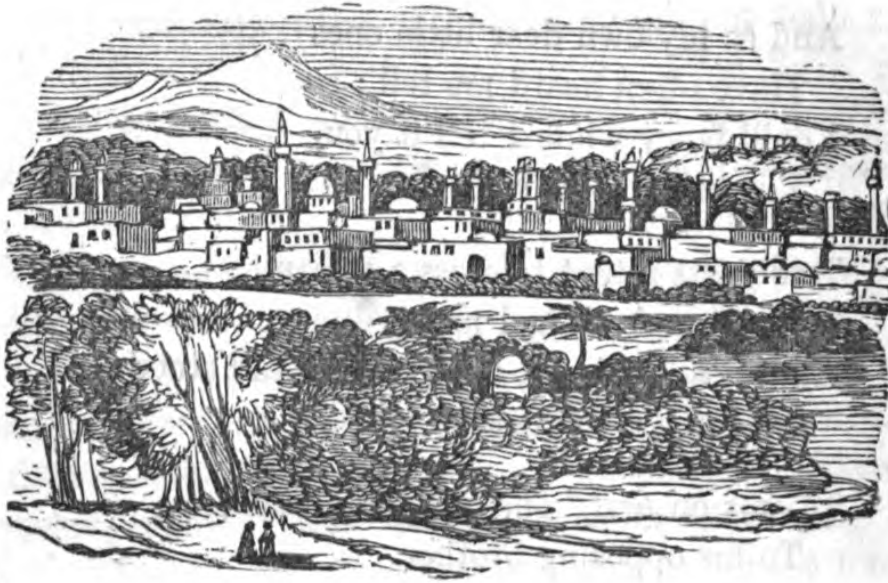
And head to head abruptly met,  
 Like this (I'll show you how) ;  
 That both of them remembered it  
 Long afterwards, I'll vow.

Both had well nigh been overset,  
 But one at last gave way,  
 And meekly crouching on the plank,  
 There quietly he lay.

The other then *walked over him*,  
 A vanquished foe confest ;  
*Which goat do you consider, now,*  
*The wisest and the best ?*

JOSIAH.





### PERGAMOS.

“EVEN where Satan’s seat is,” was the description given of this city eighteen centuries ago, by Him whose eye is as a flame of fire. It is true the city was fairly placed in Mysia; in proximity to Greek refinement, and the civilization of Roman sway. It had its library of 200,000 volumes, and wanted not its elegancies either of literature or of domestic life. Yet there Satan had his seat. Nor do learned libraries, stately public edifices, elegant works of art, or graceful manners, disturb in any way the seat of Satan. It rests upon the heart of men; and if they are only corrupt, his reign will proceed in peace despite of books and pictures.

Pergamos exists still under Turkish sway: it is known as Bergamo, and has a population of about 14,000 souls. We see towering there the minarets of Turkish mosques. They remind us of Him who warned the unfaithful Christians, that if they did not repent, he would come and fight against them with the sword of his mouth. From the epistle to the church at Pergamos, we may gather that the town was much given to licentiousness, and that the prevalent disorders had been allowed to enter the christian fold.

## FOUR LESSONS FROM A HOUSE-TOP.

“HAD you noticed the top of that large new building from your room?” said a friend who stood at my window a few days ago.

“No,” said I, looking out at once, when the new dome and finished turrets of a public edifice appeared in the distance against the sky.

“How delightful it would be,” said one, after looking at it a moment, “if we could get, now and then, even that much of a glimpse of the Celestial City! How it would strengthen our faith!”

“By faith John saw more than such a glimpse,” was the reply: “even the whole city. The ‘New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven.’ If we look less earnestly at the things which are seen and temporal, we shall see more vividly with the eye of faith those which are unseen and eternal.”

The words fell pleasantly upon my ear, and the little glimpse of that beautiful dome became very precious to me day after day; always reminding me of “the city without foundations, whose builder and maker is God.” And as I should probably not have noticed this building’s top above the crowded mass of houses between, had it not been pointed out to me by a friend, so, I thought, many fail of getting a glimpse of the heavenly mansions, unless some one used to “looking beyond” point them out with a word of interest and love.

“I wish I could see more of it,” I said to myself, looking upon the very little portion of my favourite dome, one day! but contented myself with the wish, with no thought of its being possible without the long walk which should bring me to the building itself. When, lo! a day or two after, having taken my work to a chamber above my own, I chanced to

look out of the window, and there against the sky stood out the whole finished top, with every pointed turret and carved ornament perfect, to the very roof itself.

“I wished to see more of it,” I exclaimed with delight, “and I can from a higher point of view! The higher we rise from the plane of earth, the further glimpses shall we get of the glories beyond.”

A few days later, a beautiful sunset was reflecting a soft carmine flush over the sky. I looked from my window and the favourite turrets were bathed in the sunset glory. It was beautiful beyond the power of words to paint; and a voice whispered, “If you would see the brightest, richest glories of the world beyond, look at it in the true light shed over it by the Sun of righteousness—that has no parting beams.”

So my four lessons were :

*Look and See.*

See and point out to others ;

Rise higher, and see more clearly ;

Look in the light of the true Sun, and see the highest beauty and glory.—*The Advance.*

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## STRICT BAPTIST MISSION.

### CEYLON.

**T**HE various branches of Mission work at Colombo are increasingly encouraging. Mr. Andriesz continues his labours with great zeal, indeed almost beyond his bodily strength. His reports are lengthy and interesting; but an extract or two is all that we can give in this short paper.

In the Grand Pass district, a Singalese woman (formerly a Buddhist) expressed her wish to join a Christian Church: concerning her Mr. A. says:—

“Sep. 21, 1869.—In Grand Pass district, a Singalese woman (formerly a Buddhist) told me “she felt that she was a great sinner, and she be-

lieved in the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She had no knowledge of believers' baptism, so she would have joined the Wesleyans or the Church of England. They all require that she shall learn prayers, catechism, &c., with which she cannot comply, for she works for her livelihood from morning to night, and she has nobody to teach her, so she could not have entered any of these churches, and when she spoke to me I could see her anxiety and doubts to hear what I should have to say. I told her that no such prayers are wanted by us; what is wanted is the publican's prayer, 'Lord have mercy on me.' Oh, how glad she felt, and she actually said, "I thank my God that I have an easy and clear way opened to me. I told her to come to the preaching-house on Sunday."

"Sept. 20, 1869.—I had to speak to a young woman who has expressed her desire to be baptized; she feels herself a sinner, and believes in the Lord as her Saviour; at times she feels a great fear, as if she had committed a great crime. I read to her from scripture, and spoke to her as to a child; she is an unlearned woman. I have visited other places and distributed tracts amongst the people."

In the Report for October the following occurs:—

"In my former reports may be seen about a man and his wife, who said that they knew the whole Common Prayer and Bible by heart: not being daunted by their opposition, I still spoke without being able to trace any signs of conviction; all the time that I spoke to them, they could not but hear me, but all the time I felt as if I were speaking to the stones; and now to the wonder of the neighbourhood, and to my great joy that God blesses the word of his servant, I see in them a change, and for the present they are regular attendants on all the means of grace."

Mr. A. is very careful in examining those who wish to be baptized; for most of the people are very ignorant. The subject of baptism has occasioned much stir, and the ministers of other sects have sought to oppose the spread of Baptist sentiments; but as is generally the case, their very opposition to baptism has caused people to enquire about it, and our missionary is pleased to instruct them. An Auxiliary Baptist Tract Society has been formed, and Baptist principles are evidently gaining ground.

On Lord's-day morning, Jan. 23rd, Mr. Andriesz again had the pleasure of baptizing four believers. The first candidate was a Tamil woman; the second a young man (a clerk), who has joined the English Strict Baptist Church; the third an old man, who attributes his conversion to a

sermon preached by Mr. Andriesz a few months since ; the fourth a retired police sergeant, who is subjected to much persecution from his wife and his relatives, on account of the step he has taken. May he and all have grace to persevere even to the end.

We have received some very interesting letters from the scholars in the Mission Schools at Madras and Perambore, thanking those Sunday-schools in England, who last year so kindly contributed to fill a box of useful articles, and school materials for their use. These we hope to print next month.

### SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

**W**HEN *three-fourths of my whole* evil tidings received,  
My *whole* issued forth, and the good man, bereaved,  
*Did my whole* (in a different sense) though deceived.

(A scripture narrative affords the key to the above.)

JOSIAH.

A Bound Volume of the "Pearls" will be given by the Editor, for the first answer to the above. Address—Editor of the "Pearls," Messrs. Briscoe & Sons, Banner-street, Bunhill-row, E.C.

**T**HERE was a man of Adam's race,  
Who had a certain dwelling place ;  
Of neither wood, nor stone t'was made,  
Nor of the fabric brick was laid :  
T'was not in heaven, earth, or hell,  
Pray tell me where this man did dwell.

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1.—"DROWSINESS SHALL CLOTHE A MAN WITH RAGS." [Emerald — Matthew — Noah — Dorcas — Asher — Cedar — Sinai — Tigris.]

2.—REReward.—REward.

Correct answers have been received from—

Miss A. Shuff, Hammersmith, 1  
" E. Iles, Banstead, 1  
Master A. T. Iles, do. 1, 2

Master G. H. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2  
" E. J. Welch, Merton, 1, 2

ONE HALFPENNY.



Vol. IX.

May, 1870.

No. 104.

### OUR MISSION.

**W**E have received four letters from Madras, to which we referred in our last number, viz., two from the Missionaries, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Cooposawmy Row, and two from the scholars in the Mission Schools under their charge at St. Thomas' Mount and Perambore.

The latter we regard with special interest, as being genuine letters from the scholars in two Hindoo schools, which are mainly supported by Sunday-schools in England. They are written in Tamil characters,—the Tamil language being the ancient language of a great part of Southern India. We wish we could transfer the letters in their singular looking form to our pages ; but as this cannot be, we will do the next best thing—give a literal translation of one of them, which is all our space permits. It will be seen that it refers mainly to the contents of the "Mission Box" which some of our readers will remember that they helped to fill last year. It is as follows :—

*To the Keppel-street Sunday-school, and other Schools contributing to the support of the Strict Baptist Mission.*

OUR MUCH-LOVED FRIENDS,

On a morning, while we were all standing in school, our dear teacher, Coopoosawmy Row, after prayer, said, that a box full of things had come for our school. When we heard this we were all glad, but when we saw the things we were *very glad*. The maps which you sent hang on our school wall,—on the slates that you sent we learn our sums, —and in the copy-books we write our copies, and we are using all the other things that you so kindly sent us. For all these things we thank you heartily, which we beg you to accept kindly. We not only admire when we see this act of your love, but also it testifies to be true, what our dear teacher teaches us from the Bible that Jesus is love.

May God bless you always.

We remain your dear friends,

CONDASAWMY,	RAJAGOPAL,
SOOBARAMANY,	NARAINSAWMY,
SIVALINGUM,	SIVASINTHAMBARAM,
SHUNMOOGUM,	COOPOOSAWMY,
VENKTASAWMY,	DOORASAWMY,
THANOO,	&c. &c.

(True translation.)

*Madras, India,*  
*December, 1869.*

(Signed) M. A. COOPOOSAWMY ROW,  
*Missionary, S.B.Mission.*

We wish we had space to refer to the other letters above mentioned ; but they all breathe the same spirit of lively gratitude for the interest manifested on their behalf, by the Sunday-schools in England supporting the Mission.

We have also received a long and graphic account of the annual school examinations, and school festivals of the two schools held in December last. The proceedings were in both

cases nearly alike. At St. Thomas' Mount, 34 children assembled under a thatched shed erected in conjunction with the outer verandah of the school premises. All of them were clean, decent and orderly, a large number being provided with clothing from the remnants and piece goods sent from England in the Mission Box. They sung Tamil hymns in English, and after prayer the classes were examined in the scriptures, and various branches of useful knowledge, both in their own language and in English. The girls' class exhibited specimens of plain work, netting, &c. from the thread, &c., sent in the box. Special prizes were then given to those who were most industrious and proficient, and a general distribution of picture cards, purses, &c. &c., was made from the same source. The children were then treated to sweetmeats, and the European friends took tea together.

At Perambore the same general features prevailed with certain exceptions. This school under the care of Coopoo-sawmy Row, was first opened in 1868, with *one* boy. In a few months the *one* became *fifty*, and Colonel Innis of the 41st Regiment, then stationed at Perambore—a kind friend of Mission schools, kindly lent a roomy bungalow to carry on the school. But at the end of that year the regiment was removed from the district and many of the scholars with it, being children of the native soldiers. In April of last year however, some new boys came, and the numbers have increased to 38, who are divided into three classes: the first learn scripture, history of India, geography, grammar, arithmetic, &c., including decimals, dictation, and copy writing. The second and third classes are of course less advanced, but the general course of instruction is the same,—scripture teaching being regarded as of paramount importance. At this school, as at the other—the girls are taught needlework, and the petticoats and jackets they wore on the occasion



were made by themselves from the materials sent to them in the Mission Box. That girls should be taught and trained in India at all is a new thing, which Christian missionaries were the first to introduce. There are great prejudices still to overcome ; and that these schools are as prosperous as are, amidst rival and purely secular schools around, which the parents naturally greatly prefer, speaks well for the zeal and perseverance of our devoted missionary brethren Mr. Thomas and Mr. Coopoosawmy Row. We must not omit to state that their efforts are kindly and warmly seconded by their wives who take part in teaching the girls and to whom our thanks are also due.

Let us thank God that we are favoured to take any part in helping forward this good work. These Hindoo children are being rescued from ignorance, superstition, degradation, and trained up under the benign influences of Christian love and kindness. While their minds are being instructed, may their hearts also be changed, and Christ himself be there Saviour and their King.

G. P.

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## THE EMPEROR NERO AND JOHN TRUDGE.

(Continued from p. 58.)

**A**T this John began to look *superior*, and to speak loquaciously : “No doubt, your majesty, in your country you never heard of guns or gunpowder. One of your legions would have made a strange figure before an English regiment, especially if they brought a few cannons just to *play* a little upon you. I wish you could see an English ship with seventy or eighty mouths, and all of them spitting out fire and iron shot. But I dare say your honour has no idea of our commonest things. Tea, which comes to us from the great Chinese Emperor, I dare say you never tasted ; instead of sugar, I presume you went a begging to

the bees for honey ; and I've been told that at your meals you lay down on couches resting on one elbow, because you had never thought of putting *backs* to your stools. I've heard say, too, but don't know what to make of it, that you'd only some large dishes for the meats, and knives for the carvers, and that as for our Staffordshire plates, and Sheffield knives and forks, you never saw the like, and wouldn't have known how to use them. And, there now, there's a comical article !” Here John took a pair of *spectacles* from the table, and placed them in Nero's hands. But the Emperor stood silent, apparently on the point of freezing into marble again thought sheer mortification. “Ha ! ha !” said John, “I thought your grandeur would be posed. They're what we call spectacles, and when we get old, we just put them across our noses, and we can see as well as ever again ; but you poor Romans never heard of them. I wonder whether you had any *books* ?” The mighty pupil of Seneca gravely nodded. “Well, so you might, but they weren't like ours. They were a sort of strange rolls of parchment all copied by hand, and so dear that only the rich could buy them ; for in them there days of ignorance you poor Romans knew nothing of paper or printing.” Here the Emperor started ; for a loud, whistling, puffing sound seemed to proclaim the rush of some immense monster near the end of John Trudge's garden whilst columns of hot sulphureous smoke, like jets from the whale when spouting, marked the extreme rapidity of its career. “Don't be frightened, Sir,” he said, “it's nothing but the *train*. They're carriages for travellers, you know, which, by the *power of hot water*, are moved on an iron road a great deal quicker than the wind : that's all. But I was speaking about books. In England we have books of all sorts, and out of all number ; but one we have better than any, which tells all about the best things. I don't think you had any such at Rome. Indeed, I've heard my parson say

that you had nothing more than a few old woman's leaves, which were kept out of sight, lest everybody should see that there was nothing in them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here I was proceeding to make John Trudge talk with great good sense upon the way in which the laws, manners, and customs of England were all improved by the influence of Christianity, and upon the way in which the rich and the poor managed to make themselves miserable in the midst of so much sunshine. But my cogitations were cut short by a tap at the study door, and a child's voice exclaiming, "May I come in, Papa?" At this my imagination lost its power; and, as I turned my head to answer, the *Emperor, John Trudge, his dress, cottage, clock, watch, chimney, window, gun, spectacles,* and everything else, seemed to sink into the ground, and never re-appeared.

ANON.

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### GARDENING.

**W**HEN I was a boy, we had fashions in toys and in the games we played. One thing was said to be "in," while another was said to be "out;" that is, in and out of season. These seasons were often regulated by the bigger boys in the school, who had sufficient influence to carry the sway. But there are higher laws than these: for the Bible teaches us that "To everything there is a season." And surely if one occupation more than another is in season at the present time it is *gardening*. I know that in a properly cultivated garden there is something to do at all seasons of the year; but in the spring almost every one that has a piece of ground, however small, sets to work, to dig, and plant, and sow it. The genial sunshine after a long dreary winter, brings people out of their chimney-corners, to seek amusements out of doors, and among the many forms of pleasing and rational recreation with which our kind Creator has



furnished us is that of gardening. And to the thoughtful mind the garden is an excellent study. For our minds are like gardens, and many virtues are needed in the cultivation of both.

*Industry* is necessary. When we take a walk in a beautiful garden, we should remember that they are not merely the beauties of nature we admire, but of nature and art combined. A delicate hand may pluck the flowers; but the sinewy arm must have previously dug the soil. So it is in cultivating the mind. Much industry is required, and especially at first. Have you not found it so in almost everything you have tried to learn?

*Patience* also is a very necessary qualification for a gardener. The gardener lays his plans, and a picture of the of the future rises in his imagination. But he must wait.—The world was not made in a day; neither can a good garden be. The trees and shrubs, when first planted, are slender and small, but he thinks of what they will be rather than of what they are. He has sown the seed, but at present there is nothing visible. He must wait; and hence patience is needed. Now this is what most young people are greatly

deficient in. They want everything *now*. The garden will be a capital lesson book for them. They are looking forward to leaving school, it may be : they are weary of their tasks and have wonderful anticipations of the future—some of them, perhaps, laudable enough ; but they must wait, like the gardener ; for youth is the *seed-time* of life.

This reminds me of another virtue which a gardener ought to possess, viz., *promptitude*. There is “a time to plant,” and “a time to sow,” and if the proper time be neglected, no amount of industry can make up for it afterwards. Perhaps some of you have found this out in your gardens. You have intended to sow some seeds, or plant some cuttings ; but you have put off doing it day after day ; and the month progressed, and the season advanced ; till at last when you did sow, it was too late, the cuttings would not strike ; and the seed never came to anything worth looking at, or if it did it was not till long after your neighbour's gardens had put you to shame. Be prompt, boys and girls—not impatient, but prompt ; and “whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.”

*Care*, is another essential qualification of a good gardener ; and the more valuable the plants, and the more highly we would cultivate them, the more this virtue is required. Common plants will grow almost anywhere—but choice plants require attention. So it is with the mind. A well cultivated mind is a blessing to its possessor, and to all around ; while the rude and uncultivated must ever fail to command attention and respect.

*Watchfulness* also is indispensable ; for the garden has its enemies. Frosts and vermin need to be guarded against, and this is much more easily said than done. Then there are watering, weeding, pruning, training, supporting, and a number of other operations which have to be done, and done at the

proper time—and for all these watchfulness is required. And with regard to the mind, we cannot be too watchful. How many a well cultivated mind has been ruined for want of watchfulness against temptation! Like some of the insects that destroy our gardens, the temptation has seemed but small and insignificant, but the result has changed a scene of moral beauty into a wretched wilderness.

Your teachers who seek to train your minds are like the gardener who trains the plants, though you are not as passive. No doubt many of their instructions appear to you unnecessary; just as when you watched the gardener pruning the vine, it seemed unnecessary that so many branches should be lopped off: but he was wiser than you; and so are your teachers.

Let me not, however, tire you with my lessons. Still I cannot conclude my little paper without taking another view of the garden. For we may draw not merely *moral*, but *spiritual* lessons therefrom.

Our souls are naturally like a wilderness—at least they have become so, through the fall of our first parents. The seeds of all evil are within, however highly cultivated our minds may be. Let us not deceive ourselves in a matter so important. The growth of these evils may have been checked by the wise restraints of which I have been speaking. Still “That which is born of the flesh is flesh.” “The carnal mind is enmity against God.” The “fruits of the flesh” may not be ripe in us; but the seeds are there.

Now God is the great Gardener of the human heart, and when he takes it in hand, the ground is turned up—the incorruptible seed of the gospel is sown—the weeds of the flesh are subdued—the flowers of grace appear, and the fruits of the Spirit ripen beneath the rays of the Sun of righteousness. God’s garden is cultivated by himself—watered every moment, and lest any hurt it he keeps it

night and day. How beautiful are the trees of righteousness ! How sweet the flowers of grace ! How choice the fruits of the Spirit ! How excellent is the garden of the Lord !

Dear young readers,—Are you the subjects of Divine cultivation ? Is God at work in your heart ? Do you mourn over the evils you discover ! Are there weeds within, which you never suspected ? Be not discouraged. The good work is begun. The ground must be cleared—the “good seed” is being sown ; and though the weeds of sin will never be fully uprooted, nor the flowers of grace appear in full development on earth, yet “he who has begun the good work will perform it ;” for he who has given “grace” will also give “glory,” and all shall be perfect in “the paradise of God.”

J. B.

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### WORK.

**W**ORK, work, work ! What a busy world this is ! Just try to imagine for a minute the amount of work done in a single street in one day, then think of it in a town, and then, of the *work of the world* !

The thought seems almost too much to grasp. Then think of the varied kinds of work, and of the myriads of workers. Go into the street and see some of them. There are men hurrying along with anxious faces full of business cares ; there are errand boys whistling as they bustle along ; and weary-looking work-girls on their way to the heated factories ; and others, vainly striving to tempt the passers by, to purchase a few flowers, or fruits, or some little fancy toy, &c. Then look through the windows of that house—see the mother going about her daily duties. There are the rooms to tidy, and dinner to prepare, before her little ones return from school. Now and then, she goes to the window to see if she can see them coming, but she does not stay long there.

The bird in the corner there, must have its little wants attended to, and then if there be a few minutes to spare, she can put a few more stitches into the little garment she is at work upon. Then peep into the school-room yonder. Listen to the din of the little voices. The teachers are all busy. Sometimes one will lift her hand to her aching head for a minute, and then try patiently to go on with her duties ; but it is hard work, and so it is for the poor little children themselves. What seems so easy to grown-up people to learn, is very *hard* indeed to them. May be they are trying their best, though it doesn't always seem so.

Then in the country, see the ploughman in the field, how busy he is, and don't forget to notice the birds flying backwards and forwards with pieces of wool, moss, and twigs, to build their snug little homes with—see too the bees, and the ants, and the honest, patient horses !

If you go by the seaside, there is just as much work to do, and just as much being done. All day long, and everywhere, work is being done, and there are thousands of tired hands, and aching brows, and weary feet ! And yet, though we get so tired, and worn-out, and long so for *rest*, work is very pleasant, and we should be sorry enough if we couldn't do anything. If any of you have ever had a bad hand, you will be better able to realize this. How helpless it makes one feel, and how humiliating it is to have to submit to little things being done for us which we used to be so well able to do for ourselves ! Perhaps something heavy is needed to be carried up stairs, and we at once readily offer to do it, but a glance at the arm, helplessly hung in a sling, tells us silently that we can't do it.

Poor frail things that we are, we yet try so hard to be independent. I know a little girl at this present time, who is lying in great suffering and has been for many long tedious weeks ; but yet the poor little creature, though almost



unable to stir the slightest in her little crib, still *will* do all that she possibly can, in preference to anyone doing it for her. And another very dear to me, whom disease has laid prostrate for long, painful years, seems much gratified when able to perform some little act herself, which loving hands near would gladly do for her,—so strong is our sense of confidence in self, and so great the desire for *power*. I have known strong natures, which seemed able to bear almost anything, crushed, and quite broken down at the feeling of their own helplessness, when suddenly laid aside by sickness. We are so proud of our own power! What toy, however large, and gaily painted, gave a boy half so much real pleasure as the clumsily shaped model of his own making?

But harder still must it be, to be *able* to work, and yet have nothing to do! Very sad is the state of things now, owing to the depression of trade. The appeals which some of these poor men out of work sometimes make, are enough to draw pity and sympathy from the most stony heart.

A short time since, when in the country, a very touching sight presented itself to me. Two waggons crowded with poor men and women from the neighbouring villages, who were unable to get work enough to support themselves and their families, had made up their minds to leave their quiet little country homes, and were on their way as emigrants to America.

There are some people who do much more work than others, and some make a great stir in the world, whilst others do a great deal of work in a very quiet way. It is generally these who do the most good. There is work for us all to do—"Work, while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work." There is a *special* work for you and me to do, and none can do it but ourselves. God has given us each a different station to fill. I cannot do your work, and you cannot do mine. Perhaps some of you are

saying—"I should like to do something for God, but I can't find out what *is my work*." Don't say so—I've heard it said—

"If you *want* a field of labour,  
You can find it anywhere."

If you really wish to do good, you will be on the look out, and you will not seek in vain—opportunities are always presenting themselves to those who look for them.

There is a great deal to do, and a very short time to do it in.

*Our work! Mine! Yours!* Did you never think of the responsibility of it? May we not neglect it till it be too late. We should like so to live that when we pass away we shall be missed. If when we are gone, our place could very readily be filled up, it would seem as though we had not been of much use in the world. Useless indeed must have been that life which, when gone is neither mourned for nor missed! Go into a cemetery—find out the most elegant tombstone you can, and read the words of high eulogium on the sleeper beneath, placed there by those who knew him. But that granite will in time crumble away, and then where will be the record of those good deeds?

"Needs there the praise of the love-written record,  
The name and the epitaph 'graved on the stone?'  
The things we have *lived* for, let them be our story,  
*We* but remembered by what we have *done*."

This is what we want; "to *live in hearts* we leave behind is not to *die!*"

We seek a more lasting memorial than the carved letters on a gravestone. We would so work in this world, that, long years after we have left it, when our names are forgotten, and our bodies are crumbling to dust, the *results* of our work will be seen, and, lovingly remembered; we being dead, shall yet speak.

L. A. G.



### LITTLE JOHNNY'S PRAYER.

“ No profit canst thou gain  
 By self-consuming care:  
 To God commend thy cause, his ear  
 Attends the softest prayer.”

**A** POOR widow called her four children to her one morning, and said to them, “ My dear children, this morning I can give you nothing to eat ; there is no more bread, nor meat, nor even a potato in the house. I have worked for you as hard as ever I could, and I am now sick

and can do no more. But you may pray to God, who has Himself said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver you."

Little Johnny, who was scarcely six years old, being very hungry, was much troubled by what his mother had said. As he went on his way to school, he knelt down and prayed aloud:—"O God! Heavenly Father, and my Saviour, through whom I may come to Thee, hear me, a little child, pray; our mother has no bread, nor meat, nor even a potato,—do give us something, that we and our dear mother need not starve. Help us, O Lord; thou art rich and good, and canst easily help us. And thou hast promised to hear the cry of the poor and needy, so hear and help us, for thy dear Son's sake."

This was Johnny's simple prayer. He arose from his knees and hurried on to school. When he returned home in the middle of the day, what was his surprise and joy to see a great loaf of bread, a large dish of meat, and a basket full of potatoes upon the table.

"Now God be thanked," said he, "for He has heard my prayer! Dear mother, did not an angel bring all these things through the window?"

"No," said his mother, "but God heard you when you were praying. A lady was near the place where you could not see her; but she could both see and hear you, and so she sent us all these things. She was an angel that God sent to help us in our hour of need.

"HE WILL REGARD THE PRAYER OF  
THE DESTITUTE, AND NOT DESPISE  
THEIR PRAYER."

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

[As but few of our young friends could guess the first enigma last month, we give them an easier one below. We offer no prize for answering this; but we will give a Bound Volume of the Pearls for the best Enigma composed by our young friends. Competitors to be under 14 years of age, and the Enigmas to be sent to the Editor, care of the printers—Messrs. Briscoe & Sons, 28, Banner-street, Bunhill-row, London, E.C., on or before the 10th of May.]

**A** N ornament for either sex,  
**A** The head, or face, or neck bedecks,  
 Which for a man or maid to lose,  
 Was held disgraceful by the Jews.

A mighty man deprived of me,  
 Was conquered by the enemy;  
 And yet a prince in battle strife  
 Through having me once lost his life.

JOSIAH.

## ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1. The narrative referred to is that of Jacob deceived by his sons. When his *ear* received the evil tidings, the *tear* flowed from his eyes; then did he *tear* his clothes, and mourn for his son Joseph.

2. JONAH IN THE BELLY OF THE FISH.

The prize for the first answer to the 1st Enigma, was won by Miss L. Barmore, Homerton.

Correct answers have also been received from—

Miss A. Amey, Forest Lane, Stratford, 2 „ N. Butcher, Tring, 2 „ E. Dilley, Islington, 2 „ M. Hawkesworth, Pimlico, 2 „ E. M. Iles, Banstead, 2 „ A. Shuff, Hammersmith, 2 „ Jessie Shuff, do. 2 „ E. Woodrow, London, 2	Master J. J. Bird, Pulham St. Mary, 1, 2 „ Josiah Chivers, High Wycombe, 1 „ Walter Chivers, High Wycombe, 2 „ A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2 „ A. Thorne, Eaton Bray, 2 „ E. J. Welch, Merton, 2
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ONE HALFPENNY.



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Vol. IX.

June, 1870.

No. 105.

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### FLOWER WHISPERINGS.

**F**OR they *do* speak, but their voices are very low, and their words fall lightly, and it is only the delicately sensitive ear that they reach. Have you never heard them?

There are as many varieties as there are expressions on the human face, and the words they whisper are as varied, but they have nearly all the same voice. Different, very different are the messages they bear, but the tone of each is low, sweet, and pleading; very gentle, but sometimes sad.

What affections cling round these frail things of earth! We all love them so! Did you ever know any one who did *not* love flowers? Once only in my whole life have I heard of such a strange thing, and it was with very great surprise that I heard a person remark—"I don't care for flowers."

Why, they are favourites with us all. The rich and the poor, the old and the young, the strong and healthy, and the

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.

invalid. There are some things which only the rich can procure ; but I believe God meant we should all love flowers, and so he gives us all some !

“ Flowers, sweet flowers !

Flung from the hands of od'rous June,  
To awake from a dreamy budding  
Into a rapturous bloom.

“ Flowers, sweet flowers !

Born of a thought that was pure:  
Blessed be God for such riches  
To gladden the hearts of the poor.

“ Flowers, sweet flowers !

Nuns who are child-like and good,  
Worshipping, fireless, priestless,  
In the mossy aisles of the wood !”

The rich lay out their grounds with magnificent flowers : very costly and beautiful ones they select ; but I believe the poor find quite as much delight in the possession of some of the commoner blossoms which are less rare, yet not less fair. The other day I saw some little ragged children with hands full of delicate cowslips, and large bright eyes brimful of delight. And in the window-sill of a little cottage there was a bunch of primroses in an old cracked mug. In another window, where the love of flowers was strong, in spite of poverty, the inmates had converted an old discoloured marmalade jar into a flower-pot, and in it they were rearing a lovely geranium. Only a few weeks ago, I went into a garden, which belonged to a very old man. It was covered with heartsease of every variety. I had never seen so many of these beautiful flowers growing together, and I was almost speechless in my admiration. The old man carefully picked me a large bunch, every now and then stopping and looking earnestly at them, and then exclaiming — “ There's a beauty !” He seemed to have profound *affection* for them.

I know a little girl only just two years old, whose love for flowers is extraordinary. As soon as she was old enough to take any notice, she would want flowers, and if a lady with flowers in her bonnet, came into the room where she was, her large wondering blue eyes would instantly detect them, and she would hold out her little hand for them to be brought near that she might smell them.

Well, then, what a charm they have for the invalid! Very precious to us in health, they are doubly so when ill and obliged to lie in bed. Have you never had some brought to you when you were too ill to get up? How fresh and fragrant they are! How many kind, loving wishes of the giver are interfolded with their beautiful leaves! How we like to have them near us so that we can watch them as we lie there! And then, very distinctly we can hear their musical murmurings! The moss-rose, geranium, lobelia, heather, mignonette, &c., all look bright and cheerful, but tears gather at the sight of the fragile anemone and convolvulus; for in our weakness, we feel that we too are frail as they—that we are passing away. I don't know how it is with you, but I always feel a degree of awe and reverence for flowers, when alone with them. There is something so refined, so elevating, that one cannot but feel at least *subdued* in their pure presence.

Dear, gentle flowers, very sacred and tender have been the thoughts which your stillness and beauty have suggested. I have looked into the *soul-like* depths of a tiny forget-me-not, wet with dew, till it looked like the tearful blue eye of a little face long since hidden from our sight. It has grieved us a little, for its long, earnest look has seemed a reproach to us. Oh, never, never could we forget that dear departed little one! I suppose we have all our favourite flower. Mine is certainly the wee *forget-me-not*. But it is hard to decide, for there are so many which are so pretty. The



little snowy bells of the lily of the valley wrapped in those beautiful green leaves,—surely they whisper of purity and peace. This Spring I, with some friends, had a pleasant drive to a wood, about six miles distant from the place where we were staying. The lilies grow there in beautiful, wild profusion. The youth who drove us there, wandered with us in the wood, and kindly got us some flowers. He was a merry-looking lad, with sparkling good-natured eyes, ruddy face, and curly hair. I had heard that he was just beginning to think seriously of religion. While we were silently getting the lilies, he looked up in my face, and said simply,—“ ‘ Consider the lilies :’ that’s what I’m doing. Why, I can’t help considering them. Arn’t they beautiful ?”

*(To be continued.)*

L. A. G.

### MATILDA’S NEW DRESS.

“**W**HAT a pretty dress that is you have in your box, Matilda,” said Sarah to her fellow-servant just as they were going to bed one night. “ Why don’t you have it made up ? it would look so well for this bright weather.”

“ Because I shall not have the money to pay for the making till I get my quarter’s wages,” said Matilda.

“ What nonsense !” cried Sarah, “ why I’ve been wearing this one these two months, and there’s Miss Jones’s bill for making and trimmings not paid yet.” She took the bill out of her drawer and showed it to Matilda. “ Seven and sixpence,” said Matilda thoughtfully : “ Is Miss Jones poor ?”

“ Oh, I don’t know, I’m sure ; I daresay she has enough to do. Her mother is a widow, and has two or three children at home, I know, for I have seen them in the little shop ; but they are very civil people, and never bore you for the money, and always seem glad of work.”

“ Sarah,” said Matilda, “ some years ago I made up my

mind that no one should ever do any work for me unless I had the money ready for them when it was done ; come and sit down here by me and I will tell you why."

"I was just seventeen when I went to my first place ; my father had been dead twelve months. If he had lived I should not be in service now. He had a good business, and my mother tried to carry it on after his death, but she had such ill health, and I was so young, that she had to hire a man for the shop. He robbed us, and customers were trusted and did not pay, so we lost almost everything. I got a place as under-housemaid, and mother, and my brother Alfred, who was just eight years old, went to a lodging. Some ladies who had known us in better days, got some needle-work for her to do at home ; but poor little Alfred, who was always ailing, missed the comforts he had been accustomed to, and grew worse. My mother's earnings were but just enough for food and lodging ; she could not tell how to get advice for her poor boy. So things went on till I had been nearly a quarter at my place. I went home the Sunday afternoon before my wages would be due on the Friday, and it was settled that as soon as I had them, mother should take Alfred to a very clever doctor in Finsbury-square.

"Friday came and passed ; I saw my mistress several times during the day, but she said nothing about the wages. In the evening mother came ; I could not help crying when I saw her disappointed look, but I promised to come on Sunday, not doubting I should be paid the next day. That evening I said something to the upper housemaid about it. She told me they often had to wait long enough, and it would be as much as your place was worth to ask for it ; their mistress would pay me when she happened to think of it.

"Well, it was nearly three weeks before she did think of it, then I was paid at the same time with two or three who had waited longer. I got out that evening and ran

nome; poor Alfred was very ill, and coughing dreadfully. The next morning he was taken to the doctor. He said it was too late, a few weeks earlier he might have saved him; medicine was of no avail now, he must be taken home and put to bed at once, and have all the nourishment they could get him to take.

“ Ah! Sarah, I had no one in the world but my mother and brother, and I felt sure to lose him would be her death. You can judge what I felt; God forbid that any thoughtlessness on your part or mine should cause any fellow-creature’s heart to ache as mine did then, and afterward, when my worst fears were realized, and I was quite alone in the world. God has been very good in raising me up friends, and His word has been my comfort at all times. I read in it, ‘The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning.’ I shall most likely never hire servants, but on this I am determined, no one shall ever be kept waiting for money they have earned by me.”

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### OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.

**O**H happy land of angels!  
 Oh happy land of song!  
 The thought of thee doth cheer us,  
 As here we walk along.  
 When shall we see descending,  
 The bride arrayed in white,  
 And sing the Saviour’s praises,  
 In that fair world of light?

Oh nothing that defileth  
 Shall enter that fair land;  
 No liars, or blasphemers  
 Shall with the Saviour stand.

We know that all are sinners,  
 But yet, through Jesus' blood,  
 We still can enter heaven,  
 And be at peace with God.

We can form no conception  
 Of glories that are there ;  
 No sin nor sorrow reigneth,  
 But all is bright and fair.

For ever and for ever  
 The praises angels sing  
 Of Him, who died to save us,  
 Our Saviour, and our King.

And each and every martyr,  
 Is with the Saviour now ;  
 His fingers strike the harp-chords,  
 A crown is on his brow.

All those who were elected,  
 And felt Christ's saving grace,  
 For ever stand before Him,  
 And see His glorious face.

Oh glorious, happy heaven !  
 How can poor mortals tell  
 The glories that await those  
 Who go to heaven to dwell ?  
 Then death comes o'er our threshold,  
 And takes one loved away ;  
 The thought of thee still helps us  
 " Thy will be done " to say.

Of every land and nation,  
 Some shall assembled be ;  
 And thy bright radiant glories  
 All equally shall see.

The white man, and the negro,  
 The freeman, and the slave,  
 Shall stand and sing the praises  
 Of Him who died to save.

Though beautiful the jewels  
 Are on this earth, below ;  
 Yet we shall see still lovelier,  
 When we to heaven shall go.  
 In heaven there are no candles,  
 In heaven there is no sun ;  
 Christ Jesus is the light thereof,  
 He is the only one.—

Oh heaven, thy streets are golden !  
 Each gate one spotless pearl :  
 What blissful radiant glories,  
 Their opening shall unfurl !  
 We will not mourn the sleeping,  
 Who leaned on Jesus' breast ;  
 Their spirits are with Jesus,  
 They've entered into rest.

Open thy gates, O heaven !  
 And let the pilgrims in,  
 Since Christ the Lord hath cleansed us—  
 Cleansed us from every sin.  
 Come Jesus ! O come quickly !  
 And take our souls away  
 From all this sin and sorrow,  
 Up to the realms of day !

*Aged 11 years.*

JESSIE F. DULLEY.





## THE SMITH'S FAMILY ;

OR, GODLINESS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

“Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.”

**A** MINISTER of the Gospel, upon entering his ministerial labours in the pretty village of S——, in the county of Kent, felt anxious to become familiar with the people. Accordingly, on the first Monday, he commenced calling on the villagers, to invite their children to attend the school he was about to establish, with the assistance of a few friends.

He went into several poor cottages where he was grieved to see ungodly parents, who were bringing up their children in ignorance and sin, and who cared not at first to have them

instructed, and trained to habits of cleanliness, neatness, and order ; for their minds were wholly intent upon obtaining for them the bread that perisheth.

His next call was at a pretty detached cottage, adorned by a small garden, and having every appearance of neatness and order. He passed the little wicket-gate, tapped at the door, and gently raising the latch, received a hearty welcome, and was immediately recognized as the new minister who preached yesterday.

The family, consisting of father, mother, and three children, were seated round the table ; the latter were listening to the good man reading the Bible after tea. "Do not let my presence disturb you," said the minister, who quietly took a seat. The father then finished the portion of Scripture he was reading, and concluded with prayer before the children retired to bed. The interior of the cottage, though very humble, bore marks of industry and cleanliness ; the floor was of stone, well whitened, a clock in one corner, some shelves with books in another ; while one side was ornamented with a neat dresser and plenty of shining plates and dishes.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were highly delighted to find that the new minister took so much interest in the welfare of the people : it was something quite new in the village, as the former minister was a very old man and never visited the people. To have a free school too, was a great privilege, and Mrs. S. thankfully availed herself of the opportunity of having her children educated in it. After a little profitable conversation, the minister took leave, with the promise of repeating his visit—both parties being satisfied with each other.

Mrs. Smith was a superior woman for the station of life in which she then moved ; as in early life she had been well brought up, being the daughter of a respectable trades-

man, who, in consequence of heavy losses in business, became a bankrupt when she was only fourteen. It then became necessary that all in the family who were able to do anything towards their own support should endeavour to obtain employment, and Mary K——, (now Mrs. Smith,) being good at her needle, and a willing girl, was taken into the family of Squire B——, (to whom her parents were well known,) to assist the housekeeper in needlework, &c. She remained there several years, diffusing cheerfulness around the circle in which she moved, and by her amiable disposition gained the affection of mistress and servants, who admired the meekness and resignation with which she bore the various trials to which she was exposed, from the great change she experienced in her circumstances.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### THE DYING GIRL.

**W**HAT are these heavenly sounds I hear,  
 Seeming like music in my ear ;  
 It is the angels, mother dear  
 Who bid me stay no longer here.

I know I've wandered from my God,  
 Often in thought, in deed, and word ;  
 But though I did so oft offend,  
 Still he has been my kindest Friend.

Oh ! cling to him, my mother dear,  
 And then you will have nought to fear,  
 For he's a Friend more tender, true,  
 Than brother dear, or sister too.

And oh ! I feel such joy divine,  
 For I as yonder stars shall shine ;  
 And ever with my Saviour be,  
 Who shed his precious blood for me.



But yet 'tis sad to part from you,  
 Although I know you'll come there too,  
 Where we shall meet at Jesus feet,  
 And join in contemplation sweet.

Oh ! do not grieve when I am gone,  
 For you will not be left alone ;  
 But Christ will be your loving Friend,  
 He'll guide you to your journey's end.

Then come, O gentle Saviour, come,  
 And take me to my heavenly home :  
 With thee I shall for ever be,  
 From sin, and woe, and sorrow free.

*Paris.*

E. E. M.

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NOT.

**A** SMALL word indeed ! Only three letters ; and yet no word is so offensive.

The Scriptures are disobeyed by tens of thousands, as they would not have been, had this little—this most offensive word—been left out of them. Had they only read—

“ Rejoice—when thine enemy falleth.”

“ Turn—away thy foot from keeping the Sabbath.”

“ Forsake—the assembling of yourselves together.”

“ Lay—up for yourselves treasures on the earth.”

“ Set—your affections on things on the earth.”

“ Look—on the things that are temporal.”

“ Go—after them.”

“ Be—conformed to this world.”

“ Thou shalt—covet all that is thy neighbour's.”

They would have been cheerfully and almost universally observed. As it is, multitudes will have a fearful account to give in the last day for having been indifferent to this little word.



### SUSAN WHEATLEY'S TREASURE.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.”

“**O**NLY some Irish hop-pickers starting off,” said Susan Wheatley to herself, after sitting up in bed a few minutes to listen.

She had heard footsteps and voices under her window, and supposed it was time to rise, but seeing it was just daybreak, she lay down intending to sleep again. Presently she heard a man speaking in an angry, though low tone, and a woman sobbing.

She rose and opened her window. In the faint light she just saw a man and woman walk quickly away: once the

woman seemed as if she would have turned back, but the man caught her by the arm and drew her along.

Susan did not feel disposed to return to bed, so she dressed herself, and set about putting her drawers to rights,—not that they were ever in disorder, for Susan was neatness itself; but having lived so long in the world caring for no one but herself, her little possessions had grown to be more valuable in her eyes than the rest of the universe put together.

Susan was an orphan brought up in a workhouse and sent to service at a very early age. Steady and careful from the first, she had always given satisfaction, and now was housekeeper to a widower in whose service she had lived some years before his wife died.

Susan was an excellent servant, just and truthful, but hard, selfish and unloving. She had never known affection, and she felt none, except for what little property she possessed,—certainly that was dear enough.

And when all her neatly kept clothes were placed in exact order, she drew from its hiding-place a purse, and sitting down, emptied its contents into her lap, counting them, not because she did not know how much was there, but for the pleasure of handling the coins.

She intended taking them, that day, to the savings' bank, where she had already a large deposit for a woman in her circumstances. As she was leisurely replacing the money, she heard a plaintive little cry. It was repeated again and again; she locked her drawer, went down, looked about the house, then opened the door.

Lying in the porch was a bundle rolled up in an old shawl; she took it up—it contained an infant a few months old—she carried it into the kitchen, kindled a fire as quickly as possible, and sat down before it, with the poor little one in her lap. It cried faintly, as if almost exhausted, she gave it

some warm milk ; with that, and the warmth of the fire, it seemed to revive, looked up and smiled at her.

Susan had time to spare, so she set about washing the child, which had evidently been much neglected, saying to herself as she did so, " Poor thing, it must be taken to the union."

He was a pretty boy, though very thin, with bright blue eyes, and dark hair just long enough to curl in little rings all over his head. After he was well washed and wrapped in a clean flannel, Susan still sat by the fire with him in her lap, and the longer he lay there the more unwilling she felt that he should go to the union. The soft little fingers twined themselves so lovingly round hers, and the bright eyes looked up so wistfully in her face. She felt a strange love springing up in her heart for the deserted child. " If I were rich I'd keep him," she thought ; " I wish I could afford it.—Poor Mary Johnson's baby died this week,—it was just about the age of this one, I wonder what she would nurse him for." She calculated the probable expense : " That would be more than I can save in a year,—perhaps I might save more if I tried."

Susan meditated long on the subject. While she prepared breakfast she laid the child, who had fallen asleep, in the clothes' basket, and placed it near the fire. By the time her master came down her mind was made up.

She shewed him the child, and announced her intention of keeping it, if the parents could not be found.

No person had been seen in the village answering the description Susan gave of the man and woman ; no one came forward to claim the little one, so he became the adopted son of Susan. He was named Edgar Wheatley. Mary Johnson undertook the care of him for a small sum, and under her superintendance Susan employed her leisure hours sewing for him.

*(To be continued.)*

## ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA.

## 1.—THE HAIR.

Correct answers have been received from—

Miss Agnes Cobb, Hackney Road	Master R. Few, Over, Cambs.
„ E. Barmore, Homerton	„ C. Freeman, Finsbury
Master Josiah Chivers, High	„ A. Thorne, Eaton Bray
Wycombe	„ E. J. Welch, Merton

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

[Three only have competed for the prize offered last month, which has been won by Master E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey, the author of the following. He does not state his age; but we believe he is not more than twelve years old.—ED.]

'Tis just what our first parents did,  
 Before they were the fruit forbid ;  
 'Tis what we do, and what we must,  
 Although we all shall go to dust.

But now if you transpose the same,  
 'Twill spell an ancient, well-known name,  
 Of one a man of high renown,  
 Who used to wear a holy crown.

If you transpose again, 'twill spell,  
 The deeds of men, deserving hell,—  
 The character of one, and all,  
 Since we are ruin'd by the fall.

Transposed 'twill spell what sin must be,  
 As in the Bible we may see ;  
 And as it now the Lord defies,  
 What must it be in his own eyes !

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much pleased with the verses of the dear little girl at Wellingborough, and thank one good friend Mr. Bull for sending them.

We are glad to hear that the *Pearls* has found its way to Paris, and thank our correspondent for the contribution he has sent us.

ONE HALFPENNY.



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Vol. IX.

July, 1870.

No. 106.

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### FLOWER WHISPERINGS.

*(Continued from page 84.)*

**T**HE rich velvet-like heartsease, and sweet wall-flower and heliotrope speak of sympathy and fidelity in misfortune. The clematis, jessamine and laburnum, look somewhat sad in their pensive beauty. The fair daffodil and and primrose have a loving look in their meek young faces as I pass them "in the narrow lanes of life."

Then there's

———"the brave old daisy, pioneer of all;  
The first in the battle, and the last to fall."

Buttercups and daisies seem from time immemorial rightly to have belonged to children. None seem ever to dispute this. The simple pretty flowers speak of childish simplicity and trust. How touchingly does Burns appeal to

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a "wee, modest crimson-tipped" daisy on turning one down with the plough. The beautiful camelia fails to melt me to tenderness as most flowers do. I admire the delicacy of its formation, its chastity, and its dark green foliage—but it is cold and proud. It yields no fragrance, and reminds one of a beautiful being without love—cold, relentless, *soul-less*. The lily and harebell whisper of change and decay, but the amaranth tells hopefully of immortality.

And snowdrops—are not they beautiful? The Germans in their singularly fanciful imagination have given to the snowdrop a power which other flowers do not possess; that from those delicate bells, comes a low musical sound which awakes the other spring flowers from their long Winter sleep, and, attracted by the sweet sounds, they "come forth to listen!" What beautiful ideas are suggested by flowers! I have met with many, but none that have pleased me so well as the following. It is a rather long quotation, but I think it will please you. It is called—

**"THE BLIND FLOWER GIRL'S SONG."**

"Buy, buy my flowers—O buy—I pray!  
 The blind girl comes from afar;  
 If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,  
 These flowers her children are!  
 Do they her beauty keep?  
 They are fresh from her lap, I know;  
 For I caught them fast asleep  
 In her arms an hour ago,  
 With the air which is her breath—  
 Her soft and delicate breath—  
 Over them murmuring low!

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,  
 And their cheeks with her tender tears are wet;  
 For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps—  
 (As morn and night her watch she keeps,

With a yearning heart, and a passionate care)  
 To see the young things grow so fair ;  
 She weeps—for love she weeps ;  
 And the dews are the tears she weeps  
 From the well of a mother's love !

\* \* \* \* \*

Come, buy—come, buy—  
 Hark how the sweet things sigh !  
 (*For they have a voice like ours :*)  
 The breath of the blind girl closes  
 The leaves of the saddening roses ;  
 We are tender, we sons of light  
 We shrink from this child of night ;  
 From the grasp of the blind girl free us :  
 We yearn for the eyes that see us—  
 We are for night too gay,  
 In your eyes we behold the day—  
 O buy—O buy the flowers !”

The blue-bell must certainly be classed among my special favourites. Many years ago, when I was quite a little child, I remember how fond I used to be of getting blue-bells, ferns, and feathery-looking grass, and arranging them round my hat. A year or two past, I was out in a field in the early autumn, and came suddenly on a few blue-bells. As they were the first I had seen for so long, I eagerly welcomed them as old friends, but with somewhat sorrowful thoughts ; for I mentally turned over a sad page in my history since I had seen them last, and these azure bells seemed to be ringing out a knell in sympathy.

Ferns, perhaps more than anything else, seem to tell of sincerity, and ivy of trust and fidelity ; it clings to whatever is near it with such tenacity that the fiercest wind cannot sever it. May we in like manner cling to Christ.

Flowers are unlike most things—wherever they may be, they are never out of place. They alike deck the fair young bride, and the little one in its last long sleep. Very beau-



tiful to me is the idea of cultivating flowers on the spot where rest our loved ones,—converting a *grave* into a *garden*. I was once wandering in a cemetery, when I found myself standing before a stone placed there by a fond husband in memory of his youthful and beloved wife ; and beneath were the simple words—

“ May violets spring.”

A lover of flowers speaks of wild ones as

“——Nature’s free-born and untutored things.”

What a strikingly touchingly idea had that little deaf and dumb boy gleaned from flowers, who, when asked for a definition of “forgiveness,” wrote, “It is the fragrance that violets yield when trampled on!” May *our* lives be as sweet as the violets, and our memory after death precious and fragrant as the lavender ; and while learning to grow meek, beautiful, and useful as the flowers, let us love more than ever “our Father,” who made them all. L. A. G.

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### THE WITHERED TREE.

**A** MID the winter’s frost and snows,  
It reared its head ;  
And few that passed it would suppose  
The tree was dead.

While Nature all around was drear  
And leafless too,  
Its lifeless state did not appear  
To public view.

But shortly when I passed the wood  
With verdure clad,  
Its tall and withered branches stood—  
A contrast sad,

In vain the fertilizing rains  
 And cheering sun ;  
 For there the stately tree remains  
 A lifeless one !

A useless cumb'rer of the land,  
 It waits the blow,  
 Which soon, inflicted by the woodman's hand,  
 Shall lay it low.

Sad type (with sorrow we confess)  
 Of many now,  
 Who as the "trees of righteousness"  
 Appear to grow.

But when the resurrection morn  
 Shall greet our eyes,  
 And an eternal Spring shall dawn  
 In paradise ;—

While saints shall "blossom as the rose,"  
 At God's right hand,  
 Eternal shame shall cover those  
 Who fruitless stand.

Search me, O God, nor let me be  
 Deceived at last ;  
 Nor as a useless, withered tree  
 From thee be cast.

Throughout my life, let more or less  
 Of fruit appear,  
 To demonstrate that I possess  
 A heart sincere.

*Islington.*

JOSIAH.

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### THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

**W**E know but little of our country before the invasion of Julius Cæsar. He had heard of our island from the natives of Gaul (now France), and thought to make an easy conquest ; but he was mistaken. The Britons, though frightened and appalled at the sight of the ships and men of the Roman expedition, were not so easily overcome. The thoughts of a foreign yoke soon brought them to their senses ; they lined the cliffs and ran along the shore, shouting and putting themselves in threatening attitudes, as they followed the Roman ships, whose commander was endeavouring to

find a secure anchorage. He landed on the southern coast of Britain, in the year 55 before Christ.

The Britons presented so formidable a front to the Roman legions, that for a time they scared them. But this temporary cowardice on their part was soon dispelled, for a standard bearer of the tenth legion leaped from the ship, and, wading ashore, was soon followed by his comrades. And then began a terrific contest between an army of well-trained hardy veterans, encased in iron, and led by a General who had commanded them for some years, and who fought battles but to win them; and an ill-assorted mass of rude and ignorant savages, who, though untrained and undisciplined, were yet determined to fight for the liberty of their hearths, and to protect themselves from the ignominy of a foreign tribute. The battle lasted long, and was vehemently contested. The Romans marshalled themselves in the water, and advanced towards the shore, whilst the Britons, who opposed their naked bodies to the wall of iron presented by the Roman legions, with undaunted bravery, gradually retreated and the Romans advanced, till a fair landing was effected, and the crestfallen Britons were compelled to promise submission to the arms of Julius Cæsar. This treaty was, however, soon violated; for the Roman General finding it unsafe to remain in Britain, retired to Gaul to spend the winter.

He returned, however, the year following, to complete his conquest, and brought with him 20,000 men, and an enormous number of horses, to oppose the chariots of the Britons. He well knew the value of his former treaty with them, as is evident from these immense preparations, which appear so foolish when it is recollected that all he contemplated was the reduction of a small island to a Roman dependency. Nor were the Britons remiss in their preparations. This was accounted by them to be a truly national question, and

was therefore met with great eagerness on all sides. They chose for their leader one Cassibelaunus, king or chief of the Trinobantes, (inhabitants of Essex,) to lead them in opposing their Roman foe. He collected every available man to fight the 20,000 infantry of Julius Cæsar. The contending armies met, and again the Britons opposed the well-disciplined troops with daring bravery, but they were worsted. This battle cost them their liberty for a time ; but it was not long before the Roman General gathered his troops together, and returned to Gaul, from whence he proceeded towards Rome, to assert his right against the faction of Pompey, and utterly routed his forces in that tremendous battle at Pharsalia. Cæsar was soon after killed in the Senate-house by Brutus and his co-conspirators ; he fell at the base of Pompey's statue, after having received three-and-twenty wounds.

Thus ended the life of this great man. His sudden and unexpected death was no doubt the cause of the Britons being left in the full enjoyment of the liberty which they had fought so hard to defend.

The events which occurred in such rapid succession in Italy between the states which had an interest in, or were opposed to, Rome, tended to leave our ancestors in peace for nearly one hundred years. It was then that Ostorius arrived here, and after defeating the Britons, captured their king Caractacus, and took him to Rome to grace his triumph. [*See engraving.*] When he was being led through the streets of Rome, and saw the splendour and luxury which abounded there, he exclaimed, "Alas ! how is it possible that people possessed of such magnificence at home, could think of envying Caractacus an humble cottage in Britain ?" The Roman Emperor Claudius pardoned him for his proud and independent carriage when before him.

*(To be continued.)*

## SUSAN WHEATLEY'S TREASURE.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

*(Continued from page 95.)*

**T**IME passed on ; the little Edgar became a fine healthy child. Susan's love for him increased every day, although she only caressed him by stealth ; she felt half ashamed of "making a fuss," as she called it, of the child before others : when out walking she would call for him, and carry him off soberly enough, but more than once she had been seen sitting in some quiet nook in the green lanes, kissing and talking to him as fondly as a mother could have done.

Good actions often have a present as well as a future reward, and Susan's love for the child softened and changed her disposition, making her loveable as well as loving, and happier than she had ever been in her former selfish life.

Edgar was sent to school as soon as he was old enough, and at nine years was a fair scholar, an intelligent and affectionate boy, and was very anxious to earn a living for himself. A tradesman in the town where he went to school offered to engage him to carry out parcels and assist in the shop. Edgar persuaded Susan to let him go, promising to continue his lessons and writing after he left work in the evening. He did so, and became so good a scholar as to be very useful in the business.

When he was thirteen, Susan went to his master and inquired how much money would be required to apprentice him. He named a sum that was just as much again as all she had remaining ; she told him the boy's history, how industrious and persevering he had been, and offered the remains of her once-loved treasure, if he would take him. The master who was a kind-hearted man, did so. Edgar never

knew till years afterwards that his dear mother (as he always called her) parted with her whole store to give him a fair start in life.

Years have passed since then ; Susan's hair is almost white now ; the once strong frame is bent and feeble ; but she is very happy, and her adopted son is a prosperous tradesman. She sits in her easy-chair at Edgar Wheatley's fireside ; his young wife calls her " mother," and treats her with a daughter's tenderness ; while two rosy little girls are constantly bringing their small troubles or joys to " grandma."

So the bread cast upon the waters has been found after many days, and Susan says the greatest treasure she ever possessed was the bundle she found on the stones in the porch.

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### CEYLON.

**T**HE visit of our noble Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, has occasioned great sensation in the island of Ceylon. His reception was most enthusiastic, and will be long and gratefully remembered.

Our Mission at Colombo is still in an encouraging state. Mr. Van Geyzel has recently examined the day-school, and the accounts he gives, as well as those of Mr. Jayewardine, are most satisfactory.

In a recent letter, Mr. Van Geyzel says,—“ All the work in the Mission department is progressing very encouragingly, including our delightful Sunday-school. This looks as if his heart were in the work. And truly it is a delightful thought that upwards of seventy Sunday scholars are taught from week to week those glorious truths “ which are able to make them wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.” May that saving faith be granted ; and may many more be added to their number.

The School children are going to send a letter shortly in imitation of those in India.

Mr. Jayewardine is partially devoting his time to Mission work in addition to his school duties. A Singalese service is held every Sunday afternoon, which Mr. J. and several other kind friends assist to conduct.

Mr. Andriesz is still actively engaged both in preaching and visiting, with more or less encouragement in his work.

In his journal of April 16th, he says, "This day I have visited several places ; I went also to see a family who, it must be said, were brands plucked out of the fire ; for the Lord has signally blessed the word spoken in reclaiming them. When I spoke to them they expressed their gratitude to God for having brought them thus far from the path of ruin."

On the 7th April, Mr. A. visited the Station at New Bazaar and Silversmith's Street. In conversation with a Roman Catholic woman, he reminded her of death and judgment. "She admitted that she was a sinner and that she must be punished in the other world. Poor woman ! she did not know a Substitute had come and suffered. I explained this to her," he says, "and she gladly received the tidings."

And now, my dear young readers, let me affectionately ask you if *you* have gladly received the good tidings ? You have *heard* them perhaps times without number,—but have you *received* them into your heart ? Do not put the thought from you. Is it nothing to you whether you shall be saved or lost ? The gospel gives no encouragement to indifference ; but to those who are in earnest about the salvation of their souls, its language is—" *Ask*, and ye shall receive ; *seek*, and ye shall find ; *knock*, and the door shall be opened unto you."

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## THE OLD-FASHIONED LADIES ;

OR, POOR, YET MAKING MANY RICH.

**I**T was quite an annoyance to a fashionable family in our place of worship, that two old ladies, who adhered to a very ancient mode of dress, occupied the pew before them every Sunday. The children had drawn several caricatures of their neighbours in their hymn-books. These thoughtless young people did not notice the sweet peace which illuminated the faces of the two old ladies while they "worshipped the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

When we went out on a collecting tour for the missionary society, we presented the book to the rich lady who dressed

so beautifully. She received us in an elegant drawing-room, but a cloud shadowed her face on learning our errand. After making many excuses about her want of faith in such far-off missions and her preference for home charities, and the times which limited her expenditure, she returned with half-a-crown.

At an unpretending little house we stopped rather unwillingly. Here lived those shabby old ladies who looked so antiquated : it was almost useless to solicit their aid. The room was plainly furnished with well-worn furniture and a home-made carpet ; there were no pictures on the walls, no books visible, except an old family Bible, which looked as if it were always open. At the sight of our little subscription-book it was unnecessary to mention our object. The younger sister went to some distant bureau drawer, and brought back an old leather purse. It was full of bright gold pieces. With a radiant face she gave three shining sovereigns into our hands, saved by self-denial and numberless economies, by sales of fruit and eggs, by constant remembrance of the injunction, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." We had been disposed sometimes to laugh at the two old ladies, but never again did we think of them without reverence and love.

When we were preparing to send a present to the hospital, a chaise stopped at the door, and the two old ladies appeared, bearing a goodly store. The old chaise was filled with cups of jelly and bottles of currant wine, with soft linen and warm blankets. They had brought enough to fill a generous box. It was easy to see why the dear old people wore the same dresses year after year, and carried such faded parasols.

We heard of a very poor family, and went to ascertain what they especially needed : we had been anticipated by the same charitable hands. There was the willow basket, familiar in all the houses of our poor, which had brought bread, and meat, and cordials for the sick. With our two old

ladies it seemed very true that "giving does not impoverish:" their cruse of oil was never empty.

Again we called at the old house, to beg something for soldiers' tracts and books: still one gold coin remained to send us on our way rejoicing. They were quilting in the clean old kitchen; this must be designed for themselves: but they asked us to walk into the parlour, and see a few articles they were about to send to a home missionary's family. For many months they had been sewing and knitting, until a table was covered with garments for an unknown brother in Christ.

In short, wherever either of them went, she carried with her a warm sympathizing heart. In the sick and dying chamber they were like ministering angels, and even in passing through a churchyard they shared their neighbours' sorrows, and the tear of sympathy would flow.

That was a sacred house: it reminded us of the one to which Jesus used to resort. We never failed to find gold in the worn purse, food in the closet for the hungry, wine and soup for the sick, whenever we applied to the women who were "poor, yet making many rich."

When jewels and costly dresses will have lost their charm, when the white robe of Christ's giving will be the only one desired, our two old-fashioned ladies will find their gold and silver, hoarded for His sake, safe for them, and all their charities, given so noiselessly that the left hand did not know what the right hand did, repaid a thousand-fold.

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#### IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIE: WHO DIED, MAY 12, 1870, AGED 3 YEARS.

**L**ITTLE Willie fell asleep: and the Saviour's loving arms  
Were thrown around him tenderly e'en amid Death's  
rude alarms;

And that brief struggle over, safely bore his soul away,  
 From this vale of sin and sorrow to the realms of endless day.  
 And yet it seemeth hard that he should die, so young and  
 fair,

Whose prattling talk and merry laugh had lightened many a  
 care ;

The pattering of those little feet how sadly will ye miss,  
 And the upturned face and pouting lip to ask the good-night  
 kiss.

Yet murmur not, though in the tomb his body lies at rest :  
 It was the will of Him, who doeth all things for the best.

He saw 'twould not be well for him life's thorny path to roam,  
 So sweetly called him to Himself, and gently led him home.  
 There now, methinks I see him, among the angels stand,  
 One of the white-robed choristers in the celestial land ;  
 Methinks I hear him singing Heaven's melodies so sweet,  
 While his tiny crown he's laying at the dear Redeemer's feet.  
 There Israel's Shepherd leads him by life's ever-flowing stream,  
 Where heaven's glorious sunshine o'er its rippling waters  
 gleam ;

Night's shadows never darken the noontide of its sky,  
 And no thought of sin and sadness brings the tear-drop to  
 the eye.

There Jesus sits in glory, on the rainbow-circled throne,  
 Whom the ransomed hosts are praising in multitudes  
 unknown.

Angel voices swell the chorus, but they cannot sing the song ;  
 For the glories of redemption unto sinners saved belong.  
 Earth's pleasures are but seeming, its brightest moments die :  
 We stretch the hand to grasp them, and lo ! they've passed  
 by ;

Heaven's joys alone are lasting ; may it be our lot to share,  
 And join with little Willie in the anthems chanted there.

*Brighton.*

T. G. C. A.

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## SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**I**N times of old the scripture doth record,  
Of one who never did offend the Lord;  
The truth he spoke, and sin he never did commit ;  
Yet in Christ's kingdom he shall never sit.

ANNIE AMEY.

## SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

**M***Y first*, though once a curse, is now boon,—  
How great the blessing we can scarcely tell ;—  
But if the Lord withheld it, we should soon  
Be like the ancient land of Israel,  
When God had heard a certain prophet's cry,  
And for him wrought miraculous supply.

*My second* is an instrument of war,  
Yet harmless as the sheath that holds the sword ;  
Or as artillery and muskets are,  
Disused, and not with ammunition stored.

*My whole* appears in heaven, a sign of peace,  
Both in the sky, and round the throne of God ;  
Nor shall this sacred symbol ever cease,  
For God himself has pledged his holy word.

JOSIAH.

## ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA.

1.—LIVE—LEVI—EVIL—VILE.

Correct answers have been received from—

Mrs. Cobb, Highbury  
Miss Agnes Cobb, Hackney Road  
„ E. Barmore, Homerton

Miss A. Shuff, Hammersmith  
Master R. Few, Over, Cambs.  
„ A. Thorne, Eaton Bray

ONE HALFPENNY.



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“PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE GROTTO.”

“PLEASE to remember the grotto,” said a poor boy, holding out an oyster-shell to a lady one August morning.

“You are rather early, my little man,” said the lady good-naturedly, while dropping a penny into the shell, “there is no R in the month yet.”

“Better be too soon than too late, ma’am ; the early bird catches the worm, they say.”

“That’s true,” said Mrs. Brown, “but can you do nothing better than grotto building ?”

“Yes, ma’am, I sweep a crossing in dirty weather, and should like to get my own living, but people are afraid of me because I’m poor.”

“Where do you live ? My husband wants a boy.” The

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London : HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.

boy directed Mrs. Brown to his mother's poor home in a neighbouring alley.

Her enquiries being satisfactorily answered by the mother, Mrs. Brown gave her name and address, and told the boy to call next morning at eight, with clean face and hands.

On her return Mrs. Brown told her husband of the arrangement she had made ; but he did not seem very pleased.

"I fear you have done wrong," he said ; "this boy may rob me on all hands ; you are too enthusiastic, my dear."

His wife replied, "Only try him ; I do not think you will repent : you know, my dear," she added playfully, "oysters are ugly things, but no one likes a supper of them better than you ; besides, pearls are found in some ;" then, more seriously, "this boy's appearance may be against him, but I believe he is honest : I liked his answers ; for while they were to the purpose, they were not pertly given, and a tear rose in his eye as he spoke."

"Well, my dear, I will try your 'oyster,' and hope to find a pearl in him as you seem to expect."

The boy came five minutes before eight, and was engaged to sweep the shop, clean windows, and perform other small duties.

These he fulfilled well, and was soon entrusted with errands. In these also he gave satisfaction, going where he was sent without delay, delivering messages carefully, and returning without loitering, although some of his old acquaintances would often accost him and try to tempt him to a chat or a game at marbles, and laugh at him for his steadiness.

His earnings he gave to his mother, who laid them out to the best advantage, so that soon his appearance became very respectable. At length he was able to go to an evening school where he learned reading, writing and arithmetic.

His master approved his conduct much, and raised his salary more than once ; thus he was enabled to help his poor mother.

At length he was promoted to be shopman, and was respected by all who knew him for his honesty, steadiness, and propriety.

“Please to remember the grotto,” became a proverb with Mrs. Brown, who made it a rule to give her husband an oyster supper every year early in September, as a gentle reminder not to be prejudiced by outward appearances.

And now, my readers, I want you to learn the same lesson. Never be rude to a plain-looking or poor person, and to a cripple be doubly kind, because of his affliction. Within his deformed body may be a noble soul ; many have been clever and good, whose outward appearance was against them. The great Dr. Watts was a little man, and the greater Apostle Paul also. Æsop was deformed, and a slave. Be not, then, proud of a pretty face, if God has given you one ; remember, beauty is soon to fade, and apart from goodness will neither benefit yourselves nor others ; an illness may take it all away, and death must soon destroy it : but seek to be kind, generous, forgiving, steady, and industrious ; and, above all, seek acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, which are able to “make wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.” “Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain ; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.”

J. M. E. H.

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### THE SMITH'S FAMILY ;

OR, GODLINESS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

(Continued from page 91.)

**F**ROM childhood Mary K—— had been remarkably fond of flowers, and whenever a holiday was in view she would say to her mother, “Let me go into the meadow and gather flowers.” As soon as she was able to read, she sought for, and took delight in, books that explained the names and properties of flowers and shrubs. She also exhib-



ited so much good taste in the arrangement of them, that when she went to Squire B——'s she was found to be exceedingly useful in that department, and the housekeeper appointed her indoor florist, under the superintendence of the gardener, who gave her a piece of ground and instructed her in the cultivation of plants.

Mary was now of a truth "as happy as the days were long;" for when she viewed her lilies blossom, she thought of Him who said, "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Yes, Mary loved her Saviour, and that made her happy. In the fulness of her heart she once said, "How kind the gardener is, he is always giving me something new for my garden, or some beautiful flowers to adorn my lady's toilet," (for she was appointed maid to one of the young ladies.) The gardener (Smith) thought also that Mary was the most kind and amiable girl he had ever seen. This mutual feeling increased, and was observed by all with approval; it had not passed unnoticed even by the Squire, who had more than once seen Mary and Smith walk to church together, and remarked to her ladyship that he never knew a couple better fitted for each other. "I shall have a cottage built and furnished for Smith, and will raise his wages, so that he may be enabled to settle, for I have greatly admired his steady industrious habits. I believe he will make the girl a good husband," said the Squire. "And I believe she will make him a good wife," said the lady, "though I am sure every one in the house will be sorry to part with her, she is so very obliging. I fear we shall not get another so exactly to suit.

The builders were set to work, to erect a neat cottage by the roadside, and Smith was desired to lay out the ground already enclosed, according to his own taste; but not one word escaped respecting its future occupant. Everybody wondered why the Squire should build a cottage; who

could it be for? was a question raised in every one's mind, even Smith and Mary were kept in ignorance till its completion.

When the furniture was moved in and placed in "apple-pie order" under the superintendence of the housekeeper, the young couple were invited by note to meet the Squire at an appointed time at the new cottage.

Now the question, "who is the cottage for?" was fully understood by Mary and Smith, and their hearts were full of joy. At the appointed time they were seen walking arm-in-arm to meet their master, who stood at the cottage door to greet them. "Come in," said the Squire, "and look about you, and as you look, believe everything you see is your own. I feel great pleasure in presenting you with this freehold cottage and everything pertaining to it. I know you have both agreed to be one, and I approve your choice. You have both served me faithfully, and I will always prove a friend. You, Mary, I look upon as the child of my friends, who, though in a distant land, and poor, (for they emigrated) are not forgotten by me."

Poor Mary was quite overcome; she sank into a chair bathed in tears, but they were tears of gratitude. Smith, too, tried to speak his thanks, but his heart was too full, and the kind and loving master would not allow a word to be said in his praise, but bade them there and then fix the happy day, which was the earliest possible.

A bright and joyful morn it was. Smith was presented with an entire new suit by his master, and Mary's young lady presented her with a pretty new dress, shawl, and bonnet, for the occasion. The bells rang merrily as they came out of the church, and a sumptuous repast was served up in the Servants' Hall.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

*(Continued from page 104.)*

**A**S to the derivation of the ancient Britons, it was certainly Celtic. One historian says that a migration of Celts took place from Spain to our island ; and also, most probably to Ireland. This migration took place about 1000 years before Christ, or about the reign of King Solomon. However this may be, we have good reason for believing our ancestors to have been of Celtic origin. But it is of their habits we wish mostly to speak. The Britons were not very great lovers of agriculture : it was chiefly confined to one section of the country. The majority of them lived upon flesh and milk. The inhabitants of the south-east cultivated the ground ; but those of the south bartered lead, tin, iron, and other metals, to the few ships which came there. The inhabitants wore only the skins of beasts to cover their

persons ; and the parts exposed they painted blue, in all sorts of fantastic shapes. They were rather tall of stature, capable of enduring great hardship and fatigue, and of undaunted bravery, as their invaders found to their cost.

Their government also was barbarous in the extreme. Many of them, being of roving disposition, like the gipsies of more modern times, they gained their subsistence by keeping and rearing tame animals, which they killed when required for food, making covering from the skins. There were plenty of animals in Britain at that time, and in these consisted the riches of the inhabitants. The country being divided into a number of small portions, there presided over each a king or chief, and frequent were the disturbances between them. This, no doubt, is the true reason of their expertness in the use of the war-chariot—a curiously constructed machine, which had scythes, or sharp iron instruments, like swords, fixed to the wheels, which mowed down the ranks of an opponent, and caused immense slaughter, while the Britons ran along the beam and threw lances or spears besides. Compare the almost cannibal state of our ancestors *then*, with our own *now*, and see what great things Christianity has done for us. But much as we may be horrified at the misery and destruction of human life which was caused in that day, we must not forget that Christianity has not done away with war as yet. To one man killed in a battle in those days, there are ten in our own. We have become more refined now, and instead of war being avoided it is sought, and made quite a science.

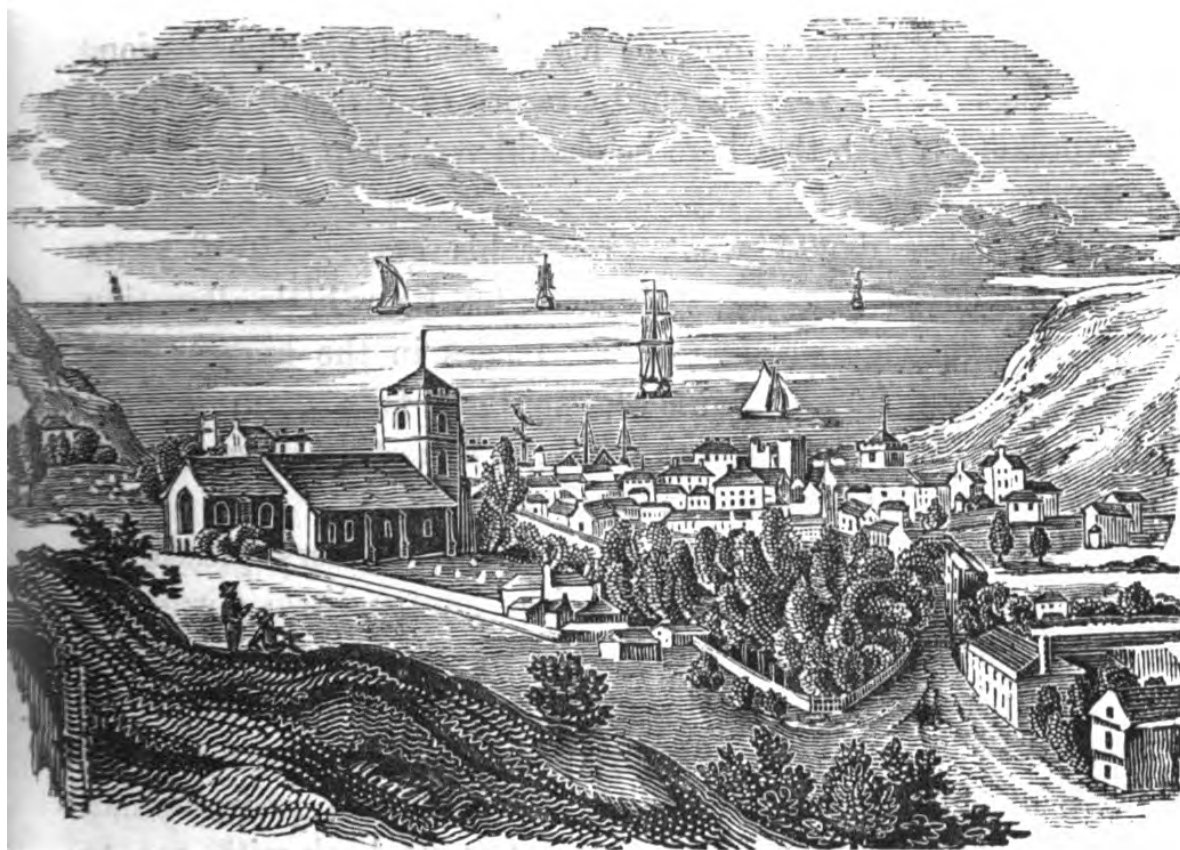
The religion of the ancient Britons was idolatrous in the extreme ; full of mystery and superstition. Their priests were called Druids, from a word meaning *an oak*, because they declared the oak a sacred tree, and performed their religious worship beneath its boughs. They were looked upon by the Britons as the greatest persons in the country,

just as the deluded Roman Catholics look upon their Pope as the greatest person on earth. And it was, of course, to the interest of the Druids to keep this opinion, and so retain their authority.

The Druids inculcated the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, put in connexion with the absurd idea of transmigration; that is, they held that the soul of a man, when he died, passed into something else, and that he was still living, only in another form. And according to their behaviour in this world they passed into something good or bad when they died. Hence some animals were esteemed sacred: the hen, the wolf, and the goose it was deemed impious to eat. Human sacrifices were held to be pleasing and acceptable to the gods, and criminals were immolated to the god they had offended. On some occasions they sacrificed a large number together, by making a kind of immense basket in the shape of a man, and then setting fire to it till they burnt them to ashes. Sometimes a fanatic would be burnt in this way voluntarily. But if it chanced that there were no criminals to be burnt, they would seize upon sick persons instead.

They were temporal as well as spiritual judges: that is they presided over Church and State; they had the power of making peace or declaring war; could depose magistrates, and even the chiefs, if they acted in a manner they did not admire, or violated any of the laws by which the ancient Britons were governed.

Having thus briefly sketched the habits, customs, religion and government of the ancient Britons, let us contrast their barbarous state with the many blessings which the gospel has shed abroad on our happy isle. Let us love increasingly that blessed Book, which as Her Majesty once said, is "the cause of England's greatness," and let us do all in our power to make known its glorious truths in heathen lands.



### NELLY'S LAST WALK.

**I**T was taken only a few weeks ago, and a very little distance from where I now am. You don't know where that is, so I'll tell you. I am staying at Hastings, a view of which you have now before you. It is such a beautiful place ; I am sure you would enjoy being here.

That quaint looking little church you can see, is called "All Saints'." It is supposed to have been built in the latter part of the fourteenth century. A very pretty old church it was too, but it is now being restored—so that although the structure is the same, of course it has lost its old appearance. In the churchyard at the back, lie the remains of George Mogridge, better known as "Old Humphrey." You know he wrote "Peter Parley" and many other interesting books. He was a dear, good, generous old man, and I

should think there are very few of you children, who have not some, or at least one, of his books in your possession. Hastings was a very favourite resort of his, and he often expressed a wish that here he should *rest* when his *work* was done.

The other day I went to see his grave. Ten years had passed since my last visit there, but I saw little alteration *there*, the change was in *myself*. It lies in the highest part of the churchyard where the sunlight falls upon it, and makes it look bright and cheerful; a fit resting-place for one who so strove to make life happy and sunny.

The house I am staying in is small, but very pleasantly situated, facing the sea. There is a pretty little garden in front, strewed with bright-coloured marigolds, and close by me is a basket covered with moss, in which are growing some fair little ferns, very tastefully arranged, got from one of the neighbouring glens, which I bought of a poor woman on the beach, and which I intend to take back with me to London. Round the handle of the basket a wreath of ivy is fantastically twined. At my back window, I have a good view of the Albert Memorial and Clock Tower, erected to "Albert the Good," in 1862. Its four dials are illuminated at night, and the clock chimes every quarter of an hour.

A very different house is the one in which little Nelly lived. It is much larger and handsomer, in a more quiet and retired situation, and rather nearer the ruins of the old castle than this is, but not so near the sea.

When Nelly went into that house, it was doubtless with the idea of probably living there for *many years*.

I left my London home, with its dust and heat, its work, and worry and noise, to spend only three quiet *weeks* of rest and enjoyment in this lovely sea-side spot, and yet already I have stayed here *longer* than little Nelly!

But you would perhaps like to hear about her. I never

saw Nelly nor anyone belonging to her that I am aware of. Almost all my information has been gleaned from the newspapers, but I'll tell you what I can.

The papa and mamma of little Nelly with their children, came here to reside in Hastings. I think they came from London, but I am not quite sure. They took one of the large and fashionable houses, and came to live in it on Wednesday, June 15th. On the following Saturday, the governess came down to them. Sunday came, and the family went to worship at St. Clements' Church. It is a very pretty old church built in 1286, and re-built in about the year 1378. In the afternoon, the children with their governess, took a quiet walk on the East Cliff. It was their *first* walk there, and they did not know of its dangers. One of the little boys was playing with his cap, and Nelly running after it, when in a moment, the child suddenly disappeared. Then rose upon the air a despairing cry from the poor governess, and the terrible truth that little Nelly was killed was soon realized. She had lost her footing, and had fallen over the cliff of fearful height, on to the beach beneath.

Imagination alone can help us to picture the agony of those distressed parents, when the lifeless little form was borne to that sad home! That *first* and *last* walk of little Nelly on the East Cliff, will long be painfully remembered.

Since the body of the little one was laid to rest, a note appeared in one of the papers addressed to "Ministers of Religion," and signed "A Sorrowing Relative." From it we learn, that on that Sunday morning, (June 19th) on leaving the church, Nelly remarked to her governess — "I liked that sermon very much, because I understood it." The text was that beautiful one, "God is love." Very comforting and acceptable to the rector must be this simple testimony of one so young, for Nelly was only seven years old!

Perhaps he did not think that one in his congregation was



so near death ; but, with gratitude he will be able to reflect that he preached a sermon so simply and plainly—as all christian ministers should do—that a little child was able to understand it.

Nelly's death was terribly sudden and unlooked for ! It might too have come to *us*. Should *we* have been ready ? We *may* die as suddenly ! *Are we ready ?* If not, I implore you, seek *at once* to be made fitted to live, and ready to die, when it shall be our Father's will to call us home.

Little Nelly's passage to heaven was a *very rough one*, but it was mercifully a *very short one* ! She learned in this world to "understand" that "God is love:" how soon after, in a better world did she realize more fully and significantly the *depth* of that love !

*Happy Nelly*—thus early to be called home ! The sorrow and the suffering from which thou hast escaped are for those who are left behind to mourn thy loss !

There are little garments carefully and sorrowfully folded and put aside, which will no longer be wanted ; books and playthings lying untouched ; a merry voice is gone, and nimble footsteps are missed ; an empty chair stands in the corner which will never be filled, but there has been a vacant place in heaven filled ; and a spotless robe is worn by that little one in glory ! And so, though the parents and friends of little Nelly are still sorrowing, peace will ere long come to their troubled hearts, and they, too, with their departed little one, will be able to *feel* that "*God is love.*"

*Hastings, July, 1870.*

L. A. G.

## THE IDOL AND THE DOLL WITH MOVING EYES.

**T**HERE had gone out from Manchester a missionary and his wife to those fair but miserable islands of the Pacific,

the Samoan group. Children were born to them in due time, to call forth, more effectually than ever, the sympathy and affection of those in England who "held on to the rope," as Carey said. And a little missionary sewing circle was formed in Manchester to make up a box of clothing, comforts, and memorial gifts for these far-off friends in the sea.

When this became known in the households, an old family servant who had spent thirty years of her life with them, and had grown in that time to be one of them, greatly desired to send some present that would be prized by the little ones, the children of the children she had nursed and loved, and followed into their willing exile with her tears and blessings. So she bought a handsome doll, one of those mysterious little constructions which open and shut their eyes on a slight hint; then she went to work upon its wardrobe with a generosity that showed her conviction that dolls at least are not liable to vanity. Morning-dresses, and walking-dresses, dinner-dresses, &c., &c., until it was necessary to provide a separate smaller box to be enclosed in the larger one, that the rich array might not be marred on the way.

While this kindly little enterprise was growing up in England, another doll had made its appearance at Samoa. Roman Catholic priests arrived there, bent, we fear more upon defeating the Protestants than upon converting the natives to Christ. They obtained some slight foothold, and opened their wares, not the least important of which was *an image of the Virgin Mary*. Doubtless its dresses were also rich, and its tresses fair; but, alas, its eyes were fixed.

The priests and this object of their worship were still under discussion, when it was noised abroad that the English people had received a box of gifts from their own country. Far and wide the tidings spread, and all sorts of people crowded thither to see these strange and beautiful things.

Among other matters, the doll of course was not forgotten by the children ; she was brought forth in her brilliant attire, and put upon the display of her accomplishments. The eyes silently and rapidly shut and opened, to the admiration of untutored Polynesia.

And now, unbidden by the missionaries, but prompt and clear, came this odd but very direct reasoning : “ We have seen the god of the Roman Catholics, we have also seen the plaything of the English children ; the plaything opens its eyes, but the eyes of the Catholic god are fixed : greater is the plaything of the Protestants than the idol of the Romanists. What must the God of the Protestants be ? ” And the missionaries declare, that, so strong was the hold of these thoughts upon the minds of the people, that the priests could not recover their influence, but were absolutely driven from the island by the doll. The word preached by the missionary had free course, and was well listened to ; and the evangelization of the people was thus signally aided by the old servant’s kindly gift.

1. How narrow is the base of error, and how precarious its foothold !

2. How constantly God’s servants find that they are in his hand, no less in their duties than in their history ! They set out to do great things, and accomplish nothing ; to do little things, and behold, great things are done.

3. God’s blessing alone gives life to any means of service we employ. Let it be *our* business, then, to be faithful ; it is *his* prerogative to be victorious.—*Family Treasury*.

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“ FOLLOW ME.”

**A** JEW was sitting at the receipt of custom, near the gate of Capernaum. His brow was furrowed with the marks of covetousness, and his jealous eye exhibited all the

low cunning of the publican. Very probably he had heard much of Jesus ; perhaps he had heard him preach by the shore of the lake of Galilee ; still his worldly heart was unchanged, for he remained at his wicked trade, sitting by the receipt of custom. The Saviour passed that way, and as he bent his eyes upon the busy Levi, said, "Follow me." He said no more. He used no argument, no threatening, no promise. But the God of all grace breathed on the publican's heart, and he was made willing ; "he arose and followed him." It pleased God, who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will, to give Matthew a saving glimpse of the excellency of Jesus ; a drop fell from heaven upon his heart, and melted it ; he smelled the sweet savour of the Rose of Sharon. What is all the world to Matthew now ? He cares not for its gains, its pleasures, its praises, any more. In Christ he sees what is sweeter and better than them all. He arose and followed Jesus.

Let us learn that a simple word may be blessed to the saving of precious souls. Often we are tempted to think there must be some deep and logical argument to bring men to Christ. Often we put confidence in high-sounding words. Whereas it is the simple exhibition of Christ carried home by the Spirit which awakens, enlightens, and saves. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. If the Spirit be breathing on the people, these little words, "Follow Jesus," spoken in love, may be blessed to the saving of a whole congregation.—*M'Cheyne.*

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### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**I** AM composed of thirty-one letters, and my whole is a sentence showing the power of God.

My 21st, 17th, 5th, 19th, 31st, a bird mentioned in scripture ;

my 4th, 9th, 27th, 31st, 17th, one of the minor prophets ;  
 my 5th, 28th, 30th, 18th, 17th, 7th, one of Manasseh's sons ;  
 my 23rd, 2nd, 10th, 21st, a Jewish coin ; my 17th, 20th,  
 12th, 29th, a Hebrew month ; my 31st, 19th, 17th, 23rd,  
 one of the sons of Shem ; my 14th, 15th, 17th 3rd, an  
 animal mentioned in Scripture ; my 15th, 17th, 23rd, 26th,  
 6th, 13th, Manoaah's son. FANNIE E. G.

### SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

**M***Y first* was formed by the Almighty's will,  
 And it is he who overrules me still ;  
 It is beyond the power of man to scan,  
 It represents the love of God to man.

*My second* is a title which was given  
 To Adam's children by the God of heaven ;  
 All his dear family shall bear this name,  
 Jesus was also called by the same.

*My whole* has been since ever time began ;  
 'Tis for the service, and the good of man,  
 For which we now depend upon the Lord,  
 And he has kindly pledged his holy word.

*Merton Abbey.*

E. J. WELCH.

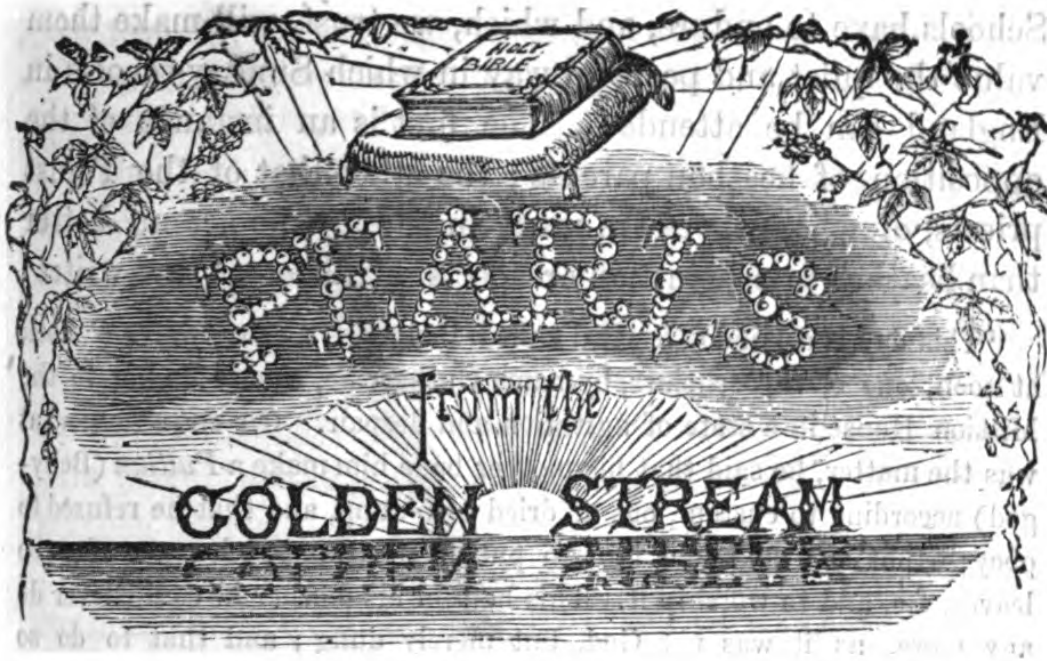
### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

- 1.—BALAAM'S ASS.
2. (CHARADE).—RAIN-BOW.

Correct answers have been received from—

Miss Anne Amey, Stratford, 1,	Miss M. A. Kirby, Gt. Stanmore, 1
„ Rachel Baxter, Stretham, 1, 2	„ Ruth Smith, Hackney, 1, 2,
„ M. J. Bill, Islington, 2,	Master T. W. Brown, St. Luke, 1
„ F. Brind, Islington, 2	„ R. Few, Over, Cambs, 2
„ Nellie Butcher, Tring, 1, 2	„ A. Thorne, Eaton Bray, 1 2
„ Agnes Cobb, Hackney-rd, 1, 2	„ E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey 2

**ONE HALFPENNY.**



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### OUR MISSION.

**O**UR missionaries in India, Mr. Thomas and Cooposawmy Row, are still, we find, continuing their two-fold work of preaching to the adult heathen, and teaching their children. Both the Day and Sunday Schools, are however, carried on under great difficulties, on account of the greater attractions presented by the Government Schools, where the Bible is not taught, and which, on that account the parents much prefer to the Mission Schools. For this reason, it is intended to establish a school further from Madras, in one of the populous villages near the city, where the competition of secular schools will not be strongly felt. We trust the Lord will guide our missionary to a suitable spot.

We will give our young friends two instances that have occurred, of the opposition the scholars attending our Mission

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London : HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.

Schools have to endure, and which, we trust, will make them value the quiet and peaceful way in which Sunday-schools in England can be attended. The first is an instance of the opposition of heathen parents; the other that of the Papist priests, of whom there are many in India, who are no better than heathen priests in many respects. Mr. Thomas thus writes:

“This day is a Hindoo festival called Pougul. About twelve o’ clock at noon, one of my scholars, by name Cuthervale, came running to the Mission House in a state of agitation and despair. On enquiring what was the matter, he said that his mother bade him make a *Pullian* (Belly-god) according to custom, out of dried cow-dung, and that he refused to obey;—that she next told him to put upon a dung-god some mangoe leaves, &c. and to worship it. This he told his mother he could never do any more, as it was not God, but merely dung; and that to do so would be downright mockery and insult to the one true and living God, who made man and all things, and who is revealed to us in his holy and blessed word. Upon this, his mother and two female relatives abused him, and threatened to beat him, saying, “You are going to be a Christian,” &c.

No wonder that young Cuthervale ran to the missionary for advice and protection; and, sad as it is to see parents set against children for religion’s sake, yet our Lord himself foretold that such would be the effect of the gospel being preached among the nations. See Luke xii. 53. Let us hope that the same firmness which led this heathen lad to renounce idol worship in his youth, will result in his becoming the sincere worshipper of God who is a Spirit.

The other instance is as follows:—

“This day (April 10th) two of my scholars came to see me very sorrowful. On enquiring the cause of their grief, the boys who are brothers, and Romanists, their friends being Papists, told me that their priest came to their house yesterday, at which time they were learning their lessons for school. No sooner did they see the priest, than they hid their books and ran away. The next day, the priest called them to him, and put them then and there *under penance*, and ordered them to take their books and return them to their schoolmaster, informing

him that they were no longer to attend the Protestant Mission School. The boys had therefore come to deliver up their books, and they left expressing much regret."

Thus both papists and heathen agree in hating the light, and opposing the teaching of the Bible to the young. Shall we therefore give up our Mission Schools, and leave them to themselves? Rather, is there not the more need to sustain our missionaries, and support our Mission Schools steadfastly and perseveringly, that they may be as a light shining in a dark place, till the gospel day dawn, and the day-star arise in heathen hearts.

We conclude by giving a report of a conversation which our missionary, Cooposawmy Row, had with a heathen woman in connexion with the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh.

March 24th.—"This morning I went to Yarocancherry: all the villagers were gone to town to see the "fun" on the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh. To one old woman I spoke about the Saviour. She asked me "Has he come? You once before preached to us about King Jesus coming to judge us, has he come now? all the people are gone to see him." I told her, "This king is the son of our beloved Queen Victoria, but that King also will soon come; but we cannot tell, nor do we know when that will be. When he comes, the earth will be shaken; the dead will rise; sun and moon will be darkened; and all people must give account to him of all their doings; and if you feel that you are a sinner, and as such believe in Jesus you will be happy, and that Judge will be your Friend and Saviour; if not, you will be cast into hell with others, after the guilt of your sins and transgressions has been proved." The poor old woman, trembling said, "Sir, I do not know how to believe one whom I have not seen." I strove to explain to her what she by nature was, who Jesus is, and what he did, and what belief is. This occupied me a long time."

We have received a long and interesting account of the circumstances of the conversion of our missionary Cooposawmy, and an action brought by his father against a Wesleyan missionary on his account, from which we will give some extracts in a future number of the *Pearls*.

G. P.





### MARIE'S FIDELITY.

**I**T was in the year 1793, the city of Paris was in the hands of a cruel and lawless mob. The people, for centuries oppressed and down-trodden by the aristocracy, had revolted, and were now oppressors in their turn. Like all unused to power, they were merciless, and those who kept aloof from the brutal excesses of the populace, and their self-constituted rulers, were liable to be guillotined on the most trifling charge.

In the suburbs of Paris lived a young artist named Henri Cormier, his wife, who was an Englishwoman, their child, and one servant-maid, called Marie.

One day Marie left home for a short time to make some purchases. On her return she beheld a crowd surrounding her master's house, and her master and mistress being led

away prisoners. She burst through the crowd, and threw her arms round her mistress, weeping bitterly. Her mistress embraced her, crying, "Marie, protect my child!" when a soldier forcibly separated them, and compelled the prisoners to quicken their steps. Marie hastened to a side door, of which she had the key, and ran upstairs to the nursery, where the little Jules was asleep in his cot. Marie snatched him up, and made for the street, expecting a portion of the mob would stay behind to pillage the house; but when she descended the stairs, the lower rooms were already filled with turbulent men and frantic women, even more violent and terrible. All they did not care to carry off they were destroying, slashing with their knives the pictures poor Henri Cormier had spent years in painting, breaking the furniture, tearing open every place in a vain search for wine. Marie stood trembling on the stairs, recalling the sad stories she had lately heard of the treatment defenceless girls had met with at the hands of these savages.

One chance she had of avoiding them. At the back of the house was a wood-shed: she ran there, climbed over the wood, and hid behind it. The infant, who was scarcely twelve months old, began to cry; fortunately Marie had in her pocket some sweetmeats, and with these she silenced him.

She had nursed the little Jules from his birth, and loved him dearly for his own sake; but to serve her mistress she would have laid down her life.

Two years before, a lady engaged her as maid, brought her to Paris, and then dismissed her at a moment's notice for some trifling fault. The poor girl, unprovided with means to return to Marseilles, her native place, dreaded the thought of venturing out into the great city, where she was a stranger and alone, so sat weeping on the stairs of the hotel until Henry Cormier and his wife passed down.

The young English lady who had just left her own friends, pitied poor Marie, and took her into her service; but she had done much more than this for her.

When Marie first entered the service of Madame Cormier, she used every day to repeat certain prayers she had learned by rote, before a picture of the Virgin Mary and a little wooden crucifix. By the blessing of God on her mistress's instruction, she had been led to turn from these vanities to the living God, and now, in this time of peril, she cried to Him for deliverance.

When the work of demolition was over in the house, some of the men strayed out into the shed.

"Nothing but wood," said one, looking in.

"Ah, it is dry, it will blaze well; we will fire it," said another.

They went into the house, brought out some muslin curtains, and other light matters, placed them under some wood, and set them on fire.

Marie knelt and prayed with the child in her arms—"Little lamb," she said to him, "better smother here than fall alive into their hands." The shed was soon filled with thick smoke, Marie placed the child on the ground, covered him with her shawl, and fell down by his side, fainting with terror and exhaustion.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE SMITH'S FAMILY ;

OR, GODLINESS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

*(Continued from page 117.)*

**M**R. and Mrs. Smith being now comfortably settled in their new cottage, set out on life's journey with a fixed resolution of seeking the Divine blessing on the labour of their hands. Both being industrious and persevering, time passed happily on, Mrs. S— going occasionally to assist the housekeeper, and also taking home needlework to do for the young ladies, the money she received for which

was carefully put away in the savings' bank, and proved a great boon to them in times of domestic necessity.

Year after year rolled cheerfully on with John and Mary, and nothing worthy of note occurred, save the death of their worthy old master the Squire, who had always proved a friend according to his promise ; for as their family increased, he raised John's wages a trifle, and in his will left Mary a legacy, remarking, " She served me and my family faithfully in her youth." When the legacy was received, there were many ways opened for spending it : Mary was desirous of purchasing several things which she thought would add to John's comfort ; and John in turn thought of things that would be very suitable for Mary and the children. But after talking the matter over and seeking Divine guidance, they began to think that they could manage without spending the money at all, and that if it were put into the bank, there would be a little interest added every year ; and then they thought again, life is very uncertain, John may be taken away, and what a great blessing the money might be at a time of real necessity. Doubtless their good old master had thoughts of this kind, and it was soon decided that the bank was the place for the money, so the next day it was safely deposited.

It was about this time that the new minister, of whom we spoke in the first chapter, came to reside in the village. According to arrangement, on the first day of the opening of the new school, Mrs. S—— sent her three children who had hitherto been carefully instructed by herself. She had taken care to sow the good seed of the word of God in their hearts ; she watered it by prayer, and had the joy of seeing it spring up and bear fruit. Mary the eldest was just twelve years old : her disposition was remarkably gentle and obliging. She was grateful for instruction, and fond of reading ; her mind was well stored with hymns and portions of Scripture.

Ann, the second child, was ten years old, of a very different disposition, for, though sweet tempered and obliging, she showed signs of selfishness ; however, there were many good marks in *her* character, she was particularly neat in her person, would never be seen with a pin in her clothes instead of a button or string, and though so young, would always keep her stockings neatly mended.

Little John, the youngest, was only six years old, and able to read and spell very cleverly for his age.

On the second visit of the minister (which occurred three weeks after the commencement of the school,) Mrs. S— was gratified to learn that her children had behaved well, and that their good conduct had been particularly observed by the young Squire, his Lady and sisters, who were regular visitors there. Their attainments also reflected great credit upon their good mother.

The school became very prosperous, was well supported, and in the course of time became celebrated as a place where good servants of every description could be obtained ; for some were trained to household work, others for the nursery, and all were instructed to make and repair their own clothes, and encouraged to love to use their needles in various ways.

When Mary Smith was of a proper age, and capable of undertaking a situation, it happened that a nursemaid was required at the Squire's, and as the Lady on her visits had had opportunities of observing her gentleness and good management with the young children, she fixed upon her as being the girl to suit. This was a cause for much thankfulness with her father and mother, especially as the good old house-keeper still lived, and often visited at the cottage, and who felt overjoyed at the thoughts of having the opportunity of looking to the *little* Mary, as she used to call her.

(*To be continued.*)

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“A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.”

**I**T was indeed a lovely sight,  
 To see that aged pair,  
 Conducted by their little girl  
 To yonder house of prayer.

Alas ! for years they had not been  
 Accustomed to attend  
 Where sounds the gospel's joyful news,—  
 Where prayer and praise ascend.

The fleeting vanities of earth  
 Comprised their highest bliss ;  
 They thought not of a better world,  
 Well satisfied with this.

But little Jane, their youngest child,  
 Had early sought the Lord ;  
 He called who never calls in vain,  
 And she obeyed the word.

How constant did her youthful feet  
 Pursue the beaten way  
 To yonder ancient village church,  
 On God's most holy day !

And how attentively she sat  
 Beneath the gospel's sound !  
 For there a true evangelist  
 The youthful pilgrim found.

At such devoted earnestness  
 Her parents merely smiled ;  
 Nor hindered, nor accompanied  
 The good and gracious child.

Though oft she urged them to attend,  
 And pleaded, wept, and prayed ;  
 They still remained indifferent,  
 And still at home they stayed.

At length her gentle reasoning  
 Their prejudice assailed :  
 And sweet pathetic earnestness  
 O'er apathy prevailed.

They promised, and they kept their word,  
 The next bright Sabbath-day ;  
 Father and mother went to church,  
 And Jenny led the way.

That was indeed a joyful day,  
 And not on earth alone ;  
 For angels tuned their harps of gold,  
 Around the heavenly throne.

The words that fell from earnest lips,  
 Touched with a living coal,  
 Like arrows from the gospel bow,  
 Had pierced the father's soul.

The mother's heart was opened too,  
 And she received the word,  
 And never afterwards forgot  
 What she that day had heard.

Again they went, and yet again,  
 Until the soul's alarm  
 Was hushed by Christ with " Peace, be still !"  
 And then how great the calm !

The secret of their daughter's zeal  
 They now could understand,  
 And thanked the Lord their little child  
 Had led them by the hand.

How blest were they with such a girl !  
 How blest was little Jane !  
 The rapture of her youthful mind  
 She scarcely could contain.

Dear child ! thy conduct well deserves  
 A loftier muse than mine ;  
 Who many turn to righteousness  
 As stars shall ever shine.

Pursue thy bright and shining course  
 To unclouded day ;  
 And still by earnest faithfulness  
 Lead others in the way.

*Islington, Aug. 6th, 1870.*

JOSIAH.



## TEARS.

**H**OW bright they are! How expressive! A child's tear  
How large and clear it is! How pleading in its  
silent eloquence! How irresistible!

There is so much interest in a tear! Few who see it but wish to know its cause. And how *varied* tears are.

There are childish *tears of grief*—perhaps the secret may be read in that broken toy on the floor!

There are angry *tears of passion*, and with these are nearly always seen flushed faces and pouting lips.

Then there are *tears of regret and disappointment*. *Old Reader*, if I happen to be so honoured as to have one—you know what it is to bear one; did you ever think how *hard* it is for a *child* to bear one? And has the thought of it led you to look more kindly and pityingly on that little one's tears, and helped you, with your large, rough hand, *gently* to wipe them away?

*Children's tears*.—How readily they flow! They fall like April showers. They are frequent, but they can very easily be dried, if one only knows the way and tries it. There is such *magic* in *sympathy*, especially with *children*. Speak a kind word and see, the clouds will vanish, and sunshine again spread rapidly over the little faces. Be watchful, gentle reader, and bring not needlessly the ready tears to the eyes of the children—their troubles, alas! come too soon.

And *little readers*—be careful not to grieve each other, but try to be kind and gentle, and make this sad, yet beautiful world, brighter with your sunshiny spirits. What a wonderful effect tears have upon us! How they draw out our sympathies! I was once walking hurriedly along, in a crowded part of London, being somewhat heavily laden with various packages, when I heard a sound which caused me to turn in that direction: and there I saw a poor old woman.

She was very old, her hair was very white, and she was quite blind, and she looked so sad, but there she stood, *singing loudly!* By her side stood a girl, equally poor. Her pale, patient face bore the evident marks of hunger, yet her thin lips were mute. She uttered no complaint, nor asked for help. But most of all I noticed there were large heavy *tears* in her sad eyes. She was weeping silently, yet her tears did not fall. Weeping before that unthinking, busy throng of passers by, unnoticed by many—even the mother did not know. I passed on a few steps, but I could not proceed.

Those *tears* drew me back to offer what little assistance lay in my power.

There are *tears of physical suffering*; and very hard is it to sit and watch these, with no power to dry them; to know that nothing we can think of can give the slightest ease to that aching frame.

And tears of *mental suffering*, when “farewells” have been uttered and loved ones have parted. Very sacred are these tears. And then, better than all, are genuine *tears of sympathy*. *Words* at such times are too harsh and meaningless; but *tears* from those we love, in our deepest sorrow, these are very precious to us. Jesus himself must have thought so. How dear to those two sisters at Bethany must have been the *tears of Jesus* shed at the grave of their brother! “*Jesus wept!*” What greater proof of his love could they have had?

Tears often reveal the sadness of the heart, but they also sometimes relieve it.

“The rainbow cannot cheer us, if the showers refuse to fall;

*And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of all.”*

Have you ever read Tom Hood’s “Song of the Shirt?” Never, I think, have I read anything more pathetic. The poor, wretched creature therein depicted, would have been *thankful* to shed a few tears.

“ Oh, but for one short hour,  
 A respite, however brief;  
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
 But only time for Grief!  
*A little weeping would ease my heart,*  
*But in their briny bed*  
*My tears must stop, for every drop*  
*Hinders needle and thread.”*

A great sorrow often causes tears, but it is that sorrow, if sanctified, which draws us nearer to God. “Tears often prove the telescope by which men see far into heaven.”

There are *tears of joy*, when the heart is full of gladness. These are very blessed, happy tears.

But there are yet other tears—*penitential tears* which God is pleased to see. These tears bring joy in heaven to Jesus and the angels, for

“ Of all the sights of earth,  
 The one they hold most dear  
 Is, when adown the sinner’s cheek  
 There falls the burning *tear!*”

Reader, have you ever shed these tears—*tears of true repentance*? If not, may He who is exalted “to give repentance” soften your heart that you may weep them now, and there will be joy in heaven. With *true repentance* will come *full forgiveness*, and you will be happy in the Lord.

Though this be a world of sin and suffering, we are hastening on to a better, where “sorrow and sighing shall flee away,” and “*God shall wipe away all tears from off all faces!*”

L. A. G.

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HARSH WORDS, like hailstones in summer, batter down the tender plants, which soft ones, like gentle drops of dew, would fertilize and adorn.

## THE CAMEL AND THE MILLER.

**D**ID you ever hear the fable of the camel and the miller ? One night a miller was waked up by his camel trying to get its nose into the tent. "It's very cold out here," said the camel. "I only want to put my nose in." The miller made no objection. After a while, the camel asked leave to have his neck in, then his fore-feet ; and so, little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This, as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the forth-putting beast. "If you don't like it, you may go," answered the camel. "As for me, I've got possession, and I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now."

Do you know what that camel is like ? Bad habits ; little sins. A young man is asked to drink. He takes one glass, only a glass. Then he takes two. Intemperance has got its fore-paws on him. He neglects to rouse up and shake them off. So, little by little, it gains ground, until it gets the mastery ; and too late he finds he has lost place, power, character, everything.

Coveting puts its nose in the soul, breathing only wishes, little wishes. It is not thrust out. Desires for ill-gotten gain grow strong and stronger. They get a footing, they fill the mind, they take possession, and at last lead to stealing, robbery, or murder.

Guard against the first approaches, the most plausible excuses, only *the nose* of sin. If you do not, you are in danger. It will surely edge itself slowly in, and you are overpowered before you know it. Be on your guard. Watch.

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## SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

**I**AM composed of thirty-seven letters, and my whole is an exhortation of the gospel to sinners.

My 6th, 14th, 11th, 26th, 24th, the father of one of the

patriarchs ; my 32nd, 19th, 35th, 11th, a Hebrew month ; my 21st, 16th, 1st, 30th, 26th, 21st, the sister of a great priest ; my 21st, 30th, 12th, 4th, a Hebrew coin ; my 17th, 26th, 33rd, 24th, 32nd, 5th, a prophet ; my 3rd, 8th, 6th, 2nd, 11th, one of the apostles ; my 21st, 10th, 31st, 25th, 31st, a great and good man ; my 20th, 21st, 8th, 1st, a Hebrew measure ; my 37th, 35th, 27th, 16th, 19th, a great king of Israel ; my 13th, 26th, 21st, 32nd, 36th, a wicked man who was hung ; my 22nd, 18th, a giant mentioned in Scripture.

ALFRED FEILDER,

*Aged thirteen years.*

**P**REFIX two letters to a creeping thing,  
 And then behold a formidable foe ;  
 Who, by a youth with nothing but a sling,  
 And five smooth stones, was conquered and laid low.  
 JOSIAH.

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### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1.—(ENIGMA.) “WITH GOD NOTHING SHALL BE IMPOSSIBLE.” [Eagle—Hosea—Gilead—Mite—Abib—Elam—Goat—Samson.]

2. (CHARADE.)—SEA-SON.

Two correct answers only have been received, viz., from—

Miss Alice Mary Brett, Homerton, 2

Master E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey 1

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*L. A. G.* and *E. J. W.*—Thank you for pointing out the error in the Enigma. You are quite correct.

**BRISCOE & SONS, Printers, Banner-street, Finsbury.**

ONE HALFPENNY.



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Vol. IX.

October, 1870.

No. 109.

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## OUR MISSION.

### CEYLON.

**A** VERY interesting letter has just been received from Mr. VanGeyzel, the Mission Superintendent at this place. After referring to other matters of interest to the committee, he says :—

“Our Sunday-school, by the grace of God, is going on hopefully ; our eleven teachers are very energetic and painstaking. You will be glad to hear that our dear young scholars have at length replied to the kind presents forwarded by your schools in England.” Subjoined is the letter :—

*Colombo, 1st July, 1870.*

*To the Teachers and Scholars of the Keppel Street Sunday-school, and other Sunday-schools in England which support the Mission in Ceylon.*

DEAR FRIENDS,—We are very much thankful to you because you take such an interest in us who are living so far out

of sight. The establishment of a Mission with its day and Sunday-schools is itself a great boon to us who are surrounded by a heathen population ; but the manifestation of your kindness in sending to our schools the box of presents, as an encouragement to the scholars, is an abundant proof that you are deeply interested in our spiritual welfare ; we therefore desire now to present our heartfelt thanks to the teachers and scholars of the schools in England for their kind feelings and wishes to us ; and we trust and hope that your labour of love towards us through our teachers here, may prove abundantly successful in the salvation of our souls to the glory of Christ the Lord.

We need not detail how your kind presents were distributed between the day and Sunday-school scholars, as we believe our Superintendent would have already reported to the Secretary of the Mission on that matter ; but we desire simply to add, that when your kind presents were distributed, together with our usual annual rewards, on the occasion of our second anniversary of our Sunday-school, our joy was inexpressibly great, and the ties of affection towards our school have been made much stronger, not, merely for the sake of the nice articles received, but for the proof we had to believe that besides our dear teachers who take so much pains for the benefit of our souls, that we can boast of many old and young friends beyond the mighty ocean, who take such a warm and loving interest in the welfare of the children who are living in the utmost isle of India,

“ Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.”

Your presents were distributed by Mr. Waldock, who presided in our last anniversary meeting.

In conclusion we wish to the teachers, that God would so bless and prosper you in the good work in which you are

engaged, so that it may be your happy privilege to see that many scholars from your schools are raised by God to be the missionaries of the cross ; and from out of that number may some be called to come and preach in our lands to the thousands which are perishing for lack of knowledge.

And to you, dear friends, the scholars of the Sunday-schools of highly favoured England, our wishes to you are in the words of the poet—

“ O may they know their teachers' God,  
The name on whom they call;  
That both may meet at Jesus' feet,  
To crown him Lord of all.”

We beg the scholars' acceptance of a box of Ceylon articles, per “ Alice Ritson,” to be distributed to the most deserving scholars.

With our affectionate regards to all teachers and scholars of Keppel-street and other Sunday-schools in England,

We subscribe ourselves your faithful friends,

*(Signed by 71 Scholars.)*

These dear young friends, you see, are not content with merely putting their hands to paper ; but they have put them into their pockets, and have been busy too in making some nice presents in return ; and a kind Christian gentleman (Captain Matches) who is now on his voyage home in his ship, the “ Alice Ritson,” is going to bring these presents free of charge. “ I wonder what they are ? ” some of you will say. Shall I tell you ?—There are three dozen Ceylon boys' caps. ( I wonder what shape they are, and what colour ? ) Two dozen girls' baskets, one dozen work-cases ; ( these will rejoice some of the girls ; ) then there are twelve money purses, ( whoever gets these ought to use them to collect for the Mission ; ) three pagoda baskets, ( these *must* be pretty, I'm sure ; ) eighteen porcupine quills,



(I should like one of these for a penholder, when I write about the Mission ; but then I am not a scholar.) Two book-marks ; one pin cushion ; and to crown all, eight ebony black elephants. (I am glad they are not live ones.)

How these presents will be distributed to those who helped to fill the box sent out to Ceylon, I do not know at present, whether they will be given to those who collect the most money for the Mission ; or whether they will be drawn for, I cannot tell ; but I am sure the good superintendent of Keppel-street School will do his best in the matter.

The kind captain referred to preached to the children at the Ceylon School, and was present when the things were packed ; and joined in prayer with the teachers and scholars in imploring a blessing for our Sabbath-schools in England.

Captain Matches seems to carry the gospel wherever he goes. He has been the means of converting some of the sailors he employs. Six of his men were baptized by Mr. Piggott, the Baptist Missionary Society's agent in Ceylon, on Sunday evening, June 19th. One man belonged to Norway ; one to Russia ; one to Poland ; one to Sweden ; one to England ; one to Scotland ; the last being his only son, aged twenty-three years.

May God speed the "Alice Ritson," and bless her captain. We should much like him to speak at the annual meeting of the Mission, which is to take place at the Keppel-street Chapel, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 4th ; but we fear he will not arrive in time.

J. B.

*"What doth hinder me to be baptized?"*

*"If thou believest with all thy heart,  
thou mayest."*



### MARIE'S FIDELITY.

**W**HEN Marie recovered from her swoon, the smoke had dispersed, and all was quiet. Little Jules had found the box of sweetmeats she had let fall upon the ground, and was solacing himself with the contents.

At first she could hardly realize their providential escape from so great danger ; with a thankful heart she caught up the dear child, and ventured out of her hiding-place.

She found the things that had been fired were so light they had burned out too quickly to set fire to the woodstack.

Finding all was still, she went up to her mistress's room ;

it had been ransacked, the floor was strewed with such articles as they had not cared to carry off. Marie sought for ribbons the colour of those worn by the mob, adorned herself and the child with these, and altered their dress so that they might, if possible, pass unnoticed, and then went out to discover where her master and mistress had been carried.

Amongst the loungers at the door of a wine shop, she recognised the leader of the party by whom they had been arrested. She drew near, and listened to his account of the number he had that day lodged in prison. Presently he spoke of "Citizen Henry Cormier" and his wife,—mentioned the prison to which they had been conducted, and the crime of which they were accused : their letters to friends in England had been intercepted, and were said to contain traitorous and seditious language.

Marie listened with terror ; of all offences, that of speaking against the republican government was the one least likely to be pardoned.

She felt that their doom was sealed ; they would never pass their prison gates, till the fatal tumbril waited to convey them to the guillotine.

All she had the power to do was to watch their prison day after day, till their turn came to make the fatal journey, then strive to get near them, and let the poor mother look once more on the face of her child.

Marie returned to the house ; the windows were broken, and the door torn down. It was summer ; so, removing some bedding from the house to the wood-shed, she made a bed there for herself and the child ; that being the place where they were least likely to be molested.

Knowing that his house might be entered and searched at any time, and under any pretence, Henri Cormier had concealed what money and jewellery they possessed in a place known only to his wife and Marie.

As soon as she had an opportunity, Marie removed the valuables from their hiding-place ; sewing them up in a kind of belt, she carried them about her, keeping out only a little money to buy food when her own slender stock should be exhausted.

Early every morning she was watching near the prison ; many days passed ; at length one morning she saw Henri Cormier and his wife among those that were to suffer that day ; she could hardly repress a cry of agony at the sight.

Her master's head was bowed down, she could not see his face. Death for himself he could have faced, but he was agonized to think of such a fate for the fair young wife he had brought from her peaceful English home.

Her mistress was pale as death, but looking calmly around. Marie saw at the first glance she was seeking in the crowd for her—their eyes met—Marie raised the child, and turned his face towards the tumbril, as if to enable him to see them.

Julia Cormier's hands were tied behind her. She could only look her thanks and smile at Marie. After a long last look at the face of her dear child, she raised her eyes to heaven and passed on, doubtless praying for him with her last breath.

### CHAPTER III.

A SAD time the poor girl had, wandering among those scenes of bloodshed and cruelty. The King had been guillotined some time before ; the Queen was in prison awaiting the same fate.

Once Marie saw the people exhibit to the unhappy woman the head of a lovely young princess, whose only crime had been her noble birth, the beautiful fair hair clustering round the pallid face as it was uplifted on a pike and held before the Queen's window.

Often, for safety, Marie was obliged to mix with the

people and join in their shouts of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." One of their own authors, who was imprisoned at that time, said well, "It was the fraternity of Cain for Abel."

Marie would gladly have left Paris, but to do this it was necessary to have a passport or permit from the government.

Large numbers of her townspeople were continually arriving in Paris; she wandered about hoping each day to meet some one who knew, and would befriend her.

One day, heartsick and weary, anxious about her little charge, after praying long and earnestly for help, she went out, and had not proceeded far before she met a young woman bearing a strong resemblance to herself, and who also had a child in her arms, they regarded each other earnestly for a moment, then crying, "Dear Marie," "dear Clarisse," threw themselves into each other's arms,—it was a cousin of Marie's from Marseilles.

"Is that thy child, my cousin?" Clarisse asked presently. "Truly he is mine," said Marie, "he has no other friend." She told her cousin the sad story and expressed her desire to return to Marseilles.

"Listen, my cousin," said Clarisse: "my husband, Jean Baptists, came hither with our brave Marseillois, some months since; I followed, and, after seeking long for him here was about to return home, when we chanced to meet. Here is my passport. 'Clarisse Lamout, aged 20, height 5 feet, 4 inches, eyes, hair, and complexion dark, François Lamout, her son, age 10 months, returning to Marseilles their native place.' We are much alike—take it, thou wilt then pass the barrier, without any question about that little one!"

Marie was overjoyed; after a time the cousins parted, Clarisse saying, "Adieu, my cousin, a pleasant journey to you; as for me I would rather stay here."

Marie hastened home to prepare for her journey. She had

much to arrange, for her journey to Marseilles was but the first step towards the fulfilment of her plans. She had resolved if possible, to take the child to England to his mother's family. She knew where to find them, having frequently heard her mistress speak of her home ; being a quick intelligent girl she had also learned a little English—enough, she thought, to make herself understood, and her wants known during her journey. She longed to escape from Paris, yet dreaded travelling unprotected and alone. The next morning Marie rose at dawn, she wrapped the child warmly and carried him for the last time over the house where she had been so happy ; she laid the poor little orphan down for a few moments on the bed where he had so often lain by his mother's side, her tears falling fast as she did so, and kneeling down asked once more to be guided and protected by her Father in Heaven, before entering upon an undertaking that appeared to her, poor girl, full of dangers known and unknown.

*(To be continued.)*

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### COUSIN MARY.

**C**OME hither, dear George, take a seat by the fire ;  
 Said Jane, and her brother sat instantly by her ;  
 I must tell you, my love, a most sorrowful tale,  
 Then she burst into tears, and her brother looked pale.

But recovering, she said, Cousin Mary is dead ;  
 I saw her this morning, stretched out on her bed :  
 Her mouth and her dear little eyelids are shut,  
 She's as cold as a stone from her head to her foot.

On Saturday last she was visiting us ;  
 Going home she caught cold, and was afterwards worse ;  
 As the fever was burning, and aching her head :  
 " My Jesus will hasten and fetch me," she said.

The minister came, and said, "Mary, my dear,  
I am sorry to find you lie suffering here."

"Do not grieve, sir," she answered, "my Jesus is good ;  
He has washed out my sins in his own precious blood."

"You love the Lord Jesus, then, Mary, I see."

The tears came, she smiled, then said, "Jesus loves me ;  
I shall praise, and behold his dear countenance soon,  
In the place where they need not the sun or the moon."

He prayed, while we all of us knelt round the bed,  
And, rising, we thought little Mary was dead ;  
But she opened her eyes full of heavenly peace,  
And called her dear mother to give her a kiss.

"Farewell, my dear mother," we then heard her say ;

"And thank you for telling me Christ is the way.

Farewell, my dear Jane, and tell George from me,  
That in glory, I hope I shall all of you see."

She bade us good bye as she turned on her side :

And saying, "My Jesus !" immediately died.

Oh, George, let us pray ; it may soon be too late ;

You are now turned of six : and I'm going of eight.

(Selected.)

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### WOUNDED.

**M**OST of you, little children, have heard your fathers and mothers talking about this terrible war, which is now raging so fearfully ; but many of you are too young to understand much about it. You only know that it is something which makes people look very grave and sad, and that everybody seems sorry. I pray God that you never *may* understand what war is in all its horrors. I hope, if spared to grow up, you will be *peace*-loving men and women.

Just think if your father and mother, whom you love so much,

were soldiers ; and they were fighting in the thickest of the battle : how anxious you would be about them ! How you would long to have a letter from them to know they were safe ! And how you would pray to God to spare their lives and bring them home to you !

And then, just try to fancy how you would feel, if one day a letter were to come in a strange handwriting, to tell you that they had been killed in the battle ; that you could never see them again ! Oh, how desolate you would feel ! How disconsolately you would wander about the house, now with your poor widowed mother, and then quite alone, feeling you could never be happy again !

But suppose, instead of that, you were to hear that they were not killed, only severely wounded ; and, that while lying there on that battle-field, almost dying, *somebody* had cared for your loved ones—had dressed their wounds as gently as possible, given them water to quench their burning thirst, and spoken kind and sympathizing words to them. Would not your heart be overflowing with gratitude to that benevolent "*somebody*," and would you not long to see him, so as to *express* your gratitude ? I am sure you would !

Now, maybe none of your relatives are soldiers ; and so you feel quite safe and happy about them : I hope it is so. But there are thousands of little children, who, within the last few weeks have lost their fathers and brothers ; thousands of mothers whose husbands and sons have been killed, to whom life now looks terribly dark and dreary.

Try for a moment and picture to yourselves a battle-field. See the hundreds of dead and dying soldiers lying there—listen to those groaning in their agony. There is a man—a fine strong man dying, and wondering if his son—who was by his side when he fell, is living ; and with his dying breath he is entreating God to spare that son to return to his widowed mother.





Listen as they lie there, imploring a draught of water to allay that terrible thirst.

I heard a very affecting incident related the other day ; one only out of hundreds which might be told.

A French officer was found dead, and in his hands, tightly held even in death, was a letter received only a few weeks before, from his little daughter—a simple, loving, childish letter, full of affection for her father ; and, as that father lay there in the agonies of death, with no one near to give him a little water, he drew from his bosom the treasured letter, and pressed it to his lips, to draw refreshment from the loving words of his little one, who was so soon to be *fatherless* !

See that youth so fearfully wounded—all the faces round him are strange ; not one of his friends are there ; he is dying alone, poor boy ! Alone ! He is not *your* brother, but he is “*somebody’s* darling.” Maybe, there is a loving weeping mother far away, waiting and watching for her boy to return !

Dear little children, would you not like to do something for these poor, dying, brave men ? I am sure you would ; for I know that the sympathy of little children is very strong. I could not help noticing it the other day, when a fair little one, scarcely more than three years old, saw me with some lint and asked me an almost endless number of

questions : and how readily she gave up her play, and with her baby fingers tried to help, looking all the time as though she felt the importance of the work : and every now and then expressing her regret for the "*poor soldiers !*"

What can you do ? I'll tell you. Already, many have been at work for them ; big girls and little girls, and boys too : for they can all help if they like. Many children whom I know, have given up an hour or two after tea several evenings to work for them. And those of my little readers who have *not* helped can do so now if they like. You can't do without your mothers, though, in this matter ; but I feel sure they will be only too glad to see you wish to be engaged in so good a cause, not to render you all the help they can. You must ask them if they will be kind enough to give you some nice soft linen, quite clean, and cut it up for you in little pieces of two inches square ; and then you can ravel it out, pull the threads out very carefully, and lay them quite straight : not in a heap, but in nice smooth layers. This is found to be invaluable to the surgeons on the battle-field, who can't get the proper lint such as we have when we need it.

And when you've done as much as you can, (only be sure and not soil it ;) send it in a box to the Editor of the "*Christian World, No. 13, Fleet Street :*" and then your work will be sent over to relieve the poor wounded Prussian and French soldiers.

There's another thing you can do. Most of you have pocket-money allowed you. Will you not give up a little pleasure, and deny yourselves, so as to send money away to procure some of the necessaries for these poor soldiers ? I think we ought all to do all we can for them, out of pity for them, and in humble imitation of our Saviour's love of humanity, and also out of thankfulness to God that *peace* reigns in England. You can ask your friends, too, to help you.

I heard the other day of some little boys, who, have

collected over £2. Will you do what you can? *If so, do it at once.* I am sure you will all do it cheerfully; and don't forget to pray, not only for wounded and dying soldiers, but for widows and orphans in their sorrowful homes, who are

—“weeping and wringing their hands  
For those who will never come back!”

Do what you can, and remember the words of the apostle,  
“As we have, therefore, opportunity, let us do good unto all men.”

L. A. G.

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### “THE GOOD FIGHT.”

“DO you want your vinder mended, madame?” said a poor man, attracted by the sight of a broken pane. “Madame” did want it mended; and, though rather suspicious of foreigners, asked the man indoors.

Mrs. H——, judging from the poor fellow's appearance and accent that he was a German, enquired how he had escaped being called out to the present terrible war on the continent. The man's simple answer was sufficient explanation, “I am a Pole, madame, not German.”

While rejoicing in this man's escape from the awful slaughter now going on, she was reminded of those professed Christians, who, having their appearance and language but not being really of them, have never been called to the battle in which they are engaged. They “are at ease in Zion,” nominally; but the real Christian will sooner or later have to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil; and in this warfare will require all the armour provided. (Eph. vi. 11—18.) He may never see an earthly battle-field, nor ever leave the neighbourhood of a quiet village home; but he will have to contend with many foes within his own bosom, if not with outward ones. SELF will be one of his worst enemies, ensnaring him in many ways. Often, like a base

traitor in the camp, will this false friend lead him into the devil's territory—that enemy who is ever on the alert to catch the unwary, who “as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.” But the Christian's armour is proof against all his attacks : unlike the poor soldiers now fighting, he is sure to conquer, having Jesus for his Captain, Heb. ii. 10 ; though he fall many times in the conflict, he shall arise ; and in the end take and possess the kingdom which cannot be removed, wherein he shall bear a palm, and shout victory by the blood of the Lamb,—not because he fought so well ; but because Jesus conquered all his foes, and he conquers by faith in him. “This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith.” May each reader ask, “Am I a Christian ? Has Jesus called me to fight under his banner ?” For his people have their names enrolled in his lists in time, as well as written in His “book of life” from eternity. “Through faith they subdue kingdoms, work righteousness, obtain promises, stop the mouths of lions, escape the edge of the sword, out of weakness are made strong, wax valiant in fight, turn to flight the armies of aliens” (Heb. xi. 33, 34,) and are thus “valiant for the truth.” (Jer. ix. 3.) This is not like the wicked war now going on, but is “the good fight of faith.”

“Are you, then, a soldier of Christ ? Do you feel you would rather die than give up seeking Jesus ? Are you ready to be laughed at for his sake, wishing to serve him better, and follow him “whithersoever he goeth ?” If so, he sees your conflicts, and knows the strength of your foes, and will strengthen you. If, like Jehoshaphat, you fear you shall die by their hands, and in your distress you cry to Him ; He will hear and relieve you. (1 Kings xxii. 32, 33 ; 2 Chron. xviii. 31.) People love their native land better than any other ; by this you may know to which you belong. Is your affection set on things above ? Do you love God, His word

His house, and His people ? or are the things of this world loved better ?

J. M. E. H.

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### SCRIPTURE QUESTION.

**T**HE name of a man and of a woman also ; he by faith saved his family ; she by obedience her inheritance. He is the ancestor of all now living ; she was one of five sisters who married their cousins, and belonged to a favoured tribe of Israel.

J. M. E. H.

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### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1. "REPENT YE, FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND." [Terah—Adar—Miriam—Mite—Nathan—Peter—Moses—Omer—David—Haman—Og.]

2. GI-ANT.

Correct answers have been received from

Miss M. Bill, Islington, 1		Master H. J. Thrift, Croydon, 2
Master J. J. Bird, Tivetshall, 1, 2		„ E. J. Welch, Merton, 1, 2
„ A. Pickering, Tavistock-pl. 2		„ A. Woollard, Bildestone, 1, 2

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### SPECIAL NOTICE.

**O**UR valued correspondent, L. A. G., has written a pretty little book full of interesting tales, entitled

“HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS,”

which she proposes to have printed in time for the “Christmas holidays,” if a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained. I am sure you all would like a copy ; and you can all have one for *twopence*, by filling up the paper enclosed ; and getting your parents or teachers to send them to the Editor, care of Messrs. Briscoe and Sons, 28, Bannerstreet, Finsbury.

## ONE HALFPENNY.



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### MARIE'S FIDELITY.

#### CHAPTER IV.

**W**ITH her cousin's passport Marie was allowed to depart unquestioned. It was a long and weary journey, harrassed as she was by fears for her little charge.

When at length she arrived at Marseilles, she had altered so much since she had left there, that she reached the house of the aunt, who was her only living relative, unrecognized.

There she knew herself sure of a welcome, poor girl: the kind reception she met with completely melted her. She placed the little Jules in her aunt Lisette's arms, and kneeling down, rested her weary head upon her knees, while she told her sad story.

She detailed to her aunt her plan, which was to remain there till she met with the captain of a homeward bound English vessel, who would convey her and the child to England.

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.

But the anxieties of the past few months had so affected Marie, that the next day she became seriously ill, and it was some time before she was thoroughly recovered. Aunt Lisette tended her and little Jules, with the utmost kindness during her illness, and opposed her leaving Marseilles, saying, most probably she would never find Madame Cormier's relatives, and that it would be better to keep the child with them till he was grown up, then if he chose he could go to England by himself. But Marie was firm to her resolve; one thing she conceded to, as the winter was drawing near she would wait till the spring before she made her journey.

Marie was very industrious; she could not leave the child to take any situation for the time, but still was anxious to be earning a little money. She had never mentioned to anyone the property in her keeping, which she considered belonged to the child, and which she was resolved not to touch.

Madame Cormier, being away from her friends, had made quite a companion of Marie, letting her sit with her in her husband's absence, so that Marie had learned many things from her; she remembered various trifles of fancy work she had seen her mistress make, especially a tiny satchel ornamented with beads. She made some as nearly like it as she could, and taking them down to the quay, soon sold them to the sailors who were lounging about, to keep the tobacco in for their cigarettes. Thus at once she found means to earn a trifle, so while little Jules who could now walk, played by her side, the needle went swiftly.

Aunt Lisette's sons had left her to go to Paris, and she made many attempts to induce Marie to remain with her.

There was another person, too, who would willingly have detained Marie,—a young man named André Lecompte, who lodged with her aunt. He was a worker in ivory; a slight lameness that had exempted him from serving in the army, he scarcely looked on in the light of a misfortune, for

he was a good man and abhorred cruelty and bloodshed. He would gladly have persuaded Marie to become his wife, promising that the little orphan should be cared for as if he were their own.

Her aunt said, "My child, I am old ; let me see you the wife of this good Andrè, then I shall know when I am gone, you will be cared for and happy." But all their entreaties could only win from Marie the promise to become his wife when she returned.

"You will not return," said Andrè, "at least not for years ; when you find these people, they will persuade you to remain with the child."

But Marie said, "No, they were great people, and would not let the child remain in the care of a poor ignorant girl like her."

But Andrè still doubted, and one day insisted on writing down the name and address of the people she hoped to find, saying, "If you are long away, I shall come in search of you."

So the winter passed away, and the pleasant spring time came again, and Marie returned to her watch upon the harbour for the vessel which was to convey her away. She never doubted but God in answer to her prayer would put it into the heart of some person to be good to her, and enable her in some measure to requite the kindness of her mistress.

At last, one day, after she had been selling some of her trifles to some English sailors, and enquiring of them how or where she could get to speak to their captain, one of the men pointed him out to her on the quay. She went up to him timidly, basket in hand ; he was a young man, and soon reassured her by the pleasant smile with which he listened to her imperfect English.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE SMITH'S FAMILY ;

OR, GODLINESS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

(Continued from page 136.)

**A**S soon as it became generally known that Mary Smith was going to be nurse to the heir of Squire B——, it created no small stir in the school ; for there were others who considered themselves equally eligible. Sarah Jones, said, “ I have been as long in the school as Mary Smith, and I am *two months* older, though not quite so tall, but what does that matter ; I am sure I could nurse the baby as well.” Betsy Brown said, “ I am quite as big as Mary Smith, I

wonder the lady did not choose me." Polly Gray, Ann Smart, and several others consoled themselves with the probability that perhaps Mary might not suit after all, and then the lady might choose one of them. This conversation being overheard by Mrs. Morton the mistress, the girls received a suitable reproof. "Now, my dear girls," said Mrs. Morton, "it is not kind or wise of you to make these remarks, though I am glad to find you are wishful to go to service, and thus be getting your own living. You must not encourage such envious feelings, rather provoke each other to love, and good works. Wait patiently; in due time a place will offer for each of you I have no doubt. But you must remember you are not all fitted for nursemaids; some of you are fond of washing or housework, others prefer cooking and kitchenwork, while some like to wait upon ladies, and perform little services for them. Now it is most important that you all should understand that it is almost impossible to excel in any of these situations unless you choose the one for which you have a decided preference; and as I am sure you all wish to give satisfaction, and to keep your places (when you get them,) I recommend you to consider what position in life you feel most happy in, and then endeavour daily to gain a knowledge of the duties required for that station in life.

You must all have observed that dear Mary Smith is remarkably fond of young children; you know she is patient, kind, loving, and self-denying, never happier or better pleased than when amusing and teaching the little ones. Now these are the qualifications necessary to make a good nurse; and it is wholly on account of the ladies having observed these sweet traits in her character, that she has been chosen to fill that most important situation."

On the day appointed, Mary had taken care to have all her clothes ready and nicely ironed, without giving her mother

unnecessary trouble, her father having made and painted a fine large box for them.

To Mrs. Smith this was a day of peculiar feeling: most vividly did she recollect parting with her dear parents, and leaving her much loved home *never to return*; but she felt grateful to her heavenly Father who provided another home, though in a very different sphere of life, and enabled her by his grace to be faithful and give satisfaction, so that the same door was open to receive her child. Before setting out, the father, mother, and family knelt down and implored the Divine guidance and protection upon her who was about to leave; then having lovingly embraced her brother and sister, Mary walked between father and mother to the mansion, where she was introduced to Mrs. Simpson the head nurse, by the housekeeper. Mary being now brought into the nursery, looked round for the babe, whom she soon espied asleep in his cot. "You look as if you wished to snatch a kiss from his chubby face, Mary, but I cannot allow that till he wakes," said nurse. "Indeed, you are quite right, nurse, I was just thinking that I should be very glad to see him move, but I do not wish to awake him." "I am now going to prepare for the night, Mary; so you must take particular notice of, and remember everything I do, as this will be your work to-morrow; and *observe*, I have a place for everything, and I expect to find everything in its place, *always*. I shall endeavour to teach you the right way of doing things; and if you do your best to please me, we shall go on cheerfully, and you will become a good nurse."

"I hope I shall always strive to please you, ma'am;" replied Mary. "I feel much obliged to you for offering to teach me, and will try to remember what you tell me."

"I dare say we shall soon understand each other, Mary, and be very happy; it is all strange to you at present, but you will soon feel at home here. Get your Bible and read a chapter or two, and I will watch the cot."

Mary Smith was truly happy in her new home, but the cause of her happiness was manifest to all who associated with her. Her aim was to discharge her duty faithfully, and being fully aware that of herself she was perfect weakness, she looked for strength from Him who has said, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." And onward she went from day to day,

" Looking to Him *her* soul to keep,  
And watching unto prayer."

Mere professions of Christianity avail little ; "actions speak louder than words ;" Mary in her humble sphere had learned to follow her Lord, and endeavoured to glorify him. A modest and affable disposition marked her outward behaviour. Traits of excellence in the character of this dear young nurse crowd upon the recollection while endeavouring to recall past circumstances.

As time rolled on, the Squire's family increased, and Mary gained the increasing confidence of master and mistress from the inestimable character the good old nurse continually reported.

As soon as the dear children were able to speak, she taught them to repeat a short prayer and hymn, night and morning and truly it was a delightful sight to behold the dear little lambs kneeling by her side.

Oh, if all nurses were deeply impressed with the value of the soul, they certainly would be more urgent to impress it upon the minds and hearts of those committed to their charge ! God's Word says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

In her walks through the fields and lanes, Mary always endeavoured to draw the attention of the little ones to the beauties of nature. Sometimes she would talk of the little feathered songsters that crowd the air ; at others it would be of the wild flowers that fill the hedges, or the noble trees

and young saplings, they chanced to pass by. And they loved to hear of the works of creation, as well as of the redeeming love of God.

*(To be continued.)*

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### THE DEAF AND DUMB.

**D**O my little readers ever think of the kindness of God in giving them ears that can hear? Perhaps they have never thought that, had not God enabled them to hear, their little tongues which run so fast, and often earn them the name of Chatterbox, would be silent or only utter unmeaning sounds. You would not like not to be able to talk; your games would not be so merry; and if in pain or any trouble, you would hardly know how to let anyone know what was the matter; you would be like poor dear little babies, who can only cry. Oh! would not that be sad? Then how careful you ought to be to use this gift rightly; not to slander, or tell stories, but to speak the truth, and kind, loving words to all. But there are many grown-up people who cannot speak. There is a large house, called an asylum, near where I live, filled with them.

I met a deaf and dumb person on a steamboat, this summer, going a little trip from Ilfracombe to Clovelly, in North Devon. He was a gentleman, his manners were very polite; and although he could not speak, he enjoyed looking at the beautiful scenery, and was anxious to know the names of the places he saw: so I told him what I knew. "How did you tell him, if he could not hear?" you will say. Why, he had learned to read and write;—how difficult it must have been for him to learn, to know what words meant when he had never heard them spoken! what patience both he and his teacher must have had! you have not so much difficulty; are you as patient?—Well, he had a lot of pieces of paper

ready ; he handed me one, with a pencil, and I wrote the names and pointed to the places they belonged to. He was so pleased, he bowed and wrote, " I thank you." Then I told him about Lynton and its neighbourhood, and how to see the most in one day ; he wrote, he was going there, and added, " I am glad to hear from you." I could not help pitying him and all others like him, and feeling how thankful I ought to be to God who had given me hearing and speech. Suppose a serious accident had occurred, " Jack Tar's " loudest call of warning would not have been heard by him ; nothing but a friendly but firm hand could have saved him from any danger he could not SEE. Just so with many of you, my dear little readers, you are deaf to the thunders of God's law though its curse hangs over you ; you are listless to the warning of the gospel, " Escape for thy life," or the invitation of Jesus (who is the only refuge) " Come unto me." This is because you have not the ear of faith. " Now the hearing ear and the seeing eye are both alike from the Lord." Pro. xx. 12. You may have heard these words at school, and cared nothing about them ; but if God give you the ear of faith, you will feel the truth of the danger, and will no longer be dumb, but will cry, " God be merciful to me a sinner ;" " Save, Lord, or I perish ;" and when in God's time he makes you feel that you are redeemed from sin and hell by Jesus' death and resurrection, you will speak of his name and praise him for his goodness and mercy.

" Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound (of the gospel,) they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." Psa. lxxxvii. 15. Jesus said to his disciples, " Blessed are your eyes, for they see ; and your ears, for they hear," Matt. xiii. 6 ; and, " Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." Luke xi. 28.

J. M. E. H.

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## THE IVY AND THE VINE ;

OR, AFFECTION AND FRIENDSHIP.

**C**LOSE to a garden wall of mine,  
 An Ivy grew beside  
 A beautiful, luxuriant Vine,  
 That spread its branches wide.

The vernal showers refreshed its root,  
 It grew both tall and fine ;  
 And Autumn's sun matured the fruit  
 Upon the noble Vine.

Hence it was valued, and received  
 A constant tender care ;  
 The Ivy, almost unperceived,  
 Was disregarded there.

But Winter came, and when the frost  
 Around the garden spread,  
 The Vine's attractions soon were lost,  
 And all its beauty fled.

Its withered leaves fell, scattered by  
 The Northern tempest's roar,  
 As many so-called "friends" would fly,  
 When fortune smiles no more.

The Ivy still continued green,  
 And still it clung as fast,—  
 Regardless of the angry, keen,  
 And chilling wintry blast.

Sweet emblem of affection true,  
 Which makes no great display ;  
 Yet stands unchanged, when "friends" are few,  
 In sorrow's wintry day.

*Islington.*

JOSIAH.



### A CHILD'S WORK.

I AM not very fond of tea meetings, so it is not very often that I attend them ; but when I do go, I generally choose a Sunday-school tea meeting as preferable to others,—the *children's* meeting ; they seem to enjoy themselves so : and it is a very great pleasure to me to see children thoroughly happy.

Once I went to one, and after the tea was over, there were speeches delivered, and the children sang some very pretty hymns, and recited short pieces. There was one little girl who recited very nicely indeed. Her piece was long, but she remembered it well. It was a beautiful little story in verse, and as I feel sure you would like to hear it, I will try and put it into prose for you. It was called "A Child's Work."

Among a number of children who met every Sunday at a Sabbath-school, a little boy was noticed named Willie. He was noticed because he was unlike most of the other boys there. He was nearly always in his place in good time, and



his teacher could not help observing the pale thoughtful little face which looked up so earnestly to his, listening attentively to all that was said. Sometimes tears of happiness would fill his eyes as he heard of the Saviour's love. God's Holy Spirit worked gently in the boy's heart, and he felt quite happy ; for he had sought and found forgiveness for his sins. And now as he was so happy himself, he longed to share his happiness. So at last he told the minister he should like to do something for Jesus, to shew how grateful he was ; and he asked him if he would give him something to do, some humble work for Jesus, he cared not what, if he might only do something.

But the old pastor told him he must wait till he got older ; he was much too young, and far too inexperienced yet. Bitterly disappointed and grieved in spirit, poor little Willie sought a retired spot, and knelt down and *prayed* to his Father in heaven, who is always ready to listen to whatever His little ones have to say to Him : and He soothed his grief and chased away his disappointed tears. For He whispered softly to him of His love for little children ; and how the *youngest* could work for Him if they really *wanted*. And little Willie remembered how in the best book it is written, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." So the cloud passed away from his face and the sadness from his heart, and he was gentle and happy as before. He could not do *much*, but he had found out *something* he could do for his Saviour. He did not tell anyone what it was, but steadily and quietly he did his work, happy thus to be employed.

Not many Sundays had gone by, before there was a vacant seat in that school-room, and a teacher missed the pale and wistful little face, and the ready answers of one of his little scholars. For sickness had come to that little child, a long and tedious illness. Soon he was not able to get up, and there

he lay in his little bed, gradually wasting and getting weaker and weaker every day. Those were long and weary days to the little sufferer, and many a sleepless night he passed. But he never complained ; meekly and patiently he bore with pain and weariness. Each day he grew weaker, but day by day he grew more and more in Christ's loveliness.

Those who tended him wondered at the gentle suffering child, and remarked that " he only lived to pray," Sometimes his father would sit by his bedside, and tell him of some of the children in the school who had begun to love the Saviour and Willie's eyes sparkled with joy at the good tidings. With a look of eagerness, such as those who saw never forgot, he asked his father if Charley, and Harry, and Edgar, and many others of his class had begun to seek the Lord yet. And when his father said of some, " Yes," the dying boy's face became radiant with peaceful joy.

Weaker and weaker grew the slender form ; whiter and thinner the almost transparent hands, and paler and more wasted the little face ; and as the mother daily watched it, she thought she had never seen a face so fair. Ah, no wonder ! For already the attendant angels (invisible to all but little Willie) had command to bear away the patient suffering child to Jesus. Nearer and nearer they came ; but he had looked for them so long, that he heard their silent call and understood it.

It was evident to all that he was dying. The parents were watching by his bed with tears in their eyes, for they knew their child was fast fading ; when, all at once, Willie grasped his father's hand tightly and asked, " Has *John* come to Jesus yet ?" John was a little playmate of his, a special favourite ; and he longed to know if he would meet that little friend in heaven. " Yes," said the father, " and he is *so* happy ; for he says he feels sure God has forgiven his sins !" A smile of joy and gratitude lit up the little dying face as he exclaimed in joyous tones—

“ Then now I can go home in peace,  
My work on earth is *done*.”

A long farewell to father and mother, a last happy peaceful look, and the little sufferer was in the Saviour's arms.

The parents wept, they missed his loving care and thoughtfulness ; but they did not sorrow as those without hope, for they knew that their little one was but “ gone before.” Gently they lifted the inanimate little form, and looked into the little face which would never again see their tears ; and there, underneath the pillow, they found a little paper tightly folded. Reverently opening it (because it had belonged to *him* ;) through their blinding tears they read, feebly traced by his own little hand, the names of *thirty-seven* little friends for whose salvation he had daily prayed, *thirty-seven* who had begun to seek the Saviour in answer to his prayers, *thirty-seven* for whom he had pled day by day unwearyingly.

This, then, had been his purpose, this the one great aim of his life, and rejoicingly he went through it ; for he was working for the Lord, who accepted in love the effort of this little one to do good : and smiling an approving smile, said of Willie, “ He hath done what he could.”

Perhaps some of you would think as he was so ill and for so long, that he ought not to have been expected to do anything ; that with so much pain he had quite enough to bear, without troubling himself about others. Ah, no, he would not have been half as happy as he was, had he done nothing. He loved the Saviour, and all those who truly do this, long to *impart* their happiness to others. There's no selfishness in genuine Christianity.

Young Christian, there is work for *you*. *Are you doing it?* If not, begin at once. You are strong and healthy, and a long life may lie before you, let it be a good and active one. Your opportunities for doing good are great ; use them and ever ask God to help and teach you.

Perhaps some little sick child who loves the Lord may be reading this ; perhaps a cripple, or one who is very ill and will never get any better. Live in anticipation of some day living in that land, where the inhabitants never say, " I am sick." And while God lengthens out your life, even though it be a life of continual suffering, be very sure that it is to give *you* an opportunity of doing something for Him.

Yes, you, even *you* who are so weak and ill ; *you* can be patient in your suffering, gentle to those around you, and, like little Willie, you can *pray*.

We can all do something, and however small and insignificant it be ; if we do it with the pure motive of doing good God will not despise it.

" *Work* while it is day ! the sunlight  
Will soon in shade descend,  
To rise upon a fairer world,  
Where *work* and *care* shall *end*."

L. A. G

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### SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

**F**IVE letters will my whole compose—  
A place where once Jehovah chose  
His glory to display.

Remove two letters, then t'will spell  
The reason our first parents fell ;  
And likewise it will plainly tell  
Where Israel once did stay.

The letters which you thus remove,  
Will further very useful prove  
To spell an ancient place ;  
Where Israel once was overthrown :  
Because a cherished sin, unknown,  
As afterwards was clearly shown,  
The people had disgraced.

JOSIAH.

**M**Y 1, 16, 8, 24, 46, a patriarch; my 6, 37, 48, 31, 45, 44, a prophet; my 24, 52, 36, 51, 57, 14, an apostle; my 29, 37, 51, 42, 57, 60, a mountain; my 37, 46, 23, 21, 51, a valley; my 10, 13, 43, 7, 51, 37, 25, 50, 40, a river; my 33, 10, 20, 23, 40, 45, 42, 24, 19, 17, a garden; my 42, 8, 39, 43, 45, 44, 37, 23, a field; my 16, 11, 38, 37, 56, 47, 33, 18, 17, a place of worship. My whole, a passage of Scripture containing 60 letters, expresses the Editor's best wishes for his readers.

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### THE ANSWER TO THE SCRIPTURE QUESTION

Is NOAH. (See Numb. xxxvi. 11.)

Correct answers have been given by

Miss A. Cobb, 479, Hackney Road.		„	E. J. Welch, Merton.
Master A. T. Iles, Banstead.		„	A. Woollard, Bildestone.

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### SPECIAL NOTICE.

OUR VOLUME FOR 1870 will be ready with the December number, in handsome cloth, lettered, price 1s., post free from the Printers.

#### “HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS”

Will also be ready December 1st. It will be published in 18mo. Demy, and contain 36pp. in pretty enamelled cover, price 2d. This does not, however, include the postage; subscribers will therefore please to send one halfpenny stamp extra for every 2 copies. Copies will be sent by Messrs. Briscoe & Sons *immediately on receipt of stamps* to the amount.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad of some good Enigmas. Every word contained in the answers should spell something. One recently received contains the word, “Ede.” S. B.'s Enigma is rather too far-fetched.

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BRISCOE & SONS, Printers, Banner-street, Finsbury.

ONE HALFPENNY.



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### THE GRATEFUL ORGANMAN.

**I** SHOULD like to be able to help everybody in need, that is in *tangible* form. I can't do much, but we can all do something; and when we see the needy around us, if we cannot give them pecuniary aid, we can at least afford a kind word or look for them.

It has always been a fancy of mine to assist, in ever so small a way, the *blind*; they *need* especial kindness. Then, too, *black people*, and indeed *all foreigners*. Away from home, friendless and *alone*, surely *they* claim a large share of our sympathy!

Some time ago, a poor young foreigner passed by our house. He had one of those, (to us) *unmusical* "hurdy-gurdies;" but he had a frank, honest expression on his face which I liked, so I gave him a trifle. The next week he came, and the next, until we began to look for him as a

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matter of course, as the day came round. Sometimes, in addition to his weekly pension, we would give him a meal, which he ate very gratefully on the steps. His pleasant thankful look quite compensated for any little thing we did for him. So he came regularly, week by week, till more than a year had elapsed. Latterly I noticed he appeared ill; there was a tired look on his pale face, and he walked lame and used a crutch. One morning, some few months ago, he came as usual. I noticed there was a pleased and excited look on his face, mixed up with the look of sadness which was there. A letter which he brought me, and which I here copy for you *just as it was*, explained the cause:—

“My kind and most generous friends,—I am glad and yet sorry to say that this will be the *last week* that I am coming to play, for I must bid you farewell; for I am going to my native country, Italy; for I have got a poor *Aged* father who is now eighty-five years of age, and I should like to see him once more, and I am most grateful for all I have Received from you since my stay in this most benevolent country, England. So I must conclude with my kind thankfulness.

“Your poor organman,

“JUAN MARCO.

“So I must say goodbye, and God bless you all.”

After reading the letter and getting something extra for him, I went to the door, shook hands with him and wished him God speed.

I have never seen him since, so I don't know if he arrived in his beautiful Italy in time to see his poor aged father. I hope he did! We were all sorry when he went, but the simple gratitude of this poor foreigner is a pleasant little reminiscence to us.

Young reader, try and shew *your* gratitude for all the

kindnesses you receive, and try also to help all who are in distress. Should your kind motive for doing good not be valued or appreciated, don't be discouraged, but think of Him who "went about doing good," and yet was "despised and rejected of men;" and remember His sweet and encouraging words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

L. A. G.

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### THE RUSTY HELMETS.

**A** SHORT time since, in passing through one of our bustling London thoroughfares, I saw a crowd round a hatter's shop, in the window of which were displayed several dirty, rusty helmets, said to have been picked up after the battle of Sedan, and other recent engagements in the terrible war between France and Prussia. It was a curious place to exhibit such things; they formed such a contrast to the fine glossy hats in the window; and the sight set me thinking.

What a history is connected with those old helmets! Nay, they were not old, although they appeared so. How recently had they flashed in the sunbeam as their proud wearers went forth, confident of victory and eager for the fight! How changed their appearance in a few short weeks!

I looked at them with a heavy heart. I thought of the wearers, doubtless numbered with the dead, and of their friends to whom they will never return. Perhaps they had wives and families, now widows and orphans, destitute and starving. I thought of the last goodbye, when the little ones watched their father from the door. Ah, how sadly suggestive are those rusty helmets!—suggestive of all the horrors of war!—suggestive, too, by happy contrast, of the blessings of peace. I think I never before felt so thankful for



our country's peace. Peace is a sweet word, let us enjoy it, and praise God for it.

Poor men ! the wearers of those helmets ! Perhaps they had lingered for many hours in hopeless agony on the battle field, ere death put an end to their sufferings. I mused again, and mentally asked the question, *Has* death put an end to their sufferings ? The wearers of these helmets each had a soul—*that* is not dead ! How often have we sung—

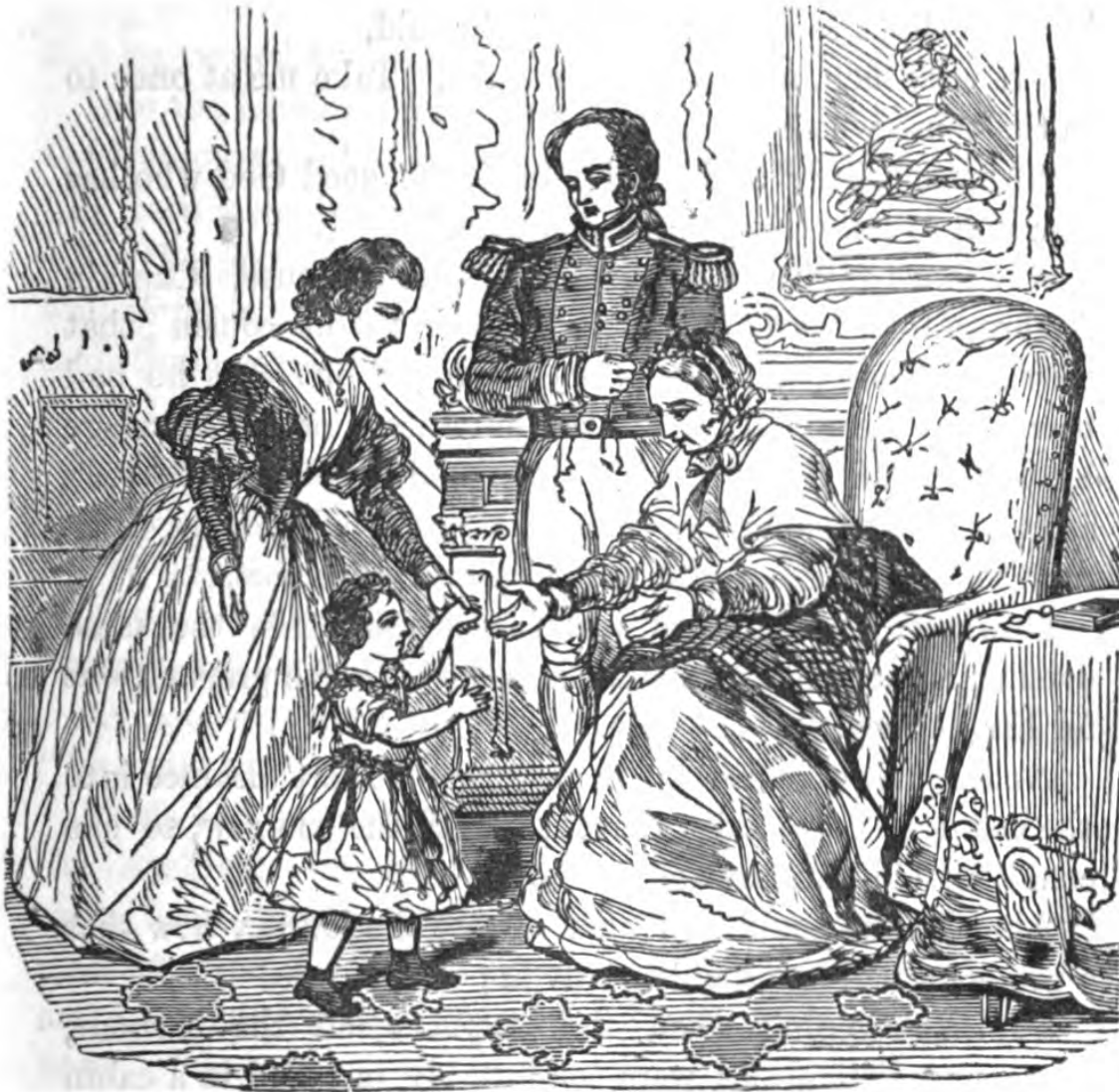
“ Though I am young, I have a soul  
The world can never buy ;  
And while eternal ages roll,  
It will not, cannot die.”

This thought is unspeakably solemn ; especially when we reflect on the thousands on thousands of our fellow-creatures who have been swept into eternity within the last few months. What a harvest is Death reaping ! How Satan must be watching for his prey ! for, stretching our Christian charity to its utmost, how few, alas ! it is to be feared were prepared for the solemn change they thought so little about ! Why, it is not long since I saw in an illustrated newspaper a representation of what was termed “ coolness ” on the part of the German soldiers, who were deliberately smoking cigars while firing their artillery !

But while we seriously doubt whether such men are prepared for death, let us examine *ourselves*, for religion is *personal* :

And let us each reflect ;  
For when we least expect,  
The hand of death may strike and lay us low :  
Let conscience now reply,—  
If *I* were called to die,  
Am *I* prepared—am *I* prepared to go ?

JOSIAH.



## MARIE'S FIDELITY.

### CHAPTER V.

**T**O Marie's great relief the Captain answered her in her own language. Then she was able to tell her tale readily enough, and he listened attentively until she mentioned the name of Cormier.

"Is it possible your mistress's name was Julia?"

"It was."

"Did you ever hear her mention the name of Ambrose?"

"Ah, yes; it is to her mother, Madame Ambrosé, I wish to carry her child."

Captain Ambrose was for a moment too much overcome by his feelings to speak: at length he said,

“It was, then, my poor cousin Julia. Take me at once to the house where the child is.”

“Ah, monsieur,” said Marie, “it is the good God who has sent you to take charge of the orphan.”

As they returned to Aunt Lisette’s house, Captain Ambrose told Marie that Julia Cormier was his cousin; that they had been playmates when children; but that he had been many years abroad, so had only heard of her marriage by letter. He listened with unfeigned sorrow to Marie’s account of her sufferings, and like her expressed his gratitude to Heaven for having guided him to that port.

However, as his vessel was to set sail again the same evening, Marie had to make all haste with the preparations for her journey.

Andrè, too, was absent; having gone a short distance into the country, he would not return until the morrow, so she could not bid him farewell.

Aunt Lisette could no longer oppose the journey now that a protector had so providentially appeared.

So that evening when the *Augusta* left the harbour, Marie and little Jules were comfortably installed in a cabin of their own; and as Marie laid herself down to rest with the dear child in her arms, her heart felt lighter than it had ever been since the dreadful day she saw his parents dragged from their home.

They had a pleasant voyage. When they arrived in England, Captain Ambrose conducted Marie to his aunt’s abode. The poor mother who had been distracted with grief, when she had heard from others who had friends in Paris, her daughter’s probable fate, wept frantically now that her worst fears were confirmed; she clasped her little grandchild again and again to her breast: the thought of

living to be a mother to him, seemed to be the only thing that prevented her sinking under the heavy affliction.

Into the hands of Mrs. Ambrose, Marie gladly surrendered the treasures she had carried so long ; the jewels her daughter had worn were doubly valued now.

In the gratitude expressed by Julia's family, Marie felt well rewarded for her devotion to her trust ; her tale was told from one to another, and praises and presents were heaped upon her.

They would not hear of her leaving them, at least for a time, so she wrote to tell André she would have to stay a few months ; but time passed rapidly, and the months of her stay were many instead of few : her departure being continually postponed.

At last one day a visitor was announced ; it was André ; "he could no longer," he said, "live without seeing her."

Marie had not mentioned her engagement before, but now the Ambroses insisted on knowing all. By the help of these kind friends, arrangements were soon made for her marriage with André. Specimens of his work were shown and admired, and, ere long, he had more than enough business.

A shop was taken for them, and delicately carved specimens were exhibited in the window. Marie still had charge of Jules, and was to keep him until he should be old enough for school. He made daily visits to his grandmamma, whose failing health rendered his constant presence too great a fatigue for her to bear.

Not very long after their marriage, André visited Marseilles ; Aunt Lisette's sons had perished by the terrible guillotine, and she was now quite alone. André brought her to England, and the remainder of her days was spent in their home.

Many happy years they lived together, and brought up a

family in the fear of God ; and the grandson of Marie and André Lecomte is now a wealthy merchant in the city of London.

—————  
**THE SMITH'S FAMILY ;**  
 OR, GODLINESS IN HUMBLE LIFE.  
*(Continued from page 168.)*

**H**OW uncertain is life ! “ We are here to-day and gone to-morrow,” as the old adage says. Then if this is true (and daily experience tells us that it is,) how important that we should live in a state of preparation for a glorious eternity ; and every night when we lie down to rest should we pray with the poet—

“ 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 judgment-day.”

Mary's father had for some time been in a delicate state of health, and had had his son to assist him in his work : for John had grown a stout lad, and received wages.

It happened on a bright afternoon in the month of April, that Mrs. Smith set out, intending to visit her old friend the housekeeper, as she was still called, though for nearly two years she had been so feeble as to be quite unable to attend to her duties in that capacity. Just as Mrs. S. came in sight of the lodge gate, John came running out, evidently in a state of great excitement, and calling to a servant behind him, “ Oh, here she is, here is mother !”

“ Well, this is strange,” said the servant ; “ John was just coming to fetch you, for your good husband is taken suddenly ill, and is carried into the kitchen to lie before the fire.”

Mrs. S. hastened into the presence of her beloved husband, who was quite insensible ; his daughter Mary was by his side. In a few minutes the doctor arrived, and pronounced it a hopeless case, and that life would soon be extinct.

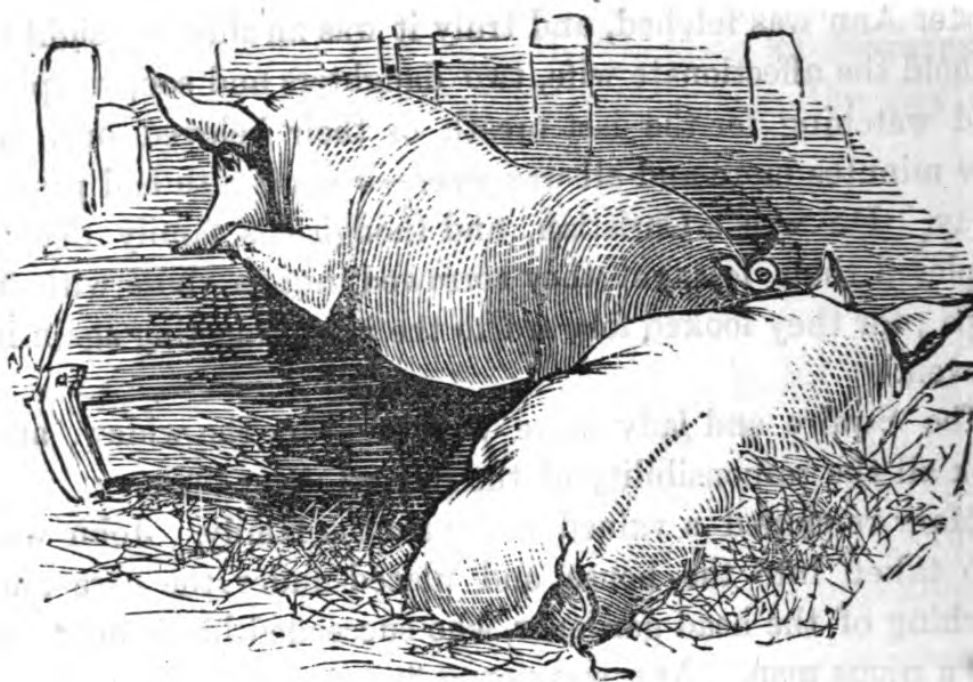
Sister Ann was fetched, and truly it was an affecting sight to behold the affectionate wife, two daughters and son, weeping and watching for the last breath of their beloved one. A few minutes more and all was over—John Smith had passed away. He was a Christian, and though his family deeply deplored their loss, yet they sorrowed not as those without hope ; for they looked forward to the joy of meeting again in heaven.

The Squire and lady were very kind to the widow, and took all the responsibility of the funeral upon them.

Mary remained a valued nurse in the family. John was also taken into the house, and placed under the care and teaching of the head gardener, who succeeded his father, and was a pious man. Ann was now a fine strong young woman, and capable of filling the situation of housemaid ; and, as Sarah was about to be married in a few months, it was arranged that she should take her place, and live under the same roof with her brother and sister, provided that her mother had recovered from the shock, and was agreeable to it.

However, when the time came for Ann to leave her mother, the Squire proposed that the old housekeeper should become an inmate of Mrs. Smith's cottage, for he knew the warm attachment which existed between them ; and though the old lady was infirm, she was cheerful, and well able to comfort the widow. Mrs. Smith was an excellent nurse, and looked upon her dear friend as a mother. And what Christian woman would not rejoice to be privileged to nurse and cherish such an one in her declining years ! This was a happy arrangement, especially as ample means were allowed for her support, and a young girl was to be chosen from the school to assist Mrs. S. in domestic matters.

The young people remained steady, faithful, and happy servants. In them might be seen a proof of the truth of God's word, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." H.



### FARMER GILBERT'S PIGS.

**A**LWAYS eating, never satisfied, lazy, and unclean—I am sure it was not worth while for anybody to take *your* likeness. But here you are, for all our readers to look at, *not to take pattern by*.

Look at the two pigs in the picture. Farmer Gilbert has many more than these; but these are sufficient to illustrate their habits; and as the Bible frequently speaks of these animals, I have chosen them as a subject not unworthy of the *Pearls*.

Pigs are proverbially *dirty*, hence we sometimes hear the remark, “as dirty as a pig.” I hope this does not apply to *any* of my readers, for I am “a sworn enemy to dirt.” But I remember when I was a boy at school some of my companions were reprov'd for want of cleanliness, and after a few sharp raps on the knuckles, were ordered to “shew up their hands for a month,” and accordingly every morning and afternoon they had to present themselves to the stern old schoolmaster with “Please, sir, will these hands do?” If he had drawn a kind lesson from the pigs, I think it would have been better.

Pigs are also very *greedy* and *selfish*. I have seen a number of pigs being fed at a trough which was scarcely large enough for them, and if one were crowded out, and could not get his nose in, he would bite another by the ear to make him turn round ; meantime he accomplished his purpose. He cared not who went without, so that he had enough. Nay, *enough* does not satisfy pigs : and how many people are like them, not only in eating and drinking, but in getting money ! The latter might, I am sure, be called *guinea-pigs* if guineas were still in use. Perhaps, however, young folks are most apt to err with reference to eating and drinking. My caution may be timely just before Christmas. But as a word to the wise is sufficient, I will merely quote a verse which I remember reading when I was a boy. It is this :—

“ When people eat, and cram, and stuff,  
And think they never have enough,  
They only want a trough and sty  
To be for pigs fit company.”

The Bible tells us that “The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.”

This reminds us of another characteristic of the pig, namely, *laziness*. The very word grates on one’s ears, and scarcely anyone will admit that he is lazy. The Book of Proverbs abounds with exhortations to industry, (see chap. xxiv. 30—34 ; xxvi. 13—16 ; and many other places.) Study them well, and if ever you feel in the least inclined to be lazy, go to the pig that you may see laziness faithfully represented ; then turn from him, and “Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways and be wise.”

Let us learn one more lesson from the pig ; for the Saviour in exhorting his disciples says :—“Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine ; lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and



rend you." I remember a paraphrase of this which occurs in some old verses which used to be placed at the beginning of the Bible. They commence—

"This is the field where hidden lies,  
The Pearl of price unknown."

The verse that I refer to is this :—

"Then he not like the hog which hath  
The pearl at his desire,  
And takes more pleasure in the trough,  
And wallowing in the mire."

Let us not trample the precious pearls of the Bible under our feet ; but may they rather be "as an ornament of grace unto our head, and chains about our necks."

MONITOR.

### SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

**M***Y first* is most useful and comforting too,  
Yet fiercely destructive, 'tis equally true ;  
*My second* is often a badge of disgrace,  
By which the pursuers a runaway trace.  
The final remove from my *first* you will see  
The name of a useful and elegant tree ;  
*My whole* is descriptive of sinners depraved,  
Ere plucked from destruction and finally saved.

E. COBB.

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1. SINAI. (SIN-AI.)
2. "I WOULD HAVE YOU WISE UNTO THAT WHICH IS GOOD, AND SIMPLE CONCERNING EVIL." (Rom. xvi. 19.)  
[Isaac—Daniel—Andrew—Carmel—Achor—Euphrates—Gethsemane—Macpelah—Synagogue.] It should have stated fifty-nine letters.

Correct answers have been received from

Miss Amy, Heyworth Cottage, 1, 2	Master F. J. Kirby, Gt. Stanmore, 1
,, M.A. B., Homerton, 1, 2	,, E.J. Welch, Merton Abbey, 1
Master A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2	,, A. Woollard, Bildestone, 1, 2

BRISCOE & SONS, Printers, Banner-street, Finsbury.

# PEARLS

FROM THE

# GOLDEN STREAM.

~~~~~  
"That sacred stream thy holy word."—*Watts*.  
~~~~~

Vol. X.—1871.

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BRISCOE & SONS, 28, BANNER STREET, FINSBURY.

—  
*Price One Shilling.*

## PREFACE.

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IN introducing another annual Volume to his youthful readers, the Editor trusts that it will bear favourable comparison and be equally acceptable with its predecessors.

He again bespeaks the kind assistance of his friends in making the magazine better known ; for which the present is a most favourable opportunity. Will his young friends use their influence ? and if each obtain but *one* new subscriber, the circulation will be doubled. This is an old idea, but in practice it would be new.

Encouraged by tokens of success, he again presents his thanks to his correspondents who have kindly lightened his labours during the year, and cordially invites their continued assistance in this “ work of faith and labour of love.”

## INDEX.

	PAGE
"ABOUT THE ELEVENTH HOUR".....	54
Amy .....	66, 85
Amy, on the Death of .....	165
Appearances, Judging by .....	24
Ask, and expect an Answer .....	95
Bad Company .....	166
Beauty, the Best .....	100
Bible, the .....	74
Bible, value of .....	83
Books and Writing, Eastern .....	38
Bright Morning, on a .....	84
Calm, a great .....	113
Christmas Holiday, Esther Price's.....	181
Christian Principles, Power of .....	102
Cypress, the .....	187
Competitors, Chat with .....	54
Editor's Mother, on the Death of .....	110
Enigmas, &c.,... 15, 32, 47, 64, 79, 96, 112, 127, 160, 144, 172, 187, 188	
———Answers to...16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 128, 160, 144, 176, 188	
Esther the Orphan .....	167
"Far away".....	173
Harvest Song .....	151
How God pities .....	156
"I have lost it" .....	21
Johnny and the Apples .....	35
Kind words more precious than Pearls .....	145
Knock and Wait .....	92
Lost—but Found .....	152
Lost Pearls, the.....	33, 62

## iv.

## INDEX.

	PAGE
Medium of Acceptance.....	70
Memory.....	30
Midway .....	98
Milan Cathedral .....	56
Mission, Our .....	13, 17, 53, 81, 161, 184
Monument the, and the Great Fire of London .....	121
Music.....	49
Nelly's Grave .....	129
New Things, Five .....	3
New Year, the .....	1
Noble Deed of a Noble Lady .....	9
Old Year, the .....	177
" Only a Servant " .....	9, 25, 41, 58, 70, 88, 104
Picnic in India .....	119
Praying Soldier, the .....	109
Profanity rebuked .....	24
Proverbs, Book of, Versified ...	7, 29, 44, 61, 79, 93, 108, 117, 134 155, 172, 179
Selfishness; or, the Life Boat .....	68
Somnambulist, the .....	139, 124
Spring-time Thoughts .....	60
Summer Flowers .....	94
Tower of London.....	5, 21
Whip behind, the.....	137
Windsor Castle.....	75



ONE HALFPENNY.



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Vol. X.

January, 1871.

No. 112.

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### THE NEW YEAR!

**N**EW! How much, very often, the value of a thing is enhanced by its being *new*!

A new book! Don't you remember that beauty your Grandpa gave you? It was so large and handsome, was so elegantly bound, and had such beautiful pictures in it! How pleased you were with it, and what care you made up your mind you would take of it.

How clean your hands were whenever you looked at it! How carefully you handled it, and with what care you turned over the gilt-edged leaves!

Look at it now, the cover is almost off, and the leaves are dirty and torn; some are altogether gone, and others are dreadfully soiled with grease or blotted with ink. How is it? You were so careful too with it! You can scarcely

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.

think how it is so sadly changed from a beautiful, new, unsoiled book, to that torn, dirty thing which now looks of so little value. I think I know. Shall I tell you? After you'd had it a little while, you were not quite so careful with it. If your hands *were* a little dirty, it didn't *much* matter, and, if you wanted to find one particular picture in a hurry, you were not so careful in turning over the leaves as before, but did it very quickly, regardless of the edges which were getting turned down or torn. And when you had done with it, you neglected to put it away as you had done at first, and sometimes the sun shone on it very brightly, and the cover got faded, and the dust settled on it. These little changes came very gradually, but all of them together have made your once *new* book, the old, shabby one it is now. You'd hardly have thought it, now would you? I'm not going to blame you, and you alone, for *we all* do these things more or less.

But I was going to talk about the New Year. Can you remember twelve months ago, when 1870 was a New Year? The Old Year had just died, and you had been regretting that you had not spent it better; and you resolved that the New Year should be spent well, and you would try to make it a very *happy* one.

What good resolutions we all formed then! How we determined to be kind, considerate and unselfish to those around us, to do good in every little way that we could, to be *charitable* to all—to love God more and more every day, and to *shew* our love by serving him better, that, at the end of the year we might feel happier, knowing that we were daily growing more like Jesus.

And now, that year has gone! How were those good resolutions kept, and how *did* we feel at its close? Ah, we each know *how* we felt as the Old Year died! It *might* have been spent better, and thus have been a happier year than it was.

Did it not too much resemble the old, ill-used book? How was it? We depended too much on our own strength. For the first week or two perhaps, we were so careful, so watchful over self; so frequently in prayer. And then? Why then, we grew careless, tired of trying to please God; we neglected prayer, gave way to bad temper, little things vexed and annoyed us; we easily got cross and irritable. Then we got dissatisfied with ourselves, and then,—as we were only trying to please ourselves, we got very selfish.

The soiled marks are the sins we have committed, and the *lost leaves* are our *wasted opportunities*, the days in which we have done nothing for God!

And now, we have all got a beautiful New Year. *New!* Not a spot is on it, it is unsoiled by sin. How will it look at the close?

A new book, however carefully used, *will* get old, and lose some of its beauty. This New Year will get old, but, unlike the book, if well used, the *older it gets* the more *beautiful* it will be, if each day be filled up with good and loving deeds, kind thoughts, and holy desires.

It may be that some of us will never see another New Year. This may be our *last*; before this gets to be an old one, these frail bodies of ours may be under the turf.

The future is God's alone, *we* may not know it, but, whether a long or short life lie before us, let us use well the *present*.

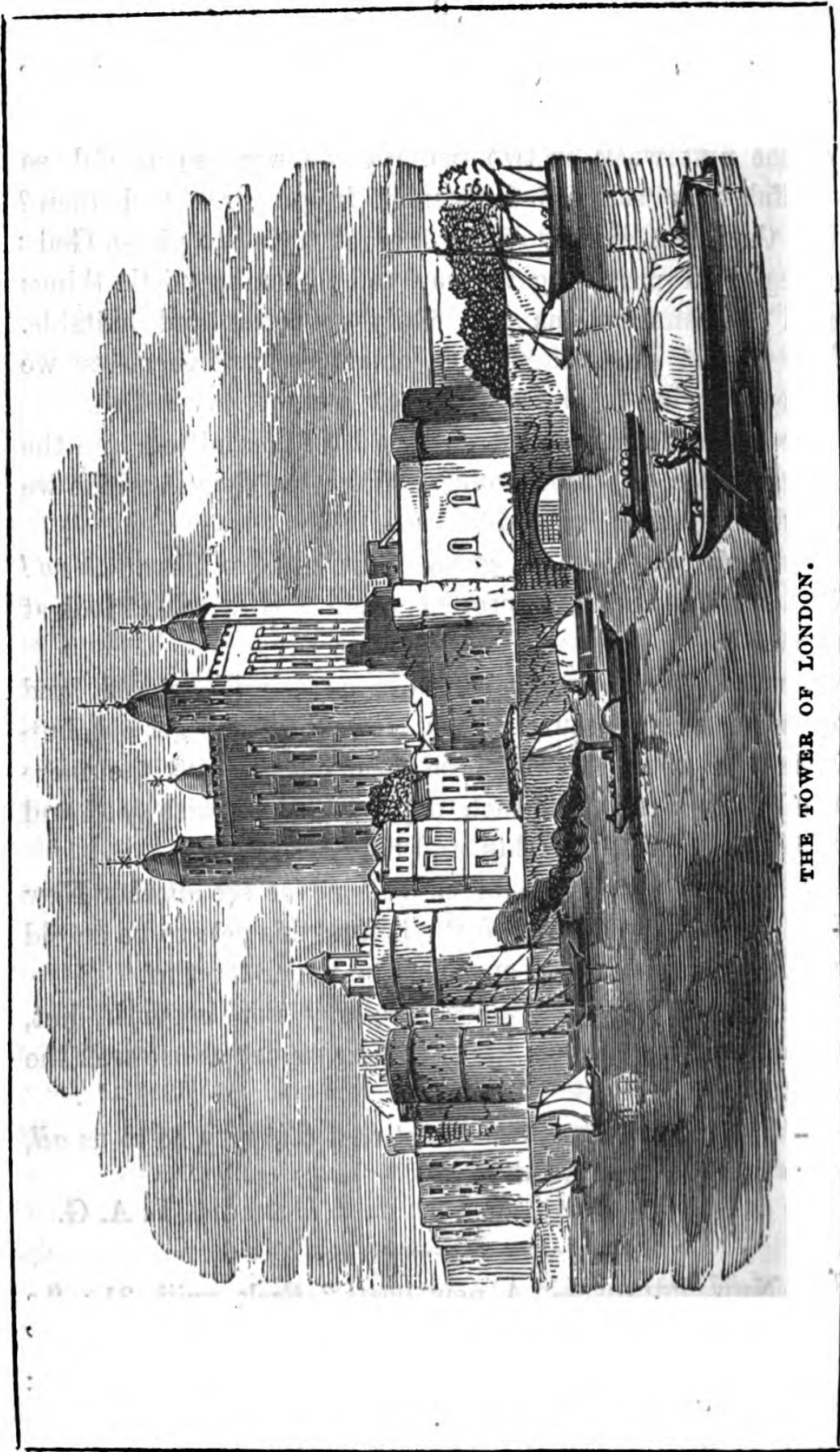
*Whatever* awaits us, God grant that *this* may be to us *all*, a very "HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

L. A. G.

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FIVE NEW THINGS.—"A new heart," Ezek. xviii. 31; "a new commandment," John xiii. 34; "a new creature," 2 Cor. v. 7; "a new name," Isa. lxii. 12; Rev. ii. 17; iii. 13; "a new song," Rev. v. 9.





THE TOWER OF LONDON.

## THE TOWER OF LONDON.

**O**NE of the principal attractions of our great metropolis is the Tower. This ancient building stands on a gentle acclivity called Tower Hill, at the eastern extremity of the city. The Romans are supposed to have had a fort on its site, but by some historians this is considered extremely doubtful. As we see it now, the Tower was originally founded by William I., and fortified, enlarged, and repaired by his successors.

The Tower, as it now stands, consists of various buildings, some of very ancient date ; it is a fortress of great strength, and, if needed, might be made into a place of security. It covers twelve acres, its rampart being surrounded by a deep and wide ditch, which, on the south, separates it from the Thames. The original stone of the wall has been destroyed by the ravages of time, but the turrets are still standing, and cannon are placed at regular intervals. The 'Traitors' Gate is a low arch at the south side of the wall, which communicates by a canal with the river. The principal entrance to the Tower is by the west gate, and to get at this you must pass through an outer gate, and over a stone bridge built across the ditch. The irregular turreted building in the centre named the White Tower, was built by William I., and the Chapel of St. John within this tower was formerly used by the kings who resided here. The Palace in which the kings and queens of England from the time of the Conquest until the end of Elizabeth's reign, occasionally resided, was at the north-east angle. Among the numerous bulwarks of the fort, we meet with Lion's Tower, built by Henry I. ; the Middle Tower, the Bloody Tower, in which it is supposed Edward V. and his brother were smothered. Beauchamp Tower, in which many illustrious State prisoners have been confined ; Wakefield Tower, so called from its having been

the prison of those taken in the battle of Wakefield, between the houses of York and Lancaster.

The present interest of the Tower consists chiefly of its Grand Storehouse, a large building to the north of the White Tower. The lower storey is occupied with cannon and large field-pieces; the upper floor, called the Small Armoury, contains a collection of muskets and other implements of war sufficient for 100,000 men. (Long may they remain there!) The arms are arranged in a curious and tasty manner to imitate columns, stars, &c. The Earl of Mar's shield, the Pretender's swords of justice and mercy, and the arms taken from the Highland rebels, are interesting trophies.

The Horse Armoury no one can view without lively interest, nor listen to the remarkable tales related by the warders, without amusement. Here are suits of armour of almost every description, effigies of most of our kings, armed *cap-a-pie*, as large as life, on horseback, are ranged side by side, beginning with William I., and ending with George II. The Spanish Armoury contains trophies taken from the Spanish Armada in the days of Queen Elizabeth. They are chiefly instruments of torture of most ingenious workmanship, such as thumbscrews, iron cravats, &c., &c. We must not omit to mention the Regalia or Crown Jewel Office, which is also within the precincts of the Tower. The jewels are said to be worth two millions of money. The room in which they are kept is very small; an iron railing separates them from the spectators, who are locked in before even they are allowed to take a peep. This precaution was adopted in consequence of Colonel Blood, in the reign of Charles II. making an atrocious attempt upon them.

(To be continued.)

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## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Impressed with the Divine excellence and peculiar adaptation of the Book of Proverbs to the youthful mind, the Editor has aimed to assist the memory by presenting it in easy verse. A Chapter will be given each month.]

### CHAPTER I.

**T**HE Proverbs of King Solomon,  
If rightly studied, one by one,  
The simplest mind with knowledge fill,  
And make the wisest wiser still.

Where does true wisdom, then, begin ?  
In fearing God, and hating sin :  
Whatever knowledge we obtain,  
The soul is dark till born again.

Receive instruction, then, my son,  
Nor in the ways of sinners run ;  
Let gems of truth thy brow bedeck ;  
Wear them as chains about thy neck.

For sinners lurk, and set their snares,  
To catch the simple unawares ;  
Not like the lion to affright,  
But like the fowler, out of sight.

In vain the voice of Wisdom cries  
To those professing to be wise ;  
For every child in Wisdom's school  
Must first have felt himself a fool.

But God in mercy speaks again,  
Nor is his voice of grace in vain ;  
He pours his Spirit from above,  
And thus dissolves our hearts in love.

But sinners who his word refuse,  
 And scorn the Saviour like the Jews,  
 Shall bear the judgments of the Lord,  
 And meet a terrible reward.

When, driven like the scattered chaff,  
 They seek his face, the Lord will laugh :  
 The foolish virgins thus too late  
 Sought for admittance at his gate.

---

#### A NOBLE DEED OF A NOBLE LADY.

**W**E were much gratified in reading an account of a meeting recently held at Islington, in connexion with the Royal Humane Society at which the Duke of Argyll presided, when Miss Burdett Coutts presented a number of prizes to *humane drovers and shepherds*, some of whom had been thus employed for forty-two years, forty-one years, thirty-four years and twenty-two years *without any charge of cruelty having been brought against them.* The reward consisted of a handsomely bound copy of "The Animal World," which was accompanied by a certificate, and an address by Miss Burdett Coutts, on behalf of "the Ladies' Humane Education Committee," in which she says :—  
 "The ladies, through me, feel they can claim in the prize-holders men who will be fellow-workers with them in helping on that humane care of animals, ever taught in Scripture, where we read that 'much cattle' in a guilty city, (Jonah iv. 11,) 'the beasts of the forest, the cattle on a thousand hills,' (Psalm l. 10,) and 'the fall of a sparrow,' (Matt. x. 29) are, in common with man, objects of the Almighty's care and providence. May the Holy Spirit guide us in our endeavours, and you in yours, to promote that love and consideration for all things great and small, which our Lord gave us in his example whilst he dwelt among men."



## “ONLY A SERVANT.”

### CHAPTER I.

**H**OW often we hear this remark from others but very little higher in the social scale, and perhaps not so high in point of moral excellence, “Oh, she’s only a servant!” As if servants were not as good as other people, and as useful in their own proper sphere. The Bible nowhere speaks disparagingly of servants, but gives many interesting details respecting them, and exhorts them to obedience and fidelity, “that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.” The following chapters are an illustration of the Christian influence of a young woman who was “only a servant.”

A few years ago, in the drawing-room of a large house in Bristol, sat a gentleman reading a long letter, from which he frequently glanced at a young woman seated opposite him, who had been its bearer. She was about six-and-twenty, not pretty, perhaps, but extremely pleasant looking, as if her features were seldom distorted by peevishness or ill-humour, those great enemies to all real beauty.

Everything about her was so clean and neat, that it gave her the appearance of being thoroughly well dressed, which is more than can be said of many very *smart* young women.

At last Mr. Richardson laid down the letter, and said, "Well, Kate Williams, my sister seems to have formed a very high opinion of you during your residence with her. I hope your conduct here will prove she is not mistaken."

"I trust it will, Sir."

"You understand you are to take the entire charge of my children; you will have a servant under you. My two little girls are at school part of the day; when at home you must see that they prepare their lessons. My sister says you can read and write pretty well. Take a book from that shelf, and read a few sentences aloud.

"I have a book in my pocket, sir," said Kate, and taking out a small well-worn volume, she read, "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said to the wise, Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut."

Had Kate been looking at Mr. Richardson, instead of at her book, she would have seen how uneasily he listened.

Men keep God's book closed, not daring to look in it lest it should condemn their worldly lives, but when suddenly words from the sacred volume fall upon their ears, they shrink as if from fire.

Those few words read by a poor uneducated girl, in a reverent unaffected manner, how they brought the past up before him,—his many resolves in early life to seek the Pearl of great price, his already half-forgotten vows by the deathbed of his wife, were vividly recalled. When Kate ceased it was only by a strong effort he could speak.

He was satisfied, and after some further explanation of her duties, he rang for a servant to show her into the nursery; there she found two little girls, eleven and nine years of age, and a boy about five; the eldest was named Ada, the second, Isabel, (Isa she was called,) the boy, Freddy.

Of course she had endless questions to answer, but the children soon became familiar with her, and after Mr. Richardson had dined, Ada and Isa went down to the drawing-room.

In putting Freddy to bed, Kate was surprised to find he did not know any prayer, and she tried to teach him one. Then, as it was getting late, she went down to the drawing-room for the little girls.

Ada kissed her papa and said good-night, but Miss Isa, who had been offended at her papa refusing some request she had made, and had sat pouting over a book ever since, rose and went to the door without looking at him. When Kate said softly, "Miss Isa, go and bid your papa good-night," she went past without answering, and ran up-stairs. Mr. Richardson shook his head laughingly, as if it were nothing unusual, saying, "Little puss, she has such a temper."

Isa was not a bad-tempered child, but quick and sensitive, easily touched by kindness, and resenting quickly any slight



Ada was not so impressible, and consequently quieter and more orderly than the impulsive Isa.

When they were in their bedroom, Kate said, "Don't you read before you go to rest?"

"Read what?" said Ada, surprised.

"Why a chapter in the Bible, of course."

"Oh, no, we read that one afternoon in the week at school, but it's such a dull book."

"Our last nurse used always to tell us tales while we were undressing;" said Isa, "will you tell us one, Kate?"

Before Kate left home, she had taught a class of little ones in the Sunday-school, for whom she used to prepare a story every week, so she complied at once, and told them that beautiful story from the twenty-first chapter of Genesis, of the poor mother and child wandering in the wilderness, and the angel being sent to show them the well of water. They thought it very pretty, and were quite surprised to learn it was from the book they thought so dull.

Kate had resolved, as far as she could, to do a mother's part by these motherless little ones—so when Ada and Isa had "said their prayers," which was just kneeling down and repeating the Lord's prayer in a quick and careless manner, by a natural impulse Kate followed the plan adopted by her own mother: kneeling between them, she placed an arm round each, saying, "Let us pray."

Surprise at first, and afterwards a feeling of awe, kept the children perfectly still, while in simple earnest language she offered prayer for them, and when with special reference to Isa's fault, she asked that they might be kept from grieving or sinning against the parent who had so strong a claim upon their love, she felt one little form tremble, and draw closer to her side. The children rose from their knees much impressed, and with a deep conviction their new nurse loved them.

Ada kissed her with a kind "good-night," and was soon in bed. Isa lingered about as if she had something to ask, till at last Kate said, "Do you wish for anything, dear?"

"Oh, Kate, if you would be so kind as to let me dress again, I do so want to go down and tell papa how sorry I am I was so rude this evening."

"My darling," said Kate, "I'll dress you myself."

Her clothes were soon on, Kate went down with her to the door, and waited for her to come back. Mr. Richardson was reading; when he saw Isa, he said in a cross tone, "Isa, why are you not in bed?"

"I should have been, dear papa, but I got nurse to dress me again because I wanted to speak to you."

She had come close to him now, and her papa could see her tears were beginning to flow, so he drew her towards him, saying, "What have you to tell me, Isa?"

She put her arms round his neck, and sobbed out, "I wanted to tell you how sorry I am I was so rude to-night, and ask you to forgive me; indeed I will try not to do so again."

Her papa soothed her, telling her he was not angry, and with many kisses, sent her away, her little heart relieved of its load.

As the door closed behind her, he muttered, "Strange, I never knew her to do such a thing before; it must be that new servant's doing."

*(To be continued.)*

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### OUR MISSION.

**I**N our October number we informed our young friends of the promise made of some interesting presents from the School at Ceylon to the Sunday-schools in England who support the Mission. We have now to inform them that the said presents, which were so vividly described before-

hand, have duly arrived by the good ship "Alice Ritson," though we are very sorry that her captain, (Captain Matches,) to whom and to whose devotedness to the cause of Christ we have before referred, could not remain in London to present them in person to our Sunday scholars and teachers.

On Wednesday evening, December 7th, a meeting was held in the schoolroom of Keppel-street Chapel at which teachers and friends from several other Sunday-schools in London and the suburbs were present; and there the presents were exhibited for the first time and then apportioned by vote amongst the various schools supporting the Mission, to be kept by them as a visible tangible proof that their efforts to support the missionaries and mission schools in India and Ceylon were really felt and appreciated abroad. The room was crowded by eager children anxious to see and handle the various pretty and useful articles displayed before them. The caps, the baskets, and the work cases were the prettiest specimens of variegated woven work that we ever remember to have seen, and the ingenious manner in which from twelve to fifteen straw woven boxes were packed one within another, created much amusement as they were taken to pieces and made to form a pile of considerable height. The ebony elephants, the bookmarks, and the elegantly made pincushion were also much admired. But even more than these things we valued the copy-books and Bible exercise-books which accompanied them. These showed us as it were, our Mission school in actual work, and as we saw them handed about the room, and curiously examined by one and another, we thought, there is indeed a union between England and Ceylon, in distant Sunday scholars of different lands brought thus together in a happy interchange of friendship and good-will. We cannot forbear quoting a sentence from the letter from Ceylon which we have before

given. They say,—“The ties of affection towards your schools have been made stronger, not merely for the sake of the nice articles received, but for the proof we have to believe we can boast of so many friends beyond the mighty ocean.” These words aptly express the feeling that pervaded this happy meeting. We trust this spirit may long continue.

We are glad to be able to report that letters since received show that the school at Colombo whence these presents came continues to prosper and increase under the care of Mr. Van Geyzel, its superintendent. The last report states that there are seventy-nine scholars and thirteen teachers.

We do not hear much of opposition on the part of parents or priests in this school, but we are sorry to say that it is very different at Madras where our missionaries, Mr. Thomas and Coopoosawmy Row are situated. We will give an instance of what we mean next month.

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### SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

**O**NE who from wrong which he had done  
 Was forced a fugitive to roam.  
 One who by a first act of sin  
 Death to this world gave entrance in.  
 You next reverse a mountain's name  
 Whence Israel to conquest came :  
 The name of a presumptuous King  
 Whose crime long punishment did bring,  
 One who had ceased to seek the Lord  
 Who met his death by his own sword.  
 A stone upon the breast-plate laid,  
 Which Bezaliel for Aaron made.  
 One from whose son the royal line  
 Was prophesied in olden time.

A woman who in his first youth  
 Did teach her child the words of truth,  
 The sister of a man of God  
 Who many years the desert trod.

Dear to the heart of every Jew  
 Was that great city's name,  
 Which the initials of these words  
 Will easily proclaim.

A little place the finals give,  
 And yet a place of note ;  
 Of the great honour it should have,  
 An ancient prophet wrote.

DAISY.

1. A scribe. 2. A mountain. 3. A city of the tribe of Benjamin. 4. A city of Lycaonia. 5. A son of Zophah. 6. A companion of Paul. The initials and finals, read downwards, will give the names of two cities mentioned in the New Testament. T. W. WALTER.

### ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA.

The Answer to the Enigma in our last is—FIRE-BRAND.

Correct answers have been received from

Miss Annie Amey, Forest-lane.

„ Annie Crow, Clare.

Master A. Thorne, Eaton Bray.

„ E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey.

“HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS,” BY L. A. G.,  
 Seems to have obtained favour with our young friends. The First Edition was all sold in a few days. The work has, however, been reprinted, and may still be had of the Printers, Messrs. Briscoe and Sons, 28, Banner Street, Finsbury, price 2½d. post free.

### HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS. PART 2.

ENCOURAGED by the success of her little book the authoress has resolved to publish a Second Part, *if a sufficient number of subscribers be obtained*. Many pleasant “recollections,” reluctantly omitted for want of space, will appear in Number 2. Orders should be sent to the printers as before, by post card.

BRISCOE & SONS, Printers, Banner-street, Finsbury.

ONE HALFPENNY.



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Vol. X.

February, 1871.

No. 113.

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### OUR MISSION.

**I**N the "*Colombo Examiner*" newspaper, of Nov. 26th last, there occurs the following paragraph, which we think our readers will agree with us in regarding as a very interesting proof of the progress and prosperity of the Mission Sunday-school in the island of Ceylon, with which we are so closely connected.

The Third Anniversary of the Strict Baptist Mission School was held in Keyser-street Baptist Chapel, Colombo, Ceylon, on Sunday, the 20th November, when three services were held and sermons preached in connection with the school. In the morning the service was conducted by the Rev. J. Scott, in the afternoon by Mr. J. Wydeman, and in the evening by Rev. F. D. Waldock. On Thursday evening, the 24th instant, there was a tea meeting for scholars and

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.

their friends at the school-room, which was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers by a few of the scholars. After this, a public meeting was held in the chapel, under the presidency of the Rev. Mr. Waldock ; when the Rev. Mr. Andriesz engaged in prayer, and a report of the school was read by Mr. F. W. Smith, the secretary, which showed that the school consists of thirteen teachers and eighty-four scholars—being an increase of twenty-four scholars since the previous year. The scholars' contribution during the year for the Mission was £5 16s. 3d.\* Several pieces of poetry were recited by about seven or eight scholars, amongst them a blind lad, who received his education (orally) entirely in this school, to the entire satisfaction of the audience.\* Prizes were distributed by the chairman to the best scholars, and suitable addresses were given by Captain Miller, C. R. R., Mr. J. S. De Silva, Quarter Master Hall, Mr. G. B. Leechman and Mr. V. VanGeysel ; and the meeting was closed with prayer by the chairman."

In this case we see that while our Sunday scholars in England are contributing to aid the Mission in Colombo, the Sunday scholars there are also to the best of their ability doing the like. And who knows but that their £5 16s. 2d. contributed last year may represent more self-denial than the larger amounts contributed by our Sunday schools here ?

In Ceylon there is not the great hindrance of Caste prejudice to prevent the growth of Mission schools which is felt in India, and the opposition to Christian teaching on the part of the parents is not so great. Our School at Perambore near Madras has for these and other reasons been at length broken up, and Coopoosawmy Row has removed to a place called Poonamallee, which is a large and populous district, where he has recently baptized his first convert, named

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\* The pleasing intelligence has just arrived that this lad has been baptized by our missionary.

Rachel, and is likely to find much scope for usefulness. He has commenced a school with thirteen native children, which it is hoped will largely increase. A native Christian assistant teacher, named Abel Michael, has also been engaged. We shall all look forward to reports from this new Mission station with much interest.

In our last we promised to give an instance of the kind of opposition with which our Mission Schools have to contend. Our Missionary, Mr. Thomas, recently wrote as follows :

“ Only a few days ago, I lost another scholar, a nice little girl. On enquiring of her parents the cause of her absence, I was told that the child having been *vowed* by her parents to the goddess Pariapauliem, the pandaram (Hindoo priest) came to their house, and, this being the time preparatory to the festival of that goddess, he demanded that the girl should be removed from the Mission school, and delivered over to him. On receiving her, she was stripped naked and clothed with Margasa leaves, and then taken through the streets to beg for alms on behalf of the goddess [really, for the Hindoo priests,] to whom she was vowed.”

Mr. Thomas adds, “ May the Lord be pleased to regard our efforts and prayers on behalf of this little girl, and work in her heart by his Holy Spirit, so that she may yet become a child of God.” Let this prayer be our prayer also, and may the time soon come when the gross darkness which permits crafty and cruel priests to separate children from their parents for purposes of idolatry and wickedness, and which allows parents to consent to such an unnatural separation, shall pass away before the light of the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

We are glad to know that in many cases the children in our Mission schools love their school and their teacher too well to consent willingly to leave them to go elsewhere. Though much opposed by parents and friends, they show that they have no faith in the idols they professedly worship, and love to hear from the Christian scriptures of Christ, the



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Salvator of sinners. On one occasion a Hindoo  
 was in our Mission School, though we have the  
 translated their words the following letter to  
 parents:

"Dear Parents—Some years ago you sent me some  
 of your oysters. I have since also sent them  
 to you for a long time, but making them only  
 opened and made some of them oysters contained  
 in them, my parents did not send me there to eat  
 because they will be displeased if I take them, but  
 as they are of great value, and I see them  
 do not send me for them, or because they will be angry if I

The people in the Hindoo religion, who  
 write, this Hindoo government, by this  
 to show his government though they did  
 to obtain the Hindoo religion, yet  
 value he could do no other than embrace it.

Does not this Hindoo religion apply equally  
 in England? Many Sunday scholars  
 in our Mission School find the  
 knowledge of Christ and him crucified.

Christ crucified, Oxford-street,  
 Wilkes-street, Pimlico,  
 Wilkes-street, Pimlico,  
 Wilkes-street, Pimlico,

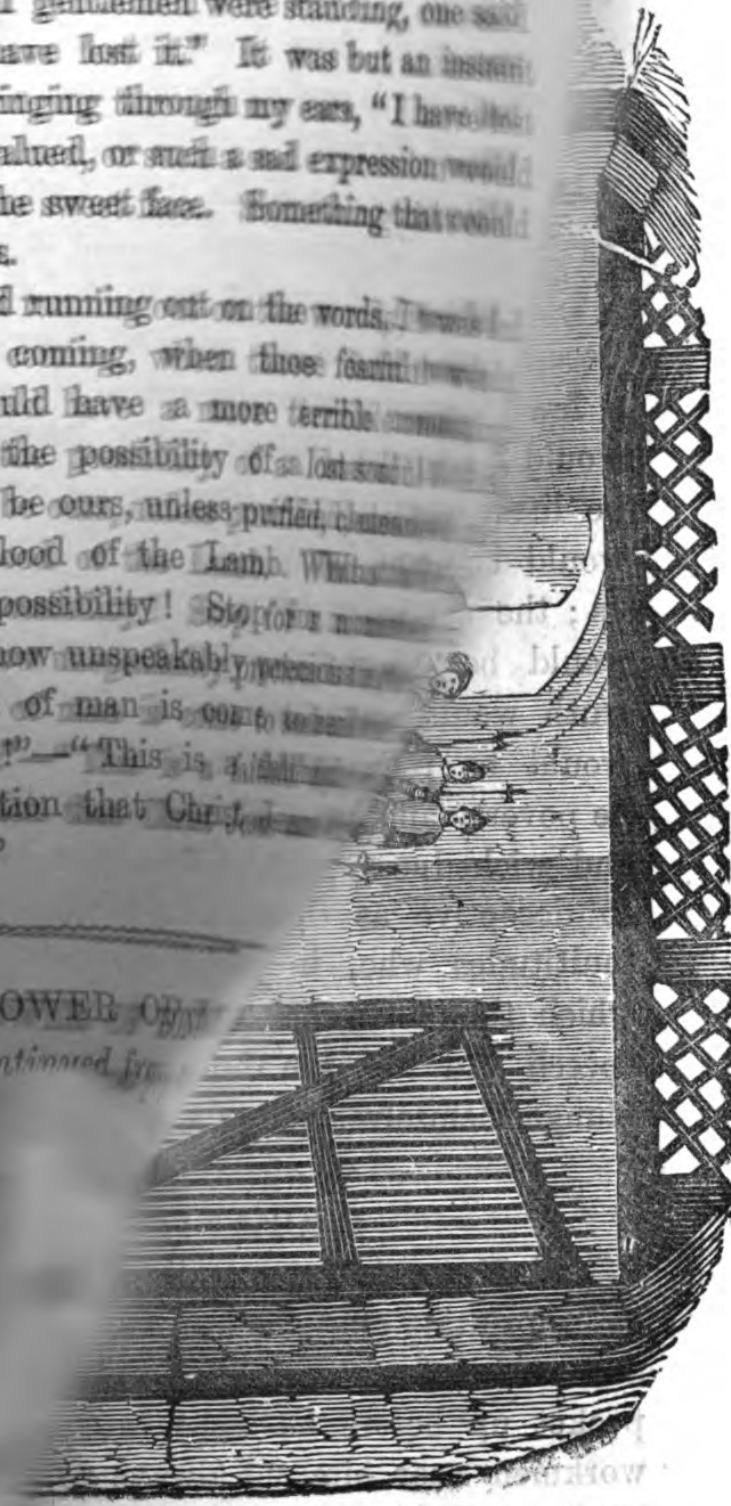
"I HAVE LOST IT."

PASSING the steps of an elegant dwelling, on which several ladies and gentlemen were standing, one said "It is impossible, I have lost it." It was but an instant that the words went ringing through my ears, "I have lost it." Lost something valued, or such a sad expression would never have mantled the sweet face. Something that would be replaced perhaps.

"I have lost it," and running out on the words. I never think of that day coming, when those fearful words "I have lost it," would have a more terrible significance than at so dreadful as the possibility of a lost soul. A withering cry will be ours, unless purified, cleansed, and made white in the blood of the Lamb. What a anguish in the bare possibility! Stop for a moment and contemplate it. But how unspeakably precious is the testimony—"The Son of man is come to save that which was lost!"—"This is a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance that Christ came into the world to save sinners."

THE TOWER OF  
(Continued from page 20)

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...I think any man who can also stand, or doing things else  
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**Saviour of sinners.** On one occasion a Hindoo boy, (not one in our Mission School, though we hope there are many likeminded *there*,) wrote the following letter to his heathen parents :

“Dear Parents:—Six years ago you sent me down to the sea shore to gather oysters. Other parents also sent their sons. After gathering them for a long time and thinking them only oysters, my eyes were opened and made me see that these oysters contained *pearls*. I said to myself, my parents did not send me there to seek for pearls, and perhaps they will be displeased if I take them, but what shall I do? I see they are of great value, and shall I cast them away because they did not send me for them, or because they will be angry if I take them?”

The people in the East use many figures when they speak or write, this Hindoo youth meant, by this illustration or figure, to show his parents that though they did not send him to school to obtain the Christian religion, yet when he saw its value he could do no otherwise than embrace it.

Does not this illustration apply equally to the Sunday-schools in England? May many Sunday-scholars *here* as well as in our Mission Schools abroad find the pearl of great price—the knowledge of Christ and him crucified.

Our Sunday-schools at Keppel-street, Oxford-street, Meard’s-court, St. Luke’s, Wilderness-row, Pimlico, Notting-hill, Homerton, Woolwich, New Cross, Croydon, &c., in and near London, and those at Tunbridge Wells, Leicester, and Foot’s-cray in the country, are doing, or have begun to do well, in contributing to the support of this Mission. But are there not other Sunday-schools where the “Pearls” is taken, who would like to have a share in this good work? If so, a letter from superintendent or teachers addressed to the Editor of this periodical, who is also one of the Secretaries to the Mission, will be gladly received, and every information cheerfully given.

G. P.

“I HAVE LOST IT.”

**P**ASSING the steps of an elegant dwelling, on which several ladies and gentlemen were standing, one said “It is impossible, I have lost it.” It was but an instant and the words went ringing through my ears, “I have lost it.” Lost something valued, or such a sad expression would never have mantled the sweet face. Something that could not be replaced perhaps.

“I have lost it,” and running out on the words, I was led to think of that day coming, when those fearful words, “I have lost it,” would have a more terrible meaning. What so dreadful as the possibility of a lost soul! And this withering cry will be ours, unless purified, cleansed, and made white in the blood of the Lamb. What a thrill of anguish in the bare possibility! Stop for a moment and contemplate it. But how unspeakably precious is the gospel testimony—“The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost!”—“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

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THE TOWER OF LONDON.

*(Continued from page 6.)*

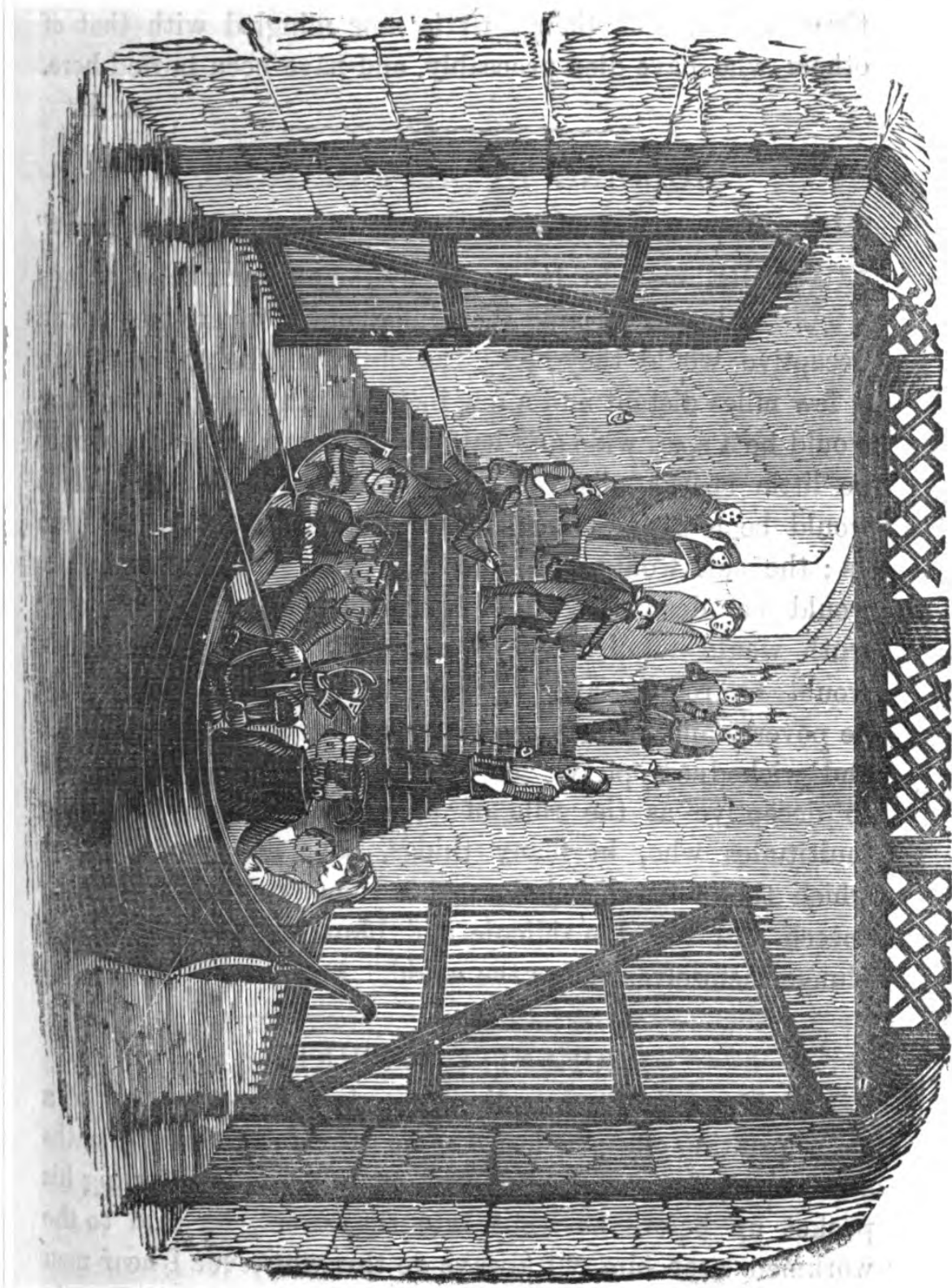
**A** GLOOM always surrounds this ancient fortress, and on taking our leave of it, we cannot but think how many and varied have been the scenes which have taken place within its walls. Here it was, when in fancied security, John was besieged by his refractory barons, and forced to sign Magna Charta, or the Record of British Freedom. It was here that the tyrannical Henry III. took refuge against his enraged citizens; he added to, and strengthened its fortifications, but he tried in vain to defend himself, and was forced to flee from his subjects. It was from his palace in

the Tower that Richard II. and his mother were driven by the rebellious Kentishmen, headed by Wat Tyler. It was in the reign of Edward IV. that his royal prisoner, Henry VI. was brought from Lancaster, and confined in the Tower. The Tower is particularly memorable in history, as being the scene of the real or imputed atrocities of Richard III. It is said that he caused his royal nephews, Edward V. and his brother, to be smothered in their beds, and that their bodies were concealed beneath the steps of the Tower, in which they resided. During the reign of Henry VIII. the victims of his tyranny are too numerous to mention. His beautiful queen, Anne Boleyn; Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; Lord Cromwell, Henry's favourite secretary; the new queen, Catherine Howard; and "the brave, the witty, and the learned Earl of Surrey," were the principal sufferers from the wrath of that despotic king, all of the above-named being brought to the block on Tower Hill.

During the time the bigoted Mary reigned, the prison of the Tower was seldom empty; the gentle Lady Jane Grey,\* Bishop Latimer, and Archbishop Cranmer being among the first committed to it. In Elizabeth's time, the gallant Earl of Essex was confined there, and suffered death (being condemned for high treason) on Tower Hill. The Tower has since been used chiefly as a state-prison, a magazine for arms and other minor purposes. The church of St. Peter stands within the walls, and is considered the parish church of the Tower. The date of its foundation cannot be exactly ascertained, but it was previous to the reign of Henry III. who ordered it to be repaired. It is plain in its architecture, but most sadly interesting as being the burial place of a long list of persons who ended their lives on the scaffold on Tower Hill, or within the Tower itself. The good and the guilty are here mingled: many a headless trunk, whose sorrows or

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\* See engraving on opposite page.



whose crimes have been recorded, have been consigned to these vaults, and their dust is now mingled with that of others who have died peaceably, and have been buried here.

A. H.

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### JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

“ Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment.”

**W**ERE men to be guided by the appearance of things only, in forming their judgment, how erroneous and deceptive would they be ! The sun would be no more than a few miles distant and a few inches in diameter ; the moon would be a span wide and half a mile away ; the stars would be little sparks glistening in the atmosphere ; the earth would be a plain, bounded by the horizon a few miles from us ; the sun would travel and the earth stand still ; nature would be dead in winter and only alive in summer ; truth would often be error and error truth ; honest men would be rogues, and rogues honest men ; wealth would be poverty and poverty wealth ; piety would be wickedness and wickedness piety. In fine, there is scarcely any rule so deceptive as the rule of appearance ; and there are multitudes who, in many things, have no other rule by which they form their judgment. Hence the errors of their speech and life, the ridicule and blunders into which they plunge themselves before the world.

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### PROFANITY REBUKED.

**A**S Howard was standing one day near the door of a printing-office, he heard some dreadful volleys of oaths and curses from a public-house opposite, and buttoning his pocket up before he went into the street, he said to the workmen near him, “ I always do this whenever I hear men swear, as I think any man who can take God’s name in vain can also steal, or do anything else that is bad,”



“ONLY A SERVANT.”

CHAPTER II.

**S**OME months had passed away since Kate had entered upon her situation ; many difficulties she had encountered ; the children, who had been both spoiled and neglected by previous servants, gave her much trouble at times. But by patience and love she had gained influence over them. She never scolded, but they soon found how grieved she was when they did wrong, and that feeling did more toward making them penitent, than many scoldings would have done ; their Bibles were read morning and evening, morning and evening Kate prayed with them—best of all, they begun



to pray for themselves, to confess their sins, and ask earnestly for forgiveness.

Their papa found them strangely altered, so anxious to please him, so kind to each other. He little thought the "great salvation" he was neglecting was sought by his little daughters.

He attributed it all to Kate, saying, "She is an excellent servant, she manages the children so well." She *was* an excellent servant, for all she did was done as "seeing Him who is invisible."

An hour of great and terrible trial had proved the worth of true religion, and now the heavy sorrow was overpast, she was very happy though serious and thoughtful.

Kate had some trouble too with the under-nurse, a young girl named Ellen, who was both thoughtless and idle, and seemed to care for nothing but dress. Kate had tried very gently and mildly to point out the "more excellent way," but Ellen only tossed her head, and said, "She wasn't going to be preached too;" so Kate could only continue to treat her kindly and pray for her.

She little thought what a blow to Ellen's pride was at hand.

The cook, who received high wages, was a very smart lady in her way, and wore a great deal of imitation jewellery when in full dress: among other things, she had a large gilt bracelet, set with pieces of red glass; very fine it looked, and she appeared to set great store by it.

One morning she came to Kate in great trouble, saying some one in the house had stolen it; she had left it on her table when she went out the evening before,—now it was nowhere to be found. Kate asked if it was not more likely she had worn it, and lost it while in the street. No, she was sure she had not done that, for when she was going to put it on, she found the clasp was nearly off, so left it at home.

Kate noticed that Ellen looked very pale, but when Kate proposed that all the servants' boxes should be searched for cook's satisfaction, Ellen was the first to throw down her keys. Great search was made, but in vain, the bracelet was not to be found. Cook continued to lament her loss, and repeated every day, "Some one must know where it is."

One evening, about a fortnight after, cook burnt her hand badly, and while Kate was in the kitchen dressing the wound, Ellen was in the nursery, and the other servants in the kitchen sewing and reading, the servants' bell was rung, and a young woman who lived as nursemaid at a house near at hand, came down. Finding Ellen was not in the kitchen, she would not wait for her to be called, saying she had outstayed her time already, but said she had been that evening to call on a friend she and Ellen visited the last time they were out together, and had found a bracelet Ellen was in great trouble about, thinking she had lost it in the street; it had fallen off just as they were leaving the house, and was found next morning in the passage, by the door. Taking a small parcel from her pocket, she left it for Ellen, and hurried off. As soon as she was gone, cook snatched up the parcel and opened it; it was her bracelet!

She sprang up in a great passion, saying, she would go up and tell master at once, the thief should not stay in the house.

But Kate begged her to think a little, and hear first what Ellen had to say for herself, reminding her if the poor girl were turned out of the house without a character, how likely it was she would be utterly lost, as she was an orphan and had no home to go to. Kate so far prevailed as to get the cook to promise to wait quietly till she had been up and questioned Ellen. Taking the bracelet in her hand, she went to the nursery, and after closing the door that communicated with the children's rooms, went to Ellen, and placing her

hand on her shoulder as she sat by the fire-side, said kindly and gravely, "Ellen, tell me truly what you did with this bracelet."

The poor girl stood up pale and trembling.

"O Kate, does she think I meant to steal it !"

"What else can she think ?"

"Oh, indeed I did not ; how has it come back ?"

Kate told her.

She was like one stunned. "What shall I do, what shall I do ? I have nowhere to go, cook will be sure to have me turned out of the house !"

Kate sat down by her, saying, "Ellen, if you will tell me the truth, I will do the best I can to save you from disgrace."

"O Kate, I will indeed, you don't know how wretched I have been. That Sunday evening no one was at home but you and I, cook's bed-room door stood open, and as I passed I saw the bracelet on the table, I went in to look at it, and as I tried it on before the glass, it came into my head all of a sudden to keep it on for the evening, I should be home an hour before cook, and could put it back without her knowing. So I went out with it on, but was sorry all the time ; I felt so afraid I should meet her. I knew I had it on when I bade Mrs. Allen good-night. It must have fallen on the door mat, I did not miss it till we were nearly home, and was dreadfully frightened, but thought it was no use to look for it, the streets were so full of people ; I made sure some one had picked it up. I am sure if cook knew how sorry I have been she would forgive me."

"Yes," said Kate, "but consider what a falsehood you told when you declared you knew nothing about it."

"How could I say that I had lost it ?"

"Ah, that is just how Satan leads us on from one sin to another. God says, "Thou shalt not covet," as well as "Thou shalt not steal ;" if you had not coveted this trash,

you would not have touched it : yielding to that first temptation, you were led captive by Satan at his will."

"I will never touch anything that is not my own again, I will beg cook to forgive me."

"Yes, but there is some one else whom you have sinned against, and whose pardon you must ask. God has given you a good home, everything you need, yet you have broken His laws, sinned against Him and your fellow-creature, brought shame upon yourself, and for what? the foolish pleasure of wearing this tawdry ornament for a few hours."

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER II.

**M**Y son, ('tis God the Father speaks  
To one who heavenly knowledge seeks,)  
Incline thine ear, lift up thy voice,  
If Wisdom be thy early choice.

As miners search for treasures rare,  
With industry and constant care,—  
Thus Wisdom seek with all thy mind ;  
And, seeking early, thou shalt find.

*God giveth wisdom—none can buy ;*  
No substitute can man supply :  
Sound wisdom he has laid in store  
For those who seek it at his door.

If in thy heart she has her seat,  
Discretion shall preserve thy feet ;  
To keep thee from the subtle snares  
Which else would take thee unawares.

Sinners in evil will rejoice ;  
 But heavenly Wisdom's warning voice  
 Shall keep thee from their crooked ways,  
 And e'en on earth prolong thy days.

They, "rooted out," and soon forgot,  
 Shall perish, and their names shall rot ;  
 But thou, a plant of paradise,  
 Shalt be transplanted to the skies.

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### MEMORY.

**W**HAT a precious though sometimes pensive companion it is! How it brings before us loved ones from whom we have long been parted! How, like a skilful artist, it brightens with its magic touch the faded pictures of the past!

I have met with many definitions of the word "Memory," among others the following :

"Memory—the only friend that grief can call its own."  
*Is it a friend to you, reader?*

Life is a book of blank pages, on which all our words, thoughts and actions are written, these making our little life-history. Each day a leaf is filled and turned over, and next, a new one begun. Often we would fain turn back the leaves to efface what is already too indelibly written there—yet, there is no going back, the past is sealed to us, the misty future gleams dimly before us, ours only is the clear present moment *now*.

Or we would sometimes turn over those pages and re-read the events recorded there, whether they would recall pleasant or poignant thoughts. There lies the open book, with the stern finger of Time, impatient to begin another page, but a kind *Wind* comes, and turns the leaves rapidly back, disclosing to our eager, longing eyes the past,—this, methinks is *Memory*.

What a gift is a good memory—to have a mind capable of retaining what we see and hear! How many vain regrets we should be spared, if we did but “*remember!*” What a host of troubles this “*forgetting*” leads us into! A good memory is an invaluable boon. This has been felt in all ages, and some have felt so strongly on the matter that they have published various methods for obtaining one. Now this *may* be all very well, but *I* don’t believe in it at all. The best way *I* think in which you can cultivate your memory, (for you *have* it already, and it only needs culture!) is to pay attention to all that concerns you, and learn to *think* it over for yourselves. Some people are so lazy that they won’t even take the trouble to think. Don’t have this said of any of you! *Think for yourselves. Great workers have generally been great thinkers.*

Perhaps some of you who are reading this will say—“*You haven’t a good memory, for you promised us something a long, long time ago, and have forgotten all about it!*” Ah, I know what you allude to, and I am not surprised you think I’ve forgotten all about it. But I haven’t. I have very often thought about it, but—I have *procrastinated*, that is, I have delayed, or put it off. Don’t copy my example in this matter, for it’s a bad one.

I promised I would offer a prize for the best answer to a Scripture question. What shall it be? I think we’ll have “*Memory*” for our subject. I will give a bound volume of *Pearls* for 1870, to that boy or girl who shall find, and write out with the most care the greatest number of instances in the Bible, in which the word “*remember*” occurs. The chapter and verse must be put in every case, with the name, age, and address of the competitor, and sent to the Editor, care of the Printers, 28, Banner Street, Finsbury, on or before the 10th of February.

You won’t “*forget*” it, will you?

L. A. G.

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

**T**HE place where Christ his life for sinners gave :  
 One who supplied God's prophets in a cave :  
 A woman who made garments for the poor :  
 One who from thirst was brought to death's dark door  
 The mountain where the Lord appeared of old :  
 A people that were neither hot nor cold :  
 A servant to his master Paul restored :  
 A queen who much displeased her royal lord :  
 The spot where once was placed a flaming sword.  
 The initials do a glorious fact express—  
 May you, dear children, know its blessedness !

*Wellingborough.*

D. M. M.

**M**Y whole are dwellings for the poor. The phrase, which consists of 20 letters, occurs in a prophecy against Philistia. My 12, 13, 17, 14, 15, is an emblem of the Christian. My 6, 2, 5, 4, is an emblem of the wicked. My 19, 2, 10, 18, and 3, 3, 5, 11, are emblems of Christ. My 3, 11, 14, 7, is an emblem both of Christ and the Christian. My 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, is an office of Christ. My 6, 5, 4, 7, is an important part of a city. My 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, constituted part of the riches of many of the patriarchs. My 16, 5, 11, 15, is a musical instrument. My 12, 15, 17, 5, 11, is an instrument of war. J. B.

## ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

The Answers to the Scripture Acrostics are as follow :

1. JERUSALEM—BETHLEHEM.

[JacoB—EvE—TaboR(reversed)—UzziaH—SauL—AgatE—LeaH—EunicE—MiriaM.]

2. SARDIS—ATHENS. [ShebnA—AraraT—RamaH—DerbE—IthraM—SilaS.]

Correct answers have been received from

Miss E. Barmore, Homerton, 1 | Master E. J. Welch, Merton, 1, 2  
 Master G. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2

*Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printers.*

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ONE HALFPENNY.



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### THE LOST PEARLS.

**N**O food, no fire was there in little Nelly Darton's wretched home, a home rendered wretched by one who ought to have made it a bright and happy place for himself and child. But it was the old sad tale : Nelly's father spent in drink what would have amply fed and clothed them both.

Nelly had no mother, she had died twelve months before. The little girl's life was a hard and dreary one ; her father's sad fault often making him harsh and surly, and too frequently did she go short of food, fire and clothing, and many were the sad tears she shed. She was very young, only nine years old ; but the good Lord who keeps his little ones from harm, when they ask him, as Nelly did, had led and kept her in the "narrow way," despite the many temptations she had to do wrong,—allowed as she was to wander in the streets, dirty, ragged, and forlorn. She had had a good mother, who had taught her to pray, and many a time would a simple

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prayer ascend to God, not only for herself, but for her dear father also, that he might become sober and be her own dear kind father again.

One bitterly cold winter's night, Nelly had crept up to the miserable room in which she and her father lived. Lighting a candle, the last she had in the house, she crouched shivering by the fireless grate to wait for her father to come home. She waited long, but at last she heard his unsteady footsteps on the stairs ; Nelly trembled, for she knew the state her father was in. Timidly she asked for money to buy bread and coals, but in reply received a blow which sent her reeling to the floor. It was not the first time her father had struck her, but never so undeservedly—never so cruelly. Heartbroken, she got up, ran down stairs and out of the house. The bitter tears fell fast as the poor child reached the street, then she wandered on, while the piercing wind drifted the falling snow into her face. "Where am I," sobbed Nelly, as she entered one of the West End squares, where she had never been before, and so large and grand looked the great houses that she was afraid to rest on the door-steps and so sat down on the curbstone, hungry, and cold, crying, "Oh, father, why did you beat me ? please Jesus, take me to heaven, I want to die ;—and make poor father better."

These broken sentences escaped from the poor sobbing child, as the sound of wheels fell upon her ear, and looking round, she saw two carriages driving rapidly up. Rising as quickly as her frozen limbs would allow, she crept to the railings in front of one of the houses. The snow had now ceased to fall. The first carriage stopped, the door of the great house opened, and then three young ladies richly dressed stepped from the vehicle : the second also drove up, and from it alighted another young lady with two children about Nelly's age. Other carriages followed, and Nelly

knew there was a party. Keeping out of sight, she watched the guests as they arrived. "What fine clothes, how rich they must be!" she thought, "they don't know what it is to be cold and hungry like me."

And, as carriage after carriage drew up, Nelly approached nearer to the steps, as if to sniff the soft warm air of the brilliant hall.

But the tall powdered footman spied poor Nelly out, and he roughly bade her "Begone."

"Do not speak so unkindly to the poor child, John." It was the soft, gentle voice of a young lady, whom the footman was helping to alight. "She has no business here, my lady," answered he.

"Poor thing! poor thing! Oh that I could make everybody happy, and free them from want," she sighed; then, turning to the servant, she added, "John, give her some money for me, and I will repay you; I have not my purse here."

But John either did not or would not hear the request of his young mistress, and took no further notice of poor Nelly

The guests had all arrived, and all was again silent and still in the great square.

*(To be continued.)*

E. B.

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### JOHNNY AND THE APPLES.

**I** KNEW a little village maid,  
 And she was pretty, people said,  
 Indeed I thought so too;  
 I met her in the lane one day,  
 As I was going out to play,  
 And said, "How do you do?"

"I'm quite well, thank you," she replied;  
 "But since my brother Thomas died,  
 I feel so very dull;"

I said, "I'm going to the wood,  
To gather nuts—they are so good,  
And ripe, as well as full."

"The day's as fine as fine can be,  
Now Lucy, come along with me,  
And we will have such fun!"  
Away we went, with spirits high,  
The little village maid and I,  
As fast as we could run.

The nuts were hanging, ripe and brown;  
I got a stick and knocked them down,  
Because I could not reach:  
And Lucy picked them up so fast,  
That ere an hour, or so, had past,  
We had a lapful each.

Then, as we sat against a tree,  
Lu. said, "Now Johnny, come with me,  
I'll shew you something, dear;"  
We took a path across the wood,  
And came to where a cottage stood—  
No other house was near.

There apples hung—a pleasing sight!  
It made one long to have a bite,  
And so I said to Lu.  
"That's why I wanted you to come,"  
She said—"that you might get me some,  
Do, Johnny, get a few."

Some apples then I silyly got,  
Then in a twinkling, like a shot,  
We both were out of sight:  
We never thought we had been seen,  
And sauntered home, across the green,  
As it was nearly night.

I scarce had reached our homely floor,  
When some one shouted at the door,  
"Where is that little thief?"  
And told my father all the truth,  
Saying "You may depend that youth  
Will bring you into grief."

I begged for mercy, but, in vain ;  
 Ah ! now I seem to feel the pain  
     Produced by every blow !  
 But then *he* felt it more a deal,  
*To think a boy of his could steal ;*  
     At least he told me so.

Now boys, and girls, be warned by me,  
 BE CAREFUL WITH WHAT COMPANY  
     YOU SPEND YOUR LEISURE TIME ;  
 For it was all through Lucy Grey  
 My youthful heart was led astray  
     Into that dreadful crime.

The gift of sight is a blessing indeed ; but, like all God's gifts, it is often abused. Satan often comes into the heart through the door of the eye. If you will read the awful death of Achan, recorded in the 7th chapter of the Book of Joshua, and notice his confession in the 21st verse, you will see Satan came into his heart by the eye, "When I saw," said he, "*then I coveted.*" The seeing awakened the sinful desire,—the desire led to the act,—the act was soon found out and punished by an awful death. Yes, sin leads to sin, and ultimate disgrace and ruin. We should therefore like the good Psalmist (Psa. cxix. 37,) pray God to "Turn away our eyes from beholding vanity."

Our supposed friends may be our worst foes, by enticing us to go into temptations with them where they would not dare to go alone. We should never take a step in any direction by persuasion of others without first being convinced that it is right. "The path across the wood" into which Lucy Grey drew her companion was not the direct way home, but a crooked round-about-way which led to sin, suffering, and disgrace. Dear reader, look at the advice of the wisest of men : "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.....walk not thou in the way with them ; refrain thy foot from their path." (Prov. i. 10, 15.)

J. S. ANDERSON.



### EASTERN BOOKS AND WRITING.

**I**N these days of halfpenny post cards, and penny post letters, we do not realize the difficulties of our grandmothers, nor the formidable task they had commenced when they said, "I now take up my pen to write to you." It is so easy for the Editor to take up his pen and write—(though not always, however, so easy to find something fresh to write about,) and it is so easy for you to take up your pens to answer the Enigmas (though perhaps you will say, It is not always so easy to find them out)—that we are apt to forget, when reading the Bible, that pens, and ink, and books, then were very different from what we use.

The art of writing is a wonderful invention, and some have said that God himself must have been the author of it. God indeed wrote the ten commandments on the two tables of stone with his own finger; but we have a

direction given to Moses to write respecting the battle of Amalek, which occurred before the giving of the law.

The ancients used to write on leather, parchment, and papyrus. Dr. Buchanan found in India an old copy of the law, written on a roll of leather about fifteen feet long. The same gentleman also found a Hebrew manuscript roll in the record chest of the black Jews in Malabar, formed of goats' skins dyed red, measuring, although imperfect, forty-eight feet long by twenty-two inches in breadth.

The Egyptian papyrus (from which our paper takes its name,) was formed of reeds which grow in the Nile. Whether the "letters"\* we read of in the Old Testament were written on this material is uncertain; but the Apostle undoubtedly refers to something of this kind, when he says (2 John, 12,) "I would not write with paper and ink."

Various other substances also were used for writing, such as stones, tiles, metal plates, and wooden tablets, &c. (see Hab. ii. 2; Isa. xxx. 8; Prov. iii. 2; Ezek. iv. 1.) To write on such materials required "a pen of iron with the point of a diamond," (see Jer. xvii. 1; Job xix. 23, 24.) The table on which Zacharias wrote "His name is John" (Luke i. 63,) was no doubt of wood covered with wax.

On one occasion Jesus Christ is said to have stooped down and written with his finger upon the ground (John viii. 6.) Such a mode of writing is not uncommon in the East, for we are told that in India children write their lessons on the ground with their fingers, for which purpose they sprinkle fine sand on the pavement. When the pavement is full, they put the writings out or sprinkle sand afresh. Thus Jeremiah says, (xvii. 13,) "They who depart from the Lord

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\* See 2 Sam. xi. 15; 1 Kings xxi. 8; 2 Kings v. 5.

shall be written in the earth,"—"as soon be blotted out and forgotten (says Mr. Harmer) as the writing of a child upon the sand."

This reminds us of a verse of one of our hymns, on the safety of the true Christian :

"Thy God has said, whose word shall stand,  
Not like the writing on the sand,  
But firm as his decree:—  
That when thy foes, death, hell, and sin,  
On every side shall hem thee in,  
A wall of fire I'll be."

We could write much more about books and writing, but space forbids. A short article on this subject appeared in our Volume for 1865, p. 116. A few words on the pens of the Easterns must therefore close this paper.

The kind of pen used differed perhaps as much as the material to be written upon. The "iron pen" or style has already been referred to. These were more like gravers or glaziers' diamonds. The instrument used for writing on wax was pointed at one end and broad at the other—the latter serving to erase a mistake and to smooth the wax again. The reed pen, however, is the most common. This was made with a *penknife*, (see Jer. xxxvi. 23,) in a similar manner to our quill pens. Our engraving represents all these, as also the kind of inkstands in general use. The "inkhorn" referred to by Ezekiel was different from these, and attached to the scribe's girdle.

It will be interesting and profitable to the reader to trace the various allusions to books and writing contained in the Scriptures. The most important book, however, is that figurative book referred to in the Revelation and elsewhere, called "the Lamb's book of life," concerning which the beautiful sentiment of Watts well becomes both writer and reader:—

"In thy fair book of life and grace,  
● may I find my name,  
Recorded in some humble place,  
Beneath my Lord the Lamb."

## "ONLY A SERVANT."

## CHAPTER III.

**P**OOR Ellen sobbed like one broken-hearted.

"I have been very foolish and wicked, I will pray to be forgiven."

"Now," said Kate, "if you will promise to strive against sin in future, and be truthful, I will try to persuade cook to say no more about the matter."

"I will indeed strive to be better."

Kate went down to cook and told her what had passed : she was still very angry, but Kate so pleaded that she could not refuse her, especially when she urged, we could only hope to be forgiven as we forgive those who have trespassed against us.

Kate also obtained a promise from all that no unkind remark should be made to the poor girl, who was already sufficiently humbled.

When she returned to Ellen with the good news, the poor girl was ready to kneel at her feet.

That night Kate read and prayed with the penitent, whose heart overflowed with thanksgiving as she thought of the danger she had escaped.

The servants kept their promise, and did not taunt her with her misdeeds.

From that time she was an altered girl, a comfort to Kate instead of a trouble, and never forgot she had preserved her from disgrace ; so for a time all went happily.

But this is a world of change,—ere long a shadow fell across Kate's path, that filled her with such serious misgivings, she thought it her duty to consult Mr. Richardson. Having asked permission to speak to him alone, she went down to his room.

"I do not wish to alarm you, Sir," said Kate, "but I fear Miss Isa's health is declining ; she is so quiet lately, seems



as if she could not bear the least fatigue, and often looks so pale and weary. She is so anxious about her lessons ; I fear she studies too closely."

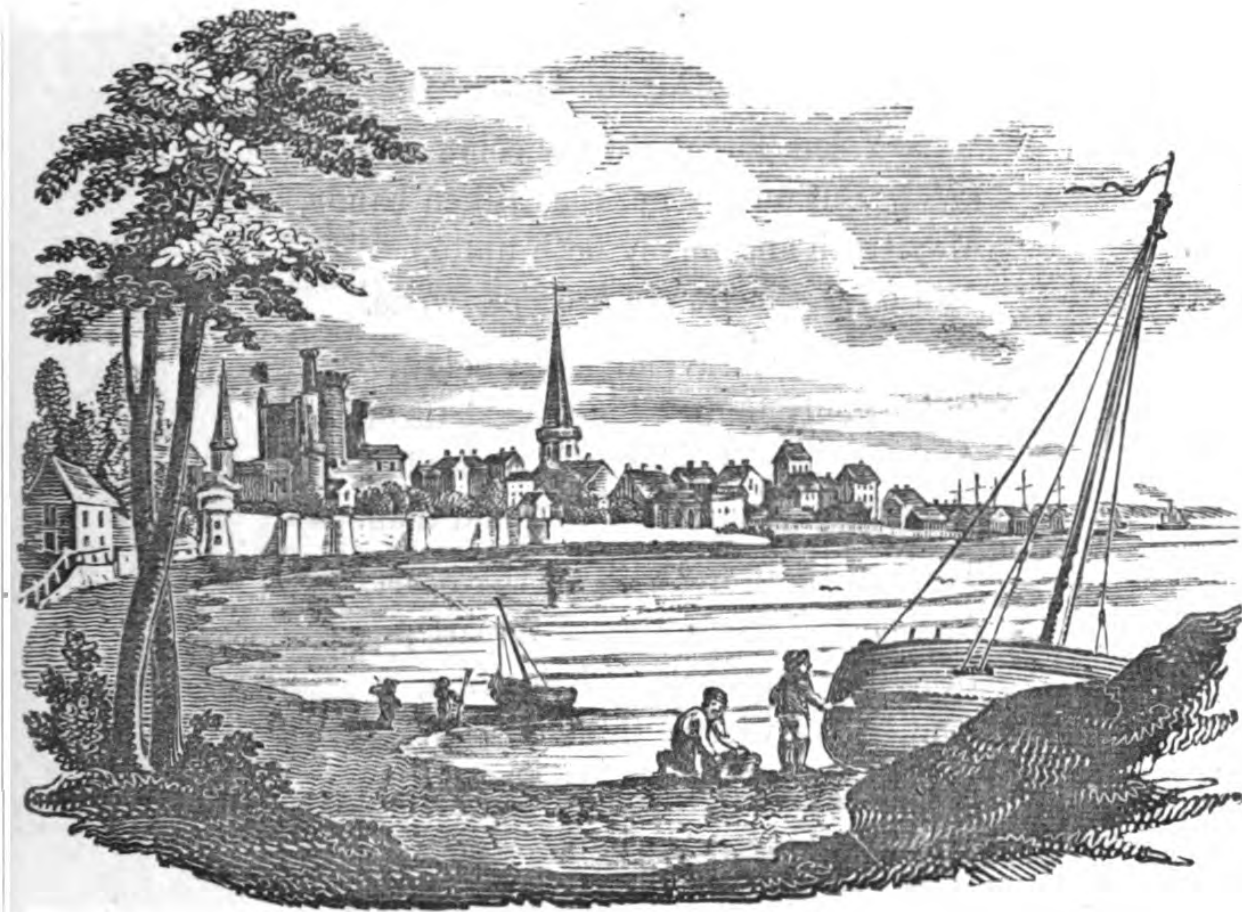
Mr. Richardson laid down his paper saying, " Kate, I am glad you have spoken to me ; I see so little of the dear child, I had not noticed any change in her ; keep her at home to-morrow ; I will send Dr. Wills to see her : perhaps she requires a change of scene, if so, you shall take her to the sea-side.

Dr. Wills came the next day : a kind old man, who had known the children from their birth, and of whom they were not at all afraid. Taking Isa on his knee he chatted to her in his usual lively manner, closely observing her at the same time ; he said he must send her a little medicine, but as she was a particular friend of his, it should be as nice as possible. When he left, he called Kate out of the room, telling her Isa's symptoms were serious, she must have change of air at once, and be kept from study ; but added he would call on Mr. Richardson during the day, and advise him of the best course to pursue.

When her master returned in the evening he sent for Kate directly, and asked her if she thought Ellen might be trusted to take her place for a week or two, while she went with Isa to Southampton, that being the place Dr. Wills recommended as most suitable.

Kate said she believed she could trust her, and that she would give her particular instructions before she left. Ellen was indeed much altered, and, anxious to show her gratitude to Kate, promised to do the best she could in her absence.

To Southampton they went, but when the excitement of the journey and the first wandering by the sea were over, Isa seemed even weaker than before. Dr. Wills had recommended bathing, but one trial proved it was too great an exertion for her.



She liked best to sit quiet on the beach, her head on Kate's shoulder, sometimes watching the sea in silence, sometimes repeating texts and verses it reminded her of.

At one time she thought the setting sun gave it the appearance of the "sea of glass mingled with fire" spoken of in the Revelation.

When at the turn of the tide the waves began to recede, she was reminded that God had said, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed;" at other times she talked with Kate of that bright land where there shall be "no more sea."

*(To be continued.)*

## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER III.

**M**Y son, forget not my commands ;  
 But on thy neck, as silken bands,  
 May truth and mercy both unite,  
 And on thy heart my precepts write.

Thus, like the Saviour when below,  
 In heavenly knowledge thou shalt grow ;  
 And working still by Wisdom's plan,  
 Shalt favour find with God and man.

Trust in the Lord with all thy heart,  
 And he will needful grace impart ;  
 In all thy ways acknowledge him,  
 And be not wise in thine esteem.

Give God the first-fruits of thy store,  
 And then distribute to the poor ;  
 So shall thy barns with corn be filled,  
 And vineyards shall abundance yield.

Despise not thou the chastening rod ;  
 This shews thou art a son of God :  
 And say not that it ill betides,  
 When God our Father gently chides.

Happy are they who wisdom find :  
 This is the riches of the mind :  
 Its merchandize is better far  
 Than silver, gold, or rubies are.

Celestial Wisdom still displays  
 Within her right hand length of days,  
 And in her left true wealth and fame  
 Greater than earthly princes claim.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 As all who walk therein confess :  
 She is a tree with fruits more fair  
 Than any that in Eden were.

The Lord by wisdom made the earth,  
 And gave the heavenly hosts their birth:  
 He formed the mighty ocean too,  
 And bade the clouds descend with dew.

Such skill and knowledge are too great  
 For mortal men to imitate :  
 The wisdom that becomes us well  
 Is to know Him in whom they dwell.

Thus shall we walk in safety through  
 This sinful world, with heaven in view:  
 The footsteps of his saints he'll keep,  
 And watch and guard them while they sleep.

The wise his glory shall possess ;  
 But those who feed on foolishness,  
 And disregard the Saviour's name,  
 Shall sink in everlasting shame.

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#### A CHAT WITH THE COMPETITORS.

**N**EARLY two years ago, I was sitting here in this same room alone, occupied in much the same manner as now. This same little table was before me, strewn with letters, written by some very *little* fingers, and I was turning them over, and trying to make my decision. I got over that difficulty, and I hope to do so this time ; but I certainly am a little at a loss. Here before me lie a dozen letters. The writers are all strangers to me. I have never seen any of them, but

I remember the name of Amy Thrift as being one of the little girls who then competed.

What changes have taken place since then! Through what joys and sorrows we have all, more or less, passed! How to some of us have come very bright, happy days, and over others clouds have gathered, and loved ones have been taken away and left vacant places, and very sad hearts!

One of the little girls to whom I sent a book then, has since lost her dear mother.

She wrote a very nice little letter, which is here beside me now, in which are some beautiful memorial verses. God pity all *motherless* little ones! Very sad must be a loss like this. Be thankful, dear children, you have still a mother's tender love and care.

Well, now a word or two to you twelve who have taken the trouble to find out what I asked you. You have all done well, and I am very pleased with the answers received. Forgive me, boys, in asking one simple question. Is it that girls have more *leisure* or more *perseverance*, or *both*, that, out of the twelve competitors, *three only* are boys? Never mind—we'll leave that: but the highest number found, (141,) is by a *boy*, and I'm glad of it! But it is a *girl* who has prepared her papers with the greatest care and patience. I should like you all to see her neatly-written verses! They are a great credit to her, and have pleased me very much. She has found the word "*remember*," in 122 different places, and in every case has taken the trouble to write out the verse. There are four others, who have found rather more instances, but, though well done are not equal in merit to this one.

One little girl from Bottisham Lode, near Cambridge, deserves to be commended for her patience. She has written out parts of 123 verses, but has evidently been on the wrong scent, as I gather from her note she thought the word "*me-*

*mory*" was to be found as well as "*remember*." She has apparently given a deal of time and hard work to it. Then there are two or three others who have also done very well ; one has sent a very compact, neatly-written paper.

So what am I to do ? How would *you* act were you in my place ? I'll tell you what I've made up my mind to do. To send a volume to Miss Ellen Butcher, of Tring, Herts., for the best and most carefully written answers, and also, one to Master Alfred Thorne, of Eaton Bray, near Dunstable, for the greatest number found. And, as a small encouragement to you others, I will send you each a copy of my little book lately published,—"*Holiday Recollections*."

And now, goodbye—I hope you will think I have done the best—I have *tried* to do so.

L. A. G.

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### SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

**A** PERSIAN monarch in the Scriptures named ;  
**A** The mother of a king for wisdom famed ;  
**A** name of Jesus, oft in Scripture seen ;  
**A** river Naaman thought would make him clean ;  
**A** Jew related to a fair young queen.

One who foretold Christ's death and sufferings too ;  
**A** place the Son of Man must needs go through ;  
**A** king whom Samuel the prophet slew ;  
**A** chamberlain in Persia's court of yore ;  
**A** title that the Roman emperor bore.

Take the initials and the finals too—  
 Four names in Genesis appear to view.

Wellingboro'.

D. M. M.

**T**HE birthplace of a certain Jew,  
 Equalled in eloquence by few ;  
 A tribe of Israel from whence came  
 He who for strength was held in fame ;  
 An emblem chosen by God's Son  
 To show his church and he were one ;  
 A word which did God's anger show  
 To cities sunk in crime and woe.

One who communing in distress,  
 Was joined by Him who came to bless ;  
 One, fearless of a monarch's ire,  
 Thrown headlong into burning fire ;  
 His father who a league did break  
 With Israel's king, for lucre's sake ;  
 Then for the *lost* a fearful word,  
 But sweet to those who love the Lord.

A precious title of the Lord  
 Th' initials surely will record :  
 The finals all who're born again  
 Will sing to Him who once was slain.

*Barnet, Herts.*

E. C.

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1. "GOD IS LOVE." [Golgotha—Obadiah—Dorcas—  
 Ishmael—Sinai—Laodiceans—Onesimus—Vashti—Eden.]
2. "COTTAGES FOR SHEPHERDS." Zeph. ii. 6.  
 [Sheep—Goat—Door—Star—Tree—Shepherd—Gate—  
 Herds—Harp—Spear.]

Correct answers have been received from

Miss A. Amey, Stratford, 1		Master A. Fielder, Sussex-street,
" A. Bowles, Hertford, 1		Tottenham Court Road, 1
" E. Butcher, Tring, 1, 2		" A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2
" P. Chown, Sydenham, 1, 2		" E. M. Iles, do. 1, 2
" M.A. Cobb, Lopen, Ilminster, 1		" G. H. Iles, do. 1
" A. C. H. Foster, Sydenham		" A. Thorne, Eaton Bray, 1
Mill, 1, 2		" E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey, 1
" K. Kirby, Stanmore, 1		" A. Woollard, Bildestone, 1, 2

Several acceptable communications are unavoidably postponed.—Ed.

*Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printers.*

**BRISCOE & SONS, Printers, Banner-street, Finsbury.**

ONE HALFPENNY.



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Vol. X.

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### MUSIC.

**W**HAT a musical world ours is, only we too often lose the key-note, *happiness*. As long as we are *happy* we can find music in everything.

There are various kinds of music in different places: there's the music of the birds in the woods, and music from the little captive bird in that close cage as it sings, and by its song cheers the little sick child who cannot go out into the fields.

There's music in the tiny rill and in the rushing waterfall. And the *wind*, what music there is in that! The humming of the insects, the rustling of the trees, and the murmur of the waves, all add to the music of this world of ours. Then there's the *human voice*—did you ever hear anything *more musical* than a *child's ringing laugh*?

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.



When I was quite a child, I remember my sisters and two or three playmates, having heard grown-up people talk of "Mutual Improvement Societies," we made up our minds to form one for ourselves ; and we wrote short essays, delivered lectures, got up a literary MS. magazine, &c. &c.

Once my sister and I had a discussion on the relative merits of vocal and instrumental music. She was for the former, and I in favour of the latter. She got the best of the argument, I remember.

What a softening effect music has upon us ! How it calls up our better feelings and subdues us ! How a few simple notes from some familiar strain awaken memories of the long-faded past !

When I was at school, we used to pass a good part of one afternoon each week in singing. Very pleasant are my remembrances of those afternoons. Do you know that beautiful piece, "*Those Evening Bells* ?" It is such a pretty, plaintive tune, and we used to sing it very softly. It was a favourite with most of us ; but there was one young teacher who always went out of the room whenever we began that. I don't think *many* noticed it, but *I* did. She never told me why, and I never asked ; but it was evident she could not bear to hear it. *Perhaps* she looked back to a happy, quiet home, when she, a little child tripped lightly along, over sunny fields, and listened on the calm, stilly Sabbaths to the sweet music of the country church bells ; and then, with her little hand tightly clasped in her mother's, hastened along to obey their call, "*Come and worship.*" And then, things changed, and grew indistinct with the lapse of years, and a quiet grassy mound, far away from the noisy city, and a very sad heart ever kept in her mind the feeling that she was *motherless*. It *may* have been so, but I never *knew*.

I remember how once a simple tune charmed me, and how it haunted me long afterwards. It was one bright Sunday

afternoon and I walked slowly into a pretty little country church. I sat in a pew just inside, and, as it was very warm, the door was thrown wide open. As I sat, I could see the simple white gravestones, beneath which, some very dear to me were lying in their last sleep. A gentle breeze rustled the neighbouring trees, and waved the long grass and flowers. The birds sang joyously, and soon the solemn tones of the organ burst forth, and in clear childish voices the young choristers sang a beautiful hymn. I had never heard it before, and both the hymn and the tune struck me as being very sweet. I wish you could hear it as I then heard it! But you shall hear some of the verses which I copied :—

“ O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,  
 Since on thine arm thou bid'st us lean,  
 Help us throughout life's changing scene,  
 By faith to cling to thee!

“ Bless'd with this fellowship divine,  
 Take what thou wilt, we'll not repine,  
 For, as the branches to the vine,  
 We only cling to thee!

Though far from home, fatigued, opprest,  
 Here we have found a place of rest;  
 As exiles still, yet not unblest,  
 Because we cling to thee!

What though the world deceitful prove,  
 And earthly friends and hopes remove,  
 With patient, uncomplaining love,  
 Still may we cling to thee!

Though oft we seem to tread alone  
 Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,  
 Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
 Whispers, “ Still cling to me!”

Have you ever noticed that an occasional *discord* in a piece of music, a sad, *minore* note, will add beauty, force, and expression to the whole piece?

A musical composition, sung entirely in *unison* may be striking, inasmuch as it is a change, something different to the usual style, but we soon grow tired of it ; it loses much, and gets very *monotonous* if it be not *harmonised*, and often in that very *harmony*, a *discord* is introduced. However blue the sky may be, its beauty is increased by the little white fleecy clouds, now and then hiding the calm azure. And where would be the beauteous rainbow with its magic colours if we had no showers ? Now *life* may be very bright and sunny, but the *tears* of life go to make up its beauty, just as much as its sunshiny *smiles*. Sorrow is very elevating, and there is far more beauty in that life which has been chastened and subdued by sadness, than in that which has been all joy.

Where would be the sympathy of our friends, so precious to us in our grief, if they'd had no sorrow ? Why, it is those very sufferings which call forth our sympathies, and give us kindly, pitying feelings for those around. The sorrowful, broken heart, is like a harp, and a softly whispered, sympathetic word, like a skilful musician, will awaken some fine chords on those trembling heart-strings.

There's one other kind of music I must speak of, and then I'll stop, for I shall be occupying more than my share of space ; but mine was a *very little corner* last month !

Have you ever heard of "*heart-music* !" This, to God, is the best of all. It sounds the sweetest to his patient, listening ear.—

“ There is music in the sighing  
Of a penitential heart,  
As it yearns out in its sorrow,  
Stung with sin's sad piercing smart.

“ There is music in the lipping  
Of the humblest prayer that throbs  
From a weak and burdened spirit,  
Though it break through tears and sobs.”

Dear young reader, is your heart burdened with sin?—is the name of Jesus music to your ear? if so, come to him—bring all your sins to him, and he will wash them away. “There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.”

They sing a beautiful new song in heaven; but, only they who have “washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb” are able to learn that song. There are beautiful golden harps, and the sweet voices of the angels making exquisite music, yet none is so sweet as the “song of the redeemed.”

May we *all* one day join in that song!

L. A. G.

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## OUR MISSION.

### CEYLON.

**S**INCE we inserted the account given in the February number of the Anniversary gathering of the Sunday-school, we have received a copy of the Report, which contains the following among other interesting particulars:

After referring to the noble self-denial of these poor children in contributing £2 15s. 6d. to the Mission, and £2 6s. 7d. in the purchase of the handsome presents sent to our Sunday scholars in England (apart from works of their own industry,) the report continues:

“But the crown of our joy still remains untold. With due ascription of praise to him who alone can give the increase, we are happy to say that two of our scholars have recently begun to inquire the way of salvation, and one of them has found peace by believing in Christ. We hope that the other also will ere long find the preciousness of that Saviour who casts out none that come unto him. Besides, one of the scholars was found sufficiently fit to take a junior class, and since his promotion to that rank he has been very attentive and diligent in his duties. Truly God, even our own God, hath blessed us, and we thank him and take courage for the future.”

The report further states that a prayer meeting has been established, "as another means of inducing those of the children who are seriously impressed with religious truths to seek the Saviour while he may be found."

Dear young readers, let us affectionately ask you—have you sought the Saviour? Or rather,—have you ever *felt your need* of a Saviour? for "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick?" Sin is a deadly disease, and, like mortification, it is the more dangerous because there is no feeling. But Jesus Christ, like the good Samaritan, comes where the sinner lies, and binds up his wounds. Oh, has Christ come to you? And have you come to Christ?

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"ABOUT THE ELEVENTH HOUR." MATTHEW XX. 9.

**A** LAD was dying ; he had been the source  
Of bitter sorrow from his wicked course ;  
Transgression marked the reckless path he trod,  
Regardless both of parents and of God.

When young in years he left his parents' charge,  
His restless spirit wished to be at large ;  
Their kindest treatment he would oft cajole,  
He longed to be from under their control.

Though oftentimes his parents gently warned,  
He disregarded, yea, and even scorned !  
His mother's fond entreaties ever won  
Some word sarcastic from her wayward son.

On wand'ring bent, unfettered he must roam ;  
He gained his wishes, and forsook his home ;  
His mother's heart was filled with racking care,  
How could he thus her fond affections tear !

Away from home, more reckless still he grew ;  
 No kind restrictions of a parent knew ;  
 A disobedient, careless life he led,  
 And sorrow brought upon his youthful head.

But God had mercy, for the Saviour's sake,  
 An illness seized, and made the wand'rer quake ;  
 Conflicting questions darted through his mind,  
 He saw the place to which his steps inclined.

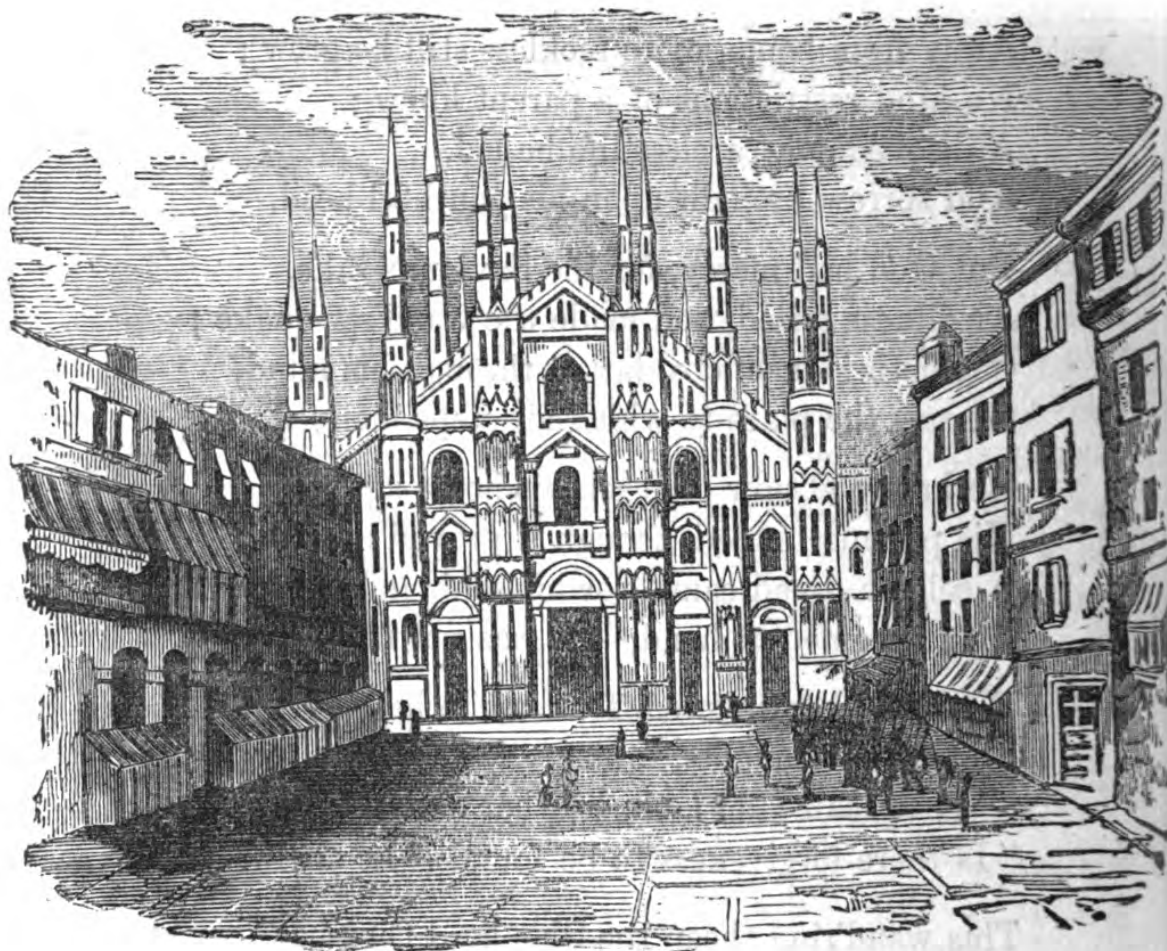
He hastened now to reach his home again ;  
 His parents tended, though it proved in vain ;  
 A solemn dread came o'er his soul, and why ?  
 Death seemed at hand,—he was not fit to die.

With mind tormented, for a while he lay  
 To solemn thoughts, to many fears a prey ;  
 " What shall I do ? oh, whither shall I hide ?  
 " Is there forgiveness to be found ?" he cried.

This wand'ring sheep the Shepherd thus had sought,  
 And to His feet the prodigal had brought ;  
 So whispered kindly, as he lay in doubt,  
 " The coming sinner I will not cast out !"

" Forgiveness " was indeed a joyful sound ;  
 He felt his need, and soon the blessing found :  
 Trusting in Christ, renouncing all beside,  
 " In sure and certain hope " the stripling died.

None get to heaven by works which they have done,  
 But through the merits of God's blessed Son ;  
 Through Him who once Himself a ransom gave,  
 And who *alone* can pardon, cleanse, and save.



### MILAN CATHEDRAL.

**M**ILAN, the most famous city in northern Italy, is justly celebrated for its Cathedral, which, with the exception of St. Peter's at Rome, is the most magnificent structure in Italy. It is 500 feet in length, 300 feet in width, and 355 feet to the top of the dome. It has 100 handsome spires, and is built entirely of marble. On the outside of the walls are 4000 niches each containing a statue. Our engraving necessarily gives but a very imperfect idea of its magnificence. One must walk round it to appreciate its beauty. A splendid model of this noble structure was displayed in one of the former International Exhibitions; which perhaps some of our elder readers may remember.

The interior is exceedingly grand; 160 pillars of white

marble support its stately roof. The windows of stained glass are superb pictures, and produce a magnificent effect.

The choir is wainscotted, and adorned with beautiful carved work representing the histories of the gospel. The high altar is said to be very sumptuous and majestic, and there are two noble brazen pulpits, each of them running round a large pillar like a balcony, and supported by huge brazen figures. The number of statues is most prodigious, and their workmanship is exquisite.

But what are all these things to Him, who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands!" The temple of old, with all its costly materials, though erected by command of God, was but "a shadow of good things to come." The simple yet sublime truth, after all, remains—"God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

The worship in the beautiful structure, though professedly Christian, is sadly corrupt. It is, however, remarkable that this is the only one of the Western churches which has preserved the original form of baptism. They baptize *infants*, it is true; but they do *baptize* them, as the following quotation from Dr. Malcom, who some years since visited this cathedral, will show.

"While surveying the splendid interior, my attention was drawn to the entrance of a group of well-dressed persons, bringing six or seven infants. I found there was to be a baptism; and, drawing toward one of the recesses, to which the group were approaching, I observed a beautiful marble baptistry, standing on castors, looking like a high-post bedstead with crimson curtains. It was large enough for the baptism of an adult, and the water was about three feet six inches deep. Each infant was held by its nurse, while the priest, a noble-looking young man in canonicals, stood beside the font, book in hand, reading the ceremony. This done he extended his hands to receive a baby, when an attendant



loosened the child's robes at the neck, and stripped them entirely off at a stroke. There it was—wrapped from neck to feet in white linen, stiff as a mummy. It was laid on the hands of the priest, who gracefully laid it in the water, pronouncing the usual formula. Not one of the little things cried, and of course they could not struggle. As the company retired, I ventured to approach the priest, and inquired if he spoke French—for I knew nothing of Italian. On his replying in the affirmative, I inquired how it was that he baptized thus. He replied that it had ever been so, and that for centuries that part of Italy had refused adhesion to the Pope of Rome, on account of infant sprinkling. At length it was conceded that they might retain the mode which they had practised from the first. I was of course highly gratified to witness this, to me, new evidence that immersion was the early and only mode of Christian baptism."

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"ONLY A SERVANT."

*(Continued from p. 43.)*

**W**HEN they had been there a week, her papa came to see her. She was of course very pleased to see him, but soon grew tired of talking. For some time she had sat silently by him, casting a longing look now and then towards Kate, who sat at a little distance, reading from the little book she always carried.

At last Isa said timidly, "Dear papa, if you would not mind, I should so like to go and talk to Kate for just a little while."

"Why, Isa darling, what can you have to say to Kate you cannot say to me?"

The sweet pale little face was turned up to his with an earnest look as she said, "Papa, you never talk to me about Jesus; Kate always does. I have learned to love him so, I often want to hear about him."

He was silent for a moment, then clasping his arm round her, said, "Come, my darling, it is getting too cool for you to stay out longer." He called Kate, and they returned to their lodgings.

"You never talk about Jesus!"—the arrow had struck home; Mr. Richardson could not shake off the impression produced by those words.

It was too true; he had never spoken to his children of heaven, and now he could not help fearing his darling Isa would soon be with that Saviour of whom she would have known but little while on earth, but for the teachings of a servant.

Isa and Kate returned to Bristol at the time Mr. Richardson had appointed.

Kate found Ellen had done well in her absence; the sisters were rejoiced to meet—they had never been separated before; and little Freddy was quite delighted with the pretty shells they had brought home for him. Isa said she would rather not go away from home again.

The change in Mr. Richardson's demeanour was soon noticed by all the household, though few understood its cause. The Lord had begun "the good work" in his heart, through the simple means referred to, and when at length he began to hope for forgiveness through the merits of Jesus, the change was still more manifest to others.

"Do you know, dear," said Ada to Kate one morning, "father says we are to have family prayer now."

Isa's hands were clasped; an earnest thanksgiving went up from her heart at those words.

Ada too was glad, for she loved the Saviour, but she did not feel so deeply as her sister.

*(To be continued.)*

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### SPRING-TIME THOUGHTS.

**F**AREWELL, winter's frost and snow,  
 Now the spring-time breezes blow,  
 And the sun's bright golden beams  
 Dance upon the sparkling streams,  
 While the woodland warblers sing  
 Welcome to the gladsome spring !

Now we see the power of God,  
 Calling flowers from the sod,  
 Clothing woods and fields with green,  
 Yea, in all the varied scene  
 We the skill and kindness trace  
 Of the God of truth and grace.

He who by his mighty power  
 Now awakes each slumbering flower,

Will one day with trumpet sound  
 Call the dead from out the ground ;  
 Some to endless joy will go—  
 Others to eternal woe.

Ah, sometimes God's people dear  
 Feel in spirit cold and drear ;  
 But if Jesus brightly shine,  
 With the Spirit's wind divine,  
 Cold and darkness all depart,  
 Spring is felt within the heart !

Dear young readers, know you aught  
 Of these changes, Spirit-wrought ?  
 Lord, within us work, we pray ;  
 Thine Almighty power display,  
 That while spring is blooming round,  
 Spring may in our souls be found !

*Wellingboro'.*

D. M. M.

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## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

### CHAPTER IV.

**Y**E children, hear a father's voice,  
 And let my doctrine be your choice ;  
 For I was once my father's son,  
 My tender mother's darling one.

'Twas from the Book of heavenly truth  
 My father taught me when a youth  
 And since, as I have older grown,  
 The value of his words I've known.

Get wisdom, understanding get ;  
 Decline not, nor my words forget :  
 Forsake her not, and she'll preserve  
 Thy youthful footsteps, lest they swerve.

An ornament of grace she'll give,  
 Better than gold, while thou shalt live ;  
 And, after death, in heaven, bestow  
 A crown of glory for thy brow.

Hear, O my son, my words receive,  
 If thou wouldst long and happy live ;  
 Avoid all wickedness and strife,  
 And hold instruction as thy life.

So shall thy path, with goodness bright,  
 Shine gentle as the morning light,  
 Till like the sun's refulgent ray  
 It rises into perfect day.

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### THE LOST PEARLS.

*(Continued from page 35.)*

"**I** MUST go home now," sighed Nelly. Poor child ! what a home was hers to go to ! As she was moving slowly away, something laying near the steps caught her attention ; she stooped to pick it up, and found it to be a necklace of pearls.

"How beautiful !" she exclaimed ; "it has come off the neck of one of those young ladies ; it must be worth a good deal, I should think ; I'll sell it, and then I can buy some bread, and, and—Oh dear, dear, what am I saying ! this string of pearls is not mine to sell ; no, no," she continued, "I'll beg, I'll starve, but I will not take what is not my own. I'll ring the bell and tell them what I have found."

The owner of the trinket was the young lady who had spoken so kindly of Nelly : she had discovered her loss, and thinking she might have dropped the necklace while stepping from her carriage, a servant was sent at once to search for it, and was just in the act of opening the door as Nelly rang.

Without one word of thanks or kindness, the servant,—the

same footman who had bidden Nelly begone,—hardly waiting to hear her say, “Please, sir, I’ve found a string of pearls,” seized hold of the necklace, and closed the door in her face.

Nelly had become very faint, and now everything seemed to be going round with her; she fell back and did not remember any more.

The young lady, who was the niece of the owner of the mansion, questioned the servant as to how and where he had found the pearls; and when she knew, she asked her aunt to allow the poor child, if not gone too far away, to be brought in.

Nelly was found lying on the steps, and brought in; and the kind young lady herself attended her till she had recovered and taken food, and then she listened to her tale of sorrow.

“Please, lady, I’m better now,” said Nelly as she finished the story of her troubles, “may I go back to father? if he has missed me, he will wonder where I am.”

“No, my poor child, you must stay in bed where you are, and your father shall come to you.”

Nelly’s father, by this time sobered, *had* missed his child, and, remembering what he had done, was sorry indeed for it. In a terrible state of anxiety, he was setting out to seek for her, when a message was brought him where she was, and he was taken to see her.

When Nelly saw how grieved and sorry her father was, she said, “Never mind me, dear father, only promise you will never get tipsy any more, and we shall be so happy again.”

“I do promise, my child,” answered Nelly’s father. And he kept his word. Then Nelly felt that her prayers to God for him were answered. Nelly was soon sent to school by the kind young lady, where she received a good education, and was afterwards placed in a situation as female clerk in a house of business where she is doing well, and her heart

often overflows with gratitude to that Divine Providence that raised up for her, a friend so noble, generous and good.

E. B.

### SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

**T**HE place where a prophet of God would have fled ;  
 One cast in a furnace, as oft we have read ;  
 A king whom the Lord caused to tremble with dread ;  
 A fruit-bearing tree that in Palestine grew ;  
 One saved when Jehovah a city o'erthrew.

The food that was given to Israel of old ;  
 A place that was famed for its beautiful gold ;  
 One mentioned when Peter from Herod was saved ;  
 A name on the breastplate of Aaron engraved ;  
 A word Christians use by the Spirit of God ;  
 A time when men gather the fruits of the sod.

If initials and finals in order are named,  
 Four mountains appear in Old Testament famed.

*Wellingborough.*

D. M. M.

**M**Y 19, 18, 11, is the name of a King of Judah ; my 13, 3, 20, 17, the name of a bird, and my 9, 5, 1, 15, the name of an animal mentioned in the Scriptures ; my 2, 12, is the name of a son of Peleth ; my 16, 8, 4, 10, it is good to bear ; my 14, 1, 21, 22 Christ did for sinners ; my 6, 21, 7, 18, were forsaken by some to follow Christ. My whole is a precept containing 22 letters.

T. W. WALTER.

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1. ABRAM—SARAI—ISAAC—HAGAR. [AhasueruS—BathshebA—RedeemeR—AbanA—MordecaI—IsaiaH—SamarA—AgaG—AbagthA—Cæsar.]

2. ADVOCATE—A NEW SONG. [AlexandriA—DaN—VinE—OverthrowN—CleopaS—AbednegO—TabrimoN—EverlastinG.]

Correct answers have been received from

Miss A. Bowles, Hertford, 1 2,  
 Master E. J. Welch, Merton, 1,

Master A. Woollard, Bildestone, 1, 2

ONE HALFPENNY.



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### AMY.

**W**HAT a *little, little* name it is! Its owner was very little too, and very pretty. She had short dark curly hair, a round merry face, large dark eyes, very bright plump white shoulders, and chubby little hands. She was eight years old, but she looked very much younger, and was remarkably short.

I say she "*was*"—it is only a few weeks since we said, "*she is!*" Yes, such a little while ago!

She was a little scholar of ours, and had been with us constantly during the last four years. She was such a good little child—certainly very different from most children, yet not at all like those unnatural *models*. I don't know how *you* feel, but *I* have almost a horror of "model" people.

Our little Amy wasn't like them at all, for "*model* people"

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.



are seldom liked ; but I'm sure you'd all have loved our Amy if you had known her. I think she was loved by everyone who knew her. She was a general favourite at school, and no wonder ; for she was ever ready to oblige, and being such a wonderfully clever child, it often lay in her power to render service to others, which she always did most willingly.

She was quite a pattern for order and neatness, and I have never yet seen a more industrious child. Her needlework would bear comparison with the best worker you know. Her thoughtfulness, diligence, and perseverance, would put many a grown-up person to the blush. She could read well, write beautifully, quite in a lady's finished style ; she had a remarkable capacity for learning anything, and a wonderfully retentive memory. Her sensible conversation, and her ability for music, rendered her a very pleasant companion. She could play the piano *well* before she was seven years old ! Often have we sent for her, when we had friends come, who expressed a wish to hear her play. But, unlike most children, she could bear to be made much of, and praised, without presuming upon us, or giving way to that pride which is so unlovely. She had her faults of course—who has not ? but the many excellent traits in her character seemed to outshine her defects.

She was kind and affectionate to all, but she had *one* special little friend, Lillie, and she wanted no other. They never quarrelled, and always seemed well content with each other's society. Amy was not fickle or changeable, as too many are. She made many friends, but she never neglected or forgot her old friend, and no one ever took the place of Lillie.

I told you how industrious she was ; a few days before she was taken ill, the little dear darned a pair of stockings ; after she had finished, she looked at her work, pleased and sur-

prised, and said, "I didn't think I could have done them so well ; now I shall do a pair for Leonard !" A great characteristic in her I should like you particularly to notice—*whatever she did, she did thoroughly!* She was remarkably persevering, and would let nothing conquer her. I never knew her attempt anything in which she did not succeed.

She appeared strong and healthy, so we did not look upon her with that tender and painful solicitude which we did upon others who seemed more fragile. No, we loved her so, and did not dream that so soon she would be taken away from us. Only a few weeks ago she was here. She came to school on the Monday all day, and left us in the afternoon apparently as well as ever. In the evening, she and her little friend busied themselves with some work ; for, though a very lively merry child, she did not care very much for play, and seemed most happy when *busy*. That night, her sister (several years older, but dotingly fond of her little sister,) was not well, so Amy begged her to go to bed, telling her not to trouble about her, for she felt sure she could do her own hair, and so, the little dear stood before the glass in the bedroom and curled her own hair. How little did anyone think it was for the last time !

Before morning dawned, sickness had come to that little child, a sickness even unto death. Her mamma and sister were roused from sleep by hearing Amy who was in great pain, who then told them that she had been in such pain for such a long time, but that *she did not want to disturb them*.

What a loveable *unselfish* disposition ! Do you wonder that we all loved her so ?

Would you, little children, like to be loved as we loved Amy ? If so, try and copy all that was so beautiful in her character ; but, better still, strive to imitate the Divine and *perfect* example of the holy child Jesus.

All that could be done for Amy was done ; she seemed

very ill, but not I think until Friday was she deemed in any danger. Her devoted little friend proved a true friend, and day by day went and sat by the side of the little sufferer. Her mind wandered much, but she was almost constantly speaking of me, and of all the other members of our family. As she grew worse, further medical aid was obtained, and physicians came; but the ominous shake of the head told the sad tale to the distressed family.

On the Saturday evening she screamed out, "The grave, the grave!" as though longing to die, but she grew calmer again, and then entreatingly said, "Lillie, put me in my grave." She expressed a wish that her little friend should have her little gold locket after her death. Lillie has got it, and is to have a lock of her little friend's hair put into it.

One time she was heard to murmur a little prayer something like this:—"O Lord Jesus, forgive my sins, make me a good little child, and make me ready to die." Once, she appeared to be trying to teach Lillie a verse, for she said repeatedly: "Lillie—received by God—received—by—God!"

Yes, dear Amy, while we are mourning your loss, we know that you have been "*received by God!*"

(*To be continued.*)

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### SELFISHNESS ; OR THE LIFEBOAT.

**I**N the north of Devon is a picturesque village, having, however, a very dangerous coast. Shipwrecks often occurred in the neighbourhood from which dead bodies were frequently washed ashore. These sights of woe moved the compassion of the inhabitants. Though poor they determined to build a lifeboat, not doubting but they should receive great assistance in this good enterprise from the lord of the manor. The healthy and brave men among them promised to man it when built, and anticipated the time when they

should brave the perils of the deep, and at the hazard of their own lives rescue those of their fellow-creatures. What was their surprise and disappointment to find that instead of sympathising with them in their charitable undertaking, and contributing largely towards the expense, the lord of the manor, (the owner of the land, and only rich person in the neighbourhood,) entirely frustrated their whole design by forbidding the attempt on pain of expulsion from their native village. Oh! why was this? Was it because this great man had seen that lifeboats were a failure; that little or no good was accomplished by them? No. Wicked *selfishness* prompted him. He feared that by saving many shipwrecked persons, the place would grow from a peaceful secluded village into a town; that the lifeboat would call attention to this retired spot, so that gradually it would become a bustling place of business. My little readers will be astonished that selfishness should have led a man to be so cruel; but 'tis true, my dears. Then beware of its power over you, check it in its early risings, ask God to help you to subdue it; for you do not know in what terrible sin it may end. What became of this selfish man? God seems to have manifested his indignation against this act; for very soon afterwards he died suddenly, leaving no son to inherit his property. May a better man fill his place, who shall be a faithful steward over the land.

Now the gospel is a lifeboat by which many are saved from worse than temporal death. Who that has received it would not wish to make it known to others? We may not be able to man this lifeboat; but in some way we may help to send it to the perishing millions both at home and abroad.

J. M. E. H.

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THE Gospel, like a life-boat, saves  
 Poor souls from worse than watery graves.



“ONLY A SERVANT.”

(Continued from p. 59.)

CHAPTER IV.

**W**HEN the Lord wills to call home His little ones, He often teaches them by His Spirit as much in a short time as those who live to mature age are many years learning.

Kate saw and felt this little lamb would soon be gathered into the fold—

“Blessed fold, no foe can enter,  
And no friend departeth thence,  
Jesus is their sun, their centre,  
And their shield, Omnipotence.”

She was anxious to know if Isa felt that such a change was near, but on this point the child kept silence.

One day, as they were alone together, Isa lying on a couch,

Kate sitting by her, she thought this would be a good opportunity of leading her to speak of her own feelings, by relating a sad incident that had occurred six years previous to her coming to Bristol.

“Isa dear, would it tire you to hear the story of a good man who was very dear to me?”

Isa turned to her with a loving smile—“Am I ever tired of listening to you, my dear kind Kate?”

“Well, if you are tired you must tell me, and we will finish the story another day.”

Near my mother’s house lived a young man whom I had known ever since I was as young as you. We were very dear to each other; had he lived I should have been married to him. His name was Stephen Truman; he was a miner. I have told you, dear, how these men work deep under ground; many among them are as he was, earnest Christian men, and never descend the dark pit without first committing themselves to the care of Him who can keep men in safety even there. Stephen had a mother, a widow, and brothers younger than himself, to help support for years, but they were growing up, and could earn men’s wages now. He was just thinking of taking a little cottage near his mother’s, so that he could see her often. He was a good man, who loved God, and strove to serve Him; often did he walk miles on the Sabbath to some little village, to tell the people of the love of Jesus.

In summer I would sometimes go to meet him after evening service. Often before he was in sight have I heard his powerful voice singing some hymn of praise—it made the way seem shorter, he said.

Stephen had to pass my home on his way to the mine: you know the miners sometimes go to their work late at night, and at other times early in the morning; when he went at night some hours of the day would be spent with us, and when he went at early morning, my window was generally

open, and we used to give each other a text to think about for the day. One morning—we little thought it was to be the last—his text was, “And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light ; and they shall reign for ever and ever.” And mine, “From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed ; lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.”

“We lived a little apart from the village : about mid-day I went out for water ; I saw the people running from the village towards the mine. A little girl I knew came along crying, and stopped to say, ‘Bal has run’d, and father’s there, and Stephen.’ I knew too well what she meant, the earth had fallen in, in some part of the mine, and buried the men who were working there.

“I flew along to the mine. It was a great slide of earth, and masses kept falling with a noise like thunder ; nothing could be done, no one dared go near.” “Oh, Kate, that was sad.”

„Aye, dear, but the shining angels and chariots of fire were waiting to take those good men to heaven, just the same as if they had died in their beds, and for those who love Jesus, ’tis a joyful summons, come how it may. If you were at school where you had to work very hard, had much trouble, and very little pleasure, you would not feel sad if your father came with a carriage to carry you away to a happy home.”

“Kate,” said Isa solemnly, “the chariot will soon come for me, I hope you will not grieve ; I love you all : I could have stayed here very happily, every one is so kind to me : but I believe I am soon going to that beautiful city we have so often talked of. I do not grieve, for to be with Jesus is best ; you will all soon come to me, and if I see Stephen there I will tell him how good you have been to me.”

“ You think I shall know him, don't you ?” she added.

“ Yes, my child, the Bible says we shall know ‘ even as we are known.’ ”

“ I often think of that. I shall see Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, whom Jesus loved.”

“ Jesus loves my Isa, too.”

“ Yes, yes, he does ; he is very good to me. How I shall hasten to kneel before him !”

It was long ere Mr. Richardson could bring himself to believe there was no hope. Day by day Isa grew weaker and happier ; as her bodily strength sank, brighter and brighter rose before her the celestial city. Kate prayed and read with her often, rejoicing to think the Lord had permitted her to be instrumental in leading his little one to him. She strove to prepare Ada for the parting, but she loved her sister dearly, and could not bear to hear of it, or to hear Isa speaking as calmly about the journey she was about to take as if she were only to be a few days absent.

Her father spent much time with her ; he could talk to her of the Saviour now, for he had sought and found forgiveness. He could but wonder at the power of religion as exemplified in the courage of that delicate child at the prospect of death, and her patience in sickness.

One day as he was sitting by her side, supporting her with his arm, as she tried to read a little, she said, “ Dear papa, I have a favour to ask—will you promise always to take care of Kate ? She is poor, and you are rich ; you cannot think how kind she has always been to us, and besides, she taught me the way to heaven.”

“ I do promise,” her papa said ; “ whenever Kate leaves us I will settle sufficient money on her to enable her to live without entering service again.”

The same evening when Kate was with her she said suddenly, “ I have been thinking so much about Stephen ;



you know, Kate, when Stephen the first martyr was stoned, the Bible says, 'he fell asleep,' and then awoke in heaven. I think your Stephen must have done almost the same; what a happy change it must be,—no more pain, no sorrow, no more partings. Every night, when I close my eyes I think, what if I should open them in heaven! I think I should look all round for Jesus, and then run and throw myself at his feet and thank him again and again for all his mercies. The gates of pearl will always be opening to admit more and more of the Lord's people. I shall watch for you, and papa, and Ada, and Freddy: how glad we shall be to meet there! Kate, you won't let Freddy forget me when he gets older; tell him about sister Isa, tell him she loved him dearly, and that she hoped he might be a minister."

Later she was in much pain, and "longed to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better."

(To be continued.)

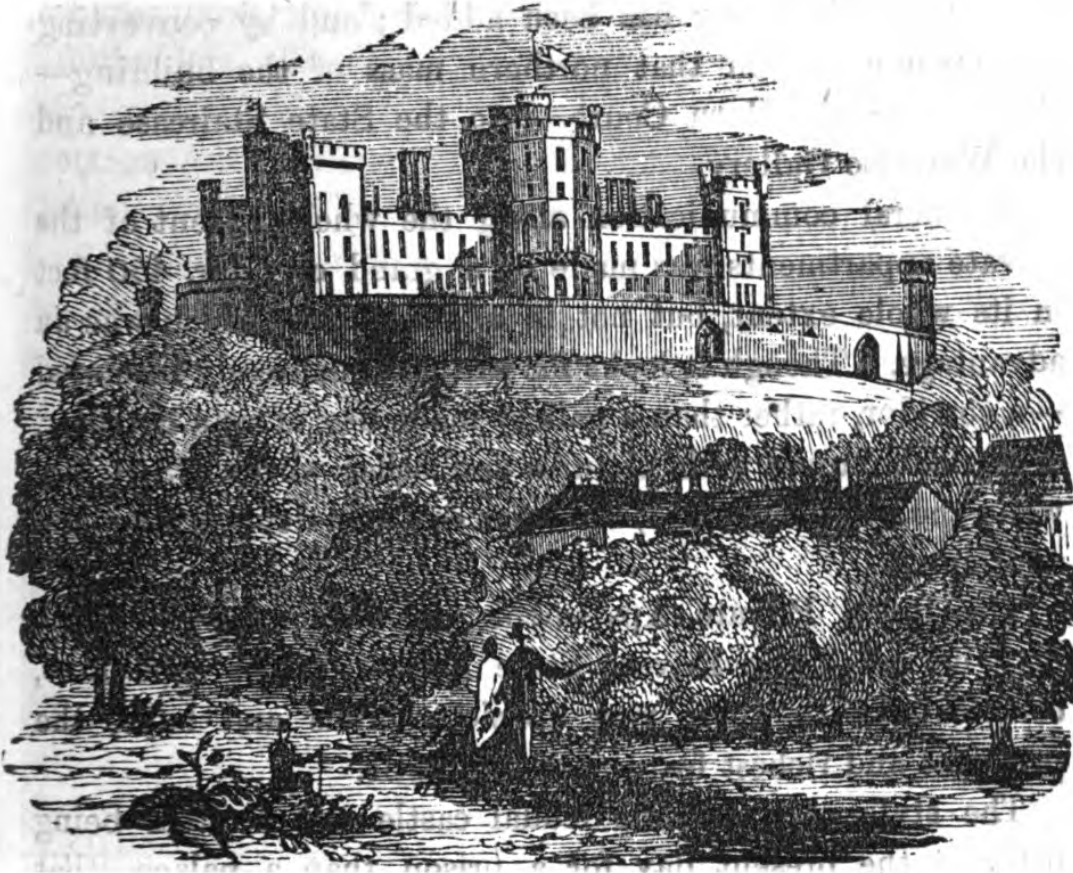
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### THE BIBLE.

**I** AM of opinion that the Bible contains more true sensibility, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatsoever age or language they may be written.—*Sir William Jones.*

I have always found in my scientific studies, that when I could get the Bible to say anything upon the subject, it afforded me a firm platform to stand upon, and another round in the ladder by which I could safely ascend.—*Lieut. Maury.*

I must confess to you that the majesty of the Scriptures astonishes me; the holiness of the evangelists speaks to my heart, and has such strong and striking characters of truth, and is, moreover, so perfectly inimitable, that if it had been the invention of men, the inventors would be greater than the greatest heroes.—*Rousseau.*



### WINDSOR CASTLE.

**T**HE additional interest which now attaches to Windsor Castle, as the scene of the recent happy union of the amiable Princess Louise and the noble Marquis of Lorne, induces us to give a brief sketch of this magnificent structure, which though necessarily very imperfect, we hope may be acceptable and instructive to our readers.

In 1823, King George the Fourth announced his intention of taking up his abode within the castle, and upwards of a quarter of a million of money was expended in improving it; as hitherto it had not been a very suitable place for the residence of even a private gentleman, and of course much less so for a royal palace.

The enlargement was made principally within the quadrangle, on the exterior, facing the North Terrace, to which

the Brunswick Tower has been added ; and by converting two open courts in that northern mass of the building—Brick Court and Horn Court—into the State Staircase and the Waterloo Gallery.

A general communication along the whole extent of the private apartments was made by a grand corridor, 450 feet in its whole extent, but not in a direct line, which was an advantage. Though it looks for what it is expressly intended—a corridor, rather than a gallery made use of as a corridor, it is richly stored with pictures and other works of art, for, when the weather is bad, it serves as an in-door promenade and lounge.

The Royal Private Apartments, to which succeed what may be called the Private State Rooms, in the east front, constitute, with their very spacious oriels and bays, the principal and richest features of the castle.

The style of a genuine feudal castle and fortress being fitter at the present day for a prison than a palace, that of Windsor Castle was softened down so as almost to neutralize its character in some parts, while in others—those preserved—it looks too stern and uncouth ; and, taking it in detail, there is a strange intermixture of the earliest and latest styles of the Gothic. But though Windsor Castle cannot be pronounced a complete and perfectly studied production of architecture, it is still a noble one.

From the commencement of the reign of George the Fourth, down to the end of that of William the Fourth, upwards of £770,000 were expended upon the improvements of the Castle.

During the present reign, £70,000 have been spent upon new stables ; they form an extensive range of buildings, upwards of 600 feet in length, and include a riding-house nearly 200 feet long by 68 broad. As might be expected, they are perfectly clean and well kept.

There is also at Windsor—while we are upon economics—

a home farm, which is so managed as to be a model for all landholders. The Queen and the late Prince Consort took the greatest interest in planning and arranging labourers' cottages, combining cheapness, neatness, and good ventilation, and other facilities for acquiring good personal habits.

The Queen used to take—and, perhaps, takes still—a very practical interest in a school kept on the estate at Windsor; when she is sojourning at the castle, she frequently pays visits to it, regulates the books and studies, has the young girls instructed in needlework—even fine needlework; but intending to make them practical, efficient wives for labouring men, she discourages embroidery and ornamental work.

The apartments of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the York Tower, facing the Long Walk, are fitted up with great magnificence. There are other apartments in the Keep, used by the Prince, as Governor of the Round Tower. Here, in the olden times, the governor of the castle resided, the Keep being provided with an extensive armoury; but of late years, the various chambers have been used for the accommodation of the equerries and visitors to Her Majesty. The apartments now alluded to face the lower ward of the castle. Within the Keep of the fortress, David, King of Scotland, and the Earls of Surrey and Lauderdale were immured as state prisoners at different times.

This Round Tower—though called “round,” is not a perfect circle, being 102 feet in its greatest diameter, and 93 in its smallest. Its height is 80 feet from the top of the mound on which it is built; and, with 25 more added for the watch tower, its entire height from the level of the quadrangle is 148 feet.

There are exactly twelve other towers in Windsor Castle: four on the south side—Edward the Third's Tower, Lancaster Tower, York Tower, and South Turret; four on the east

side—the Victoria, Clarence, Chester, and Prince of Wales' Towers ; three on the north—the Brunswick, Cornwall, and George the Fourth's ; and in the Great Quadrangle, at the south end of the northern parts of the castle, King John's Tower.

When Windsor Castle was renovated and remodeled by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, in the reign of George the Fourth, some of these towers were carried up higher, and others added—among these last are the Lancaster, the York, and the Brunswick. The latter, owing to its difference of form and greater mass, adds very much to the architectural effect of the north-east angle, while the Victoria lends additional beauty to the south-east angle.

It is looking down upon the roofs of Windsor Castle from the leads of the Round Tower that you form some adequate notion of its vastness—that you see what a perfect town it is, covering scores and scores of acres ; and, at the same time you behold from these battlements a view of great extent, replete with variety and beauty : the town, of which you have a bird's-eye view ; the Thames winding among the level country ; villages and mansions in succession ; farm-houses detached ; the park and the forest, with their deep tranquility and woodland solitudes ; and far away, over the more distant hills and counties, a far-stretching extent of prospect, all combining to form a panorama almost unequalled for beauty and magnificence. A board attached to one of the battlements enumerates the following twelve counties as visible on a clear day—Bucks., Berks., Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Hants., Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Bedford, Oxford, and Wilts.

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#### THE MEDIUM OF ACCEPTANCE.

WHEN you look through a piece of coloured glass, everything appears of the same colour as the glass ; so God the Father views his children through Christ, and is well pleased.

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V.

**M**Y son, to Wisdom still attend,  
 And listen to her as a friend ;  
 For strangers would thy youth betray,  
 And lead thee in the downward way.

Their lips like honey may be sweet,  
 While seeking to entrap thy feet ;  
 But bitterness shall sin reward,  
 And conscience pierce thee like a sword.

Their feet go swiftly down to death,  
 And hell awaits their yielding breath ;  
 And yet they seek by winning ways  
 To lead thee in destruction's maze.

Hear now, ye children, and be wise ;  
 Remove your way, and turn from lies :  
 They seek your character to stain,  
 Your honour and your wealth to gain.

Flee from the haunts of crime and strife ;  
 Let the companion of your life  
 Receive your love, your constant care ;  
 Seek not with others these to share.

For all the ways of man are known  
 To Him who sits upon his throne,—  
 A God of patience it is true,  
 But yet a God of justice too.

~~~~~  
 SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

**M**Y whole consists of twenty letters, and is mentioned in the high priest's dress. My 1, 6, 1, 12, 4, is a building that was never completed ; my 17, 14, 6, 14, 15, 18, is

the name of a mountain. My 13, 5, 8, the name of one of the patriarchs ; my 20, 6, 3, 10, 11, 19, a female mentioned in the New Testament. My 17, 1, 6, 16, 15, a river in the Old Testament ; my 13, 2, 7, 16, 12, 5, 17, 14, 19, 18, the name of a lake. My 4, 15, 1, 17, 7, the father-in-law of a patriarch ; my 9, 2, 14, 13, 6, 11, 10, 20, a city in Asia Minor. My 6, 9, 9, 4, 19, a fruit mentioned in Scripture ; my 15, 7, 16, 6, a prophetess.

*Wellingboro'.*

D. M. M.

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### SCRIPTURE QUESTION.

A LITTLE sentence four times named  
 In holy writ—you'll find  
 The way of life, though oft defamed,  
 Clearly therein defined. —  
 Those also who shall walk therein  
 And be for ever blest,  
 Oh ! happy people ! freed from sin !  
 In heaven they shall rest.

J. M. E. H.

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### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1. TABOR — HOREB — MORIAH — ARARAT. [TarshisH — AbednegO — BelshazzaR — OlivE — RahaB — MannA OphiR — RhodA — IssachaR — AbbA — HarvesT.] ;

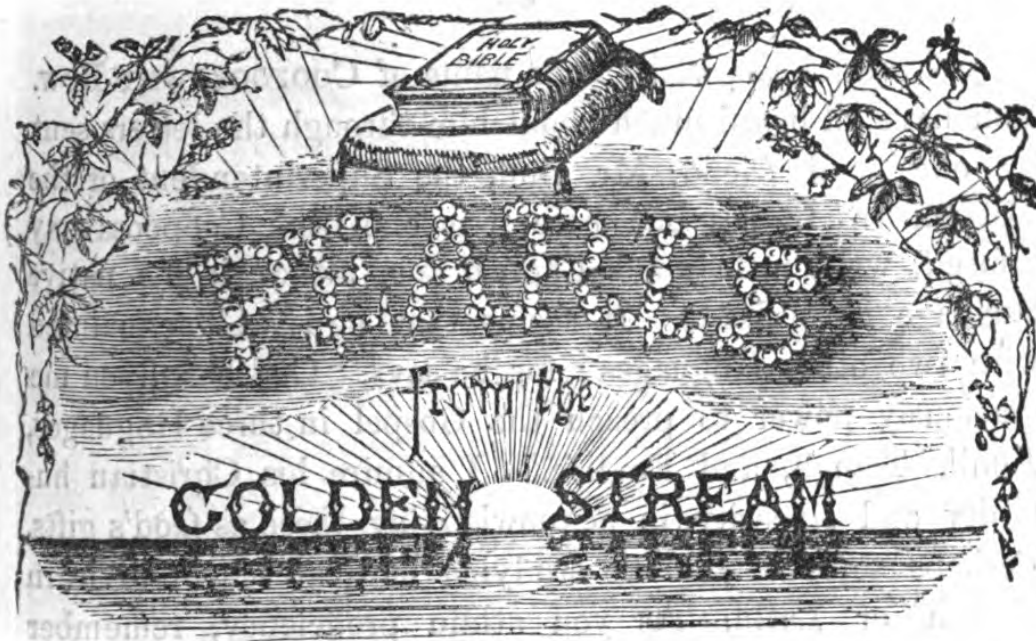
2. "LOOK UNTO ME AND BE YE SAVED." [AsA — DovE — Mule — On — Yoke — BleD — NetS.]

Correct answers have been received from

|                                   |                                     |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Miss A. Bowles, Hertford, 1       | Master B. Kirby, Gt. Stanmore, 1, 2 |
| „ E. Butcher, Tring, 1, 2         | „ A. Thorne, Eaton Bray, 1          |
| Master A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2 | „ E. J. Welch, Merton, 1, 2         |

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BRISCOE & SONS, Printers, Banner-street, Finsbury.



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No. 122.

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## OUR MISSION.

### A WELCOME LETTER.

**I**N this busy London of ours, the postman's "rat-tat," is such a well-known sound that we think but little of it. Yet to what various emotions that accustomed knock give rise. As he goes his round many times a day, he little thinks of the varied news he conveys with such an indifferent, business-like air. And we, too, what a number of letters we open quite as indifferently. I generally know from whom my letters come before I open them. This is the case as to many of you who regularly answer the Enigmas. I can tell by the writing that the letter has come from you. The other day, however, I had a letter with the post-mark of "India" upon it. I did not know the writing, but I concluded it must have come from some one connected with "our Mission," and I was not mistaken, for on opening it I of course looked to the last page first, and there found the signature of—whom

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London : HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.



do you think ! the well-known name of **COOPOOSAWMY ROW**. You have all heard much about him through the letters sent by our good friend, Mr. Doll, the Superintendent of the Mission in India ; but here was one from Cooposawmy himself, written in good English too, although his native language is Mahrata. It seems that he is well acquainted with two other languages ; for he says, " God has given me graciously power to preach the Gospel in three languages, Tamil, Telugu, and English." I admire his Christian humility and sincerity in acknowledging these as God's gifts. Perhaps some of you are studying hard at school to learn French or Latin. As you attain proficiency, remember Cooposawmy's expression, for the power to acquire these languages comes from God. These gifts are very useful to Cooposawmy, as appears from one of his recent journals, when in giving an account of the communion of the infant church of which he is the pastor, he says, " Brother Doll kindly administered the Lord's-supper to us, his address and prayer being interpreted by me."

Poonamallee,—the district to which Cooposawmy had recently been removed, is a large and important one. Here he has five preaching stations, and besides these he goes out four times a week to the villages around (100 in all) from two to four at a time, and preaches and converses with the villagers, walking long distances under the scorching sun, and not returning to dinner till four o'clock in the afternoon. (Our fashionable English folks are accustomed to dine late ; but this would be rather too fashionable for them with Cooposawmy's arduous labours.) He says, however, as he once replied to a man who sympathised with him in this respect, " If I had a hundred souls and a hundred bodies, and spent them day and night in the service of the Lord, it is nothing, but if you become a true Christian I am well rewarded."

He further says,—“I have two enquirers here, a young man and a young woman.....I believe they are under convictions, but their own parents are their foes. I am not hasty. I will not baptize them soon. We have to be very careful over conversions. There are so many converts in other denominations, who (many of them) I do not know what to compare them to. They are like my old watch. It is in shape and appearance everything like a watch, but it tells me many lies, and often I am deceived by its incorrect time. So many are in appearance and in going to church are Christians, but in their daily lives are anything but Christians.”

A minister of another denomination had recently confessed to him that of a church of ninety or one hundred members, forty or fifty were communicants, yet he confessed he did not believe that more than eight or ten were true Christians. This is sad indeed. Hence Cooposawmy continues, “You see how much Divine grace, knowledge, wisdom, discretion, and *prayer* we need. Pray for us.”

In the same letter he encloses his portrait, and that of his wife and child.

We have likewise recently received a group containing the following, which will be copied shortly, viz., Mr. Doll, (the Superintendent,) Mr. Thomas, (Missionary at St Thomas's Mount,) and Cooposawmy Row. We hope next month to announce that these are ready.

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### VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

From the time that, at my mother's feet or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there be anything in my style or thoughts to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures.—*Daniel Webster.*

## ON A BRIGHT MORNING.

**H**AIL ! morning fair,  
 Thy balmy air,  
 So fragrant, does invigorate  
 Each pulse of ours,  
 Which in the hours  
 Of slumber were in listless state.  
 Day's monarch bright,  
 With glorious light,  
 Beginning now his course to run,  
 Diffusing beams,  
 Says, "Up from dreams !"  
 "Arise ! and let thy work be done."

Upon the hills,  
 In laughing rills,  
 O'er russet plain, o'er furrowed earth,  
 The sunbeams bright,  
 Which chase the night,  
 And gives another day its birth.

Tripping sprightly,  
 Near us lightly,  
 Sending forth a golden sheen,  
 On the mountain,  
 In the fountain,  
 O'er the meadows clothed with green.

Sweetly ringing  
 With the singing  
 Of the feathered tribes, each wood,  
 As the chorus  
 Swells before us,  
 Seems to tell us "God is good !"

*Stanley-road.*

S. G.

## AMY.

(Continued from p. 68.)

**A** SHORT time before her death, she asked somewhat doubtfully, and as though troubled, "Is Leonard going with me?" "Leonard" is a little brother of her's, about two years older than Amy. God grant that these words of his little dead sister may never be effaced from that boy's memory; but may they result in leading him, while yet young, to seek to know and serve the Saviour, so, that at the last, though she will "not return to him," he may "go to her." On Sunday, she lay with her eyes fixed, and was quite insensible most of the day, whilst her distressed mother, sister and brothers sorrowfully watched her.

Not very long after midnight, Jesus took the little one to Himself, and, as the young spirit left earth and earthly pains and sufferings, a calm expression came in the place of the *agonized* look in those large and beautiful dark eyes, and a tiny smile wreathed the dying lips and *lingered* there—a silent testimony that the little one was happy and free from pain.

Monday came again,—only one short week, and yet Amy, our Amy, who was then so well, was now lying dead. I turned over the copy-books, and singling out one, which, by its clean and tidy appearance, told me *whose* it was, I opened it, and read through my blinding tears, the last beautifully-written copy, written only one week before by those little fingers which were now so still and had done, *for ever*, their earthly work! *Strange*, that with the exception of her name and the date, the last word she ever wrote was "*longevity*," a word *she* might never fully understand. The next copy which she was never to write was:—"Union among relations is desirable." "*Union*," yes, very "desirable," and *we* think *here*; we desire it so, we long for it and bitterly do we grieve when death steps in, and severs the bright silvery

home-chain, if it only take away *one* little link. But the "union" *above* must be far more "desirable." And so, doubtless it was for this reason that God took little Amy, so that her loved ones, yearning to rejoin her, might through His grace, at last be *an unbroken family in Heaven.*

We went to see the little sleeper a day or two after when she lay in her coffin. Those few days of intense pain had strangely altered her. She had grown wonderfully, and she looked *years* older. We could scarcely realize that that long quiet face had ever belonged to our bright little Amy; but the peaceful smile playing round the mouth spoke now of repose and happiness.

Her mamma very kindly sent us each a lock of hair, a memorial card, and a tiny piece of crochet, worked in very fine cotton, the *last work* of our dear little pupil. The card has a spray of delicate raised blossoms, and the words on it are these:—

" IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE  
OF

AMY ———

*Born, November 19th, 1862.*

*Died, March 13th, 1871.*

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven,"

Since her death, I have found a little piece of paper on which is a specimen of her penmanship at Christmas; the words which were selected for her, and which were highly characteristic of the little writer, I here give you,—"*Idleness is hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.*"

These little relics are all we have left us to *look at*, of our departed little pupil; but she will ever be lovingly *remembered* by us as one who always *tried to please*, indeed we never had a scholar who gave us *less trouble, or more credit.*

Thus ended a little life of eight years, very short, but not without its mission. May you, my dear little readers, as well as myself learn something from Amy's brief but useful life.

We miss her sorely, for we have lost a little friend and companion, as well as one of our most clever and obedient little pupils. But with thankfulness we feel that she has escaped all those sorrows to which she would have been exposed had she lived. So, through our tears, we look up and thank our Father, who has "*received*" our Amy, and pray Him to greatly comfort the sorrowing relatives, whose little one is but "gone before."

" *Rest* for the little sleeper!  
*Joy* for the ransom'd soul!  
*Peace* for the lonely weeper,  
 Dark though the waters roll!

•        •        •        •        •  
 As the dread hour came nearer,  
 Closer the tendril clung,  
 Growing each moment dearer  
 Though the heart's core was wrung,

But the long-wished-for token,  
 Earnest of peaceful rest,  
 Binds up the heart that's broken,  
 Soothes the distracted breast.

Do not then droop in sadness,  
 Dark though the night may be;  
 There's a bright morn of gladness,  
 Mourner, reserved for thee!"

L. A. G.

*Islington, April, 1871.*

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“ONLY A SERVANT.”

(Continued from p. 74.)

**I**SA lingered on through the summer, sometimes for a few hours so much better as to raise hope in the minds of those around her. Dr. Wills shook his head sadly when appealed to on the subject, he knew these intervals were but the fluctuations incident to consumption.

One lovely day in the beginning of September, Isa had been carried down to a room on the ground floor, opening into a conservatory, she liked to lie there on a couch where she could see the flowers; she seldom talked much now; her papa, Ada, and Kate were in the room with her.

Turning to her papa, she said, “How lovely those flowers are! yet some of them are fading away, and there are withered

leaves on others ; it will not be so with the flowers of paradise.

‘ There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers.’ ”

Then, after a pause, she said, “ Papa, may Kate and Ada sing to me ? ”

“ Yes, my darling, if you wish it.”

She beckoned them to her and asked them to sing

“ Around the throne of God in heaven.”

When they had ceased, she still continued to lie back on her pillows with closed eyes and a smile upon her face.

“ She has fallen asleep,” said her papa.

Kate bent over her for some minutes, when she raised her head, her tears were falling on the pillows, as she said softly, “ She has fallen asleep, as Stephen did, in Jesus.”

Within a week from that day, a white coffin was carried from Mr. Richardson’s house ; they all grieved much for her loss, still not sorrowing “ as others which have no hope,” for they knew she was happy, and trusted to follow her, and be reunited.

Soon after the funeral, Mr. Richardson thinking a change desirable for his family, asked Ada where she would like to go. She named Southampton at once ; she wished to visit the same spot her dear sister had so often talked of. Mr. Richardson took his children there, accompanied by Kate and Ellen, who, during Isa’s illness, while Kate’s time was almost entirely devoted to her, had proved a good and trustworthy servant. They stayed there some time, visiting the places Isa loved best and speaking cheerfully of her as “ not lost, but gone before.”

Soon after they returned, Mr. Richardson had an interview with Kate, telling her that the house-keeper was about to leave, and that he wished her to take that position, while Ellen could take hers. Kate accepted the offer with thanks,



only making the stipulation that her leisure hours should be spent with the children.

He then went on to say that he had invested a sum of money for her benefit, so that should she leave his service, she would be provided for in a humble way. She would not hear of such a thing, saying she had already more than sufficient for her wants ; but her master represented that it was Isa's bequest, for had she lived, she would have had one third of his property, compared to which the sum invested was but small, he told her, Isa had made him promise it during her illness ; after that Kate made no further objection.

Six years rolled away, Ada was about eighteen, a sweet amiable girl, a zealous tract-distributor and visitor of the sick and poor ; in Kate's company she had visited the dark places in that large city, and the blessing of those who had been ready to perish followed their steps. Mr. Richardson too, is often engaged in works of benevolence, he has taken as partner a young man well known in religious circles, so now he has more leisure. He has never suffered Ada to leave him, having masters at home to complete her education ; but Freddy, who is now twelve, he resolves shall go to boarding-school, a noble boy, Mr. Valiant-for-truth, Kate has named him, from the book he is never tired of reading.

Sister Isa's wish is in a fair way to be fulfilled, he says he will be a minister, but he has to go to school before then, and Kate feels a motherly anxiety lest the good seed that has been sown should be overgrown by thorns, but she does not think it will, he does right so courageously, and boys always respect courage ; she knows no scoffing or jeering will make him neglect his Bible.

Kate has more than once visited her home in Cornwall, laden with good books, and serviceable clothing for her brothers and sisters, and their children ; she is quite looked

up to in her native village, but as humble as the poorest of them, she visited every little dwelling, giving help, advice and sympathy wherever it was needed. Like her Master, her one aim was to do good, we have seen how the "little leaven" had worked in Mr. Richardson's house, spreading throughout the family circle, and influencing those beyond with whom they came in contact.

Christian influence has been compared to a stone cast into the bosom of a lake, the circles it makes are small at first, but go on widening till the eye can no longer follow them.

To be thus actively useful is the mission of every Christian but few of us perform our duties as we ought, or give sufficient heed to the Divine precept, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

Soon after Freddy's departure for school, there was quite a stir in the household, and close consultation among the servants, from which Ellen was carefully excluded ; however, she went about smiling and happy, taking their good-humoured jests as kindly as they were meant.

She was to be married in a few weeks to a young tradesman of excellent character, and she had so endeared herself to all in the house, that every one was preparing a present for her, the nature of which, was of course to be kept a profound secret till the day arrived.

Kate, who had been taken into her confidence long before, had persuaded her to lay in a stock of materials for under-clothing of a good and durable description, and had worked hard with her to get them made ; even Miss Ada had helped, and had promised to be at the wedding, to Ellen's great delight.

Kate and Mr. Clarke's sister were her bridesmaids, all her fellow-servants were invited, and some of Mr. Clarke's friends also, so that it looked quite a large party in the church

After the wedding, they went with her to her new home, where a substantial repast had been prepared for them, a hamper of good things had been sent by Mr. Richardson. Ellen was quite delighted with the presents that awaited her there. Every one in the house that had so long been her home, had sent something, from Mr. Richardson, (whose present was a handsome eight day clock,) down to the little scullery-maid's offering of a bread plate in carved wood. Cook, (the same who owned the unfortunate bracelet,) true to her old fancy for jewellery, gave her a watch-guard with a very pretty locket (*real gold*) attached to it. They were fast friends now, cook had been for some time instructing Ellen in preparing such dishes as would best suit her own home and means.

They passed a very pleasant day, Kate was the first to leave, Ellen went with her to put on her bonnet. As she was bidding her good-night, and wishing her much happiness, Ellen threw her arms round her neck, crying, "Oh, Kate, I owe all my happiness to you."

*(To be continued.)*

### KNOCK AND WAIT.

"TEACHER," said a bright, earnest-faced boy, "why is it that so many prayers are unanswered? I do not understand. The Bible says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;' but it seems to me a great many knock and are not admitted." "Did you never sit by your cheerful parlour fire," said the teacher, "on some dark evening, and hear a loud knocking at the door? Going to answer the summons, have you not sometimes looked out into the darkness, seeing nothing, but hearing the pattering feet of some mischievous boy, who knocked, but did not wish to enter, and therefore ran away? Thus it is often with us. We ask for blessings, but we do not really pray."

## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

**B**EWARE of suretyship, my son ;  
 For this has ruined many a one :  
 Give to thy friend what thou canst spare,  
 But, oh, of signing bonds beware !

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, go ;  
 Let her the way of wisdom show :  
 What perseverance she displays  
 In storing food for winter days.

Dream not away thy life's fair spring ;  
 For time is ever on the wing,  
 And fast as wasted moments fly  
 Thy poverty is drawing nigh.

Six things are hateful to the Lord,  
 Yea, seven are mentioned in his word :  
 The look of pride—the lying tongue,—  
 The murderous hand,—the thought of wrong,—  
 The willing feet in mischief fleet,—  
 The man whose witness is deceit,—  
 And he who sows the hateful seed  
 Of strife where brethren are agreed.

My son, observe thy father's word,  
 And let thy mother's law be stored ;  
 For these shall lead thee in thy way,  
 And keep thee both by night and day.

For the commandment is a light,  
 To guide thy erring footsteps right ;  
 To keep thee from the flatterer's strife,  
 And open wide the gate of life.



### SUMMER FLOWERS.

**S**WEET summer is with us, and over the land,  
 Bright flowers she scatters with bountiful hand ;  
 In the grounds of the rich and the noble they bloom,  
 And the cottager's garden they sweetly perfume.

And not in the gardens alone they are seen—  
 In the wide-spreading meadows and woodlands so green,  
 Under the hedges and where the brooks flow,  
 To gladden our eyesight the wild flowers grow.

Oh let the sweet blossoms, so fragrant and fair,  
 Make us think of Jehovah, his kindness and care ;  
 For all that we see, from the weed to the rose,  
 The wisdom and skill of their Maker disclose.

And here is a lesson for poor " Little Faith,"  
 To his fearing disciples the dear Saviour saith,  
 " If God clothe the flowers that so soon will die,  
 The needs of his children he'll surely supply.

Christ Jesus the Lord in the Scriptures we view  
 As the red rose of Sharon and fair lily too ;  
 He lives now in heaven, but here on the earth  
 Makes known in the Gospel his beauty and worth.

The church of Jehovah now dwelling below  
 Is compared to a garden where choice flowers grow ;  
 Each known by Jehovah, he tends them in love,  
 Then gathers them home to his garden above.

Ah, safe are the blossoms *that* garden within,  
 From the cold blasts of sorrow and canker of sin ;  
 In beauty unfading for ever they bloom,  
 And shed for their Saviour their richest perfume.

*Wellingboro'.*

D. M. M.

---

### ASK, AND EXPECT AN ANSWER.

**M**R. C. H. Spurgeon writes in his "Feathers for Arrows :"—

"Is it not a sad thing that we should think it wonderful for God to hear prayer? Much better faith was that of a little boy in one of the schools in Edinburgh, who had attended a prayer-meeting, and said at last to his teacher who conducted it,—

Teacher, 'I wish my sister could be got to read the Bible ; she never reads it.'

'Why, Johnny, should your sister read the Bible?'

'Because if she should once read it, I am sure it would do her good, and she would be converted and saved.'

'Do you think so, Johnny?'

'Yes, I do, sir ; and wish the next time there is a prayer-meeting you would ask the people to pray for my sister, that she may begin to read the Bible.'

'Well, well, it shall be done, John.'

'So the teacher gave out that a little boy was very anxious that prayer should be offered that his sister might begin to read the Bible. John was observed to get up and go out. The teacher thought it very rude of the boy to disturb the people in a crowded room, and so the next day when the lad came, he said,—

'John, I thought it was very rude of you to get up in the prayer-meeting and go out. You ought not to have done so.

'Oh, sir,' said the boy, 'I did not mean to be rude; *but I thought I should just like to go home and see my sister reading her Bible for the first time.*'

Thus we ought to believe and watch, with expectation for answers to our prayer. Do not say, 'Lord, turn my darkness into light,' and then go out with a candle as though you expected to find it dark.'"

### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**T**HE words Christ spake to one he raised from death ;  
 A man who lied, then yielded up his breath ;  
 A brook where David's men by him were brought ;  
 A prophet good who mighty wonders wrought.  
 A place where Paul was kept by Roman law ;  
 One whom the Lord beneath a fig-tree saw ;  
 A general who for David used his sword ;  
 A measure oft-times mentioned in the word ;  
 A good physician who of Jesus wrote ;  
 A famous river we in Scripture note.

The initials do a sacred place declare ;  
 The finals those who offered service there.

Wellingborough.

D. M. M.

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1. BELLS AND POMEGRANATES.
2. "THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH." [Hab. ii. 4 ; Rom. i. 17 ; Gal. iii. 11 ; Heb. x. 38.]

Correct answers have been received from

|                              |                                  |
|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Miss L. Barmore, Homerton, 1 | Miss M. Fox, Chelsea, 1          |
| " E. Butcher, Tring, 1       | Master E. J. Welch, Merton, 1, 2 |
| " Cobb, Barnet, 1            |                                  |

[We omitted last month to acknowledge a correct answer from Master A. Woollard, Bildestone.]



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Vol. XI.

July, 1871.

No. 123.

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### MIDWAY.

**Y**ES, we have lived half of this year, which, six months ago was a new one. *Half-gone!* Yes, and *only* half; but how much have we lived in those six months! What eventful ones they have been to us! How crowded with strange and wonderful episodes!

Have they been *happy* ones to you, reader? The new year opened so brightly for some of us. We thought it was going to be so sunny and happy. It gave promise of being brighter than any we had known for many a year; but very soon the clouds gathered and deepened, and settled, casting a deep gloom on it, and making it sadder and gloomier than some of us have ever known a year.

It has been peculiarly sad to me in various ways.

“Friend after friend departs,  
Who hath *not* lost a friend?”

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.



I have lost *many* during the last few months. There were two in particular whom I used to visit, of whom I may perhaps speak at some future time. One, a young lady in the last stage of consumption, and another, a little child of seven years.

I was very frequently with the former, and when God called her home, I missed very much the daily visits, and since then, my duties have seemed to drop off, one by one, till I am left with, comparatively speaking, little to do.

Then came two or three very sudden deaths, among which was that of a very dear friend, whom I had known and loved for more than twelve years, the "*young teacher*" to whom I referred in my little paper on "Music" some few months past.

She was ill for only one short week. Oh, how little did I think on that Thursday evening when I said "*good-bye,*" that I should *never* say it to her again. She lived only a few days more. That was the *last* time I ever saw her.

She left behind sorrowing relatives and friends to mourn her loss, and two dear little children, the eldest not quite four years old.

There was our little Amy, too, and others.

I mourn over the loss of these dear ones, but I would not wish them back, for I know they are safe with Jesus, and happier far than they could ever have been here. Yet still I miss them sorely, and my heart has been made very sad by these bereavements coming so thick and fast, ill preparing me for the far heavier and deeper sorrow which has since fallen upon me,—a sorrow so deep, that it is known to none, fully, save to God and my own sad self.

I think I have never felt so sad when writing for the "*Pearls*" as now. While I pen these words my eyes are blinded with sorrowful tears; but I am alone, so they are unnoticed.

Yet no, not quite alone, nor quite unnoticed, for One sees them, and bye and bye, in His own good time, he will wipe them away. And not mine only, but *yours*, dear reader, if I happen to have one *suffering* reader, who is trying hard to live the Christian's life.

It is hard to realize that these trials, heavy as they are to bear,—for we feel crushed and bowed down with the weight of them,—are sent us in *love*!

“ Oh! how *hard* to learn the lesson—  
Love, in all that looks so *stern*!”

But we know that “ He himself hath suffered,” so he can feel for us, and “ He doth not afflict willingly.” There is a great *purpose* in all these sorrows. May we patiently and submissively bear what is now so dark and mysterious, nor question what we cannot understand, knowing it *must* be best.

We've reached half-way, and thus far it has been sad enough. What is in the future? Who can tell? At its beginning we looked forward hopefully enough. Ah! when we're happy here, we are so apt to forget to “ set our affections on things *above*, and *not* on things on the earth.”

Earthly things are so transitory: *strange* that we cling so to them!

“ ———— Lean not on earth—  
A broken reed at best, and oft a spear,  
On whose sharp point  
Peace bleeds, and hope expires.”

We all have to find this out some time in our lives. But in our grief One whispers; “ *I change not*,” and we are reminded that,

“ No breaking heart is *there*;  
No keen and thrilling pain  
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear  
Hath rolled and left its stain.”

and with our trembling hands we yearn to clasp the hand of our loving, *unchanging* Friend. Dear fellow-sorrowing one, the future may not be so dark as we fear. Though now "under the cloud," surely the bright light is *somewhere* beyond ; and if it be cloudy *here*, there'll be plenty of sunshine in *Heaven*.

Wait patiently ; it's only for a *little while*.

" Now it is night, with its shadows filling the dusky room,  
Night, with its awful silence, and its thick mysterious gloom ;  
But the night is not everlasting, soon will the morning break,  
And the beautiful flowers and the joy birds, to day and to mirth awake.

Now it is night with its sorrow ; but soon will the grief be past,  
The light in the eastern heavens shall spread o'er the world at last ;  
And the heart that was over weary, and the head that was full of pain,  
Shall know with a thrill of pleasure, that the morning has come again.

Now it is night with its darkness ; be patient a little while,  
The hours that are sad shall brighten with the Father's loving smile ;  
And ye who to-night are sighing that the time of grief is long,  
To-morrow with smiles and sunshine will gladden the air with song."

L. A. G.

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### THE BEST BEAUTY.

" OH, mamma, what an ugly old woman that was at chapel this morning ! I wish you had not opened the pew door to let her sit with us : I felt afraid of her."

" I am sorry to hear you talk thus, my dear ; why should you be afraid of her ?"

" Because she put me in mind of the witches nurse has told me about."

" Nurse was very wrong to tell you silly stories. You must not think people are wicked if they are not good-looking. Little children should always be very kind to old people ; they may grow old themselves : and don't you remember that children were once devoured by wild beasts for mocking a good old man. 2 Kings ii. 23, 25. You forget

that that old person was once as young as you, and perhaps prettier."

"Oh, mamma, was that ugly old woman ever pretty?"

"My dear, you must not call people ugly: she certainly was young once, and perhaps pretty. Don't you remember Kate Saunders was a very pretty girl before she had the small pox; but what a difference that made in her appearance!"

"Oh, yes; but she has since been kinder to me than before."

"Yes; before she was ill, she was a great trouble to her mother; but when in the hospital, she thought she should die; and this made her feel that her gay companions at the parties she had gone to, had done her no good. She had been much admired for her beauty, of which she was not a little proud, but then she found that it was fading; she knew that her worldly companions would not seek her company after this illness had spoiled her appearance. Then she thought of the words her mother had often told her, "Man looketh on the outward appearance; but God looketh on the heart." (1 Sam. xvi. 7.) She found that her heart was bad, and she feared that God as well as man would despise her. She was led to pray him to give her a new heart according to His promise to his people,—“A new heart will I give you;” and thus she cried, “Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.” (Psalm li. 10.) At length she gathered hope that God had heard her from the text,—“The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin,” (1 John i. 7,) which was strengthened and confirmed by these words, “Thou art all fair, and love; there is no spot in thee,” and “perfect through my comeliness which I have put upon thee.” At first she could scarcely believe these sentences were in the Bible, which she now read whenever she could, and often when her eyes were too

weak would ask some one to read to her. At length to her great delight she found them in the Song of Solomon iv. 7, and Ezekiel xvi. 14. She rejoiced, yet she was not vain ; for the mercy of God had humbled her. She also understood another verse which says, "I am black but comely." (Song i. 5.) Her conduct now is far more beautiful than her face was before her illness. This is the sort of beauty I hope my little girl will possess ; this will not make her vain, nor will she then despise others if less favoured than herself, but will be kind to all, both old and young, rich and poor, deformed and beautiful."

J. M. E. H.

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#### THE POWER OF CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

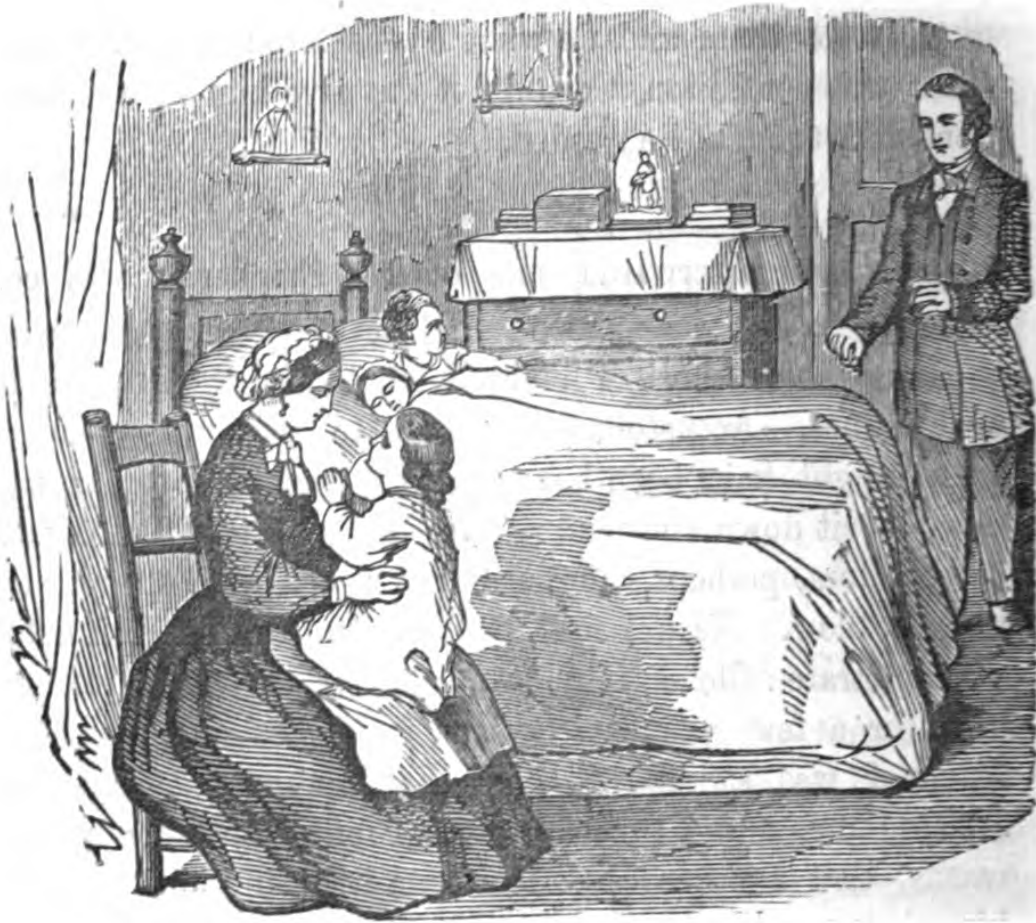
**I** WAS sitting alone one afternoon in the hut, reading when suddenly a form in the doorway threw its shadow across the floor. On lifting up my eyes, I saw an athletic stranger standing in front of me. At the first glance, I felt convinced he was one of those unhappy men whose violent criminal propensities urge them into a life of outlawry ; turn every man's hand against them, and theirs against every man ; and at last conduct them to an ignominious death. Natural impulses of commiseration prompted me instantly to bid him come in and sit down, and to set before him some food. He sat down and ate for some time, evidently under great abashment. At length he rose to go ; but previously to doing so, he told me could not feel easy without confessing to me that he had come there with the intention of robbing the hut, for which purpose he had fire-arms behind a tree close at hand. The kindness with which I had treated him, he said, had so affected him that he not only could not carry his project into execution, but he felt inclined to abandon violent intentions, and carry his fire-arms no more ; they were behind a tree he pointed out, and I had

better take them and do what I considered best with them. After this confession, I could not but give him such exhortations as I thought he needed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some time afterwards, one of the shepherds was continually losing his sheep; and on one occasion, when he came home short, I pointed out to him the cause of his misfortunes. Accustomed formerly to a country where a flock might have been left to itself without danger, he used now to sit down and read and lose sight of them. Irritated by his loss, perhaps, more than my remarks, he struck me a violent blow. Nature said, *Strike again*, or take him before a magistrate: Christ said, *Do good for the evil*. I confess that for a few seconds it was a hard struggle; but He to whom I was striving to give the supremacy of my soul assisted me, and I turned away. I found out, shortly afterwards, that another cause had been irritating him. During his absence that day, some one had stolen his bed and blankets, and he had heard of it only a little while before I spoke to him. In obedience to the principle, I furnished him, in the course of the evening, with such as I could spare of my own. The next morning, this man followed me wherever I went, to apologise. I could not get rid of him. He was a high-spirited young man; but I never saw any one so completely abased in his own estimation as he had become by being thus treated: afterwards he thought nothing too much to be done to serve me.—*From the Autobiography of a converted Atheist.*

"I say unto you: That ye resist  
not evil."



“ONLY A SERVANT.”

*(Continued from p. 92.)*

**I**T is the spring of 1863. The house of Richardson and Wilkinson is prospering greatly. The partners are now connected by a tender tie, for Ada has become Mrs. Wilkinson, and Mr. Richardson's partner is in every way a son to him. His consent to their marriage was subject to the condition that Ada should not leave him, so they form one household, enlivened by the music of little footsteps and voices. For Ada has three little ones; the eldest, just old enough to make herself understood, would tell you if you were to ask her name, she was named after “good aunt Isa in heaven,” The second is called Freddy, after uncle Frederick. And the baby, Laura.

Kate is still housekeeper, but manages to spend most of

her time with the little ones, of whom she is as fond and proud as grandpapa himself. She has had more than one offer of marriage, but still remains true to the one attachment of her youth.

She is as pleasant and beloved as ever, and leading such a peaceful and contented life, looks younger than she really is.

Instead of taking from the investment Mr. Richardson insisted on making for her benefit, she has every year been adding to it, so with the interest it is now a much larger sum. She has a project for which it is destined ; she has made a will, leaving all she possesses, (except some small legacies to her family,) towards founding an Asylum for Motherless and Destitute Girls, where they may be instructed in a servant's duties, and provided with suitable apparel when they go to a situation.

What do the family think of the plan ? Not many evenings since it was discussed among them, Mr. Valiant-for-truth, as he is still often called, being with them ; Ada being occupied with a very elaborate piece of work, intended to adorn Miss Laura.

*Mr. R.*—"Frederick, has Kate spoken to you about her plan for an Asylum for Motherless Girls, to which she intends to devote her small fortune, and all she can add to it by saving ?"

*Fred.*—"Yes, papa. I think the plan excellent ; but do you not think it would be better if the money were invested at once, and Kate installed as matron ? How I should love to see the good creature taking in one poor soul after another, comforting and cheering them as she only could ! I never had a confidant like her. One could not help telling her all that was in one's heart, she had such a kind, interested way of listening."

*Mr. R.*—"You are right, my son ; a more suitable person could not be found to conduct such an institution as we



have been speaking of, and I doubt not if the plan were made public, many benevolent persons would be willing to assist."

*Ada.*—"But how are we to spare her, papa? You know she has managed the house so long we could hardly do without her, and I should not feel so happy about the children as I do if I did not know she was always looking after them."

*Mr. Wilkinson.*—"Those troubles we might get over, my dear; but I think your papa will agree with me, the care that was attended with such good results in the case of his own children may prove equally beneficial to his grandchildren."

*Mr. R.*—"True, Charles, I have often thought of that; for their sakes I should wish her to stay."

*Fred.*—"Ah, that is what it always comes to, you never think you can spare her, I shall go and talk to Kate herself about it." And off he goes in search of his favourite.

Kate is in the nursery, Laura and Freddy are in bed, Isa is kneeling in her lap, repeating the same little prayer she taught him so many years ago; as he stands watching them, Frederick thinks of the reward promised to patient continuance in well doing.

When Isa is in bed he goes down with Kate to her sitting-room, and talks to her about the advisability of her plan being carried out at once, but she shakes her head, saying, though she would like it much, she will never leave the family while she can be of use to them, or while they are willing she should remain; and then he tells her if she stays for that, she will stay all her days.

Kate changes the subject, speaks of the likeness of little Isa to the dear sister in heaven,—his own prospects and plans for usefulness. Soon he unfolds them all to her: in a few years he hopes to be a minister of the gospel,—an earnest soldier of the cross he has long been, endeavouring

by "all means to save some." Kate listens attentively ; suggests little improvements in his plans which are gladly taken up. Then in turn she tells what she has been doing since his last visit, gives him the names of people who might benefit by a visit ; so time passes on till the bell rings for family worship.

However, Master Frederick is continually returning to the charge : "Would it not be better," he says, "that Kate should benefit a hundred people rather than ten ?"

I hear he has almost won over his papa and Mr. Wilkinson. Ada says she does not think she can be spared. And Kate herself says, smiling, she is very strong, maybe the Lord will give her long life, so that after all she may go and be a mother to the orphans after her dear children have done with her ; if not, she believes the Lord will find some person better qualified than herself to take that place. At all events she will not think about it yet.

Frederick says, "We shall see."

So for the present closes our record of how a poor servant performed her mission, whose only opportunity of education had been a few years at a village school, and her library, her Bible, hymn book, and the Pilgrim's Progress.

Is it not a pleasant thing to be beloved and honoured ? There is one royal road to it. A conscientious, upright, Christian life, whatever difficulties have to be overcome in the outset, is generally thus rewarded : "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And if this be the temporal reward, what will the eternal be ? "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne."

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## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER VII.

**M**Y son ; thy inmost soul apply,  
 And, as the apple of thine eye,  
 Preserve my law with tender care  
 Within thy heart, and with it there.

Let Wisdom ever with thee dwell,  
 Thy feet to keep, thy lusts to quell ;  
 Call her thy sister and thy friend,  
 And ever to her words attend.

For at the window as I gazed,  
 I saw, astonished and amazed—  
 A simple youth pass through the street,  
 And there a flatterer chanced to meet.

She caught him with bewitching art,  
 And forced his half-unwilling heart,  
 By gilded baits and winning airs,  
 To yield to Satan's foulest snares.

Thus as the ox to slaughter goes,  
 And what awaits him little knows ;  
 Or as the fool who reason mocks  
 Meets the correction of the stocks.

So he discovers when too late  
 The evil of that gilded bait,  
 And sad remorse, that piercing dart  
 Rankles within his sinful heart.

Hearken, O children, and attend,  
 I am your Father and your Friend ;  
 Let not your heart be led astray,  
 Decline not to her evil way.

For many have been slain by her,  
 Who vice to virtue will prefer ;  
 In death's dark chambers she doth dwell,  
 Her house is in the way to hell.

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### THE PRAYING SOLDIER.

**D**URING the unhappy commotions in Ireland, a private soldier in the army of Lord Cornwallis, was daily observed to be absent from his quarters, and from the company of his fellow soldiers. He began to be suspected of withdrawing himself for the purpose of holding intercourse with the rebels ; and on this suspicion, probably increased by the malice of his wicked comrades, he was tried by a court-martial and condemned to die. The marquis hearing of this, wished to examine the minutes of the trial ; and, not being satisfied, sent for the man to converse with him. Upon being interrogated, the prisoner solemnly disavowed every treasonable practice or intention, declared his sincere attachment to his sovereign, and his readiness to live and die in his service : he affirmed that the real cause of his frequent absence was, that he might obtain a place of retirement for the purpose of private prayer ; for which his lordship knew he had no opportunity among his profane comrades, who had become his enemies merely on account of his profession of religion. He said, he had made this defence on his trial ; but the officers thought it so improbable that they paid no attention to it. The marquis, in order to satisfy himself as to the truth of his defence, insisted on his kneeling down and praying aloud before him ; he kneeled and poured forth his soul before God with such copiousness, fluency, and ardour, that the marquis took him by the hand, and said, he was satisfied that no man could pray in that manner who did not live in the habit of intercourse with his God. He not only revoked the sentence, but re-

ceived him into his peculiar favour, placing him among his personal attendants.

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ON THE DEATH OF THE EDITOR'S MOTHER.\*

*My Mother dead!*—I scarce believe it true,  
 And had it happened many years ago,  
 In taking now a retrospective view,  
 Methinks I scarcely could have borne the blow.

Oh how has her maternal tender care  
 Woven her name upon my inmost heart !  
 At whose dear knees I lisped my infant prayer,  
 Whose words and ways instruction still impart.

She early led me to the house of God,  
 Thus forming habits never since forgot :  
 Although at first with listless steps I trod,  
 Yet since the place has been a hallowed spot.

She early taught me from the Book of Truth,  
 Like Timothy's good grandmamma of old ;  
 So that my memory from earliest youth  
 Was stored with lines more precious far than gold.

'Twas she who taught me too those easy rhymes,†  
 Which in our house became as "household words,"  
 Full of pure morals, sweet as evening chimes :  
 We never lost the music of their chords.

I well remember when she was the light  
 Of that old house which now is desolate ;  
 Her charming face made every other bright,  
 And every trouble small which seemed so great.

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\* • Mrs. Zillah Briscoe, who departed this life, after a prolonged mental affliction, May 24th, 1871.

† Dr. Watts's Divine and Moral Songs.

And as we grew in years, her care increased ;  
 She made us *children* longer than we would :  
 Like the fond bird, whose warm maternal breast  
 No longer shelters all her full-fledged brood.

We ever dwelt within her fostering breast,  
 And shared the sympathies of her kind heart ;  
 Whether removed to north, or east, or west,  
 With her affection we could never part.

I love to think of her consistent life,—  
 What intercourse she used to hold with God,—  
 How peaceable, and how averse to strife,—  
 How humbly in her Saviour's steps she trod.

A timid Christian, full of doubts and fears,  
 And questioning her faith a thousand times,  
 Yet, growing up in Christ with growing years,  
 And like the ivy, clinging as it climbs.

But how mysterious that such an end  
 Should close a life so amiable and sweet ;  
 Yet 'twas ordained by Christ our heavenly Friend,  
 And we must bow submissive at his feet.

We love to see the pathway of the just  
 Increase in brightness like the morning ray,  
 Yet if their sun declines in clouds, we must  
 Not hence conclude that it was never day.

In heaven her sun has risen now again,  
 In an unclouded atmosphere of love ;  
 And it shall never set o'er glory's plain,  
 For there is one eternal day above.

Farewell, dear Mother, may we meet thee there,  
 Where " we shall know even as we are known ;"  
 What now is so mysterious while here,  
 In clearer light through Christ will then be shown.

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

**M**Y 2, 20, 24, 29, 32, 11, 3, 16, is a tribe of people mentioned in Scripture ; my 8, 27, 19, 13, 18, a mount ; my 34, 23, 4, 13, 17, 28, 20, 6, 33, a silversmith ; my 30, 13, 7, 25, a son of Canaan. My 14, 5, 12, 21, an evangelist ; my 10, 20, 22, a tree ; and my 36, 9, 1, 12, an insect ; my whole is a proverb containing 36 letters.

T. W. WALTERS.

**M**Y whole consists of 18 letters, and is a place remarkable in the Saviour's history. My 5, 13, 11, 12, 18, 3, is a queen mentioned in the Old Testament ; 13, 7, 4, 7, 15, and 9, 7, 15, 7, 3, 3, 2, 12, two cities destroyed by God for their wickedness. My 8, 3, 7, 1, 13, what was sent as one of the plagues of Egypt ; 10, 4, 14, 17, a garden ; 16, 11, 12, 5, 17, 13, a city mentioned in the Acts ; 4, 18, 15, 2, 13, one who forsook Paul ; 15, 2, 3, 11, 12, 16, a woman, one of the friends of Jesus ; 8, 10, 16, 3, and 6, 7, 11, two words often spoken by the Lord to his people ; 15, 17, 2, 13, 7, 6, an old disciple mentioned in the Acts ; 1, 18, 3, 16, 3, a place where Abraham sojourned.

*Wellingborough.*

D. M. M.

## ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

### TABERNACLE—ISRAELITES.

[Talitha-cumI — AnaniaS — BesoR — ElishA — RomE — NathanielL—AbishaI—CubiT—LukeE—EuphrateS.]

Correct answers have been received from

|                               |                               |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Miss L. E. Barmore, Homerton. | Master A. Thorne, Eaton Bray. |
| „ M. Fox, Chelsea.            | „ E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey.  |
| „ M. A. Kirby, Gt. Stanmore.  | „ A. Woollard, Bildestone.    |
| „ S. Wright, Chelsea.         |                               |

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret to postpone an article on "The Monument," with an illustration.

Master E. J. Welch's Enigma will appear in our next.

BROCOE & SONS, Printers, Banner-street, Finsbury.



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Vol. XI.

August, 1871.

No. 124.

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“A GREAT CALM.”

**S**ITTING here by the sea this calm quiet morning, surrounded by everything so conducive to peace and rest, I am very forcibly reminded of the “great calm” when the disciples were on the sea, and Christ had spoken “peace” to the winds and waves. Most of you have read this beautiful story, but it will bear telling over again, and perhaps there are some of you who have never heard it. There were once a few poor fishermen on the sea in a little ship. Very happily and peacefully they were sailing; the sky was fair and cloudless, and the sea calm and unruffled. But suddenly a storm arose; the wind became tempestuous, and instead of the quiet rippling waves, came great surging billows.

The frail bark was tossed hither and thither, and, as the water was rushing in, it would doubtless very soon have sunk.

In great fear the men looked from one to another. They

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London; Houlston & Sons, 65, Paternoster Row.



were in great danger, and they knew that, so they were all very much frightened,—all but One. There was One who was lying quiet, unheeding the storm. All day long those kind hands had been busy,—healing the sick, wiping the tears from some sorrowful face, leading weary travellers to “quiet resting places,” and doing many other loving deeds, and now, they were peacefully folded, and their owner, weary and worn, was quietly sleeping. It was *Jesus*.

The poor fishermen were in much trouble but they knew where to go. “We must tell Jesus.” This was their first impulse, and it needed no second thought, so they went to Him. “He was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep.”

They went to Him and awoke Him. He arose at once, no word of reproach at being disturbed escaped His lips. No. *He* never thought it a trouble to do *anything* for *anybody*, if *they* asked *Him*.

No reproach, but, a tone of sadness and pity, mingled with the question, “Why are ye so fearful?”

“He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, “Peace, be still, and the wind ceased,” and “there was a great calm.”

There are storms in *our* lives. Here, in this peaceful little bay, we can look back to the storms through which *we* have passed. We have been fearful and ready to sink. Sometimes we felt that Jesus must be a long way off, for if He knew what trouble we were in, surely if He loved us, He would help us. But then, when in faith we have called upon Him, He has come to our aid at once, stilled the tempests in these hearts of ours, and spoken “peace,” and there has been a “great calm;” the winds have ceased their raging, the dark clouds have passed away and the sun begun to shine again after all. Yes, with but a word “He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still,” and

“—winds may not whisper, when Christ speaks ‘peace.’”

I once heard of a poor woman who was drowning. She had a companion with her ; they had been washed ashore from a wreck, and were clinging to a little rock ; but there seemed no possibility of escape. The tide was coming in rapidly, and all hope was gone. The companion was, however, miraculously saved, and she told how calmly and bravely her friend had died.

Nearer and nearer came the waters, each moment getting higher ; but above the roar of those waves, a sweet voice was heard, singing :—

“Jesus, Refuge of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high.  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life be past,  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last !”

And Jesus listened to that prayer and took her to *her* “desired haven.” She had sought and found the only true Refuge.

Reader, there are storms awaiting *you* ; your sky may be blue and cloudless now, but the sky *will* darken, and storms will come ; and if “yet in your sins,” the storm of God’s wrath awaits you. But would *you* have “a refuge from the storm ?” Then go to Jesus *now*. He has promised to be a place of refuge, and “a covert from the storm.” With Jesus for your friend, it will matter little, whether you have storm or sunshine. In sunshine you can look up and thank our Father for the calm, and, in storm you will know that He is with you in it, and that when once He speaks “peace,” the winds must cease their raging, and there will be “a great calm.” Trust in Him, and “be not faithless, but believing.”

One sad, cold morning a long while ago, I was stand-

ing in a chamber of death. A dear little one whom I had known and loved, had passed away, and I went to take a last look of her in the coffin, before the lifeless clay of the beautiful child was laid to rest. A pale, weeping girl stood at the head, and gently smoothed the marble brow of her little sister.

Raising my eyes from this touching sight, I noticed in a frame, a card, in memory of a beloved brother who had died at sea. Beneath the name, were the following beautiful lines, with which I will conclude my little paper :—

“ Why these fears? Behold, 'tis Jesus  
 Holds the helm and guides the ship,  
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
 Sent to waft us through the deep,  
 To the regions,  
 Where the mourners cease to weep.

“ Though the shore we hope to land on,  
 Only by report is known,  
 Yet we freely all abandon,  
 Led by that report alone,  
 And with Jesus,  
 Through the trackless deep move on.

“ Led by that, we brave the ocean,  
 Led by that the storms defy,  
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,  
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh;  
 Waves obey Him,  
 And the storms before Him fly.

“ Oh what pleasures there await us,  
 There, the tempests cease to roar,  
 There it is that all which grieves us,  
 Can disturb our peace no more:  
 Trouble ceases  
 On that tranquil, happy shore!”

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

**D**OTH not the voice of Wisdom cry  
In every street to passers by ?  
How few but have, or might have heard,  
The written or the preached word !

Listen, ye simple, while I speak,  
And let your minds instruction seek ;  
My words are words of righteousness,  
Better than rubies to possess.

I wisdom still with prudence dwell,  
My knowledge is unsearchable ;  
Counsel is mine and boundless might ;  
I govern as by sovereign right.

By me kings reign, and princes sit  
In judgment just as I think fit ;  
Their thrones and hearts are in my hand,  
And all must yield to my command.

I love the soul that loveth me,  
Such seekers shall successful be ;  
Riches and honour they possess,  
Enduring wealth and righteousness.

My fruit is better far than gold,  
My revenue remains untold,  
And those that love me shall enjoy  
Substantial joys that never cloy.

From everlasting I was set  
Before Jehovah, when as yet  
He had not made the earth or seas,  
Mountains or hills, or beasts or trees.

When he created all things fair  
 In earth and water, *I was there* ;  
 By me he gave the firm decree  
 Which sets a limit to the sea.

For I was daily his delight,  
 Jehovah's wisdom and his might,  
 Rejoicing in his presence then  
 That I should dwell with mortal men.

For I surveyed, before they fell,  
 Each spot were mine elect should dwell ;  
 Foresaw their ruin, and the day  
 When I should purge their sins away.

Now therefore, O ye children, hear,  
 And keep my ways, with filial fear ;  
 For blessed is the man who waits  
 And seeks instruction at my gates.

He shall be favoured of the Lord,  
 And life shall be his free reward ;  
 But those who raise their impious breath  
 And hate me, love the ways of death.

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#### A PIC-NIC IN INDIA.

**N**O doubt most of our young readers have recently had a trip into the country in connection with the Sunday-school to which they belong. Perhaps, however, they will be surprised to find that the same custom prevails in India.

A letter recently received from Mr. H. F. Doll, the Superintendent of the Strict Baptist Mission in Madras, gives the following interesting details of an Excursion in connection with the Native Strict Baptist Church in H. M. 41st Infantry Regiment, of which Mr. Doss Anthravady is pastor. He says :—

“You will be glad to hear that our church went on a Picnic excursion which passed off very satisfactorily. On Saturday, the 18th February last, about 120 persons, men and women, including children, set out in two boats, crossed the river Mahanuddy and reached Munduparru our camp at seven in the evening. While some of us were engaged in preparing the “loaves and fishes,” others occupied their time in a sacred concert led by a Telugu Christian, a famous poet, who lately came here from Vizagapatam, and whom we had the pleasure of taking with us, together with his family and a few other families who talk the same language as ourselves, namely, Telugu. And a few others had all sorts of fireworks, blue lights, and other little things amusing the children, which was a fine sight and a good recreation to all the youngsters. After this the bell rang for supper which was attended to by another party. All the rich and poor, old and young, male and female, sat on natives’ platform and the supplies served out in leaves according to our old native custom, as we could not get plates for so large a number of people. Justice was done to whatever was placed before us, after giving our heart-felt thanks to the Lord for the good things he was pleased to supply from his rich bounty. After supper we joined in prayer and singing hymns till twelve o’clock at night, and took leave from the Lord and each other and then retired to rest. The next morning being the Lord’s day, after every body had dressed and performed his duty to the Lord for all his goodness and gracious preservation, at nine o’clock we took our breakfast, which was announced by the bell to be ready just in the same fashion as in the preceding night. This done, some of the dear sisters desiring to see the Christian village which was not far from our camp; I gave them permission, and all went, with the exception of myself and a few others who remained behind to prepare seats, &c., for the morning wor-

ship. Soon after their return the bell rang for Divine service, when the whole audience took their respective positions ; every thing being quiet and orderly. The service was opened by that Christian poet, Brother Poorooshottum. We spent an hour and a half in the Lord's service which I concluded with prayer, every one retiring for a short time for private study of the Bible and devotion. At one o'clock the bell called us for dinner which of course we partook according to our ancestral custom of spreading plantain leaves on the ground. We sat in four rows without any distinction and all enjoyed the repast, which consisted of various sorts of curries and chatneys, first tendering our thanks to our heavenly Father and asking his blessing. At three o'clock in the afternoon, we held Divine service again ; every one joyfully attended the blessed meeting and heartily enjoyed it, as we felt so peculiar pleasure, and our hearts filled with holy love and zeal. Soon after this we had refreshments of sweetmeats of all sorts, and fruit, and each a cup of coffee when we prepared ourselves to leave. At five o'clock, with cheerful hearts we each took a bundle, and thus helped one another to carry all the baggage ; so we went on, like a small band of Israelites, till we reached the river-bank, when we arranged all the children and women in one boat, and the men in the other. Then we proceeded, singing hymns all the way, the male and female parties by turns, the children joining till we reached our homes when it was eight o'clock at night. Ah, it was such a happy and refreshing season, it did our bodies much good, and our souls were greatly strengthened, for we felt the presence of the Lord with us during our whole journey. Thus ended our interesting and delightful pic-nic trip. May God bless all the attendants."

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### THE MONUMENT AND THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

**T**HIS column, which stands on Fish-street Hill, is an imitation of Trajan's Pillar, at Rome. It is 202 feet in height, and is ascended by means of a winding staircase of black marble within it, consisting of 345 steps.

The monument was designed and executed by Sir Christopher Wren, in commemoration of the great fire of 1666. On the north and south side of the pedestal are a description of the destructive fire, and the means employed by Government for the restoration of the city ; the east side has an inscription



which informs us when this column was commenced and when completed. On the west side, next the street, are allegorical figures, representing the city in flames, and its subsequent restoration by the united efforts of Time, Commerce, Architecture, &c.

The terrible fire which the monument is intended to commemorate, broke out on a Sunday morning, the 2nd of September, 1666, at the house of a baker in Pudding-lane, Thames-street. As all the buildings in the immediate neighbourhood were formed of timber, cemented with pitch, the flames spread rapidly, and soon reached London Bridge. Nothing could stay their course, or make any impression upon the destructive element, which enfolded everything near in its rapacious grasp.

The terror-stricken inhabitants fled for their lives, leaving the greater part of their goods as a prey for the flames. The Lord Mayor was at first blamed for his inactivity, but seeing that the Tower was in danger of the fire, he ordered the houses in the immediate vicinity of that venerable fortress to be pulled down. But in the course of the night the wind changed, and the Tower was out of peril, but the flames were blown into the very heart of the city.

“Then did the city shake indeed ; and the inhabitants did tremble, and fled away in great amazement from their houses, lest the flames should devour them : rattle, rattle, rattle, was the noise which the fire struck upon the ear round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon the stones : and if you opened your eyes to the opening of the street where the fire was come, you might see in some places whole streets at once in flames, that issued forth as if they had been so many forges from the opposite windows, which, folding together, united into one great flame throughout the whole street ; and then you might see the houses tumble, tumble, tumble, from one end of the street to the other, with

a great crash, leaving the foundations open to the view of the heavens."

For the three following days and nights the fire continued to rage ; the flames were cast by the wind first in one direction, and then in another, and no one knew when he was secure.

The effect of the fire at its height was truly awful. It is thus described by an eye-witness : " Now horrible flakes of fire mount up to the sky : and the yellow smoke of London ascended up towards heaven, like the smoke of a great furnace—a smoke so great as darkened the sun at noonday. If at any time the sun peeped forth, it looked red like blood. The cloud of smoke was so great, that travellers did ride at noonday some miles together in the shadow thereof, though there were no other cloud beside to be seen in the sky."

On the Wednesday afternoon, the wind abated, and the fury of the flames subsided, and on the next day, the fire was totally extinguished, almost as suddenly as it began. The fire being thus happily ended, attention was paid to those who had lost their all. By great exertions, before twenty-four hours had elapsed, a large supply of provisions was brought in from the country ; little sheds of brick and timber were erected as temporary abodes, and in four days all the affrighted people were brought from the fields, and sheltered, clothed, and fed, by those who had been more fortunate than themselves.

This dreadful conflagration was merciless in its ravages : beside a considerable extent of suburbs, nearly five-sixths of the city within the walls was consumed. Four hundred and thirty-six acres of ground were laid waste, four hundred streets and lanes, thirteen thousand two hundred houses, the cathedral church of St. Paul, eighty-nine parish churches, and many other buildings, were swallowed up by the flames. As to the origin of the fire, we have various accounts and various

opinions. It was generally thought at the time that it took place, that it was the deed of Papists, but this is extremely doubtful.

Destructive as it was to the property of the citizens, and great as was the confusion and misery of which it was the cause, perhaps no event has been so conducive to the health and happiness of the inhabitants, and to the welfare and prosperity of the city. The ravages of the plague were attributed to the close and dirty passages and lanes which then existed. When the city was rebuilt, a royal proclamation was issued, ordering all the streets to be made wider than before ; the buildings to be of stone or brick, instead of wood ; the removal of noisome trades, and other judicious regulations.

“In the space of four years,” says one who lived at that time, “the city was rebuilt with so much beauty and magnificence, that we who saw it both before and after the fire, cannot reflect on it without wondering where the wealth could be found to bear so vast a loss, and so prodigious an expense in rebuilding the metropolis.”

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### THE SOMNAMBULIST.

**I**N the small market town of H., in the county of S—, some twenty years ago, lived one Thomas Miller, who formerly had kept a bookseller’s shop, and held the office of post-master. He was a tall thin man of sixty years of age, with long grey locks which curled round the back of his head, and showed themselves but sparingly on his forehead. His eyes were dark and lively, but generally covered by enormous spectacles. He wore a long dark grey coat, grey worsted stockings, and shoes with large silver buckles. Old Tom Miller was ‘well to do in the world :’ by his economical habits he had saved a considerable sum in trade and had inherited, from an elder brother, funded property to some

amount, and a collection of curious old books, china, and other articles, said to be very valuable. That this property should have been left to Thomas Miller, was a surprise to the little world of H., for he had been for many years estranged from his brother, who had adopted an orphan nephew as his heir. But on his death-bed William Miller, who resided in the neighbouring town of Bungay, sent for his brother—their differences were forgotten, and young William Bullock, the nephew, was confided to his care. But strange to say, after the sick man died, a will was found in which he gave all his property to his brother. The date of this document was, indeed, previous to the adoption of the lad, and at the time when he had quarrelled with his mother, the only sister of the testator, in consequence of her having married a Protestant—the Millers being a Roman Catholic family, strongly attached to the tenets of their religion. On his sister's death, however, William Miller had taken charge of her orphan child, and no doubt was entertained by his acquaintance that he would provide for him in after life, being unmarried, and remaining so till his death. It proved otherwise, as we have seen. Thomas Miller, having by virtue of the will taken possession, returned to H. with his orphan nephew, who was, from that time, a resident in the family of his new protector. But the situation of William Bullock was materially changed for the worse, and he held a doubtful position in his new abode, being required to do the duties of a servant, though in other respects treated as a member of the family. The establishment of old Miller consisted at the time of an aged female domestic named Susan, and a daughter about a year younger than her cousin, the only child, whose mother had been dead several years. From her childhood, Betsey Miller had been remarkable for her amiable temper, which increased as she grew up. A sincere affection naturally sprang up between the cousins, to which the cir-

cumstances of their daily life continually gave fresh energy. The influence of Betsey over her father was great, and to that influence William was indebted for every indulgence he obtained. Nothing but love for his cousin detained the youth in this state of thralldom and inactivity, which became every day more really irksome as he advanced to man's estate. No influence could induce the old man to part with money to apprentice the youth. But though his uncle professed no strong affection for him, and seemed to grudge every shilling expended in the necessary articles of his wardrobe, some powerful influence seemed to act upon old Miller, and to prevent him from allowing his nephew to quit his family and immediate guardianship, and he manifested the greatest irritation at any proposal for having William removed from under his eye, appearing jealous of any one who took the slightest interest in his future prospects.

By Betsey's means William obtained admission to her father's books, which, though not numerous, were sufficient to give him the means of self-instruction. The years which had thus passed saw young Bullock advanced to manhood. The uncle was well aware of the attachment the young couple had formed ; but though he never opposed it, he would not listen to any proposition for their marriage. The same strange influence which seemed to have impelled him to keep his nephew in his family, appeared to weigh with him, and prevent him from prohibiting their mutual engagement ; but any attempt to obtain his consent to their union rendered him furious, and even his love for his daughter could not then restrain him from saying the harshest things. "She wanted," he would say, "to get possession of his money, to set him aside from managing his property, to make him dependent on herself and her cousin," and strictly forbade the subject to be mentioned to him again.

Everything in the establishment was regulated with the

greatest exactness, and his daily habits were equally unvaried. After his early breakfast, he constantly locked himself up with his books and antiquarian treasures for some hours, and no one intruded on his seclusion.

At length one day, during their frugal dinner, the old man was evidently in a state of great mental excitement, so much so, that his daughter asked if he was unwell. He said "No;" but seemed abstracted, and unwilling to be questioned on the subject. On the following day, after breakfast, he was heard making a considerable bustle in his small sitting-room, and on his appearance at dinner, was even more abstracted than on the previous day. He looked around with an air of watchful suspicion, at times fixing his attention steadfastly on his nephew, and on his old servant, but made no remark from which any information could be gained as to the cause of his evident discomposure.

*(To be continued.)*

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### SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

**M***Y* whole are songs of praise  
A kind of Jewish lays,  
As sung in ancient days.

My *second* and my *last*,  
If you remove you'll see  
The oft-repeated name  
Of a well-known Scripture tree.

Omit my *first* as well,  
And then my last restore,  
And all that then remains,  
Is given to the poor.

My *second*, *third*, and *first*  
You'll find inside a tree:  
Without it 'twould remain  
As barren as can be.

If still you're in the dark,  
*Fourth, third, fifth, first*, display  
 A useful article  
 To light your doubtful way.      JOSIAH.

**M**Y whole is an exhortation which consists of forty-four letters. My 39, 40, 24, 37, 43, 18, 30, 11, 6, 44, is the name of one whom Paul speaks of as a helper of the church. My 14, 30, 41, 40, 8, a high priest. My 2, 28, 12, 10, 40, 13, 16, 30, a country of Africa. My 19, 25, 32, 18, a city of Judah. To my 11, 29, 6, 40, 18, 35, the heaven is compared. My 39, 14, 16, 21, 29, a gracious gift. My 15, 24, 4, 31, 12, a title of Jesus Christ. My 25, 19, 26, 12, 12, 40, a city of Galilee. My 8, 14, 21, 29, 30, 18, a prophet. My 10, 44, 33, 14, 19, 22, 30, 41, a patriarch. My 33, 13, 14, 16, 8, a country of Europe. My 26, 2, 5, 14, 24, 17, 30, a city of Palestine.      E. J. WELCH.

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1. "THE MOUTH OF THE JUST BRINGETH FORTH WISDOM." [Hittites—Horeb—Demetrius—Heth—John—Fig—Moth.]
2. "GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE." [Esther—Sodom—Gomorrah—Frogs—Eden—Athens—Demas—Martha—Fear not,—Mnason—Gerar.]

Correct answers have been received from

|                                      |  |                                      |
|--------------------------------------|--|--------------------------------------|
| Miss M. Fox, Chelsea, 1, 2.          |  | Master G. H. Iles, ditto, 1, 2       |
| " M. A. Kirby, Gt. Stanmore,<br>1, 2 |  | " A. Thorne, Eaton Bray, 2           |
| Master J. J. Bird, Tivetshall, 1, 2  |  | " E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey,<br>1, 2 |
| " J. Holmes, Hill-street, 1, 2       |  | " S. Wright, Chelsea, 1, 2           |
| " A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2         |  |                                      |
|                                      |  |                                      |

ERRATA.—In the July number, p. 108, line 7,—for "with" read *write*.



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### NELLY'S GRAVE.

**I**T looked such a pretty spot when first I saw it, one lovely June evening. There had been several weeks of hot scorching weather, and the ground was parched, and the flowers drooping; but, the day before, the refreshing rain had fallen, and everything looked grateful. I think I never saw the roses in such rich profusion as on that quiet Saturday afternoon, when I wandered in Highgate Cemetery with the father, mother, and only sister of little Nelly, until we reached her grave.

Nelly was a Sunday scholar of mine; there was almost always a quiet thoughtful expression on her pale, pensive little face. I can remember her as being always very quiet and attentive, and intelligent in her answers and remarks. I suppose she was about five years old, and Lilly four, when I first knew them. Very different were the two little sisters. Lilly was such a lively little thing, with a round merry

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.



face and laughing eyes, and Nelly was quiet and pensive, but there was a *something* irresistible in the wistful little face. She was considerate and thoughtful beyond her years.

The first little ticket which she received for early attendance, or good behaviour, (I forget which,) from Sunday school, was thought a treasure indeed, and was sent to a favourite aunt in Australia, just to be looked at, and, in due time returned to her. It, with the others she afterwards gained, was highly valued, and, when near death her mother asked, "What shall we do with your tickets, Nelly?" she replied, "Oh, mother, *you* must take care of them." And that mother has well fulfilled the dying wish of her little one.

I have seen them,—about forty, I think,—in a tiny bag, safely treasured, and, I doubt not, that not a few tears have fallen upon them, as from time to time they are thoughtfully and almost *tenderly* turned over with trembling fingers.

Though generally quiet, she was noisy and merry sometimes. She went to school, and her delight knew no bounds when she had her *first* half-holiday. She ran home so fast, without once stopping till she reached her mother's door, and then, breathless and excited, told the good news.

She was very fond of singing; her voice was sweet, and she had an excellent memory, indeed, she seemed to know most of the hymns in her little school hymn-book. Her favourite one, (which I have frequently noticed is an especial favourite with children,) was

"I would be like an angel."

The last Sunday but one that she was at school I said to the children, "What shall we sing? One of you may choose."

Nelly asked for her favourite, and I began it, but the children didn't seem to know it very well; Nelly did, though, and we sang it through.

When she went home, she told them what I had said,

and that she had said she should like to sing, "I would be like an angel;" "but," she added, "nobody knew it, only me and teacher, and we sang it by our two selves."

She passed away very peacefully and silently, almost as unnoticed as the snow flakes die. No lingering illness to warn the fond parents they must part with their child, A few days of suffering, and Nelly, the pale little Nelly had shed her last tear, and the kind Shepherd carried her away to the heavenly fold.

Only a few hours before her death, she sang the first verse of her favourite hymn. Only *one* verse, then she stopped, and, looking at her father, said, "*I can't sing any more.*" Ah, little Nell, the *unfinished* song has been finished in Heaven.

I did not think she would go so soon. The last time I saw her, she was sitting, quiet as usual, on the gallery in my little infant class-room at the Sunday-school.

I had been by the sea, for little more than three weeks, when I returned to my London home, to its cares, duties, and pleasures,—returned to my little flock, to find that *one* dear lamb had been taken, and to hear from Lilly, that "sister Nelly was dead."

The little grave, which is in the new cemetery, is well and lovingly tended.

As we were thoughtfully walking amongst the little graves, the parents each made a remark, both of which have often, since then, recurred to memory. Speaking of the flowers, the mother said, "When they die,—those which I take away from here,—I never throw them away, I can't, so I always *bury* them." So precious to her were even the *faded* flowers, because they grew on *Nelly's* grave. And the father said, "When I laid my Nelly here, it seemed as though she were here *alone*; there were hardly any other graves, but now see how many there are!" And I thought of the many sorrowful parents who had since laid their darlings to rest, of

homes saddened, and merry voices hushed ; but then, I thought of Heaven enriched by the "many dear children gathering there."

We walked silently on, and soon we came to the white stone, on which was engraved the following inscription :—

“ Sacred to the Memory

OF

DEAR NELLY,

*Who fell asleep in Jesus, June 14, 1866,*

IN THE 7TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

‘ I have reached the joys of Heaven,  
I am one of the angel band;  
For my head a crown of gold is given,  
And a harp is in my hand.’ ”

A small rosebush in the centre was laden with delicate white half-opened buds.

We sat down and pulled off the dead leaves, and trimmed the flowers a little, but my tears were falling fast, for I was thinking of my little scholar whose earthly work was so soon done, and wishing that mine too were done.

I looked back, to the sad days which had fallen to my lot, and forward with dread to dark days probably yet to come, and in sadness and much weakness I longed to die. It was a very natural wish, to one in my case ; but I knew it was wrong. I was forgetting for the time being,

“ —how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong;”

—forgetting that God had a *special* work for *me*—that none other but myself could do it—forgetting that *rest* is sweetest to the *weary*, and could I enjoy the “sweet rest in heaven,” if I had not trodden the dusty road of life, and *worked* for

my Master, toiling with tired hands and throbbing brow, and weary feet?

I looked round at the numberless graves as I sat there that peaceful Saturday evening. How many were lying calmly sleeping a dreamless, unbroken *rest!* Ah, but their *work* was *done*. And I lifted up my heart in prayer to God that He would make me submissive to his will, and that I might have strength given me, bravely to fight the battles of life, willingly to *work* or *suffer* for Him.

I came away from that little child's grave, bringing with me a bunch of lovely white roses. I have them yet, dried and faded in my desk. There are flowers nearly always growing there. In early spring there are crocuses and primroses, roses in summer, and in the late autumn, the pretty little chrysanthemum.

Lilly—for she still lives,—often brings me a bunch which she knows I shall prize the more when I hear from her that “they came from Highgate.” She still keeps in loving remembrance her little sister Nell, and hopes one day, to join her in Heaven, never to be parted from her again. And I too am looking forward to the time when I shall be with my dear little scholar, and many other dear ones who have “gone before.”

There is another little grave now by the side of our Nelly's. A dear little cousin of hers who came just to love and be loved, for four short years, quietly fell asleep, and at the wish of Nelly's maunna, was laid there. And so, though we know the spirits of these little ones are with Jesus, it was still some small comfort to the bereaved parents, when they laid the lifeless form of their little Willie to rest, that it was not *alone*, and that, as in Heaven the little cousins were together, even so in the silent earth were their bodies *side by side*.

I have been there several times since then, and though

often there comes the old longing, I am trying to be patient, and to keep fresh in memory the feelings which I had, when *first* I stood by the grave of little Nell.

“Let me not die, before I’ve done for Thee  
My earthly work, whatever it may be;  
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled,  
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled  
Impress this truth upon me, that *not one*  
Can do *my* portion that I leave undone.

• • • • •  
——I want a spirit of content,  
To work where’er Thou’lt wish my labour spent;  
Whether at home, or in a stranger clime,  
In days of joy, or sorrow’s sterner time,  
I want a spirit passive to lie still  
And by Thy power to do Thy holy will.

• • • • •  
Oh! make me useful in this world of Thine,  
In ways according to Thy will, not mine;  
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled,  
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled,  
Let me not die, before I’ve done for Thee  
My earthly work, whatever it may be.”

L. A. G.

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THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IX.

**B**EHOLD, the house of Wisdom stands,  
'Twas built and furnished by her hands,  
And she therein has laid a store  
Of rich provisions for the poor.  
Her maidens she has sent abroad,  
(These are the servants of the Lord:)  
With diligent, unceasing cry  
They call, commissioned from on high:—

Ye who are simple and sincere,  
 No farther go, but turn in here ;  
 Who refuge seek by sin distrest,  
 Come and enjoy the gospel rest.

Come and partake of bread divine,  
 And drink of Wisdom's choicest wine ;  
 Forsake the foolish, cease from strife,  
 And live a new and endless life.

But scorers, hardened, sit unmoved,  
 And sin the more their sin's reprov'd ;  
 They, hating Wisdom's pleasant way,  
 Refuse to hear, and turn away.

Not so the wise, who wiser grow  
 When friends their failings kindly show ;  
 They do not let their anger burn,  
 But thank and bless them in return.

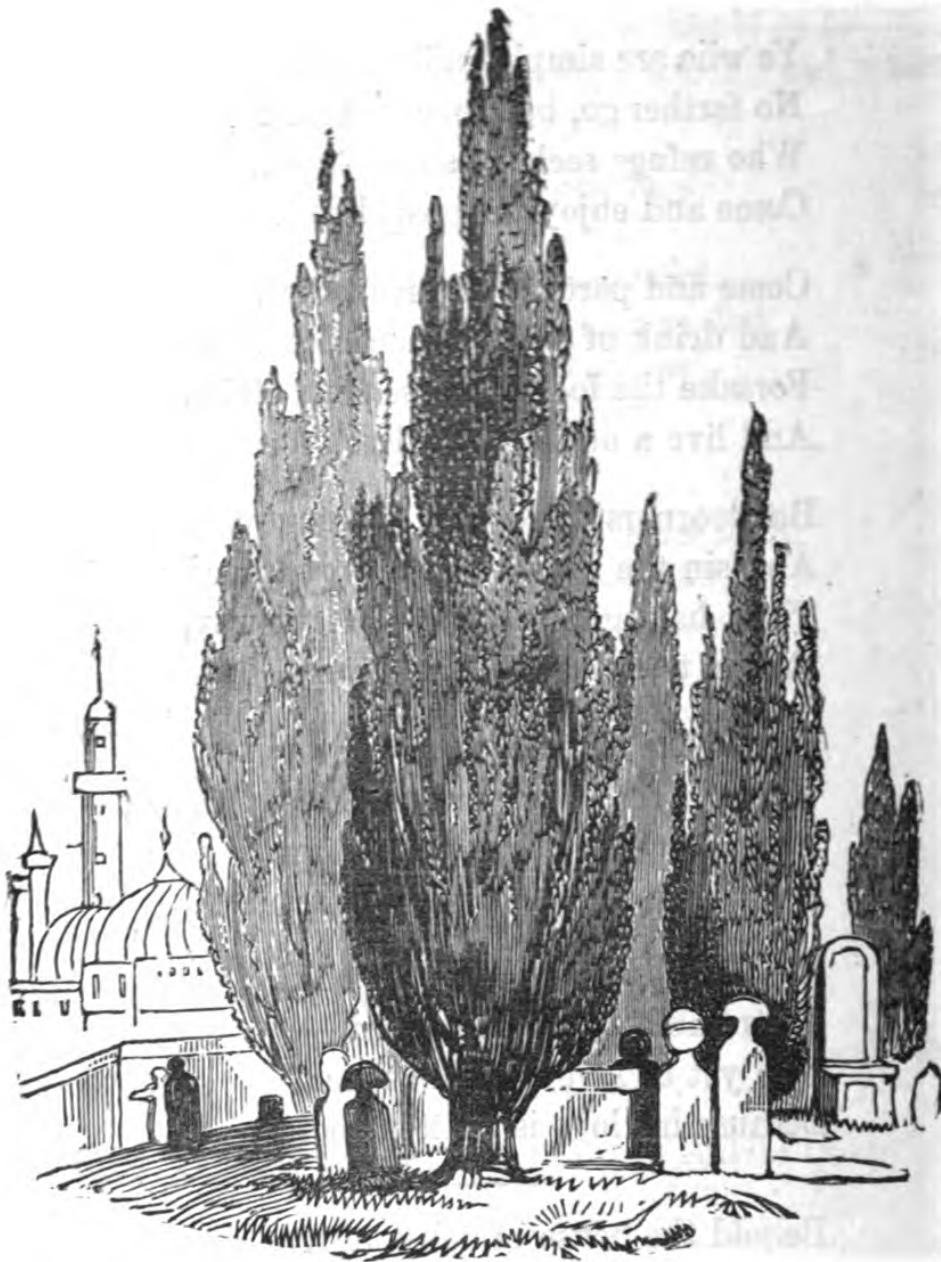
True wisdom is to fear the Lord,  
 To tremble at his holy word,—  
 And yet to love as well as fear,  
 Because his love is written there.

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Behold the house of folly now,  
 Whose mistress sits with brazen brow,  
 Inviting passengers within,  
 To share the pleasures of their sin.

“ Whoso is simple let him turn ;”  
 But he that yields too late shall learn  
 That death attends where harlots dwell,  
 Her guests are in the depths of hell.





### THE CYPRESS.

**T**HE cypress is an evergreen tree of peculiar grace and beauty. It has long been considered as an emblem of mourning, and hence is often found in cemeteries. The best known species is a native of the Levant, the north of Africa, and the south of Europe, and is sometimes met with in England. "Its name," says Dr. Eadie, "seems to come

from the original Hebrew term *gopher*, the word used in Genesis in reference to Noah's ark. The cypress is mentioned in Isa. xlv. 14. It was much used for idol-making on account of its great durability. "Peculiar attention is paid to this tree in many forms of Eastern superstitions. It stands to them as the oak in our country did to the Druids."

The mummy cases of Egypt were made of cypress wood, which was considered by the ancients to be indestructible. Specimens of it are in existence which are known to be several thousand years old. The doors of St. Peter's at Rome lasted for a period of 1100 years, and when removed that brazen ones might be substituted, were found to be perfectly sound. Modern Rome also boasts some very fine cypresses by the palaces and in the gardens of some of the villas, though none of very great antiquity.

The cypress is considered an emblem of *immortality*. Do you ever think of that word and what it means? Men seek that which is durable, and their works remain long centuries after they have departed. Of earth and all the things of time it is said, "They shall perish;" but of the great Author of all it is affirmed, "Thou shalt endure,"—"Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end." Oh may we seek those enduring riches and righteousness which are at his right hand, where there are both fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore!

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### THE WHIP BEHIND.

**T**HE other evening while reading a good book, my attention was diverted by some of my dear little ones who were amusing themselves at another table with a slate and pencil. One little fellow about six years old had drawn on his slate a brewer's dray, with a boy sitting behind. His sister, who was a little older had written underneath what the



drawing represented in the words, " Put the whip behind ! And another little fellow under three years of age was enjoying the fun, and shouting merrily at the top of his voice, just as he had heard boys in the street do, " Put the whip behind ! Put the whip behind !"

My thoughts were diverted from my book to the subject of their merriment. It was amusing to represent such an every-day occurrence, and it may be instructive to reflect upon it.

It recalled to my mind a sad, sad circumstance of which I was eye witness, and which I will relate as I had done to my own children as a caution against running behind vehicles in the streets, which is not only very rude but very dangerous.

Not many years ago in passing along a street near where I reside, my attention was attracted to a crowd gathered around a coal waggon. On approaching I found that a boy in climbing up behind the waggon while in motion, had had his foot drawn in between the wheel and the body of the waggon which was heavily laden with coals. The poor little fellow I believe was insensible when I came up, as he did not scream, and the crowd was so great that I could not fully see him. All was commotion and excitement. The foot was jambed in. How could it be got out, and in the quickest possible time? was the question of the moment. A tradesman opposite ran for a saw to saw the wheel ; but this was a tedious and almost hopeless task ! The wheel was so stout and strong. Another by-stander suggested taking off the wheel : this was more sensible, but how was it to be done ? Where was the nearest smith ? Where could they get a jack to raise the heavily laden waggon ?

While this discussion was going on the poor lad was being supported by two men ; till at length the needful aid arrived ; the wheel was taken off, and the little sufferer was taken to the hospital, where, sad to relate, as I afterwards learned, he died in a few days.

Whether he ever was conscious after the accident I do not know. But if he was, and was able to speak to his young friends, what a lesson methinks he would have given them against running behind carts in the streets! Still "he being dead, yet speaketh" in a voice louder than that of words against so foolish and dangerous a practice.

I love to see boys full of fun and merriment, but let them keep out of danger, and never risk their limbs and their life for a little rude enjoyment. For even if they escape without injury to their limbs they are in constant danger of the merited punishment, "*the whip behind.*" And let me tell you there is a "*whip behind*" every forbidden pleasure. Punishment always follows sin, and frequently in this life. There is the "whip" of a guilty conscience—the "whip" of disgrace—the "whip" of lost health, lost character, and ruin. These are some of the "whips" which follow the sinner in this life. But the worst "whip" is in the life to come—the "whip" of God's wrath. But, thanks be to God, this will never fall on us if we *hate sin*: for this is an evidence that Jesus Christ was punished for us, and "with his stripes we are healed."

JOSIAH.

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### THE SOMNAMBULIST.

(Continued from page 127.)

**T**HE next morning he called William into his room—an event of very rare occurrence—required him to remove various heavy books, and to take down every article from the tops of two old-fashioned book-cases, and from a cabinet of ancient china, an object of the old man's especial idolatry. The search, however, seemed very unsatisfactory; and at length seating himself in his chair, apparently much fatigued, at the same time regarding his nephew sternly through his spectacles, he said, slowly and deliberately—"It is true,

then, I am robbed and plundered daily, and that by some one who knows my rooms, and has constant means of access to them." William regarded his uncle with astonishment, and repeated the words, 'robbed and plundered!'

"Yes, sir," exclaimed old Miller furiously; "some one has carried off the most valuable of my china, a box of medals, my silver crucifix, which once belonged to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and I know not how many other articles of value; but I will not suffer this. Be the robber who he may, he shall be punished as severely as may be. He cannot escape detection, for the things are too remarkable not to be easily recognized. To-morrow I shall apply to the magistrates to search into the matter.

He then sat in stern silence, and when his daughter entered the room, attracted by the elevation of her father's voice, he did not seem to regard her presence. William related to his cousin the circumstance of her father's loss, which he seemed inclined to consider as a mere imagination, when he was startled by her reply, as she appeared to remember something in confirmation of the fact. "It is singular," she said, "that, for the last two or three nights, I have fancied I heard some one moving in the house long after we had all been in bed."

"Indeed!" cried the father, rousing himself from his reverie; "and from whence did the sound proceed?"

"From the front parlour," she replied.

"Are you sure that your shutters were closed and the window fastened?"

"I fastened the window myself, and William closed the shutters as usual."

"Did you hear nothing more?"

"Once or twice I thought I heard the creaking of the stairs, as if some one were coming up; but the noise was so slight, that I fancied I was deceived, and fell asleep again."

“Was the sound from the garret staircase?” asked the old man, looking steadfastly at his nephew, and evidently showing his suspicion of him.

The blood mounted indignantly to the cheeks of the young man, and his uncle groaned heavily; but his daughter, who had not observed her cousin's change of countenance, or her father's suspicious glances, simply answered, “The sounds came from the stairs leading to your chamber door, my dear father, but were so slight, that I may have been deceived. But what proofs have you of the robbery?”

“The things I miss can nowhere be found; they have vanished one after the other. Two or three days ago I missed the medals; then the china; and the crucifix which was in its place yesterday, is, you see, no longer there. But leave me,” he added, “I feel much disturbed and uneasy, and wish to be alone.”

The young people obeyed, and, with the old domestic who had joined them, retired to discuss the mysterious affair, which baffled all their endeavours to find a clue to its solution. William could not help brooding over the idea of his uncle's suspicion being directed towards him; and though Betsy endeavoured to make light of it, the matter engrossed all their thoughts and conversation.

At dinner, the old man remained perfectly silent, and never once alluded to the subject which was uppermost in all their thoughts. In the evening he retired earlier than usual to his chamber, but still without any mention of his loss; and when William observed that it was necessary that the affair should be investigated, and search made for the missing articles, he sharply bade him hold his tongue, adding, that he did not want to be instructed as to what it was his duty to do. After he had retired, Betsy took up her work and William a book; but the latter felt too much annoyed at being the object of his uncle's groundless suspicion to think

on any other subject, and sat for a considerable time in moody silence. His cousin, after trying in vain to engage him in conversation, gave up the attempt, and the evening passed in uninterrupted silence, till the hour of retiring was near at hand, when their attention was attracted by a slight noise which proceeded from the old man's little room, and William was rising to investigate the cause, when his companion laid her hand upon his arm, and motioned to him to wait a minute in silence. The noise was heard again, and the door of the room in which they were sitting slowly opened. A figure appeared in the entry dressed in night attire, with eyes wide open, but in which there was no speculation: it was old Miller himself. In one hand he held a



long and narrow china jar, in the other a candle and a small key. The daughter and the nephew remained in mute amazement, whilst the old man glided into the front parlour, and proceeded to a closet concealed in the wall, and in which, when employed as postmaster, he had been wont to place letters and articles of value. He opened the door of this private depository, and, to the infinite surprise of the young people who had followed him, displayed the missing articles carefully stowed away. William could not repress a loud shout of satisfaction, which suddenly awoke the somnambulist, who, in his alarm, dropped the china jar, which was shivered to atoms on the floor ; at the same time a folded paper fell from it, which William mechanically stooped and picked up. The old man, startled from his sleep, was paralyzed with terror. It was in vain they pointed out to him his recovered treasures ; he trembled violently, and was so agitated, that his daughter requested her cousin to take him in his arms and convey him back to his bed, where she watched anxiously beside him, and would have sent for medical aid, but her father recovered sufficiently to forbid her, and desired to be undisturbed. In the meantime, William withdrew into the room below, in order to be in readiness should his presence be required ; and thinking over the circumstance which had so strangely hidden and brought to light the articles supposed to be stolen, he remembered the paper he had picked up, which he carelessly unfolded, thinking it probably of no value. Great, then, was his amazement at seeing his own name in large letters on the sheet. He glanced his eye rapidly over the contents : it was the last will and testament of his uncle, William Miller, in which, with the exception of a few trifling legacies to his brother Thomas and his daughter, all his property was given to William Bullock, his nephew.

William carefully refolded the paper, said nothing of the matter to his cousin, when by her father's desire she retired

to her chamber ; but next morning had a long private conversation with his uncle, which terminated much to the satisfaction of the young man. In a few weeks the cousins were united, and old Miller was said to have advanced a considerable sum to establish his nephew in an employment in which he found both occupation and emolument.

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### SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

**T**HE time of quiet and repose,  
When sol departs, the day to close ;  
The first and fairest of her kind ,  
Are in one syllable combined.

JOSIAH.

1. A spice mentioned in the Scriptures. 2. A Jew of fame. 3. The wife of a patriarch. 4. The servant of a high priest. 5. A wilderness. 6. An act which has been the beginning of sin in many but which produced repentance for sin in one referred to in the New Testament. The initials read forwards will give the name of a mountain, and the finals read backwards the name of a river.

T. W. WALTERS.

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### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

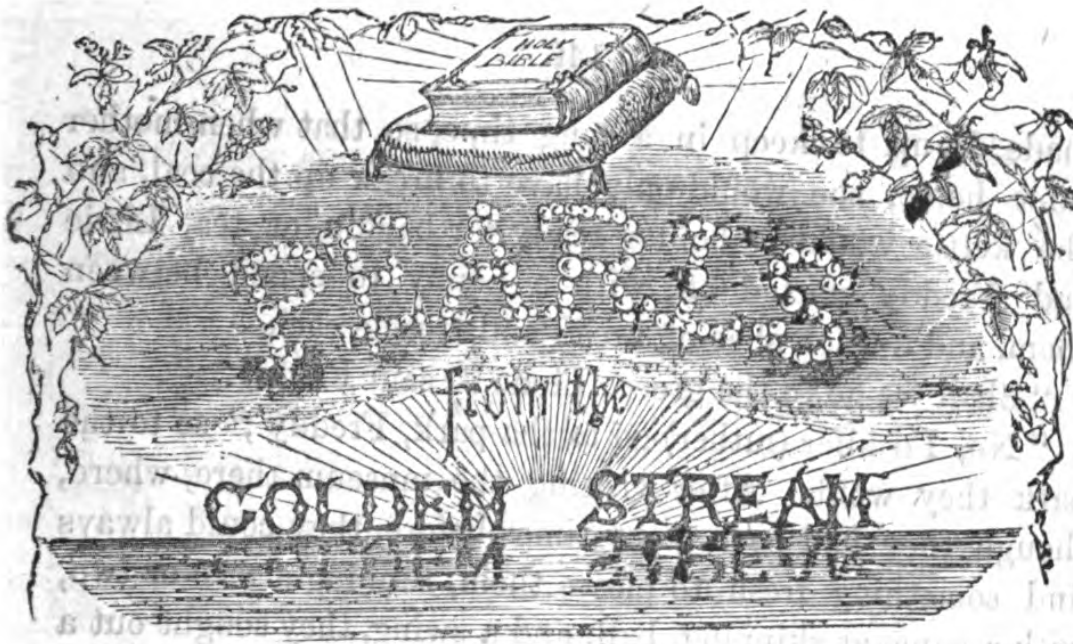
1. PSALMS. [Palm—Alms—Sap—Lamp.]  
2. "LET US RUN WITH PATIENCE THE RACE THAT IS SET BEFORE US." [Fortunatus—Aaron—Ethiopia—Cain—Throne—Faith—Truth—Accho—Nathan—Issachar—Spain—Cæsarea.]

Correct answers have been received from

|                                 |                                |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Miss Ellen Butcher, Tring, 1, 2 | Master A. T. Iles, ditto, 1, 2 |
| „ E. M. Iles, Banstead, 1       | „ A. Thorne, Eaton Bray, 1     |
| Mr. J. H. B., Finsbury, 1       | „ E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey, 1 |

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KIND WORDS MORE PRECIOUS THAN PEARLS.

**M**ANCHESTER is an important manufacturing town ; there are large factories there, where hundreds of people, men and women, are employed in making cotton goods.

People of different towns have different ways of speaking and doing things, so that a little Londoner would have thought Lizzie Bently spoke queerly when she said, in the Lancashire dialect,

“ I shan’t be long, mither, I’ve only to tide the room, rake the fire, and put the kettle on for baggin, then I shall be ready to go.”

It was Saturday, and Lizzie was hastening to get done her cleaning to go out. It was the custom every fine Saturday afternoon to take her little brother Freddy out for a long walk, while mother went to market to meet father who worked at one of the large cotton factories.

Having tided or tidied the room, raked the fire, that is

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London : HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.



made it up to keep in a long time, so that when mother came home, she would only have to break up the coal, and the kettle would be boiling ready for baggin, or tea, Lizzie and Freddy started off, with a penny to spend between them, and a thick slice of bread and treacle each.

“Shall we go to the green, Lizzie?” said Freddy.

“No, I’d hifer (rather) go to the park, Freddy;” so to the park they went. After visiting the museum there, where, though they had been many times before, they could always find something fresh to please them, running a race or two, with a game at skipping, ball, and a swing, they sought out a quiet seat to rest and eat their bread and treacle.

“We’ll sit here,” said Lizzie, “there’s nobody about, so we can have the seat all to ourselves.”

They had not been there many minutes when a poor, half-starved ragged lad, about fourteen or fifteen passed them; he looked hungrily at the bread they held in their hands, and tears ran down his wasted cheeks.

“May I give him mine; he won’t mind my having had two bites out of it,” said Freddy.

“Yes, Freddy, run after him, ask him to come and sit down, we’ll make room for him, poor thing; he looks tired as well as hungry.”

Freddy went up to the lad, spoke to him kindly, and then returned with him to Lizzie.

“Sit down here between my sister and me,” said the little boy, “and eat this; but what shall we call you? *My* name is Freddy and my sister’s is Lizzie.”

“Harry,” said the stranger, thankfully taking Freddy’s proffered gift, which he began to devour as if he had fasted long. When he had finished it, Lizzie, without saying a word, slipped her piece of bread and treacle into his hand. A very white look came over Harry’s face, he said he felt sick, his head fell back—he had fainted.

Most little girls would have been frightened at such a sight, but Lizzie was not ; she had so often seen her mother nurse the sick, and been taught by her to do many things for them herself, that she knew how to treat a fainting fit.

“Run to the fountain, it’s close by, and bring me some water in your cap, quick, Freddy,” she said. All this time no one passed by.

The children bathed the poor boy’s face and hands with the water and poured some into his mouth. Soon he opened his eyes and revived.

“You are better now, Harry, aren’t you ?” asked Freddy.

“Do tell us where you live, and we will take you home,” said Lizzie kindly.

“I live anywhere now : I used to live in the country, a long way off, till I ran away from home. I have been a very wicked boy, but God has punished me and served me right ; and Harry burst into tears.

Lizzie wiped the signs of grief with her own clean cotton handkerchief. She did not shrink from him because he was in sorrow and rags and had confessed himself a sinner.

“What made you run away ?” asked Freddy.

“I must tell you,” replied Harry, “that two years ago mother died, and then father, who is a farmer, sent me to a school away from home ; just before my last holidays he wrote telling me he had got a new mother for me, that I must love and obey her, for she would be very kind and good to me. This I made up my mind not to do ; then people said, that is, some of the boys said, stepmothers were very bad things, with a great deal more, which made me more determined than ever not to be obedient to father’s wishes.”

“And did you find her kind,” inquired Lizzie.

“Yes, very kind, but for all that I was ungrateful enough to keep to my wicked resolution of disliking her, and treated her as if she had no right in my father’s house although she was his wife.”

“Oh, that was wrong,” put in Lizzie ; “but did not your father scold you ?”

“That’s what he did do, adding a good thrashing to it. Then I ran away. I took what money I had out of my money box : I thought it would last me a long time, at any rate till I could get some work. Too soon I found out my mistake, nor would people employ me unless I could tell them more about myself ; for you see I was afraid to say I had ran away. Then I was not able to pay for my lodgings, so they turned me out, even keeping my clothes, when a poor woman next door gave me these rags. Since then I have slept in the streets or where I could ; a few pence I’ve picked up for holding a horse or carrying a parcel is all I have had to buy food for many days, for I never stole anything. Till I saw you I had not tasted anything. I accidentally saw an advertisement in one of the Manchester papers begging of me to come home or offering money to those who could find me, so I know my father has been seeking me.”

“And why,” said Lizzie, earnestly, “do you not go back to your father and mother ? Tell them you are sorry and ask to be forgiven. Oh, do ; you know not what greater wickedness you may fall into. Bad boys will get hold of you, and teach you to steal and do everything that is wrong.”

“I cannot, Lizzie, after what I’ve done ; I dare not meet my father.”

“Are you really sorry for it ?” said Lizzie.

“Indeed, indeed I am, Lizzie.”

“Then don’t fear to face your father. Don’t you know that story in the Bible about the son who left his home and spent all his money, and then had to go and feed swine. And then he was so hungry he would gladly have eaten the husks with them. So he said, ‘I will go to my father, and say, I have sinned against heaven and before thee.’ And he repented and went, and his father was rejoiced to see him, knowing that

he was now good, that he received him as his own again, and killed the fatted calf for joy."

"But how shall I get home, I have no money?" said Harry sorrowfully.

"You shall have our penny," cried Freddy, "that will help you."

Wretched as Harry was, he could not but smile at this.

Lizzie's face brightened, "I tell you what you can do," she said. "You must walk and beg your way; I am sure if you tell people you are going back to your father they will assist you; then, you know, you can pay them back afterwards. And if you ask God to help you, you will be sure to be all right."

"Though you are a stranger, you are a dear little comforter," said Harry. "God has thrown you in my way and I will take your advice, Lizzie. Had my schoolfellows talked to me as you have done I'd never been a runaway."

"What they said ought not to have made you do wrong, Harry. You are old enough to know for yourself when advice is good or bad, and to take the one and leave the other."

Lizzie and Freddy then took leave of their new friend, who promised to let them know how he got on, they having told him where they lived. Months rolled away, and bad times came. Many of the cotton mills in Manchester stopped, and thousands were out of employ. Amongst them was Lizzie's father. He and his family were reduced to gradual starvation; to buy food everything they could sell was parted with, and they had to remove to a dark, damp alley. There, on a bitterly cold day in January, they sat huddled together, except Lizzie's mother, who was lying ill on a bed of damp straw in a corner. They were all so hungry, yet there was nothing for them to eat.

Lizzie was there, thinking of Harry, and what he must

have felt when he was hungry. She wondered if they would ever hear from him. Just then she heard some one at the top of the cellar steps. What was her surprise on going up, to see Harry and his father. They had gone to the old cottage where the Bentlys had lived, and thence had traced them to their present wretched home. They had brought a large hamper full of country produce for a present. Oh what joy, food, food !

The farmer talked a long time to Mr. and Mrs. Bently, which ended in his proposing they should all go back with him to stay at the farm, till Mr. Bently could get into work again. He said he owed so much to their dear little girl for being the means of causing his wandering son to return.

“Oh, father was so glad to see me back,” said Harry, drawing Lizzie aside. “And mother is such a dear kind mother to me ; how thankful I am I took your advice, and listened to your kind words, they were more precious to me than pearls.”

Kind Farmer Dawson and his wife made the Bentlys welcome, at their home till Mr. Bently got into employment again, and Freddy they kept altogether.

Some years after, Harry and Lizzie were married, and they are as truly happy as are all they who live a righteous, God-fearing life.

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#### HARVEST SONG.

**T**HANK God for the blessings of harvest !  
 The corn is now laid up in store,  
 And Jehovah his covenant promise  
 Fulfils to his creatures once more.  
 How many were anxious and troubled,  
 And feared what the harvest might prove ;  
 But God sent us suitable weather,  
 And deigned all our fears to remove.

The corn-fields, with reapers and gleaners,  
 That story of old brings to mind,  
 Of Ruth, and Naomi, and Boaz,  
 Where rich Gospel figures we find.  
 How blessed if you, dear young readers,  
 Are led in the season of youth  
 To the fields of the heavenly Boaz,  
 To glean precious wisdom and truth !

“ The harvest is plenteous truly,”  
 Said Jesus, “ but labourers few ;  
 Pray, therefore, the Lord of the harvest  
 To send forth more labourers true.”  
 And we see, as we look all around us,  
 The harvest is great in our day,  
 And still for more warm-hearted workers,  
 The saints to the Master may pray.

At the end of the world shall the wicked  
 Be bound for the burning, like tares ;  
 While the righteous as wheat shall be gathered  
 To mansions their Saviour prepares.  
 Oh grant, if thy will, great Jehovah,  
 Both writer and readers may be  
 A part of the wheat in Thy harvest,  
 And garnered in heaven with Thee !

*Wellingboro'.*

D. M. M.





### LOST—BUT FOUND.

**T**HE following, which appeared some time since in the Pawtucket (R. I.) Gazette, will doubtless be read with interest :—

“ One of the most extraordinary adventures of a child of which we ever heard, occurred in this vicinity last week.

“ On Thursday, the 10th of June, a son of John Keenan, aged only three and a half years, disappeared from his home, and no tidings of him could be obtained by his parents. On the following day, bills were circulated, soliciting infor-

mation respecting him. It was at length ascertained that a child answering to his description had been seen in an easterly direction from the village, and an active search was immediately instituted for the missing boy. It appears that he was seen by several persons, but in one instance only under circumstances that excited suspicion that he was lost, and in this instance the person neglected to take charge of him immediately, and when followed, he had disappeared in the woods, and could not be found.

“The course of the child was followed in part by the information of those who had seen him, but mainly, we understand, by his foot-prints in ploughed fields and muddy places. He was at length found on Saturday evening, at half-past five o'clock, near the boundary line between Seekonk and Rehoboth, five and a half miles in a straight line from his home, and fifty-four and a half hours after his disappearance, and fifty-nine after he ate his breakfast on the previous Thursday morning. He left home barefooted and very thinly clad, having nothing on but a thin calico dress, and an apron, and these were wet when he was found. In this condition he had wandered to the place where he was found, through ploughed fields and woods, and across ditches and swamps.

“So far as is known or believed, he had not eaten a mouthful of food since the previous Thursday. Two nights the little fellow must have slept in the open air, on the cold, damp ground, and they were cold nights too, there being a frost on each, if our memory is correct. His feet were badly lacerated by stones, briars, &c., and much swollen, but he appeared to be otherwise in good condition, and is doing well. His greatest anxiety, on being found, was to be taken to his mother, for whom, he said, he had been looking. When asked if he did not sleep cold the previous night, he replied that he did.

“The latter part of the strange adventure of this child was



in and through an extensive swamp, in which people have been lost, and where, some forty years ago, a woman, unable to find her way out, perished, and her body was not found until nine days afterwards. In this swamp is a stream of water five or six feet wide, and of considerable depth, and the mud in its bed and on its banks is so deep and soft, that it is difficult to cross it. But this child did cross it—how, every one who has seen it is puzzled to conjecture.

“From the appearance of his tracks in this swamp, it is supposed that he wandered about therein several miles. He was found on the margin of the swamp, but was supposed to be in it. Between one and two hundred men were engaged on Saturday in searching for him.

“We question whether there is another instance on record in which a child of such tender years survived so much fatigue, privation, and exposure. If this little Keenan lives, and does not make a tough specimen of a man, his age will “believe the promise of his spring.”

Dear young readers,—Have you ever been lost? Most if not all of you will answer, No. Think again, young friends. Are you not lost *now*? Not in the same sense as this little boy was; but in a *far worse sense*. Like the prodigal son referred to in Luke xv., who wandered from his father, so you have wandered far away from God. But have you, like the prodigal, “come to yourself?” Are you aware of your dangerous state? Have you any desire to return? If so, remember that God is as willing to receive you, yea, infinitely more willing, than the father was to receive his prodigal son back again; and if by God’s grace you are sorrowing for sin, there is even now joy in heaven among the angels of God on your account. Yield not then to despair, but remember that the “Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.”

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## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER X.

**A** WISE son makes his father glad ;  
 Not so, alas ! a foolish lad :  
 When children act an evil part,  
 Their parents have a heavy heart.

Treasures of wickedness condemn,  
 But righteousness delivers men ;  
 The Lord supplies his servant's need,  
 But sinners shall be poor indeed.

The indolent are mostly poor,—  
 The diligent increase their store ;  
 They labour on while others rest,  
 And industry is ever blest.

The wicked die and pass away,  
 But good men's names shall not decay.  
 The wise in heart will learn from all,  
 But prating fools shall surely fall.

The good man's lips are wells of life,  
 The sinner's mouth is full of strife.  
 The rich make wealth their confidence,  
 But poverty's a poor defence.

The righteous life eternal win ;  
 The wicked eat the fruit of sin.  
 The wise pursue the heavenly way,  
 But they that hate instruction stray.

Whose hatred prompts deceit to rule,  
 And he who slanders is a fool.  
 In multitudes of words is sin,  
 But he is wise who keeps them in.

How excellent is Wisdom's voice !  
 More precious far than silver choice :  
 The words of Christ his saints supply,  
 But fools for want of wisdom die.

The blessing which the Lord bestows  
 Makes rich, nor any sorrow knows.  
 Happy the man whom wisdom rules,  
 But mischief is the sport of fools.

The wicked fear, and well they may ;  
 God's judgments will not long delay :  
 But Wisdom orders for the best,  
 And grants the righteous their request.

Just as the whirlwind passeth by  
 The sons of wickedness shall die ;  
 But those who love and fear the Lord  
 Shall have a two-fold free reward :—

On earth their days he will prolong,  
 For their foundation standeth strong ;  
 And after death his saints possess  
 Immeasurable happiness.

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### HOW GOD PITIES.

**I** HAVE a beautiful little story to tell you, for I'm sure you'd all like to hear it. It is about a poor widow ; but because she was poor, and because she was a widow, you must not suppose that she was always very sad and unhappy. Oh no ! for our kind, loving Father in Heaven is so kind to us, that when He sends a great sorrow into our homes, He is almost sure to send a very great happiness to make up for it. It doesn't *always* come at once. Sometimes people have to wait a very long, long time, *years* perhaps, but it *does* come, some time or other.

This widow was happy, yes, even a *widow* ! It is such a sad word that this seems almost impossible, but God pities with a tender pity, as none else can.

She had been a happy wife, but God saw fit to take away her husband whom she loved so dearly, and you may be sure how very sorrowful she would be.

Perhaps some of you who are reading this have lost your father. You remember how anxious your poor mother looked while he was so ill—how she sat up night after night, watching by the bedside ; and then, one morning, you noticed how strangely sad she looked, and when you asked how father was, putting her hand on your head, she sobbed out, “ Poor boy, poor boy ! ” and then you knew you were *fatherless*. You don't forget how dull the house seemed, and how everything was changed when your mother became a widow.

So it was, no doubt, in the case of the widow I am telling you of ; but, as I said, God is always very loving and pitiful, and would not suffer *all* the rest of her life to be spent in darkness and sorrow.

She had one son, and we can imagine how dear he was to her, and if he were a loving dutiful son, how happily they lived together, so that nothing he could do for her was a trouble ; and how hard he worked for his own and her support, and tried to fill his father's place.

But by and bye another sorrow was coming to that mother. We can well imagine her feelings when her son, her only son, was taken ill. With what anxiety she watched him, and, if she knew the Lord, how earnestly she pleaded for the dear life to be spared ! God always *listens* to prayer, but He does not always *answer* it, and soon that sorrowful mother was bending over his dead form.

It wasn't that God didn't love her, or pity her, but it was *His* will to take her son, and so she bore it. Sorrowfully of

course, it was *very hard* to bear, and terribly difficult to *understand*, but—*He* had done it !

.....The time came when she must part with the lifeless form which was so dear to her. Friends and neighbours came to weep with her, and to pay their last tribute of respect, in following her son to the grave. They set out on their mournful journey. There were many with her, for she was much respected and they felt sorry for her, and tried to shew it.

Ah ! but there was One who felt more compassion for her than all beside, who was even now on His way towards her.

Poor weeping mother, look up, for Jesus is coming ! Yes, Jesus was going to comfort her, and bring joy to that sorrowful spirit. Only the day before, whilst at Capernaum, He had healed the centurion's servant, who was sick. And now He had entered into the city of Nain, and just at the gate He met the sad procession. Full of compassion for that weeping mother, He said, oh, so gently, "*Weep not !*"

She *was* weeping, she couldn't help it, but her sorrow was nearly over,—*Jesus was near*. Aye ! if we always felt Jesus to be near, we shouldn't be half as sorrowful as we are. Then He went to the bearers who were carrying the dead young man to the grave ; they stood still directly, and Jesus looked at him and spoke to him.

Have *you* ever stood and looked upon some one lying dead ? Some one whom you had known and loved very dearly. Oh how you longed for those closed eyes to open, and smile upon you as they had done in life ! If ever you had grieved that friend, how you felt you would give all you possessed in the world, if those cold lips could but speak forgiveness to you. And yet you stood helplessly, hopelessly, knowing that it was all in vain, that never again could you get one look of love from that pale, still face, nor feel the warm pressure of that hand which was lying pulseless before

you. How imploringly you have looked from one face to another of those around, but it was no use, the loudest call or the softest whisper would not awaken that quiet sleeper. But when *Jesus* speaks, even the *dead* can hear! He spoke, only a few words, just these: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" How anxiously the people would be looking on! But there was no need for suspense, for "he who was dead sat up, and began to speak."

We treasure up the *last words* of our loved ones as they pass away, and very precious they are to us. Years pass, but their *last words* are still fondly remembered. I have often wondered what those *first words* of that young man were, at the beginning of his new, second life.

This we may not know, but we do know that Jesus "delivered him to his mother," and we can partly imagine her surprise, her gratitude, and her joy.

How awe-stricken must those spectators have been! What a solemn Presence must they have seemed to be in whilst Jesus was with them! And that mother, all her sorrow was gone, and a great *joy*, such as we cannot fully understand must have been hers.

Will not you, too, take some comfort from this? Perhaps some of you had a dear little brother or sister, and you loved it so much, and used to play with it; but by and bye, the little one faded like the roses in your garden last summer. The little face grew very pale, the little limbs so soon got tired, and the merry laugh was seldom heard. Medicine was given, delicacies were procured to tempt the failing appetite, country air was tried, and every means used, yet the little one gradually drooped, and doctors shook their heads,—they had done all they could, they could not save it. It died, and you felt so disconsolate; but now, just listen a minute,—Jesus saw that little sister of yours. He saw what a frail little thing she was, and so, rather than let her suffer

here, He opened His arms, and the little one went to Him. So gently He held her, and took her to a beautiful Home, where now she suffers no more, and is so happy. Now don't you think after all that there was as much love in this as there was towards that poor widow of Nain? But perhaps you will think that this did not shew His love to *you*? Do you love Him, little children? If so "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God;" and when your life here is ended, He will take you to see those dear ones who have "gone Home" a little while before you, where there is no more death, and no more parting!

L. A. G.

### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**M**Y whole contains 16 letters, and is the name of a female noted in Scripture. 8, 9, 15, 7, 16, a famous character in the Old Testament. 15, 10, 8, 10, 1, 12, 10, a place we read that Jesus passed through. 2, 1, 12, 10, 4, and 11, 10, 13, 6, 15, 4, 14, 11, 10, two characters mentioned in David's history. 3, 6, 9, 8, 10, 16, one of the disciples of Jesus. 1, 10, 11, 11, 12, a name signifying "my master." 5, 10, 1, 15, 2, 16, the birthplace of a famous character in the New Testament. 1, 10, 4, 10, 11, a woman mentioned both in the Old and New Testaments. 2, 1, 12, 8, and 3, 6, 2, 8, 8, 12, 8, an oracle. 3, 10, 11, 12, 5, 4, 10, a widow who lived at Joppa. 13, 10, 1, 16, 6, 12, 15, 6, a place named in the history of Jonah.

*Wellingboro'.*

D. M. M.

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1. EVE.
2. CARMEL — KISHON. [CinnamoN — Abednego — RebeKaH — MalchuS — En-gedi — Look.]

Correct answers have been received from

Miss A. Amey, Stratford, 1

| Master A. Briscoe, Finsbury, 1  
 ,, E. J. Welch, Merton, 1



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OUR MISSION.

**T**HE above is a correct likeness of our Senior Missionary, Mr. Henry Thomas, of St. Thomas' Mount,

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near Madras, in India. Probably our young friends would like to hear a little of his personal history.

First, then, he is by birth a *Portuguese*: not that he ever lived in Portugal, for he has been all his life in India. In order to explain this, we must go back a little to former years. More than 300 years ago, when Portugal was a great and powerful nation, an expedition set sail from that country under Vasco de Gama, for the avowed purpose of subduing that part of India where Madras is situated. There were even then Christians in India, and probably had been from the times of the Apostles; for church history states that Bartholomew the disciple of our Lord carried the Gospel to India. Be that as it may, there were good Christians in India at a very early period, and many also at the time the Portuguese expedition set out, who were much oppressed by the native rulers of India. When Vasco de Gama arrived, they sought his protection, which he promised them when he should be able to render it. The Church of Rome was at that time asserting her claim to universal dominion, and upon hearing of these native Christians in India, she instigated the Portuguese Government to aid her in subduing them to the Papal authority. Accordingly about the year 1542, the government of Portugal sent out a party of friars, who founded a number of monasteries in what is now called the Madras Presidency, and built a number of small churches for all who would listen to them. At that time too the famous Francis Xavier, the Jesuit leader, arrived in India; and he and his successors made many nominal converts to Christianity, chiefly by setting up images of the Virgin and the crucifix, in the place of the idols heretofore worshipped. The Inquisition was soon afterwards introduced, and by force and by fraud a great spread of Romish and Jesuit Christianity was effected. To show you the artful way in which all this was accomplished, one

thing may be mentioned, namely, that at the outset these Romanists introduced themselves to the natives as European Brahmins, come from a distance for the double purpose of imparting and receiving knowledge from their brother Brahmins in India.

But what has all this to do with our Missionary, Mr. Thomas? Simply this,—that he is descended from those Portuguese who first landed in India in the sixteenth century, and was born and trained in the Roman Catholic faith. There are many Roman Catholics in this part of India, and the Romish Church is using every effort to increase their numbers. These Romanists are scarcely better than the heathen; they retain most of the heathen customs and superstitions; they observe the rules of caste as the Hindoos do; and they celebrate festival days, only substituting the images of their saints for the idols of the gods. In fact in some places the *same car* is used on festival days for the idols of the gods, and on Romish festivals for the images of the saints!

From all this degrading idolatry and superstition under the name of Christianity God mercifully delivered our beloved missionary, Mr. Thomas. He gave up all to follow Christ, when he first received Christ as his only Saviour. He became a colporteur and itinerant preacher in connection with the Church of England and the Wesleyan Missionary Societies, and then when he became convinced from a study of the Scriptures that infant sprinkling was not Christian baptism, he became a Baptist, and soon after he became our Missionary.

The station assigned to him is at St. Thomas' Mount, a district about nine miles east of Madras, so called from the tradition that Thomas the Apostle was martyred there. There are two mounts or hills, a smaller and a larger one, both having Roman Catholic churches on their summits.

From the top of the larger one is a fine view of the cantonments or barracks of the soldiers who are stationed here, the Parade Ground of the Artillery, and the surrounding district which contains many villages. It forms the head quarters of the Madras Royal Artillery. A hamlet called Anthumbaukum, is the centre of Mr. Thomas' labours, and here a brick and mortar dwelling house has been provided for him, where he holds Divine service on the Lord's day, and meets enquirers for conversation on religion. Many Hindoos, Mahomedans, and Portuguese Roman Catholics have visited him at different times, and have heard from him what the Scriptures teach respecting true religion, taking away with them tracts and portions of the Word of God in their own languages.

Mr. Thomas is well acquainted with the Tamil and other native tongues, and has a thorough knowledge of heathen customs. He has read largely their Shastras, Pooranas, and other religious books, and has some knowledge of the Koran, and the history of the false prophet Mahomet and his successors, as well as a complete acquaintance with the teachings and ceremonies of the Romish Church to which he once belonged. He often silences his opponents by appeals to their own religious books. Heathenism, Mahomedanism and Romanism, are Satan's three great agents for the destruction of human souls in India; but there is a greater power than them all in the gospel which our Missionary, Mr. Thomas, preaches to them; for it is the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the Day and Sunday Schools which he carries on,—and of the opposition he meets with from the parents of the children; but as we have spoken of these before, we need not dwell upon them now.

Mr. Thomas is, though old in years, young in heart, and will, we trust, labour some years yet for Christ in India.

Let each one of our young friends pray that he may be spared to us for years to come. A portrait of Mr. Andriesz, our Missionary in Ceylon, was given in the "Pearls" for Oct., 1868, and next month there will be one of Coopoosawmy Row, our Missionary at Poonamallee ; so that our readers will have the likenesses of all our three Missionaries to refer to whenever they wish.

G. P.

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ON THE DEATH OF DEAR AMY.

SHE is gone ! our little darling,  
 And we are left behind ;  
 And as I sit and ponder,  
 These thoughts come o'er my mind.

" *Why* is she taken from us,  
 No longer here to dwell ?"  
 And then the answer comes, " Because  
 ' He doeth all things well. ' "

A sweet, sweet bud of promise,  
 We thought to have her long,  
 With her merry childish prattle  
 And her ever lively song.

Her busy little fingers  
 For work and music too,  
 Which shewed alike her readiness  
 For learning something new.

But now, her work is ended,  
 Her day of life is o'er,  
 And we *know* that she is landed  
 On Canaan's happy shore.

To give her up was hard, *so hard* !  
 But " what *He* wills is best,"

And now the little lamb is in  
 Her Saviour's arms, "at rest."  
 She but *began* life's journey,  
 With bright and sunny hours,  
 And all around her pathway  
 Were strewed earth's fairest flowers.  
 She tasted nought of sadness,  
 Her life had ne'er a thorn,  
 Nor ever was her bosom,  
 With grief or sorrow torn.  
 Her Father, in His kindness,  
 Spared her these various ills,  
 And now above in Heaven,  
 Her breast with rapture fills.  
 Not *long* she needed leading  
 By *our* unworthy hand,  
 A *better Guide* has led her,  
 To yonder happy land !  
 And we who still survive her,  
 His time would calmly wait,  
 Until we too are beckoned,  
 To enter Heaven's gate.  
 And there, we'll see our darling,  
 And say no more, "Farewell !"  
 With Jesus, and our loved ones  
 For evermore to dwell.

FANNIE E. G.

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BAD COMPANY is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first and second blows may be drawn out with little difficulty ; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood.—*St. Augustine.*



### ESTHER, THE ORPHAN.

**E**STHER DAY was deprived of a mother's tender care at a very early age, but she was blest with a most affectionate, domesticated, and godly father, who endeavoured as far as he was able, to perform the duties of both parents. He remembered and put into practice the advice of Solomon : "Train up a child in the way he should go." Prov. xxii. 6. As soon as Esther had arrived at a proper age she was sent to a good school, and in due time she had the entire management of his house, which was kept in perfect order. The pretty cottage was a picture of neatness and comfort. For several years the father and the daughter lived happily, studying to please each other in everything ; but, alas ! this was not to be of long continuance ; for when the daughter

was about nineteen, her father's health began to fail. Esther then became an attentive nurse, and although she obtained the best medical aid in the county, it was of no avail, for it was discovered that the disease was deeply rooted, and that she would soon be deprived of her only remaining comfort.

Mr. Day was sensible of his state, and though he felt deeply for the position of his child, he yet had "faith in God," and committed her to His care who has promised to be "the Father of the fatherless."

"I am sorry to leave you, dear Esther," said he one day, "but it is the will of our Heavenly Father, and we must submit."

Poor Esther was almost broken-hearted, and it was some minutes before she could reply.

"How can I bear to lose you, dear father? What shall I do?" said Esther.

"Put your trust in God, my child; He never fails to supply the wants of those who fully confide in him, and the orphan is His peculiar care."

Mr. Day then gave Esther directions respecting domestic affairs, his funeral, &c., and wished her to seek a suitable situation immediately after his death. Esther was deeply affected and wept most bitterly. "Do not weep for me, dear girl," said her father, "I am very happy, I cannot weep, but rejoice when I think of being for ever with the blessed Saviour who loved me, and gave himself for me. Hark, hark! listen to the angelic music! I shall soon be at home!" With these words he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Dear Esther felt her loss most keenly. Whether she was a decided Christian at this time is not certain, but the good instruction she had received was not altogether in vain. She endeavoured to settle all her affairs as her father had directed, and then obtained a situation as house-maid in a rich family

where many servants were kept. A sad reverse was this for her. She had been too hasty in accepting the situation before ascertaining it was an ungodly family. No order—no family worship,—no time for reading the Bible,—all was hurry and confusion. Her troubles began the first night. On retiring to rest she found that two other servants slept in the same room. Then came Esther's trial ; it was indeed a, time of great temptation ; for when she knelt down to pray Mary and Jane laughed, sneered, and said all manner of evil against her ; this troubled her a little at first, but she looked to Him who had been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin—and He gave her the victory. Thus was Esther encouraged to persevere. Sometimes Mary would hide her Bible, Jane would tear her hymn-book, and in every possible way did they endeavour to annoy and make her angry. Sad to say, they at last succeeded.

On the first Sunday she had an opportunity of going out, while in her room, dressing, they managed to lock the door quietly, and kept her a prisoner till service was over ; that irritated poor Esther, and she yielded to passion : this pleased her ungodly fellow-servants.

Mary and Jane now tried another scheme to draw Esther into sin. It was the custom with all these wicked servants on certain occasions (when the family were from home) to invite their friends, and entertain them with refreshments from their master's larder, the butler joining them and supplying abundance of wine from the cellar. Now Esther had reproved them for these dishonest practices, and of course refused to join them, though often intreated. However, all in the house had lately been less disagreeable, and used all their arts to induce her to make one of the party on the evening when master and mistress were going to Lady B——'s ball, when they intended having one at home, saying, "It is only for once, Esther, we will not ask you



again." Poor Esther began to ponder it over in her mind, "only for once: well, there cannot be very great harm in going just for once."

Having made up her mind to join them, she must have a fine new dress, for Mary and Jane thought it would not look consistent to appear at a dance in mourning. Thus we see how young people are led on from one act of imprudence to another; and also the necessity of being firm in resisting the first temptation to evil.

The evening at length arrived, and everything being prepared for carrying out the designs of these dishonest servants, the party assembled in the Servants' Hall soon after the carriage drove off with the family to Lady B——'s ball. The butler had been busy for several days at intervals, secreting a stock of his master's choice wines, and cook had spent all her spare time for a week in preparing the necessary refreshments at her master's expense. The entertainment was kept up till a very late hour, and the company, who had partaken too freely of the illgotten wine, became over excited, and quite forgot the hour at which the family was expected to return. The coachman and footman remained in waiting at Lord B——'s mansion. In the midst of their excitement, a loud rapping and ringing was heard, and it was soon understood that master and mistress had returned. All was then changed to consternation and confusion,—not one was in a fit state to attend the door. Though Esther had not indulged in the wine, she was ashamed to shew her fine dress; however, appear in it she must, there was not time to change, for the rapping and ringing continued. On the entrance of her mistress, Esther was not recognized, for the modest girl in mournful garb was changed into a fine dashing, would-be lady, bedecked with common finery, and the mystery was not explained till she had answered two questions, "Who are you?" and "How came you here?" which were uttered in one breath by the mistress.

The master compelled her to lead the way into the presence of the other servants, and then of course the whole was explained—everything told the truth for itself. The company were reprov'd, and commanded to depart immediately. Every servant was warn'd to leave as soon as others should be obtained. In vain did Esther plead to be forgiven, saying, it was the *first*, the *only* time she had done wrong, but neither master or mistress believed her ; she must leave.

In a few days all the new servants arriv'd, and the old ones were discharged with written characters which were not calculated to be the means of securing new situations.

Poor Esther had not a home to go to, and was therefore compelled to engage a poor lodging. Day after day she sought in vain for a situation ; as soon as she told where she had liv'd, she was known as one of the wicked servants who had been expelled from that good home for bad conduct. She obtain'd employment at needlework, but it was so badly paid for, that after paying her rent and bread for the week, only a trifle was left for other necessaries, and the poor girl became an object of pity ; she had been oblig'd to sell many of her clothes, and in the cold weather felt the want of them. One bright morning she had taken her last work home, and was returning to her miserable lodging, very unhappy, not knowing what to do ; when a kind Christian lady advanced to her, and said, " You look very unhappy, young woman, are you not one of the servants discharged from the Squire's last winter ?" Esther look'd ashamed, hung down her head, and repli'd, " I am sorry to say I am, lady." " I have no doubt you are sorry, and trust that affair will ever be remembered by you with regret. Are you in place now ?" said the lady. Esther then briefly related her circumstances, and Mrs. Ward, (the lady,) being in want of a nurse, kindly offer'd to take her into her service, to give her an opportunity of redeeming her character. Her heart now was fill'd with

gratitude to God, who had thus unexpectedly opened a way for her restoration.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward were truly godly people ; they soon discovered the state of her mind, and Mrs. W—— took great pleasure in giving her that instruction and direction which she needed. Her religious convictions were deepened. She felt the evil of sin; not only from its sad consequences in her recent experience, but she hated it because it was hateful to God ; and by degrees she was led to hope for forgiveness for Jesus' sake, and was enabled to "adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things."

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## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER XI. 1—13.

**T**HE Lord observes when tradesmen cheat ;  
He hates injustice and deceit.

Pride is accompanied with shame,  
But wisdom courts the lowly name.

Integrity shall keep and guide  
The upright from the foot of pride ;  
And while perverse transgressors die,  
The Lord will set his saints on high.

An hypocrite's deceitful tongue  
Only directs his neighbour wrong ;  
But all who in the Saviour trust  
Are by the Lord accounted just.

When with the righteous it is well,  
There is rejoicing where they dwell ;  
But when alas ! the wicked die,  
No tears bedew the mourner's eye.

Because a kingdom long shall stand  
 While righteousness pervades the land ;  
 But history has often shown  
 How wickedness is overthrown.

'Tis foolish others to despise,  
 But he who holds his peace is wise :  
 A tell-tale glories to reveal  
 What faithful friendship would conceal.

~~~~~  
 "FAR AWAY."

"Where is now the merry party,  
 I remember long ago ;  
 Laughing round the Christmas fire,  
 Brighten'd by its sunny glow ?  
 Or in summer's balmy evenings,  
 In the field upon the hay !  
 They have all dispers'd and wander'd  
 Far away.

Some have gone to lands far distant,  
 And with strangers made their home ;  
 Some, upon the world of waters  
 All their lives are forc'd to roam ;  
 Some of them are gone *for ever*,  
 Longer here they could not stay,  
 They have reach'd a fairer region,  
 Far away !

There are still some few remaining  
 Who remind us of the past ;  
 But they *change* as all things change here,  
*Nothing in this world can last.*  
 Years roll on, and pass for ever  
*What is coming, who can say ?*  
*Ere this closes, many may be*  
*Far away !"*

**I**T sounded *prophetic*, that last verse, as we listened to it  
 being sung that happy evening long ago. And yet, it

wasn't so long ago, after all, though it seems so now. It was just at the beginning of this year. The glad New Year had been welcomed in; we were well and happy, and looking hopefully forward to a bright future. We had had a happy, social gathering that evening. Many friends had met together, and spent a few pleasant hours in each other's society. The time wore on, and one after another left. The small hours had come, and we were thinking about breaking up our party, when a young lady sat down to the piano, and sang—not inappropriately—the above verses.

She sang very sweetly and with much pathos, and we,—unlike many on such occasions,—listened attentively.

There were not very many of us left, only a few of the *dearest* friends who lingered yet a little longer. We were all touched, but there was one whom it seemed to please and impress more than any of the others, and she directed the closer attention of another to it.

She was young, and in good health; indeed there was not one amongst us, who looked so well, and so unlikely to die soon as she did on that evening! I believe at her request the last verse was repeated, and then I remember she made some remark about it. *What* it was I cannot recall, but it had reference to the changes which are always going on in this transitory world, and was made half in fun and half in earnest.

I cannot say I felt sad exactly, but an indefinable *something* made me pensive and thoughtful for the rest of the time we were together, which feeling always came afterwards whenever I heard that song; but *now*, I cannot hear it without being thoroughly sad.

Soon after, the company dispersed,—never again *all* to meet. *Never* did I say? God grant that we *may all* one day meet in our Father's house, where there will be no breaking up,—but, I mean, never to meet *here*.

Long before the New Year had half gone, that young friend of ours, whom we had loved for so long, was called away.....

Our friends,—how they leave us ! How, through strangely varied, and oft-times very sad circumstances we lose them ;

“ In the Golden City yonder  
They'll love us, and not leave us ! ”

Those words—how they haunt me !

“ There are still some few remaining,.....  
But *they change* as all things change here.”

Yes, yes, “ *they change.* ” Oh, this *changing !* it is so sad ! How, in this evanescent life we long for a constant, an abiding Friend ! Such is “ *Jesus Christ, the same yesterday to-day, and for ever !* ” He is a Friend who is *always the same !* Is he *your* Friend, dear reader ?

.....“ Far away,” from the cares, and anxieties, and sorrows of life, there is, in Abney Park Cemetery, a lonely, grave, where quietly sleeps the body of that dear friend of ours.....

Christmas is drawing near, and soon there will be the usual merry parties to rejoice together at this festive season ; but in how many homes, *one* will be missed from the happy group who was with them last year ! *I* may be absent, or *you*, dear reader ! Have you thought of that ?

“ Ere *this* closes many may be  
Far away.”

And *we* may be among the “ many.” *Are you ready ?*

May we all so live, that, when we die, the going “ far away,” may be but going to be with Jesus, which will be “ far better.”

“ Far away ! Far away !  
Where sin cannot enter, where tears never flow,

Where the noontide of light  
 Never fades into night,  
 The Home of the weary, 'tis thither we go,  
 Far away.

“Far away! Far away!  
 No care or temptation e'er reaches that place,  
 Where the sorrowless throng  
 Sing the Heavenly song,  
 As they lean upon Jesus and gaze on His face,  
 Far away.

“Far away! Far away!  
 Oh! take us dear Father when Time shall be o'er,  
 When we enter the river,  
 Our spirits deliver,  
 And lead us to glory, to reign evermore,  
 Far away.”

L. A. G.

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### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**M**Y whole is an ancient but gracious exhortation, which consists of 31 letters. My 19, 29, 2, 12, 25, give the name of a high priest. My 23, 12, 4, 28, 19, a prophet. My 4, 9, 29, 3, 21, a king of Edom. My 29, 8, 18, 26, 25, 4, a city. My 15, 19, 1, 10, 2, the means of a great miracle. My 25, 12, 29, 27, a patriarch. My 6, 4, 2, 19, 28, 20, a distinguished people. My 4, 29, 11, 17, that to which the saints are compared. My 8, 29, 21, 10, 25, 22, a scripture weight. My 4, 9, 16, 28, 11, 14, that which the Lord is unto his people.

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### ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA.

“RUTH THE MOABITNESS.” [Moses—Samaria—Uriah  
 Bathsheba—Thomas—Rabbi—Tarsus—Rahab—Urim—  
 Thummim—Tabitha—Tarshish.

Correct answers have been received from

|                                   |                                 |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Miss A. Amey, Stratford,          | Master T. W. Briscoe, Finsbury. |
| ” A. E. Curzons, Park-street, W.  | ” A. Thorne, Eaton Bray.        |
| ” S. E. Last, Harleston, Norfolk. | ” E. Thorne, ditto.             |
| Master A. Briscoe, Finsbury, 1    | ” E. J. Welch, Merton, 1        |



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Vol. X.

December, 1871.

No. 128.

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### THE OLD YEAR.

**D**ID you ever have anyone ill in your house? Your mother perhaps, and so ill that the doctor had to come several times a day, and your poor father looked so sadly upon you, as he thought how soon perhaps you might be *motherless!*

Do you remember how the knocker was muffled, and you went about the house so softly on tip-toe, that not the least sound should disturb the dear sufferer? How you spoke in whispers, and hushed your fretful little baby brother, and checked the noisy laugh whenever you heard it, for, it might be, mother was *dying?*

How sad you felt, and what a dreary sense of loneliness came over you when they told you she was *dead!* You don't forget it—you can't, nor the feelings of remorse, as you called to mind little unkindnesses and negligences you had shewn her! What would you not have given to have had

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.



her back again, just for a little while, to shew her how sorry you were for ever having caused her grief, and to make amends for it by your loving, dutiful conduct? But it was too late, and bitterly did you mourn!

And now, we are *all* feeling sad, for all are going to lose a friend. *The Old Year is dying.* It has been a friend to us all!

“The year is dying! Old and feeble grown,  
Its last sad days are passing silently;  
Soon shall we listen to the parting moan;  
Soon will it bear its record-book on high.  
The bright, fresh life that cheered us with its stay,  
Is passing like all earth-loaned things, away!”

Don't you remember how it came joyously ushered in by merry chimes? How bright, and young, and beautiful it was! How full of kind wishes from dear ones! How crowded with plans and expectations for the future! And what resolves we made that it should indeed be a good and happy New Year! You remember, too, how glad and sunny were our spirits when the first fair Spring flowers gladdened our eyes, the snow-drop, crocus, violet, and primrose! Then came Summer, laden with flowers, and warm, sunny days; and soon came Midsummer holidays; and hot, scorching days passed almost unheeded for we were enjoying the cool sea breezes. Then came sober Autumn, grave and quiet days; but, to some, very happy; did you not all think so that afternoon you went nutting? And now Winter is here—cold, foggy days, and the year, which eleven months ago was so gay and young, is now *old*. Christmas is coming! How some of you are looking forward to this! It's such a happy time, isn't it? Do you anticipate a very happy Christmas? I hope you'll get it, all of you. But just listen to a few words more. One week after Christmas, and this old friend of ours—this year which has brought to some so much happiness, to some so much sadness, will die.

Methinks it looks at us with a sad and earnest gaze. How have we carried out our resolves? those promises that we made at the beginning of the year, to live a better, holier life—to be more kind and thoughtful to those around us—more loving and unselfish—more obedient to God—more watchful over self—more like Jesus? Oh, it has not been the *happy* year to us that it *might* have been! What opportunities we have neglected! But, though so much of our time has been wasted, there is yet a little while left. The Old Year is fast dying, but it will stay with us yet a little longer. May God give us grace even now to repent of the past, and to live the last few weeks as now we wish we had lived all through the year. God will help us if we sincerely ask Him. With His help, shall we not all try?

L. A. G.

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

CHAPTER XI. 14—31.

**W**HERE counsel fails, the city falls,  
When enemies besiege its walls;  
Wisdom must be combined with might  
To put the enemy to flight.

Those who for strangers surety stand  
Shall smart for having signed their hand:  
The path of safety ever choose;  
'Tis always wiser to refuse.

A gracious woman shall retain  
Her character without a stain;  
As few a mighty man can wrong,  
So in the grace of God she's strong.

He who relieves another's need  
Receives a blessing in the deed;  
But he who acts a cruel part  
Shall suffer deep remorse of heart.

The froward heart should be abhorred,  
 'Tis very hateful to the Lord ;  
 But he whose heart and way are right,  
 Through grace Divine, is his delight.

Though hand in hand united be,  
 The sinner cannot judgment flee ;  
 But Christ, the Righteous, and his seed,  
 This is a union blest indeed.

As swine if decked with gems and gold  
 Would be unseemly to behold,  
 So is a face exceeding fair  
 Without the grace of wisdom there.

There is who scatters, yet has more ;  
 There is who layeth up in store,  
 Withholding even from his friends,  
 And yet to poverty it tends.

When plenty empties out her horn,  
 The man who hoardeth up the corn,  
 And thus deprives the poor of bread,  
 Shall bring a curse upon his head.

For they who in their riches trust  
 Shall find they are but sordid dust,  
 While those whose godliness is staunch  
 Shall flourish like a fruitful branch.

Even on earth the saints receive  
 Blessings which make it gain to live ;  
 But greater blessings yet remain,  
 And hence to them to die is gain.

But while the righteous shall receive  
 The crown of life their Lord shall give,  
 Oh what shall be the just reward  
 Of those who do not love the Lord !



### ESTHER PRICE'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

**C**HRISTMAS-DAY had come at last, and Esther Price was up betimes, for she was going to have a holiday, and George Murton, to whom she was engaged, was going to accompany her on a visit to her parents at Bromley. He was a good steady young man, and she had written home to her parents telling them of her engagement: they, wishing to judge for themselves, had invited him to come down with Esther on Christmas-day. He willingly accepted the invitation, being anxious to know in what kind of home the

young woman whom he hoped would soon be his wife, had been reared—which was quite natural. Young girls should always be warned at once, if a man who professes attachment to them is unwilling to meet their friends, that he is either deceiving them, or that he has cause to be ashamed of his past life.

This was not the case with George. Esther found him waiting for her at the station, and a very pleasant journey they had together. At Bromley Station they were met by Susan Price, Esther's elder sister, who also had a holiday: she was in a better situation than Esther; still there was a difference between the smart Esther and her neat sister.

They were soon at the cottage, and after the first introduction, George was left in the kitchen with Mr. and Mrs. Price, while Susan and Esther ran off up stairs together, to have a gossip. When they reached the bedroom Esther's first words were—

“Oh, Susan, how dowdy you do look, to be sure, in that old brown merino, and for Christmas time too! Didn't you know George was coming with me?”

“Never mind, Esther,” said her sister, laughing, “I dare say George will be too much occupied looking at you to notice my dress, and besides, see how nicely it sets off your bright blue one. True, I had it last Christmas, but it has been taken care of, and I have put new velvet on the sleeves, and really I think of making it do for best all the winter.”

“Oh, Susan, what a miser you are, and you get so much more than I do!”

“No, dear,” said Susan, gently, “I am not a miser, but you see I wanted to lay out a little for father and mother. Father gets so infirm now, he wants many comforts, and mother's best bonnet was far shabbier than my dress.” Esther coloured with vexation, and said, “I wanted to have brought them something, but as George was coming with me I was

forced to have a new dress, bonnet, and jacket, and really my money was all gone before I knew it."

As service was held that morning in the place of worship she was accustomed to attend, Mrs. Price went with George and Esther, Susan insisting on staying at home to prepare dinner and wait upon her father.

Mrs. Price wore a nice new black satin bonnet, and in the fulness of her heart could not help praising her dear thoughtful Susan, who had agreeably surprised her by bringing it home with her; but a greater surprise awaited them, as they returned; instead of father having his usual seat on the settle, they found him in the little parlour, where Susan had dinner laid ready for them, seated in a comfortable easy chair—Susan's present. She had got a neighbour to bring it from the station the night before, and without their knowledge had placed it in the parlour which was seldom visited. The good mother fairly cried for joy: "Just the thing she had so often wished for," she said.

The shabby dress was accounted for now, all the year Susan had been saving for these Christmas gifts to her parents.

Poor Esther felt very unhappy at the thought of her own selfishness, and ended by getting quite angry with George, for praising Susan warmly on their way home; from that night a coolness sprang up between them, and their engagement was broken off.—Not long after, George Murton was sent by his master to do some work not far from Susan's home, he sought her out, renewed his acquaintance with her, and ere long married her, feeling sure so good and self-denying a daughter, would make a good wife.

Esther also is married, but has reason to regret her sharp speeches to George Murton that Christmas night, and to wish her home were like her sister's, where the only contention between husband and wife is which shall be most unselfish, and strive most to make the other happy.



M. A. COOPOOSAWMY ROW.

### OUR MISSION.

**N**O doubt our young friends have been anxiously waiting to see the face of their good friend Coopoosawmy Row. They now have that pleasure. But we fancy we hear many of them exclaiming—However came he to have such a funny name? We will tell you.

When a son is born in India there is great rejoicing, and respectable Hindoos keep an astrologer in waiting, who professes to cast his nativity, and to write down the future of the little stranger. This writing is called a horoscope. All this was done when our missionary was born. The next important event is the naming of the child. The astrologers and the Brahmin priests take part in this also, and after a very strange ceremony the name of the child is pronounced three times. I should have thought that once was enough to pronounce such a curious name as this, shouldn't you? *Coopoosawmy* is the name of a Hindoo idol, in honour of which our missionary was named. *Row* is the name of the caste to which his family belonged.

Coopoosawmy Row was brought up, like other Brahmin youths in India, to reverence and worship the gods of his fathers. His home was at Manargoady, where the only white faces in the place were those of the Wesleyan missionary, his wife, and his children ; his father sent him at the age of sixteen years, to the Wesleyan Mission School at Manargoady, *solely with a view to the secular instruction there given.* Here he witnessed the conversion of two of his schoolfellows and was led to serious reflection on the subject of personal religion. The suspicions of his father became aroused, and he was soon removed from the school.

In the beginning of May, 1862, he returned to his native town, Manargoady, to perform some idolatrous ceremony ; and when there, it came into his heart to visit his old teacher at the Mission-school. The teacher, after some general conversation, pointedly asked him whether he had given up all thought of seeking the true religion and the salvation of his soul. The question went like an arrow to his heart, and thus aroused, he resolved before leaving the town, to call and see the English missionary, Mr. Simpson. "I had several interviews with him," says Mr. S., "and in the end, all my doubts respecting the reality of his concern about his soul vanished. I saw him to be deeply moved in heart and conscience, and anxious above all things to 'flee from the wrath to come,' desiring, at all costs, to become a Christian."

But how much it cost him to become a Christian we who live in England can form little idea. Yet, like Moses, who esteemed the "reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt," Coopoosawmy was determined to follow the Saviour, who has said, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." That is, we must love Christ more than our



dearest friends. And Coopoosawmy evidently does this. For his father, and mother, and all his friends, have forsaken him and cast him out. Though, first of all, his father tried hard to get him to give up Christ, and even went so far as to go to law with the missionary who had been his friend, as if he had used improper influence over him. But as Hindoos are considered of age at sixteen, and Coopoosawmy had attained this age, it was decided that he was capable of judging for himself. His aged father implored him not to bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave ; his young wife, newly betrothed to him, entreated him with all the warmth of a first love, not to leave her. Added to this, there was the disgrace of losing caste, and becoming an outcast, with whom not one of his relatives would ever eat, or so much as drink water drawn from the same well. All his worldly prospects, both of wealth and happiness, now hung in the balance ; and had it not been that the secret hand of God sustained him, who can doubt on which side the scale would have turned ? But, like Moses, he “ *endured*, as seeing Him who is invisible.”

After this, his father went to law a second time, and tried to prove by means of a piece of paper purporting to be his horoscope that he was under fourteen years of age. But his evidence signally failed, and the magistrate dismissed the case. His father now relinquished his attempts to induce his son to return to his former belief and practice as a Hindoo ; in fact he had, in a sense, lost his son already by his breaking his caste, it being sufficient for this that he should simply have partaken of a cup of coffee at a Christian’s table. As a Christian, Coopoosawmy found new friends, and soon proved himself competent to teach and preach the religion of Jesus, which he had endured so much to embrace. He acted as catechist in connection with the Wesleyan Mission at Madras till the year 1866, when he

became convinced that he had not yet professed Christ in Christ's appointed way, and notwithstanding the reproach and opposition which such a step involved, was baptized at Madras, and was admitted a member of the Baptist church at Perambore, his wife also joining him in his new career. He now cast himself on the providence of God for support ; and was for some time employed by the railway company of that place. The same year, however, he was engaged by the "Strict Baptist Mission" in England as their missionary amongst the Tamil and Telugu population of that district. In this capacity he has continued to labour ever since, and has won the confidence and esteem of many both in this country and in India. He has amply proved the sincerity of his profession on entering on this sphere of labour. "From the beginning," he writes, "my desire has been to consecrate my life to the service of King Jesus; preaching and teaching the gospel to my perishing fellow-countrymen." The Lord has blessed his labours ; and he has recently had the happiness of forming a small church of baptized believers in Poonamallee, where he is now stationed.

And now, young friends, let us ask—How many of you love Jesus as much as Cooposawmy? The words of the Saviour are indeed solemn, "He that is not with me is against me." "Who is on the Lord's side?"

#### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**O**NE who resigned the joys of earth,  
 Because he was of heavenly birth.  
 One who Jehovah's favour shared,  
 Whose life was from destruction spared.  
 One who rejoiced the Lord to see,  
 When he assumed humanity.  
 One who was blessed in early days,  
 To serve the Lord and love his ways.  
 One who did evil in God's sight,  
 And hence loved darkness more than light.

A servant of the King of kings,  
Who wrote of many solemn things.

A Christian's name the initials spell,  
With whom an apostle stayed ;  
An ancient town the finals tell,  
Where once a search was made.

Merton Abbey.

E. J. WELCH.

### SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

**W**ITHOUT my first, the Bible ne'er had been,  
Which shows the origin of death and sin ;  
Which shows us too that Jesus came to save,  
And, dying, conquered death, and left the grave.

My second in the temple oft was seen ;  
Without it not a sacrifice had been  
Acceptable to God ; for blood must flow  
For sin, ere God his pard'ning grace will show.

My whole was used to make and to repair  
My first, and therefore needed skill and care ;  
'Twas *misused* once, because a certain King  
Had read the judgments God had said he'd bring.

JOSIAH.

A Bound Volume of the " Pearls " will be given for the best answer to the above. Answers to be sent to the Editor, care of the Printers, not later than December 9th.

### ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA.

" TRUST IN THE LORD WITH ALL THINE HEART." [Aaron  
Hosea — Shaul — Athens — Water — Noah — Israel — Salt —  
Talent — Shield.]

Correct answers have been received from

|                                  |                                     |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Miss A. E. Cursons, Park-st., W. | Master W. Gillett, Pulham St. Mary. |
| " S. E. Last, Pulham St. Mary.   | " A. T. Iles, Banstead.             |
| Master F. R. Cursons, Park-st.   | " G. Iles, do.                      |

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several interesting papers are unavoidably postponed for want of room. They will appear in our next.

**BALFOUR & SONS, Printers, Banner-street, Finsbury.**

# PEARLS

FROM THE

## GOLDEN STREAM.

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“That sacred stream thy holy word.”—*Watts.*

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*Price One Shilling.*

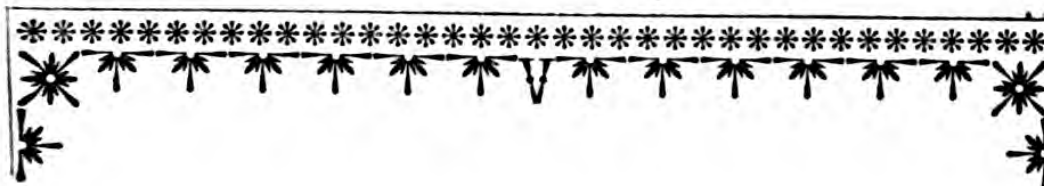
## PREFACE.

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THE completion of the Eleventh Volume affords the Editor another opportunity of thanking his valued Correspondents for their repeated kindness, and his Subscribers for their continued patronage.

The circulation has slightly improved of late, and this will enable the Editor with the New Year to improve the Magazine, both as regards the quality of the paper on which it will be printed, and the Engravings with which it will be embellished.

Will correspondents kindly study *brevity*, that the "Pearls" may be made more attractive by the *variety* of its articles?



## INDEX.

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|                                                                   |                                                 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE, AND WHAT THEY SAY TO MAN                    |                                                 |
|                                                                   | 42, 55, 70, 84, 102, 117, 134, 153, 184         |
| Book of Proverbs Versified.....                                   | 27, 62, 78, 88, 108, 141                        |
| Behemoth .....                                                    | 102                                             |
| Church or Chapel? .....                                           | 6                                               |
| Christmas, School Song for .....                                  | 12                                              |
| Christmas Tree, the.....                                          | 182                                             |
| Coals, where do they come from? .....                             | 59, 73, 105                                     |
| Camel, the .....                                                  | 84                                              |
| Come to Jesus .....                                               | 120                                             |
| Dog, the .....                                                    | 70                                              |
| Enigmas and Charades, 15, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 127, 128, 143, |                                                 |
|                                                                   | 159, 175, 176                                   |
| ———Answers to.....                                                | 16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 128, 144, 160, 176 |
| Elizabeth and her Cow .....                                       | 104, 119                                        |
| Fanny May; or, How God punishes .....                             | 81                                              |
| Faith, the Nature of.....                                         | 142                                             |
| Geneva, the Young Workman of .....                                | 115                                             |
| Harry, our .....                                                  | 150, 166, 177                                   |
| Isle of Wight, A Visit to.....                                    | 17, 33, 49, 65, 90, 97                          |
| “I love you, and I must come after you”.....                      | 140                                             |
| Lion, the .....                                                   | 42                                              |
| Leopard, the .....                                                | 55                                              |
| Lines written on seeing an Aged Couple at a Workhouse-door .....  | 110                                             |
| Leviathan .....                                                   | 117                                             |
| Missionaries' Watches, the .....                                  | 3, 26, 42, 63, 79, 95, 111, 172                 |
| Mission, Our.....                                                 | 114                                             |
| Men in Irons.....                                                 | 137                                             |
| Missionary's Furlough.....                                        | 156                                             |
| New Year, the: who will live to see its close? .....              | 1                                               |

|                                                 |                |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Pillayar Ohavati .....                          | 29             |
| Prayer .....                                    | 109            |
| Servants, the two.....                          | 123, 129       |
| Sloak Gatherers, the.....                       | 145, 161       |
| Shepherd of the Danube.. ..                     | 149            |
| “Suffer little Children to come unto Me.” ..... | 164            |
| Tea Party, the .....                            | 24             |
| Unicorn, the .....                              | 134            |
| Walter Coker, how he became a doctor .....      | 12, 21, 37, 53 |
| Winnie, our darling .....                       | 15             |
| Workman of Geneva, the Young .....              | 115            |



**The VOLUME for 1871 is NOW READY, price 1s.**



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Vol. XI.

January, 1872.

No. 129.

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**THE NEW YEAR: WHO WILL LIVE TO SEE ITS  
CLOSE?**

**T**HIS is an important question for each little girl and boy who reads these pages ; but not so important as another question, viz., Do you love Jesus Christ? If you can answer the latter as Simon Peter did, and, appealing to the Saviour, say—"Lord, thou knowest all things,—thou knowest that I love thee,"—it matters comparatively little whether our lives be long or short, so that the great end of our lives has been answered.

Perhaps you are just about to put these thoughts from you, and to lay down this little book, saying, "There is time enough yet for me to think about death." But can you answer the first question—Who will live to see the close of the year we now call *new*? If not, are you safe in putting these thoughts from you?

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London : HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.



We have recently received an interesting account of a little girl named Lucy Jane Goult, of Bottisham Lode, Cambs. She commenced the year 1871 with you, but she is now in heaven. She had been drooping for some time, but at the end of February last she was taken worse. In April she was confined to her bed, and was only dressed twice afterwards. She suffered much pain in her head, and gradually wasted away till she was little more than a skeleton. At the former part of her illness, she used to fret a great deal, and feared that if she died she would not go to heaven. She asked her mother what it was to be born again, and said she loved the 3rd chapter of the Gospel by John the best in the Testament. Her mother endeavoured to explain what it was to have a new heart.

She turned down many favourite portions of scripture; and since her death her mother has found a number of scripture passages written on slips of paper among her books.

One day, she called her mother to her, and said she had had such a sweet text occur to her mind. It was this:—  
“Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

Her teacher used [to let the scholars choose the hymns they would learn, and it is somewhat remarkable that many months before her death she chose and learnt the hymn commencing—

“Let me think if I were dying,” &c.

While ill, she used to select the hymns for her father's class, before he went to Sunday-school. The hymn commencing—

“Here we suffer grief and pain,”

was a special favourite, and many others in the Sunday-school hymn book.

She was an attentive reader of the "Pearls" and "Little Gleaner;" many times she has been observed shedding tears with much emotion as she read their pages; and shortly before her death she called her mother and requested that when the Lord should take her away, her mother would write to the Editor of the former and tell him of her death. This her mother has kindly done, and although personally unknown to the Editor, he cannot but sympathise with her in this and in other similarly afflictive circumstances. Yet, what a mercy that the Lord prepared his little one for himself before he took her away!

Although she suffered much, yet when asked if she felt happy, she replied, "Yes;" and when questioned she said she was not afraid to die. At one time she *had* been afraid, but the Lord removed the fear of death before he called her to himself.

When very near her end, her mother asked her to hold up her hand if she felt happy when she was going. In a few minutes, she raised both hands as high as she could, and, as the breath escaped her lips, she gently gasped—"HAPPY!"

Was not this a happy death, dear children? You do not wish to die, I know. But if God saw fit to take you, would you not be ready to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like" hers? Little Lucy has not lived to see this new year; but yet, what a happy new year it is to her! She has gone where everything is new, for she herself was made a new creature in Christ Jesus; and now she sings the new song in the New Jerusalem.

---

## A MISSIONARY'S WATCH.

### AN APPEAL TO OUR READERS.

**W**E all know how useful, not to say indispensable, a watch is to those who have much business to attend

to, and especially to those who travel from place to place, and have but little access during the day to those clock-dials and timepieces which form part of the furniture in every house. But England is so abundantly supplied with the means of ascertaining the hour of the day, that we can hardly realize the difficulty felt in a country like India, where no church clock tells the time to the passer by, and domestic clocks and watches for personal use are few and far between. The European missionary, of course, carries one with him in his journeyings, and attends to his engagements punctually by its assistance. But the native missionary wishes to be regular and punctual likewise, and always aspires to the possession of a good English watch, as a part of his missionary outfit.

Our young friends will wonder why we dwell on this subject, and will perhaps think we are aiming at something personal and practical in making these remarks. We will not conceal from them any longer that their guess is a correct one. We *have* a meaning and a purpose in what we say; and when they know what it is, we feel sure they will say it is a good one.

We have in India two most excellent missionaries, whose portraits we gave in our numbers for November and December last. It so happens that we have lately had a letter from one of them, Coopoosawmy Row, and in it, without in any way asking us for a *good* watch, he makes it very clear that he has a very *bad* one. For instance, in a letter received a few months since, he said, referring to some professed converts to Christianity: "There are so many converts in other denominations, who, many of them, I do not know what to compare them to—they are *like my old watch!* It is in shape and appearance everything a watch should be; but it tells me many lies, and often I am deceived by its incorrect time. So many, in going to church, have the appearance of Chris-

tians ; but, in their daily lives, are anything but Christians."

Again, in a more recent letter, he asks the price of a good watch, although he supposes some may think he has little use for one ; but he informs such that, though a "*black* missionary, he loves *white punctuality*." He complains that his watch never goes well—that he has to wind it up "four times a day," and sometimes it will not go at all." He further says : "In Madras they sell English watches for 60, 70, 90, and 100 rupees (equal to £6, £7, £9 and £10.) I am too poor to buy them in Madras ; but in England I believe they are cheap."

Now, after this, we can hardly refrain from trying to raise sufficient money to send our friend Coopoosawmy a good watch—one that will be a suitable illustration of a *true* convert—one that is what it appears to be. Remember, it will be used in our service, and will be doubtless valued by him as a mark of our esteem and confidence. He works hard as our missionary, and wishes to be as regular and punctual as he is laborious and earnest ; and shall we not try to give him the opportunity of being so ? The same remarks apply to our senior missionary, Mr. Thomas ; and we propose to send him one also, if our young friends will help us. The sum required will not be large ; and if every Sunday scholar will send a penny, and every teacher sixpence, we shall easily raise the money, without touching the regular funds of the Mission.

Contributions in postage stamps, or by Post-office order, will be gladly received and acknowledged in the *Pearls*, by the Secretaries of the Mission, Mr. G. Pearson, Dartmouth-villa, York-road, Upper Holloway, N. ; or Mr. Josiah Briscoe, 17, Arlington-square, Islington, N.

[Next month we hope to insert the paper by Coopoosawmy, written expressly for the *Pearls*, giving an account of one of the Hindoo idols.—We are sorry again to postpone it. ED.]



### CHURCH OR CHAPEL?

“I’M a Churchman, sir,” said a man to me the other day, “because I’ve always been brought up to church.” “And you see,” said another, “I’ve never thought of these things as you have; but I’m a Roman Catholic, because all my friends are, and because I’ve been trained in the Catholic religion.”

Now you will all see how foolish both these acquaintances of mine were; because if their parents had been fire-worshippers, or Buddhists, or utter infidels, they, according to their own confession, would have been the same.

But I think I hear some of my little friends say, "Well, I cannot see why chapel is better than church. For my own part I like church as well or better, especially because of the organ." These little friends will perhaps see the difference more clearly if I tell them a true story about some people who would not go to church; not because they did not love God, but because they loved him too much to allow anybody to stand between God and themselves in worship. It would take too long to tell you a tenth part of the sufferings of those who would not go to Roman Catholic worship before the Reformation, and I have room only to give you for study two or three facts after that time.

But first I must tell you that many who loved Jesus Christ have refused to go to Roman Catholic churches to worship, for these reasons. The Roman Catholics say that the priest is like God to us, that is, that we are to believe all he tells us, to do all he says, and to tell him our sins and receive his forgiveness just as if God had pardoned us. They say that the piece of wafer (or thin bread,) which they use in the Lord's Supper, is really Christ's body after the priest has blessed it. And these things good people could not believe, and so they chose to worship God without a priest rather than go to the Roman Catholic church. You can read how these were burned and otherwise killed, in "Foxe's Book of Martyrs." These loved God's book so much, that some of them gave a great deal of money or property for only a part of it. I will just give you a few lines from an old book called "the Mirror of the Martyrs," published in 1651, and you can amuse yourselves after you have read it by correcting the old-fashioned spelling. "The fervent zeale of these Christian daies seemed much superior to these our daies and times. Some gave five markes for a booke. Some gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James. To see their travel, their earnest seeking, their

burning zeales, their watchings, their sweete assemblies, their love and concord, their godly living, their faithful meaning, may make us in these our daies blush for shame."

You know that when Luther, the German monk, preached against the Pope, a great many followed his example and would no longer believe the priests. And many in England tried to purify the church. They left off using many of the popish prayers, and the robes, in which clergymen used to dress. But they still made one very great mistake ; for they tried to make everybody go to church, whether people believed what was taught there or not. And we have still a law, passed in the time of Charles II., which says that all persons shall devote themselves to the duties of religion, both in public and in private on the Lord's day. They meant by this that all persons should go to church. But there were some then, as there always have been, who believed that in the Church some things were believed and done which the Lord Jesus never taught, and so these would not go. They used to meet by themselves, sometimes in woods to worship God ; and for this they were hunted like beasts, and fined, imprisoned, and even killed. Good John Bunyan was imprisoned in Bedford jail because he would preach, and Benjamin Keach was put into the pillory for writing a book for children, and other works. A wicked class of men called "informers," were constantly watching for these assemblies of good men, so as to report them to the officers, who seized them whenever they might be found. The picture shows how these little congregations were frequently disturbed. So as to persecute these good men, a law called the Conventicle Act was made, under which it was unlawful to meet, even for prayer, except in the churches ; and another called the Five Mile Act made it unlawful to meet for worship (except at church,) within five miles of a town. I have in my library a very curious

picture, copied from an old wood-cut, representing one of these meetings disturbed by an informer : it is in a work of Bunyan's.

In the times I refer to more especially, a Book of Sports was prepared, and every parish clergyman was commanded to read it in church in the morning. This book of sports made it lawful to play at "cat," (a very similar game to that of which boys now are so fond,) bull-baiting, &c., on Sunday afternoon. And yet the rulers who would allow God's day to be profaned thus, would not allow godly people to meet for preaching and prayer.

I met with a curious instance the other day, in which a godly preacher named Vavasor Powell was apprehended in 1670, for preaching at ten p.m. There being no prison near at hand, he and about fifty of his hearers were locked up all night in the parish church. But these Christian people made the best use of their time. Being safe from disturbance at least till morning, the people seated themselves in the pews, good Mr. Powell ascended the pulpit, and they held a midnight service, the text being Matt. x. 28 : "Fear not them that can kill the body," &c. And when in the morning Mr. P. was taken before the justice, he began to preach to his fellow-prisoners who were waiting with him, and even two of the judge's daughters were among his audience, being led to hear him from curiosity.

And now I think all my young readers will see that the worship of God is so solemn, that it is wrong to try to make any worship him in a way that they think is wrong. We believe the Roman Catholics are deluded, but we may not force them into our chapels. We are accountable to God, not to man : let us, then, examine ourselves as in his sight, and ask, Do we worship him in spirit and in truth ?

Worship, though very important, is very simple. A thought earnestly directed towards God—a child's simple



prayer is never unnoticed by God. What a mercy is it that we may pray, and that Jesus has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." But as he says also, "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint," let us be diligent. We need no priest and no prayer-book, and we may pray anywhere. Let us prove that God's promises are true, and "pray without ceasing."

J. T. B.

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 THE SEAMAN'S HOSPITAL.

**W**HY here is the "Dreadnought" we often have seen,  
 As down Father Thames towards Greenwich we've been:

A "man of war" once, but a hospital now,—

What a theme for my muse and my sentiment thou!

When I look at thy bulwarks, with deck above deck,

Thy name seems well chosen, thou fearedst no wreck;

A redoubtable ship thou hast been in thy day,

When an enemy happened to come in thy way.

Now worn-out, disabled, unfitted for war,

Thy mission is peaceful—more useful by far;

And men of all climes, sick or wounded at sea,

Find a quiet asylum, old Dreadnought, in thee.

Thus many a man who has formerly been

A terror to all his companions in sin,

By old age enfeebled, pretends to be mild,

And tells one he would'nt hurt even a child.

Repentance when genuine, even though late

Is sweet to behold, if the sinner but hate

The sins he has loved all his lifetime so well:

For sin that is hated ne'er sinks one to hell.

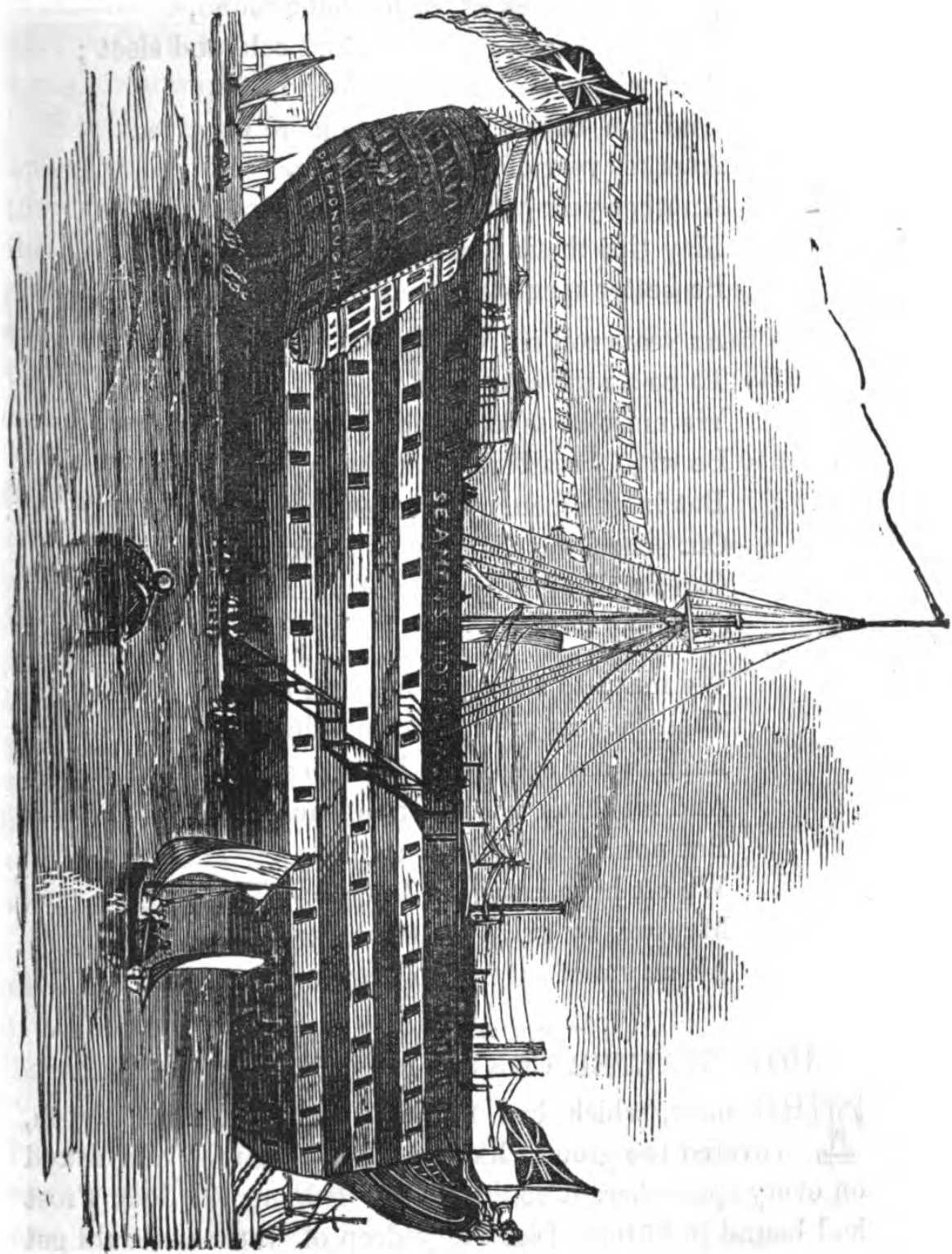
But 'tis sweeter by far when the angels begin

To rejoice o'er a child that repents of his sin,

Who is saved from the paths older sinners have trod—

And who lives a whole life of devotion to God.

JOSIAH.



## SCHOOL SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

**O**LD Winter has again come round,  
 With frost and snow, and cold and sleet ;  
 And we are here together found,  
 And you, dear friends, once more we greet.  
 Another year of life is gone,  
 Another year of study's o'er ;  
 May this that's just begun to dawn,  
 Be better spent than those before.

As years roll on, we cannot hope  
 To be a still unbroken band ;  
 We must be severed, and perhaps  
 Be widely scattered o'er the land.  
 But in our memories we can keep  
 Our school days, and with hearts content  
 Can dwell upon the past, and think  
 Of happy days we there have spent.

We mean to show our teachers dear,  
 Their labours are not all in vain ;  
 Each in our sphere we hope to shine,  
 And all that's noble here attain.  
 But not alone be this our aim,  
 We oft have heard of Jesus' love ;  
 May we, by grace divine renewed,  
 All may meet at last in heaven above.

FANNY E. G.

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 HOW WALTER COKER BECAME A DOCTOR.

**T**HE snow, which had fallen to a considerable depth,  
 covered the ground like a soft white carpet, and rested  
 on every spot where it could find a lodgment. Jack Frost  
 had bound in fetters of ice every drop of water he could get  
 at, and bitten everything upon which he could set his icy  
 fangs—even noses, toes, and fingers, he could not let alone.

Sliding, skating, and snowballing, were the order of the day. Numbers flocked to the parks to watch the skaters, or take part with them in the sport ; to laugh at the awkwardness of some, or admire the skill of others.

When surrounded by comforts and plenty, we too often know not how to appreciate God's good gifts ; it is when they are taken from us, we learn their true value. What, for instance, should we do without water ! yet, how little we prize it in proportion to its great worth ! Not till it is frozen and cannot enter our pipes and cisterns, but has to be carried from our street plugs, do we feel how precious is every drop.

A crowd of water-fetchers had gathered around a plug in the quiet neighbourhood of Dalston, with jugs, pails, and cans, of all sorts and sizes. There was much fun going forward, a pretty sharp game of snowballing being carried on. It was laughable to see the white balls, as they burst into powder over those they were thrown at, making them look like dusty millers. It was not, however, so laughable to have one of them lodged in the back of your neck, and there melting ere you could shake it off, trickle icily down your back ; yet, as in work, so in play, we must take the rough with the smooth, never minding a little annoyance or two, if we mean to get through the world peaceably.

“ Now, that's too bad, Wilson—don't ; its taking a mean advantage—not fair play. Don't you see she's got a pail in each hand ?—perhaps make her fall, it's so slippery just there.”

But Harry Wilson paid no heed to Walter Coker's words, but threw the large snowball he held in his hand at a young servant girl, who with her pails of water was making her way home, and watched with a grin of wicked pleasure to see her fall on the glass-like path she was treading. Nor was he mistaken. Down she came—much of the water going over her.

“For shame, Wilson!” cried Walter, indignantly; “look at the poor thing, how wet she is; she’s hurt her arm too. The least you can do is to fill her pails again, and carry them home for her.”

“Not I, indeed; go and help her yourself, if you’re so sorry for her,” replied Wilson, unfeelingly.

Walter’s face flushed with anger; but he did not reply, as he went to assist the poor girl.

A few minutes afterwards, Mary Wilson, Harry’s sister, came up to him, saying, “Do come and help me, Harry; mother wants us to get as much water as we can. I’ve been fetching it till my arms ache, and I’m so cold—do come, Harry dear, mother is waiting; you’ve been playing a long time, and have not helped me a bit.” Here Mary offered her brother the empty can she held.

“Then mother must wait, and you may fill the can yourself,” was the unkind reply.

The large tears stood in Mary’s eyes, as she turned from her brother. “I do not care so much for his roughness to me,” she murmured; “but to think he should be so unfeeling towards mother, who is doing all she can for him, and working so hard to send him to school—he does not deserve it. I can’t think how he can behave as he does; he almost makes me dislike him, though he is my brother, when I hear him speak so impertinently to mother. If poor father were alive, he dare not do so. I wish I could go to school, as well as he,” sighed the little girl; “how I should like to be a good scholar, and then to be a teacher—that would be nice!”

Walter Coker, having helped the poor servant maid, returned to the snowballers, in time to overhear Wilson say to a boy near him, “Jenkins, let’s give that old woman a pelting; it’s old Mother Lollypop.”

E. B.

*(To be continued.)*

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## OUR DARLING WINNY.

**L**ITTLE Winny was a blessing,  
 With her bright and laughing face ;  
 With her gentle ways caressing,  
 And her form so full of grace :  
 And we loved her oh how dearly !  
 For she was a ray of light  
 Beaming on us bright and clearly,  
 Filling us with sweet delight.  
 But the light grew faint before us,  
 And at last forgot to shine,  
 And appeared in heaven o'er us,  
 With a radiance all sublime.  
 Little Winny was to lead us,  
 She, our hope, our joy, our pride ;  
 And how sadly did it grieve us,  
 When she drooped away and died !  
 Now a shadow drear is falling  
 On the house she used to grace,  
 Every object still recalling  
 To our hearts her merry face.  
 But it will not last for ever ;  
 In that happier home above  
 We shall meet, no more to sever,  
 In a pure eternal love.

*Madras, India.*

MRS. H. F. D.

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 SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**M**Y whole is a sweet Bible sentence, containing twenty-  
 five letters ; and if realised, will give a truly happy  
 new year. 14, 11, 6, 25, 1, 13, 11, 5, a young man whom  
 Paul restored to life. 23, 12, 2, 8, 4, 18, 22, one of the  
 judges of Israel. 12, 9, 3, 14, a famous ancient city. 14,

17, 2, 18, 5, 11, 5, another city, where Paul once resided.  
 17, 14, 6, 18, 3, one of the apostles. 16, 8, 14, 5, 7, 17, 15,  
 10, 24, 11, 5, a friend of the apostle Paul. 5, 12, 14, 17,  
 13, 18, 8, a martyr. 20, 18, 5, 12, 11, 5, a governor of  
 Judea. 17, 14, 8, 6, 18, 1, 19, 5, 12, a Jewish feast. 15,  
 23, 17, 13, 8, 4, a high priest's son. 21, 10, 5, 17, 14, 22,  
 good news.

Wellingborough.

D. M. M.

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### ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA, &c.

1. MNASON—SHALIM. [MoseS—NoaH—Anna—  
 SamueL—OmrI—NahuM.]

2. CHARADE. PEN-KNIFE. The Best Answer, for  
 which the prize has been awarded, is as follows :

**T**HE first a *pen* I find to be,  
 By which the Lord has given  
 His word to men, that they might see  
 And hear of Christ and heaven.

The second is a *knife* which slew  
 The sacrifices brought  
 Near to the altar by the Jew,  
 And him redemption taught.

A *penknife* then will form the whole :  
 Jehoiakim, the king,  
 Did cut therewith the sacred roll,—  
 A very wicked thing. E. J. WELCH.

Correct answers have also been received from  
 Miss S. E. Last, Pulham St. Mary, 2 | Master G. H. Iles, Banstead, 2  
 Master A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2 |

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“The Book of Proverbs versified,” and several interesting  
 articles are unavoidably postponed from press of matter.

J. C. K.—Many thanks ; but not quite to our taste, nor  
 sufficiently explicit.

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## A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

### CHAPTER I.—THE JOURNEY.

**L**AST summer I paid a visit to the Isle of Wight. I dare say some of you have never been there, so I'll tell you what I can about this lovely "Garden of England," as it is called. But I'm no hand at elaborate descriptions, so I'll just tell you all I can remember of what interested me, in my own style, which, you know, I try to make as free and un-formal as possible.

This trip was a holiday one, and you all know that holidays are the more valuable and desirable if we've had to work hard for them. You know, when you are studying hard at school, puzzling your brains over difficult lessons, how you look forward to the holidays—how you long for them; and when they do come, how thankfully you cast aside school books and everything which would trouble and worry you, and then thoroughly enjoy them. I don't blame

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.



you for doing it. I'm glad you can : it's what grown-up people can't do.

They may, when they leave their homes, leave their *business* behind them, but the *cares* and anxieties of life go with them. *Christians* need not be so anxious and troubled, for they are invited to "cast their burden upon the Lord ;" but, although we feel that "He careth for us," we are so apt to neglect to cast *all* our care upon Him.

I took some of *my* care with *me*, so my holiday was not as pleasant and happy as it otherwise would have been ; but still my friends did all they could to make me happy, and I went to so many places of interest, that I should like to tell you something of what I saw.

For a comparatively short distance, the journey to the Isle of Wight is rather a tedious one ; but you shall hear all about it.

The night before, being busy, we stayed up till the small hours, yet for all that, we were awake soon enough in the morning to dress and take a tolerably comfortable breakfast before starting. Then we and the luggage were stowed away in a cab, which conveyed us to London Bridge Station in time to catch the seven o'clock train. Then came a long and somewhat tedious ride of about three hours to Portsmouth. But there was plenty to see, for it's a very pretty line. It was a lovely July morning, warm and sunny, the sky very blue, and a light fresh breeze gently stirred the bright green and shining leaves. In some of the fields, the hay-makers were busily turning over the sweet-scented, new-mown hay, and in others, gracefully waved the golden corn. Cows, sheep, and horses all seemed to be enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, and the birds were singing joyously for very gladness. Many bright fair wild flowers charmed our delighted and admiring eyes as we hurried past.

Sometimes we saw in the distance a handsome mansion ;

then again a pretty snug little cottage with thatched roof and climbing flowers attracted our attention ; the tall spire of a distant church rising amongst the trees, or the gray walls of an old ruined castle. We passed some quaint little churches, and saw Chichester Cathedral and Arundel Castle. Just before we reached Portsmouth, my attention was arrested by seeing some large black letters, painted on a white board, and placed in a conspicuous position. There was a row of houses, and in the upper room of one of them I noticed an elderly lady, apparently an invalid. The window was thrown open, and she was reclining in an easy chair. Above that window it was that I saw these words

“PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.”

I had often seen the same words in the Bible, but, somehow, seeing them, suddenly and so unexpectedly, they seemed to possess a new meaning. I thought of the journey I was then on, and reflected on the preparations I had made for it. I thought of the many hundreds who saw those words, and I wondered if they were prepared for that *last journey* which we must *all* some day take ; and a voiceless prayer went up to God that many by reading those words might be led seriously to look into their own lives and see whether they were prepared to meet their God.

Many times during that day, and in after days, a “still, small voice” seemed to be whispering solemnly to me, “Prepare to meet thy God.” Reader, are *you* prepared ?

. . . . As soon as we reached Portsmouth station, we stepped from the railway to the tramway, and were borne through the streets in the car to Southsea.

The tramway cars are not just like those we have in London. They are larger and rather more clumsy in appearance, but very comfortable ; divided into two compartments, first and second class.

Arrived at Southsea Pier, we stepped on to the steamer which awaited us, and our luggage which was hoisted above our heads in a most marvellous, and (to a novice,) somewhat *alarming* manner, finally descended, and was safely deposited on board. It took us about half-an-hour to cross the Solent; and this part of the journey was very pleasant, the sky was clear and sunny, and the sea calm.

Landing at Ryde Pier, we entered another "tram." Emerging from this after a short ride, we next got into an omnibus which took us to the railway station. Here we had to wait, but we were rather glad of a little rest, so half-an-hour passed very pleasantly, even though we were in a railway station, usually *not* one of the most attractive or interesting places. We found lying on the table some books from one of the Religious Tract Societies, from which I read one or two beautiful hymns and some brief fragments, well selected for the casual reader; and we entered into conversation with some of our fellow passengers, two elderly ladies. They had not visited the island for twenty years, and, as I looked at their black dresses and crape veils, I thought how very many, and how varied must have been the changes which those twenty years had wrought for them! At length our train arrived, and shortly after, we reached our destination—Sandown.

How strange the feelings which come to us when first we set foot in a strange place! A bewildered sort of feeling, not altogether unpleasant, as we walk with hesitating, uncertain steps down unknown streets, and look at unfamiliar houses!

Well, the first thing we did, was to get rid of what was just then our greatest trouble, the luggage, by having it safely deposited in the booking office, and then we set off in quest of apartments. We went to several places, but some were too far from the sea, some couldn't spare us as many

rooms as we required ; others had more than we wanted. At last we decided upon "Sydney Villa." It seemed to be all that was desirable, a pretty quiet place, and within an easy distance of the beach, the post office, and the railway station. That settled, we turned with weary feet towards the station, to leave our address with the porter, for the luggage to be forwarded, and then, having sent a telegram to tell of our safe arrival to kindly anxious friends at home, we retraced our steps.

Two hours of wandering about had made us look and feel all the worse for our journey ; our faces were flushed and our feet dragged slowly along. But a comfortable dinner in a cool, quiet room greatly refreshed us, and after a short rest, the business of "unpacking over," and an early tea, we were ready to go out on an exploring expedition : but of my numerous wanderings I must tell you in after chapters.

L. A. G.

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## HOW WALTER COKER BECAME A DOCTOR.

*(Continued from page 14.)*

**T**HE object which called forth this speech was an age woman, who appeared almost too weak to bear the empty pitcher she was carrying. Mrs. Dixon, such was her name, (not Mother Lollipop, as Wilson disrespectfully called her,) lived in a small parlour in a little back street ; she managed just to get a living by a trifle she earned by her needle, and by selling cakes and sweets. She was much respected, and there was not a child who went to her shop who did not like her. Such a pleasant way she had of speaking, that even when she told them of their faults, which she often did, she was seldom cross. But upon one or two occasions she had been very angry with Harry Wilson, and he owed her what he called a grudge, instead of feeling glad she had taken the trouble to correct him for his good.

"I should be sorry to do anything of the kind ; I like a bit of fun as well as any lad, but I don't reckon pelting an old woman with snowballs fun, it's downright cruel," said Jenkins.

"I think it fine sport," said Wilson, "here goes for number one."

"Stop!" cried Walter Coker, seizing Wilson's uplifted arm, "you dare to throw, and I'll make you remember it."

Wilson turned angrily upon Walter, and struck him a blow which sent him reeling to the ground.

Several boys now closed round the two lads. Walter Coker though a brave boy did not hold with fighting when it could be avoided, so quickly springing to his feet he seized his companion, soon had him down, and rolling him over and over two or three times in the snow, to the amusement of the bystanders, left him, and went to proffer his services to Mrs. Dixon, who little knew she was the cause of what had just taken place.

Walter was ever ready to give the helping hand and the kind word to those who needed it.

"I do not know you," said the old woman as she gladly accepted Walter's offer to carry her jug of water, "though I am sure you must be a good lad to help a poor old body like me."

"I am almost a stranger here," replied Walter. "It is but a few weeks since mother and I came from Yorkshire, where we used to live till father died, when uncle sent for us to come to live with him ; poor mother is now so ill I am sometimes afraid she will never get well again ; here a tear started to the boy's eyes.

"Poor child, poor child, you may well grieve when the dearest one you have on earth is in danger," said the old woman.

When Walter had carried what water Mrs. Dixon wanted,

he asked if he might do the same kind office next day, and so continued to do, so long as the frost lasted, always refusing to take the smallest gift in return, because he knew his poor old friend could not afford it.

Mrs. Coker grew worse and worse, and the doctor declared she could not live many days.

When Walter heard this he was almost heartbroken, for if ever boy loved mother he did ; he had sometimes hoped she would recover, but this terrible news crushed all his hopes. His grief was so great that scarcely knowing what he did, he rushed out into the street, and little heeding where he went, stumbled against some one. Upon looking up he found it was Mary Wilson ; she, poor girl, like himself was crying and in great distress.

“Oh, Walter, have you seen my brother?” she asked, “he has been away since morning. He asked mother if he might stay from school as he wanted to see the skating at the park ; then because she would not give permission, he was very impertinent, said he would go if he liked, with a great deal more. Still mother thought he would scarcely dare to disobey her so far, but when he did not come at dinner time, and we found he had not been to school, we felt very uneasy. We have been seeking for him ever since ; mother is nearly out of her mind about him, and I,” added the anxious sister, “fear he has ventured on the ice, and who knows what may have happened. Oh ! suppose he is drowned, won’t that be dreadful ? I always think something bad is sure to happen if we are disobedient. Do come with me, Walter, to try to find my poor brother.”

“I cannot, Mary, or I gladly would,” and here Walter told Mary of his mother’s dangerous state. The little girl though in such grief herself, consoled her friend who then returned home.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE TEA-PARTY.

BY KATE.

**O** DEAR! O dear! what *can* I do?  
 Sighed little Annie Gray;  
 I'm tired of pictures, tired of books,  
 And *almost* tired of play.

I've been and broke my prettiest doll—  
 My rabbit's runned away—  
 I'd go down-stairs, but cook's so cross  
 She wouldn't let me stay.

I'll find mamma—I guess that she  
 Can tell me something new;  
 She likes to 'muse me, too, she says—  
 She'll tell me what to do.

She'll tell me——but I 'member, now,  
 She's gone to town to-day,  
 And won't be back till two o'clock;  
 O dear! what *can* I play?

I guess I'll get my tea set out,  
 That dear aunt Jane gave me,  
 And make a party with my dolls,  
 And ask mamma to tea.

I'll say, I send my comp'iments,  
 And hope she'll come at four,  
 And bring her work, and stay to tea,  
 And—I can't think of more.

I'll go and dress my dollies now,  
 In all their very best :  
 Louisa Jane, come here to me ;  
 Sit still while you are dressed.

Miss Lily May, where's your white frock ?  
 I'll find it in a minute ;  
 Yes, here it is—and, I declare,  
 With two great holes torn in it !

Lucinda Ann, now where's your sash,  
 And ribbons for your sleeve ?  
 O dear ! you've dropped, and cracked your nose,  
 I really do believe.

Now all are dressed, you may sit down ;  
 You really look quite nice—  
 Now *do* sit still—for, if you fall,  
 'Twill break you in a trice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mamma is home, and says she'll come  
 And take her tea with me ;  
 So, dollies, you may take your place  
 Like company, at tea.

Now don't act quarrelous and bad,  
 But 'have as dollies should ;



And show that you are well brought up ;  
Else mamma'll think you're rude.

Now we are seated, mamma dear,  
How do you take your tea ?  
Three spoons of sugar, three of milk—  
Is that the way 't should be ?

*Not quite so sweet ?* Well, then, I won't ;  
But I should like *mine* so ;  
Louisa Jane, please pass the bread,  
And sit up straighter—*do*.

Here are some very nice p'eserves,  
Do try them, mamma, please ;  
And here's some honey—ain't it strange  
That this is made by bees ?

I'm 'fraid this cake's not very light ;  
(Jane's dropped her shawl, I'll pin it,).  
I guess that cook forgot to put  
A little sugar in it.

Oh, mamma, look ! there's Jenny Dean,  
She's come to play with me ;  
She's brought her doll's new carriage out,  
And dolly, too, I see.

I'd like to play with her *so* much,  
We'll have such fun, I know ;  
So, mamma, will you please play, now,  
*'Twas time for you to go ?*

THE LITTLE CORPORAL

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### THE MISSIONARIES' WATCHES.

**T**HIS response to our appeal of last month we have received the following contributions, which are hereby gratefully acknowledged. Other contributions are promised, but it

will be seen that we have not yet received sufficient for the purpose intended, and trust that other Sabbath-schools and Christian friends will kindly render aid. Soho Sabbath-school, per Mr. Falkner, 17s. ; Friends at Deptford, per Miss Stubbins, 12s. 6d. Edmund Sands, 4d. ; L. A. G., Islington, 1s. ; G. P., 5s. ; Mr. Minton, 2s. ; Mr. J. A. Banbridge, 2s. ; J. B., 2s. 6d. ; Master E. T. Briscoe, 6d. ; Master A. Briscoe, 6d. ; Master T. W. Briscoe, 6d. ; Master A. Thorne, 6d. ; Miss S. A. Thorne, 6d. ; Miss E. Thorne, 6d. ; Miss A. Thorne, 6d. ; Keppel-street Sunday-school, 17s. 6d. ; Mr. John James, 2s. 7d. ; Mrs. S., 1s.

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## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER XII.

**W**HO loves instruction shall be wise ;  
But brutish men rebuke despise.

A man of righteousness shall be  
Established like a rooted tree.

A good man, favoured by the Lord,  
Shall reap a lasting free reward ;  
But those who wickedness devise  
The Lord accounts his enemies.

Happy the man whose virtuous wife  
Doth crown and bless domestic life ;  
But strife, and brawls, and angry tones,  
Are rottenness within his bones.

The thoughts of righteous men are right,  
But sinners in deceit delight.  
The house of righteous men shall stand ;  
The wicked build upon the sand.

As is the wisdom of our ways,  
 So in proportion is our praise ;  
 And none should surely be surprised  
 That men perverse should be despised.

Better the man despised as poor,  
 Who has enough, nor craves for more,  
 Than he who makes a great display  
 And cannot fairly pay his way.

A righteous man regards at least  
 The life and comfort of his beast ;  
 And he who tills his land with care  
 Shall have enough and some to spare.

Not so the indolent and vain,  
 Who drag their net for unjust gain :  
 The snare they laid for others' feet  
 Shall close and work their own defeat.

Though folly's way in folly's eyes  
 Is right—'tis not so to the wise :  
 Good words and works in sweet accord  
 Shall ever meet a just reward.

Though others' wrath be quickly shown,  
 A prudent man conceals his own ;  
 He speaks the truth in righteousness,  
 And feels that he can do no less.

The lip of truth, which none can lure  
 From God, for ever shall endure ;  
 But lying lips, which God doth hate,—  
 A moment sometimes seals their fate.

There is whose words are sharp as swords,  
 But wisdom's words are healthful words.  
 Though in deceit the wicked trust,  
 No evil shall befall the just.

Seldom a prudent man displays  
 All that he knows in what he says :  
 Thus foolish men who love to prate  
 Can never sit among the great.

The diligent shall bear the sway,  
 While slothful men their tribute pay :  
 Who will not hunt has nought to roast ;  
 But diligence of wealth shall boast.

When sorrow makes the spirit sad,  
 A word of kindness makes it glad ;  
 Thus to the soul with guilt distressed,  
 A word from Jesus gives it rest.

The righteous is more excellent,  
 In action, spirit, and intent,  
 Than those who seek to lead astray,  
 And fall themselves in folly's way.

The way of righteousness is life—  
 Eternal blessings here are rife ;  
 And death can never enter in,  
 Because it is the fruit of sin.

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PILLAYAR CHAVATI,  
 THE "BELLY GOD" FESTIVAL OF INDIA.

[We insert the following account of the absurd origin of one of the principal annual festivals in India, in order that our young friends who contribute to the Mission may learn somewhat of the degrading nature of idolatry, and be thankful to God who has cast their lot in a land of Bibles and Christian privileges.]

**T**HE fictitious history of this disgraceful idol is as follows:—

Parvathy, wife of Paramasuvaran, the goddess, had no children, which among the Brahmins being considered a

great curse, she was very sorrowful. One day, when she was washing herself, she made an image of dirt and breathed into its nostrils; thus the image became a man, and she called him Pillay, which means "son," hence he is called Pillayar, "yar" being a term of respect and veneration. Parvathy gave a sword to her son, and told him to keep watch at the gate and suffer none to come into the house till she had finished her bath. While Pillayar was thus watching, the god Paramasuvaran (husband of Parvathy) came home, but was resisted by Pillayar. Paramasuvaran was so enraged that he snatched the sword and cut off the head of Pillayar and went into the house. Parvathy saw him coming in, and asked him whether he was not resisted in the gate by her son; he said he was, but did not know that he was her son, and had snatched his sword and killed him. Parvathy was greatly shocked at this, and would not be comforted. She demanded the same son from her husband, who likewise was very sorry. Upon this, he ordered his courtiers to bring him the first head they saw lying towards the north. They searched almost till daybreak, but did not find except one elephant, whose unfortunate head they cut off and brought to Paramasuvaran. He placed that head on Pillayar's shoulder and stitched it, so Pillayar had an elephant's head and long trunk. Moreover Paramasuvaran blessed him with blessings that they who worship him and pay offerings will have all their obstacles removed, and Pillayar is called Vignasuvaren, which means "god of obstacles." When people heard that Pillayar could remove all obstacles they offered him various gifts, &c. His birthday is called Pillayar Chavati, from Chavathy, which in Sanscrit means "new moon." At the new moon the whole city kept his birthday, and he went from house to house and ate to excess a kind of cake called modakum. His riding animal was a rat, which while he was riding could not bear him but

threw him down. The moon laughed at this, and Pillayar felt greatly insulted, and he cursed the moon to live only fifteen days in a month ; so the moon, from that day to this, shines only fifteen days.

After Pillayar's death, people built temples for him ; so you will see in India in every country, village, and street, Pillayar "coil," which means temple. They have made Pillayars of stone, and placed in the centre of the temples, and priests are appointed to wash and dress him. His horse, the rat, is placed in front of him. People pray and vow to Pillayar for everything they intend doing, especially marriages, &c. On the 18th of September, the people everywhere celebrated his birthday. On that day they make Pillayars of clay, one for each house. Some erect small temples of bamboo and plantain trees and nicely decorate them, and place mud Pillayars, and decorate them with many sorts of flowers, and make plenty of modakums and other cakes. The Brahmin priests go from house to house, and teach the occupants the mode of worship and sacred words, &c., and get offerings from them, such as cocoa-nuts, rice, sugar, money, &c., &c. If it is a Brahmin's house, they dine there; if not, they receive only the offerings. If you were here on that day, you would have seen plenty of these ugly Pillayars. I must confess, with shame and confusion of face, that in the days of my folly, ignorance, and heathenism, I, too, fell down and worshipped this disgraceful idol. But God be thanked for ever, for shewing me this great folly of sin, and for bringing me out of darkness into his marvellous light. Thanks are also due to the good Wesleyan missionaries, especially to the beloved Mr. W. O. Simpson, for his teaching and preaching the gospel to me when I was a heathen, and since then I have many a time stood at the shrines of this very Pillayar coils, read the Bible, and preached to my benighted countrymen to renounce these

follies, and follow Jesus, the good Saviour and my only dearest Master, whose I am and whose I will be by his grace till I am no more in this world, but found at the foot of his throne in the regions beyond the skies.

The heathens keep these mud Pillayars for three days in their house and worship them, and on the fourth day they throw them either into the rivers or tanks, till next Pillayar Chavati. O may the blessed day soon come, when they will throw away Pillayar and other idols to the moles and bats for ever and ever, and worship the God who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth, through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." "Let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done in earth, (yea, in India) as it is in heaven." Amen, says

M. A. COOPOSAWMY Row.

### SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

**M***Y first* belongs supremely to the Lord,  
Who formed my *second* by His mighty word:  
My *whole*, a title of respect conferred,  
To Christ himself in parable referred.

E. C.

### ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA.

"CHRIST IN YOU, THE HOPE OF GLORY." Col. i. 27.  
[Eutychus—Othniel—Tyre—Ephesus—Peter—Onesiphorus  
—Stephen—Festus—Pentecost—Hophni—Gospel.

Correct answers have been received from

|                                |                                 |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Miss M. L. Amey, Stratford.    | Master T. W. Briscoe, Finsbury. |
| " E. Butcher, Tring.           | " J. Foster, Drury-lane.        |
| " H. E. Hubbard, Dickleburgh.  | " A. T. Iles, Banstead.         |
| " S. E. Last, Pulham St. Mary. | " G. H. Iles, ditto.            |
| " S. A. Thorne, Eaton Bray.    | " W. Sillett, Pulham St. Mary.  |
| Master C. Barmore, Homerton.   | " A. Thorne, Dunstable.         |
| " A. Briscoe, Finsbury.        | " E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey.    |



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## A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

### CHAPTER II.—SANDOWN, BRADING, ARRETON, &C.

“SYDNEY VILLA,” is semi-detached, and pleasantly situated in a quiet road, near the sea. From one of our windows, we had a good sea-view, another looked out upon a field. The drawing room windows open on to a small lawn and well-kept garden. The house, like many others I saw, is built somewhat in the Indian style, a large verandah, with jessamine and honey-suckle twining round the trellis-work.

Some of the houses, too, are called by Indian names, such as “Mahableswur” and “Balquihidder.” Sandown is a pretty, quiet, and clean little town. It has no very important buildings. There are the Barracks, the Town Hall, and churches and chapels of various denominations. The houses, for the most part, are low, but artistic, and the gardens are

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laid out with much taste. There was one we particularly noticed, built in the Gothic style, called, "*Rozel*."

The chief attraction of Sandown is its beach and fine sea-bathing facilities. The bathing machines are admirably fitted up, and vastly superior to any I have seen. They are commodious, and each one has two compartments, and is furnished with two long ropes. The proprietors of the machines are civil and obliging people.

During our stay at Sandown,—a fortnight,—we went to most of the chapels and churches there. The first Sunday evening, we went to Sandown Church, and being there before service time, strolled into the quiet churchyard. I must tell you of some of the graves I noticed. One was the grave of two little Irish children, a brother and sister, one five years old and the other seven, who died within three days of each other. It was a square piece of ground, railed round, and in the centre was a stone, parting into two small white crosses. On one was the name, "*Dora*," on the other, "*Bernard*," and beneath were the words:—

"IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED."

At the foot of the grave were two smaller crosses, and on the back of the stone were these verses: "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom," and, "With Christ which is far better." All round the grave was a border of tiny pink flowers, as bright and pretty as I have ever seen. Amongst many relics I have, is a little photograph of this interesting grave. There was one other I saw. It was a tiny grave, marked by a small white marble cross, on which were just the words, "Thy will be done," and the date, "July 17th, 1866." Nothing more, no name nor age of the little one lying beneath. Never mind, it mattered not. It was indelibly written upon that mother's heart. And I thought how dear was that little one, whom she had given

back again into the Saviour's arms, as with faltering voice she sobbed, "Thy will be done."

There is yet another I should like to tell you of. The stone was placed there by a bereaved husband, in loving memory of his departed wife. It bore this inscription, "Though separated, our hearts are not divided." The grave was almost covered with "Heartsease," and I could not but hope, that our loving, pitiful Father had spoken peace to that troubled spirit, and given *ease* to that sorrowful heart.

I should have told you that this was not my first visit to the Isle of Wight. Six years before I had spent two or three weeks there, during which time I saw the principal part of the Island, so that most of the places I visited last summer seemed quite familiar to me. Brading was one of these. It is a small old town, about two miles from Sandown. It has some oddly-built houses, some of which are very old and quaint. Brading may certainly be reckoned among "the things of the past." It is said to have once been the capital of the Island. The church is very ancient and built in a variety of styles of architecture. Not far from the church is a mean, insignificant building, which was formerly used as a town hall, and close by, stands—of course, now in disuse—a pair of those ancient instruments of ignominy, the stocks. As soon as we reached the church, a number of children crowded round us, and asked if we would like to see "Little Jane's Grave." They led the way, and soon we were standing by the neat-looking stone, and thinking of the little cottager of fifteen years, whose short life of usefulness still lives fresh in the memory of many. But perhaps you have read the history of "Little Jane," if not, I advise you to do so. It is a nice little book, written by the Rev. Legh Richmond. We also went to see the humble cottage in which this well-known, but then obscure child lived and died. I have views both of the cottage and grave.

Once, while wandering in the old churchyard, we saw a beautiful little child, three years old, named Harold, with a lady who was planting flowers on a grave. The little fellow helped, too, by reaching out his tiny hand and pulling up the weeds. We asked who was buried there, and he answered, "My poor Auntie Nelly." There were some lovely flowers growing there, and on the stone were these verses:—

"Day by day the Voice saith, 'Come,  
Enter thine eternal home.'  
Asking not if we can spare  
This dear soul it summons there.

Had He asked us, well we know  
We should cry, 'Oh, spare this blow;'  
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,  
'Lord, we love her, let her stay.'"

This grave, as well as one or two others I noticed, was protected by a wooden fence, from the sheep which wander about at will in the churchyard.

Little Harold told us that his little sister was buried near there, "But," he added, "she's up in the sky!" We found the grave close by, and from the stone we read:—

"IN MEMORY OF  
LILY,  
Aged 2 years.

"Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives whom we call dead."

The little one handed us a flower, and then we left them, deeply interested in all we had just seen and heard.

Another time we went to the quiet little cemetery. Finding the gate locked, I went to a house where I had been directed to go by a lad, to ask for the key. An old man opened the door, and on hearing my request, said he would himself shew us the way. So we walked through his

garden, and after passing through a tiny avenue formed of ivy, we found ourselves in one of the smallest cemeteries I have ever seen.

Brading Haven, viewed from the Downs in the vicinity, adds greatly to the beauty of the landscape. According to a wild legend, it was once green pasture-land. It is now submerged at every flow of the tide.

Yaverland is a curious little place, a short distance from Brading. The church is a small unpretending edifice, built in the Norman style, and bears signs of great antiquity. It was here that Legh Richmond made his first attempt at *extempore* preaching. I wonder if you all know what that means. Well, lest you should not, I'll tell you. It means preaching a sermon just as he thought it, saying what he thought and felt at the time without having prepared it previously. While we are speaking of Legh Richmond, let me just say that we visited Arreton and the old church, in the churchyard of which reposes the body of Elizabeth Wallbridge, better known as "The Dairyman's Daughter," another friend of this worthy clergyman, a humble follower of the Saviour, who, "being dead, yet speaketh." Two or three of us scrambled up into the old belfry, and, having noted all that was worth seeing, we went on our journey.

*(To be continued.)*

L. A. G.

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## HOW WALTER COKER BECAME A DOCTOR.

*(Continued from page 23.)*

**L**IKE one distracted, Mrs. Wilson sought for her absent disobedient son, but not until late that afternoon was the terrible truth broken to her.

Terrible indeed were the tidings that were borne to the poor mother. Harry had gone to the park and had ventured on the ice, when a quarrel between two Scotch lads attracted



his attention, and in the skirmish he was knocked down. The ice broke ; and he with three others fell into the waters beneath. They were rescued, but he was drowned.

What a fate ! how fearfully had he paid the penalty of his disobedience ! Cut off without one moment's warning ! he had been called away with all his sins upon his soul, a guilty wicked lad, to enter into the presence of his God.

Oh to be prepared, my little ones ! So to live that we may not fear to die—that at whatever hour your heavenly Father shall call you, you may be ready to join him in a world far brighter, far more beautiful than this.

“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.”

Walter's mother did not live long ; when dying she called him to her, and placing her hands upon his head said, “ Bless you, my son ; you have been a good and dutiful child, ever truthful and obedient, God will bless and prosper you for it.” What words for a parent to be able to say to a child, and how dear to that child the remembrance of those words ! None can realize the loss of a mother but they who have experienced that dread feeling, and none ever felt a mother's loss more than did Walter Coker.

Walter's great ambition was to become a doctor, but this his uncle had not the means to give him an education to fit him for ; and it seemed as unlikely he would ever obtain his wish, as that Mary Wilson would gain hers of becoming a teacher, yet neither of them gave up hoping. They who try to help themselves, God will help : so it proved.

Every moment Mary Wilson could spare was devoted to her books ; her mother, seeing her anxiety to learn, determined to whatever inconvenience it might put her, to send her to school at least three days in the week. To do this

was, however, no easy matter, as Mrs. Wilson gained her livelihood by letting her house to lodgers, and she needed all the assistance Mary could give her in the house-work. To make up for the time she was at school, Mary rose an hour and a half earlier each morning.

Walter Coker had now only another year to be at school ; he resolved therefore to make the best use of that time ; for who knew, perhaps after all he might become a doctor some day. From the time of his first acquaintance with his aged friend, Mrs. Dixon, Walter had never forsaken her ; often going in to read to her, and many other acts did he besides. One afternoon, he called and found her very ill in bed ; no one had been to see her, nor had she tasted food all day. Walter lighted a fire, then ran off to ask Mrs. Wilson to step in ; who, finding the old woman seriously ill, at once called a doctor. After the doctor had gone, she having done what she could for Mrs. Dixon, and not being able to remain longer, Mrs. Wilson left Mary to tend the sick woman, and a good little nurse she proved, so kind and thoughtful.

When Walter went again to see her, Mrs. Dixon was somewhat better. She pressed his hand ; as she spoke her voice trembled. "You have been a kind friend to me, my dear boy," she said ; "but we may soon have to part now ; for even should it please God to spare my life a little longer, there is nothing for me, I fear, but that which I have all along dreaded, the workhouse. I shall never be able to work again, and my shop will not keep me from starving."

"How I wish I had money enough to keep you ! If I were a doctor you should never go to the workhouse," cried Walter warmly.

"God bless you, my dear, I know you speak what your heart feels," said Mrs. Dixon.

"Have you no one who can help you, Mrs. Dixon ?" asked Walter,

“I have outlived my relations, and there is but one person I could ask a favour from. This is a Miss Darville ; I was her nurse ; her dear mother died when she was quite a baby, so that I had sole charge of her till she was quite a big girl. She was very fond of “nurse,” that was myself. Perhaps were she to know I am still living, ill, and in want, she would assist me ; she is very good and very rich. For years I have lost sight of her, nor should I now know anything of her, had I not seen her name in the paper a few weeks ago.”

“Do let me write to her for you, Mrs. Dixon, please,” said Walter.

After some little consideration, Mrs. Dixon consented, and her young friend was about to begin to write to her dictation, when Mary Wilson tapped at the door.

“Mother says you must please take all this,” said Mary handing the invalid a cup of nice beef tea.

Mother is very kind, my dear ; how good the beef tea smells, how nicely the toast is browned too ! I am sure all is so tempting, I must try what I can do.”

“I made the toast,” said Mary with pride.

Here it must be observed, that in nursing the sick, too much care cannot be taken, as to the manner in which food and drink be offered to them. A large basin, clumsy spoon, dirty cup or glass, will often prevent an invalid from taking what is offered. Sick people are fanciful, they require nicety and frequently coaxing, to induce them to take nourishment. Have patience with them then, never mind if they are a little cross sometimes, it is pain makes them so. Above all, be cheerful and kind. Remember this, dear readers ; for though young, you know not how soon you may be called upon to attend the sick room.

Walter finished the letter and posted it, wishing it success as he dropped it into the post-box.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE MISSIONARIES' WATCHES.

**W**E have received the following additional contributions since our last number was issued. Amount previously acknowledged, £3 7s. 11d. ; Deptford, by Miss Stubbins, (additional,) 2s. 6d. ; Keppel-street Sunday-school, (additional,) 7s. 6d. ; Carmel Chapel Sunday-school, Pimlico, 8s. 6d. ; Mrs. Walton, 2s. ; Master John Fowler, 6d. ; Master C. Fowler, 6d. ; Miss C. Fowler, 6d. ; Masters Miller, 2d.

While thanking all who have already contributed, we are constrained to ask for further assistance in carrying out the proposed object. It will be seen that the amount received will not suffice for the purchase of such watches as our worthy Missionaries require and deserve.

We therefore venture again to urge the friends of the Mission who have not rendered aid, to send contributions (of any amount) to either of the Secretaries, Mr. Pearson, Dartmouth-villa, York-road, Upper Holloway, N. ; or to Mr. Josiah Briscoe, 17, Arlington-square, Islington, N., in stamps or by Post Office order.

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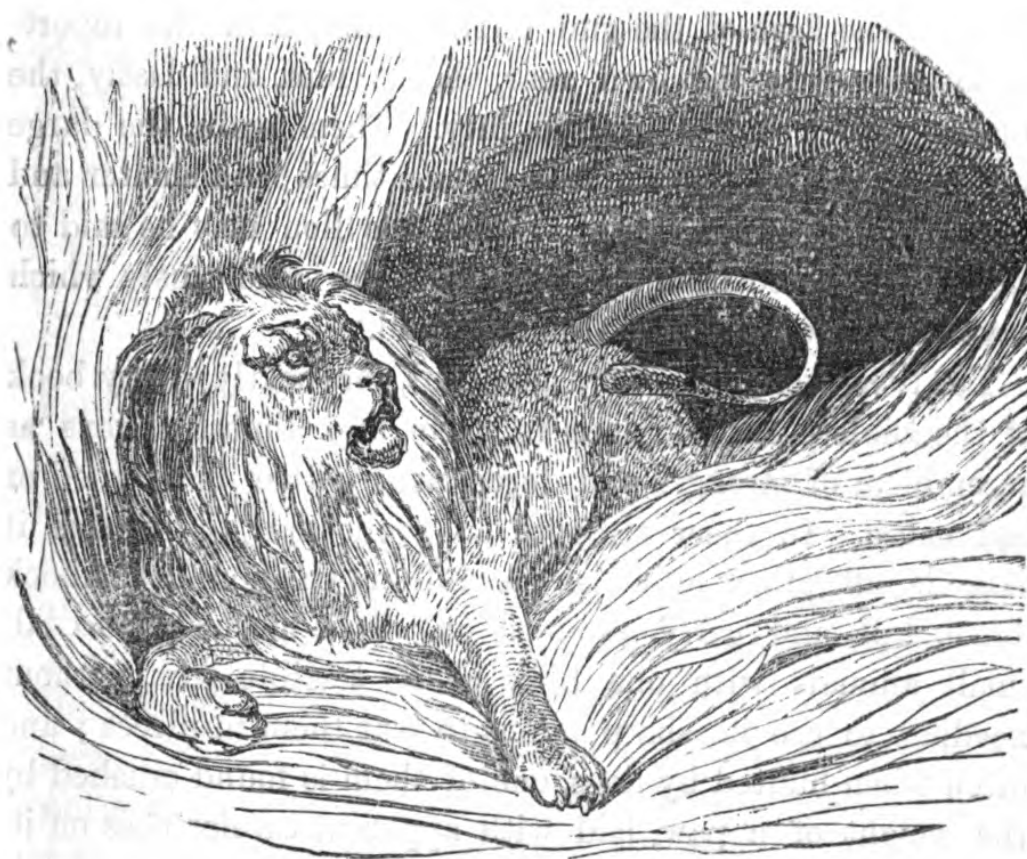
## THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE, AND WHAT THEY SAY TO MAN.

### INTRODUCTION.

**M**Y object in the following papers will be twofold. First, to show the chief characteristics of some of the leading animals mentioned in the sacred Volume, that is, their habits and peculiarities, so far as is necessary in order to understand the passages in which they are referred to ; and, secondly to examine those passages with regard to some of the lessons they are intended to teach *us*, for whose benefit the Scriptures were written. If *all* scripture is given by the inspiration of God, and all is profitable for doctrine,

correction, and instruction in righteousness, then those passages which refer to the animal kingdom are inspired and designed to be profitable also, and without some little knowledge of natural history, we shall miss the point of very many texts, both in the Old and New Testament.

Without further introduction, we will proceed at once to give a general account of some of the principal animals mentioned in the Word of God, accompanied with such explanations of the metaphors and symbols which they supply, as may seem to be necessary and useful.



1.—THE LION.

It seems but natural and proper that we should begin with the "*King of Beasts.*" Of all the wild animals of Palestine, none is mentioned more frequently than the Lion. He is referred to about 130 times, and there are different

Hebrew words for an adult lion, a young lion, and an old lion, also four different words to express his roaring, each with a different shade of meaning. This noble, terrible animal has, for many years, been quite extinct in the Holy Land ; in fact it scarcely now exists in Asia, west of the river Euphrates. The causes of its disappearance are first, the increase of the population, and secondly, the use of fire-arms. No animal more dislikes the face of man than a lion ; and when he attacks a man, it is simply because he has failed to obtain his usual supply of food, or is unable to chase his usual prey. Fire-arms are, however, his special dread. The flash of the gun terrifies him, then the report, surpassing even his own roar, alarms him, and lastly, the unseen bullet drives him to fury. Then again, the large forests, which supplied him in former times with shelter and food, have been cut down, so that the lion may be said to have disappeared from Palestine from the same causes which have extirpated the wolf from England.

Yet lions were once very plentiful, for nearly every book of the Bible has a reference to them, and almost always as an emblem of strength and force, used either in a good or bad cause. In sheer strength in proportion to its size it exceeds all other animals. A full-grown lion can knock down, kill, and carry away an ox. It kills man, and all small animals with one blow of its terrible paw, without needing to use its sharp talons to tear them in pieces ; and often when hunted by dogs, one of them is found crushed by the weight of a paw, laid with apparent carelessness on its body. When occasionally it has been dissected after death, it has been found that the muscles of the limbs are so hard as to blunt the keen-edged knives employed for the purpose. No one who has seen the skin removed from a dead lion, and witnessed his tremendous muscular development, can doubt the fitness of the Hebrew word which is used to

express his adult state, a word which means literally, the "*Strong-one.*"

Then for *courage* the Lion is pre-eminent among beasts. Even the dreaded fire-arms lose all their terrors, to an angry lion or a lioness defending her cubs. Thus Solomon in the Proverbs declares that "the righteous are *bold as a lion,*" and in another passage he is said to "*turn not away for any.*" And in the Second Book of Samuel valiant men are described as having "*the heart of lions,*" (2 Sam., xvii. 10,) and one Benaiah is specially honoured because he conquered "*two lion-hearted men of Moab.*" (2 Sam xxiii. 20.) You will also remember that the lion is employed to set forth the princely power of the tribe of Judah, (Gen. xlix. 9,) and in the Book of the Revelation, the kingly power and sway of the risen Saviour is represented under the same symbol, "The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed to open the book."

But let me specially direct your attention to the lion's *roar*. Four words are used to express its variations. The first represents the deep, low, thunder roar of the old lion, and is used by the prophet Amos, "Will a lion roar in the forest when he has no prey?" (Amos iii. 4.) Another word expresses his exulting cry when he leaps upon his victim. A third gives the angry growl, (which any one may hear at the Zoological Gardens,) when he resents an attempt to take away his food. The fourth term signifies the peculiar sharp noise uttered by the young lion when it approaches maturity. In the prophet Jeremiah we read, "They shall *roar* together like lions, and shall *yell* as lions' whelps," (Jer. li. 38,) in which passage two distinct words are used, the first and the last of the four we have named. We may remark that in the passage in Peter in which he likens Satan to a *roaring lion*, seeking whom he may devour, he uses the term which expresses his *hungry roar* when roaming about for his prey.

The prophet Amos, in his capacity as herdsman, was of course familiar with the Lion among other wild beasts, and accordingly, he is the prophet who most frequently uses the lion and its habits as figures to express his meaning. "*The lion hath roared, who will not fear? the Lord God hath spoken, who can but prophecy?*" (Amos iii. 8,) in which passage we seem to see him as the herdsman, trembling in the night season as the lions drew nearer and nearer to his folds and herds, and as the prophet, listening to the voice of God, and his lips pouring out prophecy.

To return to the lion's roar. There is no sound like it in all the animal creation. The lion stoops his head towards the ground, so that the sound rolls along like thunder, and can be heard at a very great distance, while its exact locality cannot easily be made out.

His nocturnal habits, and his custom of lying in wait are often alluded to with great force and exactness. "He lieth in wait secretly *as a lion* in his den," (Psalm x. 9.) "He was unto me as a bear lying in wait, and *as a lion* in secret places, (Lam. iii. 10,) and in another passage the very gait and demeanour of the lion is admirably given, "They have now compassed us in our steps: they have *set their eyes bowing down to the ground*; like as a lion greedy of his prey, and as it were a young lion *lurking* in secret places." Psa. xvii. 11.

Not to be tedious, we will conclude our notices of the lion by referring to the modes of his capture. There were two methods employed, (before the invention of fire-arms,) and to both of these Scripture frequently alludes, viz., nets and pitfalls. The locality of the lion's dwelling place being ascertained, a circular wall of strong nets was set up round it, and dogs were then sent into his thicket, arrows shot at it, and burning torches thrown into it, which so irritated the animal, that he rushed against the net and became enveloped in its folds. This plan is used in India in the present day.

I need not quote the many passages in the Psalms and elsewhere, in which the net, set for the capture of the lion and other wild animals, is used as a figure to express the entanglement of good men by the artful designs of their enemies. Another method, which was cheaper and easier, was digging a deep pit, covering it with sticks and earth, and then driving the animals on to the treacherous covering. To this also the Psalmist often alludes, when he laments that "the proud have digged pits," for him, &c. It will also be remembered, that one of David's mighty men was renowned for having gone down alone, and slain a lion in a pit in time of snow, (2 Sam. xxiii. 20 ;) the lion, as may be imagined, being still dangerous, even when safely confined at the pit's bottom. Lions that were taken in nets were often kept alive in pits as curiosities, or as instruments of royal vengeance. Such was, no doubt, the object of the lions, into whose den or pit Daniel was thrown, and which afterwards killed his accusers. There is a chapter in Ezekiel, (the nineteenth,) which contains many interesting allusions to the custom of taking lions alive and then keeping them in confinement, and which is deserving of attentive perusal in connection with this subject.

In conclusion, let me urge such of my friends as may be visiting the British Museum, to examine carefully the wonderful Assyrian sculptures which represent hunting scenes in which hunters are pursuing lions in chariots, and destroying them with arrows. Though very rude and simple, there is a spirit, a force, and a truthfulness in these representations of the lions, which show that the sculptor had observed the scenes very closely. Whether striking a blow, springing on the chariot, or sinking lifeless beneath the arrows, every attitude is wonderfully true to life and exact to nature.

*(To be continued.)*

G. P.

## SCRIPTURE CHARADE, &c.

**M**Y *first*, though once a curse, is now a boon—  
 How great the blessing we can scarcely tell ;  
 But if the Lord withheld it, we should soon  
 Be like the ancient land of Israel,  
 When God had heard a certain prophet's cry,  
 And for him wrought miraculous supply.

My *second* is an instrument of war,  
 Yet harmless as the sheath that holds the sword,  
 Or as artillery or muskets are,  
 Disused, and not with ammunition stored.

My *whole* appears in heaven a sign of peace,  
 At once significant and beauteous too ;  
 Nor shall the sacred symbol ever cease  
 While earth remains, and while the Bible's true.

JOSIAH.

**M**Y 13, 37, 38, 4, 36, 6, 32, was a great city ; my 11, 6,  
 24, 28, 2, 14, 30, 46, one of the churches of Asia.  
 My 34, 12, 29, a patriarch. My 8, 33, 7, 10, 47, a king of  
 Persia. My 21, 35, 27, 15, 9, an unclean animal. My 34,  
 9, 25, 43, 20, a place nigh to Joppa. My 22, 18, 24, 44, is  
 grown extensively in Palestine. My 1, 20, 39, 17, 2, 26, a  
 prophet. My 42, 2, 23, 5, 41, the grandmother of Jesse.  
 And my 19, 16, 3, 45, a bird. My whole is a prayer con-  
 taining 47 letters.

T. W. WALTER.

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## ANSWER TO THE CHARADE.

GOOD-MAN. (MATT. XX. 11.)

Correct answers have been received from  
 Miss A. Cobb, 479, Hackney-road. | Master E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey

BRISCOE & SONS, Printers, Banner-street, Finsbury.



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No. 132.

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## A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

### CHAPTER III.—SHANKLIN AND BONCHURCH.

**S**HANKLIN is a very pretty and rapidly-improving village. The scenery is picturesque and charming, beyond my description. The houses are chiefly detached, and nestling in foliage. It has an extensive beach, and commands a fine view of Sandown Bay. But the great attraction is the Chine. The "Chines," as they are provincially termed, are break or openings in the cliffs, towards the sea.

The village of Shanklin stands at a considerable height from the shore. Above it several springs from Wroxall and Shanklin Downs unite to form a rapid current. This rivulet gradually deepens till it reaches the village; it rapidly increases at the head of the Chine, where it falls over a rocky ledge, which forms a cascade—a perpendicular descent of thirty feet, and winding in and out for the distance of about

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, 65, Paternoster Row.



a quarter of a mile, it then takes its course along the beach to the sea. At this point the cliff is about 250 feet in height, and the chasm not less than 300 feet in width from one summit to the other. High up, charmingly situated on a ledge in the ravine is Chine Cottage, adorned with choice flowers and shrubs, rendering it a most attractive retreat to visitors. It is sometimes known as "Honeymoon Cottage." Above this is the venerable "Old Oak Tree," whose wide-spreading branches are clad with luxuriant ivy, and overshadow the thatched roof of the old "Chine Inn." Here it was that we dined and rested.

There is a pretty little drinking fountain at the corner of one of the streets. The water drips on to some little ferns which are growing there ; and above are these words :—

" O traveller, stay thy weary feet,  
 Drink of this fountain, cool and sweet  
 It flows for rich and poor the same.  
 Then go thy way, remembering still  
 The way-side well beneath the hill,  
 The cup of water in His name."

Once, while at Sandown, we went for a long walk up the cliff, until we reached the Yarborough Monument, a stone obelisk, erected to the memory of the Earl of Yarborough ; but it was very fatiguing, and highly dangerous. Some parts of the cliff we had to climb were—comparatively speaking—perpendicular. We had some difficulty in keeping our balance, as we ascended almost on our hands and knees. We were at a fearful height, and necessarily very near the edge, and the wind that evening was very boisterous. When we gained the summit, we sat and rested, and read the inscription, and I gathered a few blue-bells, and found one or two rather handsome pebbles to add to my collection of curiosities ; but we didn't venture there again.

We were somewhat amused one morning whilst on the

beach, by the remarks of a young foreigner, who came up to us and asked if we would direct him to the nearest hotel. He had just come from Ventnor, but he didn't appear to have been very much pleased with the place ; for he added, " Nothing kept me there but the 'The Crab and Lobster,' " (one of the hotels at Ventnor). Pointing to the obelisk, he asked if there were " a good look on both sides ;" meaning a good view ; but he thought the journey would scarcely repay him for the trouble. He had an odd way of estimating distances. Looking in the direction of Shanklin, he said, "*It looks like half-an-hour, but it is one hour !*"

One of the most romantic and beautiful walks I ever took was from Shanklin to Bonchurch. Between these two places is another very interesting Chine, called Luccombe Chine.

The most wonderful thing to be seen in the Island I think is the Undercliff. But how can I describe it ? I *can't*, much as I should like. And so in various parts of this chapter I have taken a few descriptive pieces from a guide-book, not being able to find adequate words of my own with which to describe what I saw.

Great portions of the cliffs have fallen a considerable distance. Immense masses of chalk and rock have thus been hurled over in gigantic confusion. It is supposed that the greater portion of these landslips must have occurred at least 1500 years ago. The Undercliff extends a distance of about six miles and a half. It seems to possess a climate of its own. It is warm and sunny, and sheltered from every keen blast. The atmosphere is almost as soft and balmy as in Italy. Everywhere is the most luxuriant verdure ; wild flowers and ferns in great profusion spring up around old trees and evergreens, strangely contrasting with the huge gray fragments of rock. The lowest terrace of this Undercliff is at an elevation of from 70 to 100 feet from the sea's level, and the huge cliffs which shelter it rise to the height of

from 400 to 800 feet. One of the fallen rocks in the middle of a wood has been converted into a seat for the accommodation of pedestrians. Of course, wearied as we were, we very gladly availed ourselves of it. Very strange and inexpressible are the feelings which thrill through the stranger in the midst of this awful silence and solitude, surrounded by such vast sublimity. There is a very singular looking rock, called the Pulpit Rock, from the resemblance it bears to a pulpit. From it a most comprehensive view can be obtained. It is about 400 feet above the level of the sea, while the hills behind it rise another 400, giving to these immense Downs an altitude of 800 feet. The highest point is at St. Catharines, which is 900 feet.

Bonchurch is a very small place ; I believe there are but two shops. We stayed and took some refreshment, and had a drink of delightfully cold and clear water from a drinking fountain, above which I noticed the words—

*“Fide et Taciturnitate.”\**

which I thought a very appropriate inscription.

We found our way into the old churchyard, and stood by the graves of John Sterling and the Rev. Wm. Adams, author of “The Shadow of the Cross,” and some other beautifully written allegories. The one I admire most is “The Old Man’s Home.” It is well worth reading ; you will find in it, too, a description of the Undercliff. On his grave is a stone cross, placed horizontally, and elevated about six inches from the stone, so that a shadow is always resting there, while close by, a small weeping willow spreads its graceful branches over the quiet grave of this much esteemed clergyman. Round the cross are these words : “Patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer.”

There was one grave I noticed, marked by a rough rocky

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\* “Faithful and silent.”

piece of white marble, very singular in appearance, and in beautifully simple language it told of one who "went away to be with Jesus" on such and such a day.

The sea at Bonchurch affords a striking contrast to the sea at Sandown. At this latter place it is almost always as calm and placid, as on that morning when I sat down on the beach by it, and wrote my little paper for this magazine about the "great calm;" but at Bonchurch there are great roaring angry waves which rise to a considerable height before they reach the shore. I like a rough sea, but there is something very solemn in its terribly awful grandeur. What messages they bear—those waves, and how cold, and relentless, and destructive! What a contrast to Him under whose control they are, who is so merciful, so willing to save!

*(To be continued.)*

L. A. G.

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## HOW WALTER COKER BECAME A DOCTOR.

*(Continued from page 41.)*

**A** WEEK had passed; there had come no answer to the letter, when one day a carriage stopped at the end of the street in which old Mrs. Dixon lived, and from it stepped a lady. It was Miss Darville. It would be difficult to say which felt the most pleasure at the meeting, Miss Darville or her old nurse.

"Oh! nurse, why did you not send to me long ago, but then of course you could not; you did not know where to find me: I have been travelling about for many years. I should have been so glad to do all I could for you, had I but known; but let us hope it is not now too late. I will take care you shall never want," said Miss Darville.

After they had talked some time, Miss Darville asked who had written the letter she received.

"Walter Coker," replied Mrs. Dixon. Of course Miss

Darville did not know who Walter Coker was, so "nurse" had to tell the whole story about him ; of his kindness to her, the loss of his mother, and his ambition to become a doctor ; nor did she forget to speak of Mary Wilson.

"Dear children !" said Miss Darville, "they shall not go unrewarded for their goodness to you ; how I should like to see him !"

As Miss Darville spoke, Walter knocked at the door ; he had brought his old friend a nice bunch of grapes, to buy which the thoughtful boy had long saved up his pocket money. Miss Darville was delighted with this proof of his affection, as well as with his frank and open manner. She asked him many questions, from his answers to which she found him to be a clever intelligent boy ; then told him she would call upon his uncle in a few days.

But Miss Darville's first care was to provide for Mrs. Dixon ; accordingly she made arrangements with Mrs. Wilson to receive her into her house, and settled upon her sufficient money to keep her comfortably so long as she lived.

Mrs. Dixon recovered so far as to be able to get about again, and lived to see Walter Coker attain the object of his ambition, through the kindness of Miss Darville, who had supplied the means for his obtaining the education which, together with his own hard study and determined perseverance, had fitted him for it. He was now Walter Coker, M.D., (doctor of medicine )

Nor did Miss Darville fail to remember Mary Wilson. By her assistance Mary became a teacher in a Government school, and afterwards a better situation was given to her, where she was mistress of an entire school, with a pretty house to live in. Her salary was so good she could keep her mother now, who lived with her as did old Mrs. Dixon.

Thus it will be seen from this little sketch how God favours those who acting aright try to please him, and how he

made the good works of these excellent children the means which furthered and brought to pass the earnest wishes of their hearts. Their conduct was pleasing in his sight ; sweet was their recompense.

To our heavenly Father is every thought and action known ; looking into our hearts he is pleased to find we are thinking what good we can do. And if indeed we are Christians, the Saviour is specially delighted when we show kindness to his followers, for he takes such acts as done unto himself. How precious, therefore, is it to know that when comforting the aged, tending the sick, ministering to the poor, we are doing it not for them alone but for Christ ! Let this make us still more active in well-doing.

E. B.

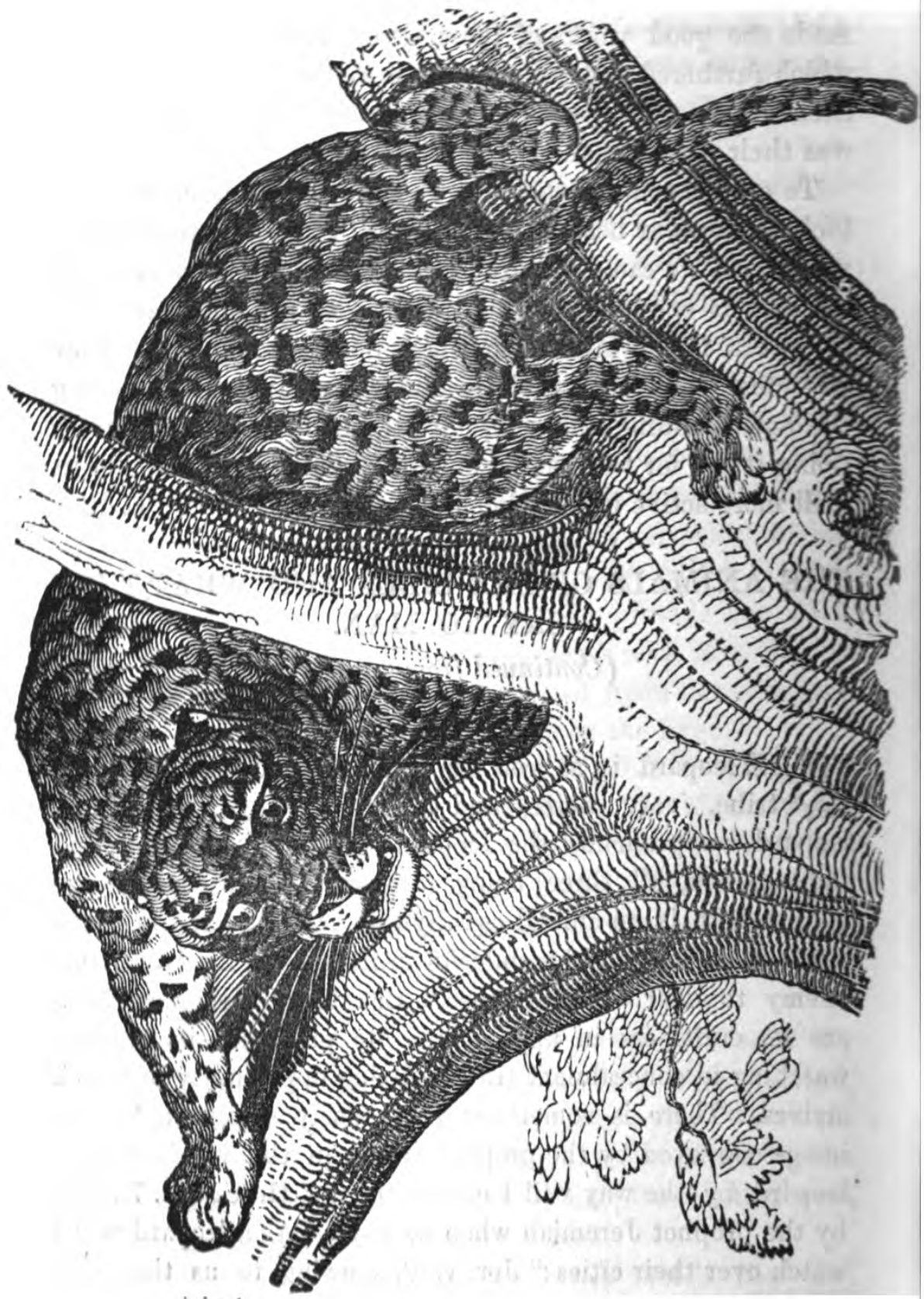
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## THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE AND WHAT THEY SAY TO MAN.

(Continued from page 47.)

### THE LEOPARD.

**T**HE leopard is, as you know, a beast of prey of the cat tribe, very fierce and very cunning. The Bible leopard comprehends the leopard proper, the ounce, and the cheetah, all three being formerly thought to be one species. It is an animal equally dreaded by man and beast. Swift in its flight and wonderful in its spring, it is a terrible enemy to deer and antelopes. But its chief characteristics are its craftiness in approaching its prey, and its secretly watching in concealment till the fitting opportunity of attack arrives. There is something particularly significant in the image conveyed by the prophet Hosea in the words, "As a leopard by the way will I *observe* them : " Hosea xiii. 7 ; and by the prophet Jeremiah when he says, "As a leopard will I watch over their cities : " Jer. v. 6, showing to us that God watches all the ways of wicked men, and will visit them for



their sins when they least expect it. To those to whom these words were addressed, and who knew the habits of the leopard well by terrible experience, they would have peculiar force. We seem as we read them to see the beautiful but bloodthirsty creature, lurking concealed near the haunts of the deer, or at the entrance of a village, then collecting himself for a spring, (just as a cat does when she leaps upon a bird,) dashing upon its prey, striking it down with one blow of its paw, and then crouching upon the fallen animal, tearing open its throat and lapping the flowing blood. At such times its whole frame seems to be transformed and to swell with anger. It is hardly possible to recognize the graceful, lithe, glossy creature whose walk is so noiseless, in the animal swollen with passion, with dilated eyes, ears thrown back, and pouring out yells of rage so menacing, that even a well-armed man fears to face it.

The leopard is an excellent climber, and will sit hour after hour crouched upon a tree branch, or concealed under the brushwood in such a manner as to be practically invisible even at a short distance. Its spotted body harmonizes with the broken lights and shadows of the foliage, just as the long blades of grass in a jungle agree with the stripes of the tiger, who hides himself among them. In both cases instinct teaches these animals to frequent those localities which best conceal their forms from notice, and aid their purposes of secret attack.

These characteristics of the leopard serve to give great force to the celebrated prediction of a period when the *leopard* shall lie down with the kid, (Isa. xi. 6,) a thing contrary to its very nature. I need not tell you that this symbolizes the time when men shall no longer war upon each other, and the Prince of Peace shall rule in all hearts, but I will beg you to notice the accuracy of Scripture in apparently little things whenever the animal kingdom is alluded to. The wolf is



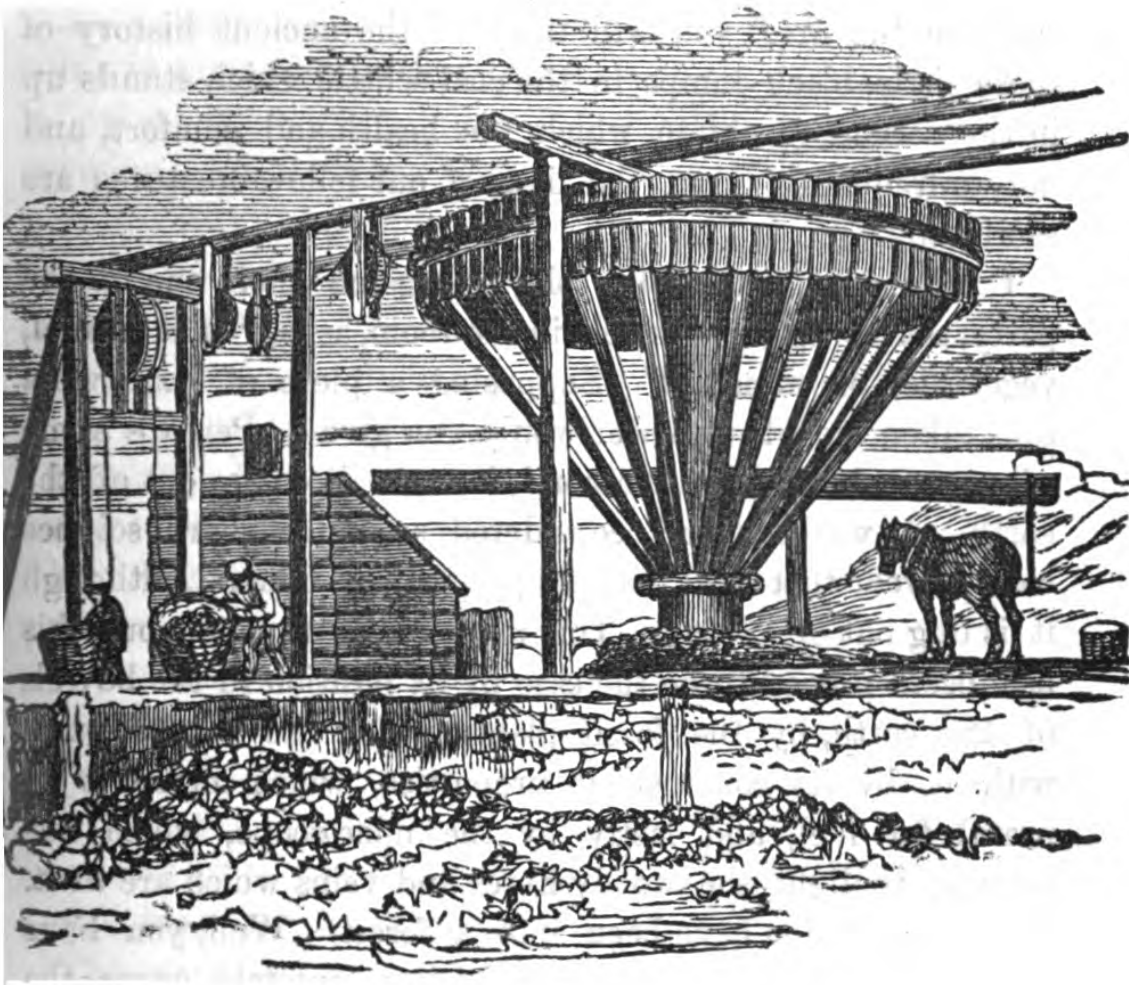
here said "to dwell with the lamb," and the *leopard* to lie down with the *kid*," just because the wolf as a rule makes sheep and lambs the chief objects of his attack, while the leopard as regularly attacks deer and their kids. And, I may add that the lion and the calf are in like manner coupled together, because being stronger and more daring than either the wolf or the leopard, he will venture upon herds of cattle, and carry away oxen which neither of them could lift or move.

You will expect that I should not overlook the well-known passage in which the leopard's spots are alluded to: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the *leopard his spots?*" Jer. xiii. 23. The Hebrew word rendered leopard means "spotted," so that the sentence literally is, Can the spotted one change his spots? that is, Can he change his very nature? If he can, then says the prophet, "may ye also do good who are accustomed to do evil," showing us by this forcible figure one of the most terrible aspects of sin, namely, that it so enslaves and takes possession of the sinner that he is utterly helpless to overcome it. How great the mercy that what is impossible with men is possible with God! and how truly is the gospel called good news and glad tidings, when it tells us how the great change can be effected!

The spotted skin of the leopard was regarded in ancient times as an adjunct of royalty, just as the ermine is now an emblem of the office of judge in England. There are several symbolical and prophetic representations of the leopard both in the Old and New Testament,—beasts like unto a leopard being mentioned both by Daniel and the apostle John. But it would lead us too far from our purpose to attempt to elucidate their meaning, especially as several other interesting animals yet await our attention.

(To be continued.)

G. P.



### “WHERE DO COALS COME FROM?”

**H**OW often has this question been asked by little inquisitive boys and girls while sitting round a nice bright fire! Now as I love good little inquisitive children, and, like the Scotchman, am fond of “my ain fireside,” I shall try to imagine you are sitting with me around a cheerful fire this evening, and while I answer your question, “Where do coals come from?” I will try to be cheerful too.

I shall not tire you by a long geological lecture, which would make you wish you had not asked me the question; but try in a few plain words to raise your thoughts to admire the wisdom and goodness of God in thus providing for our

daily comforts ; so that when your mother says, " Put some coals on the fire," you will think of the ancient history of those little black lumps in the coal scuttle which stands up in the corner, to obtain which, the health and comfort, and not unfrequently even the lives of our fellow-creatures are sacrificed.

I have seen little folks play at a game where one of the party, taking up some article in the room, asks, " Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?" Supposing a piece of coal were thus taken up, what answer would you give? Perhaps some of you would say, It is mineral, because it comes out of the earth. It was formerly considered so, but modern science has proved that coal is not properly a mineral, although it is dug out of a mine. This may appear strange ; but this has been proved to be the case by its position in the bowels of the earth, by the fossil plants which are always found with it, by its combustible properties, which make it so useful for fuel, and lastly by the microscope, which has brought to light the woody fibres and veins which are in it.

No doubt you have been into a forest. Well, you have noticed the ferns and plants which completely cover the ground. These plants are somewhat similar to those of which coal is composed, only the " coal ferns " were very much larger than some of our largest trees now-a-days. If at any time you wish to see specimens of the fossil plants found in coal, you may have the opportunity at the British Museum in the Fossil Department.

But no doubt you will wonder how these ancient forests have been converted into coal. Let me try, as far as I can, in a few words, to explain. Some geologists believe that the vegetable matter grew upon the spot where it is now formed into coal ; others consider that the trees, ferns, &c., which compose coal were uprooted by torrents, and then drifted into lakes where, becoming waterlogged, they sank, and in

course of time, other matter accumulated, and thus "islands" were formed. Both these theories probably are correct; for while in some places there are traces of the "Drift" theory, in other places trees are found standing just as they were growing, which plainly proves that the former, called the "Peat Moss" theory has been the agency at work. But now as to the means by which these immense forests have been converted into coal. I must leave your imagination to picture floods, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and other more gradual and less violent changes to which our earth is subjected. You should bear in mind, however, that these changes are the work of long, long ages. How long it has taken to convert these once green and living plants into black coal, can only be determined by Him to whom "a thousand years are as one day." It is, however, a wonderful instance of God's benevolent care for us, that these ancient forests, where, perhaps, no woodman's axe was ever heard, should thus have been preserved—embalmed, as it were, for so many hundreds of years—for the purpose of affording warmth, and light, and comfort to us.

The word *coal* as used in the Bible must be understood to mean *charcoal*, as the word in the original may mean both substances. Yet coal was known at a very early age of the world's history. 238 years before Christ a Greek author mentions it in the following language: "They call those fossil substances coal, and when they are broken up for use are of an earthy character, nevertheless they inflame and burn even like charcoal, and are used by the smiths." It was also known among the ancient Britons and Romans. In 1259, Henry III. granted a charter to the freemen of Newcastle for liberty to dig coal. There were, however, many opponents to the use of it in the metropolis; for London then was not the smoky place that it is now. In the reign of Edward I., and again in that of Elizabeth, a

proclamation was issued against its use during the sitting of Parliament ; and also in 1649 the citizens of London petitioned against it.

The picture at the commencement representing what is called a "horse whin," shews the old method of drawing up coals from the pit. You see the horse goes round and round till he has drawn one basket up, at the same time letting the empty one down to be refilled. It would not do now-a-days, because the pits are a great deal too deep. It is principally employed now in the iron-stone districts. The lighting of mines used to be a very difficult affair, because of the explosive gases which accumulated in them. In ancient mines the only light the miner had was the phosphorescent gleam from decaying fish ; and, later on, the steel mill was invented, the principle of which was to create a succession of sparks such as scizzor-grinders make. And lastly, after much patient research, Sir Humphrey Davy invented the Davy lamp, that boon to the miner, which not only affords a safe light, but also warns of danger. However, in my next I will tell you a little more about it, and also describe the operations connected with raising coal from the mine.

*(To be continued.)*

J. B.

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## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIII. 1—12.

**T**HE wise their parents' word obey,  
But scorners hear and turn away.

The words we speak are echoed back,  
With good or evil in their track.

Who keeps his mouth shall keep his life,  
But lips unguarded foster strife.

The slothful man desires in vain,  
But diligence is crowned with gain.

How loathsome is the wicked name  
That would by falsehood rise to fame !  
The righteous man is otherwise ;  
His soul abhors deceit and lies.

How many love parade and show,  
When they have nothing to bestow ;  
While others poverty will plead,  
When they are very rich indeed.

The lamp of righteousness is bright,  
Trimmed by the God of truth and light.  
The lamp of wicked men is dim ;  
They have no oil their lamp to trim.

Contentions only come by pride :  
The well-advised their anger hide.  
Ill-gotten wealth shall melt away,  
While labour's stores increase each day.

When hope awhile has been deferred,  
How the emotions have been stirred !  
But hope fulfilled, with promise rife,  
Becomes another tree of life.

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#### THE MISSIONARIES' WATCHES.

**T**HE following contributions are gratefully acknowledged :  
Mr. H. R. Parker, 2s. ; Tunbridge Wells, per Mr. Saltmarsh, 10s. ; H., 6d. ; Miss Hubbard, 6d. ; A. E., 2s. 6d. ; Mr. J. T. Briscoe, 2s. 6d. ; Bethesda Chapel Sunday-school, Lever-street, St. Luke, 11s. 7d. ; M. S., Dover, 2s. ; E. B., 6d. ; Miss Nash, 6d. ; Mr. Hoddy, 2s. 6d. ; Mr. Corney, 2s. ; Mr. Abbott, 2s. Previously acknowledged, £4 10s. 1d.

Through the kindness of a friend, we are promised two excellent lever watches at less than cost price. We have still, however, not quite sufficient for the watches, irrespective of the cost of carriage : further contributions will be gratefully received by Mr. G. Pearson, Dartmouth-villa, York-road, Upper Holloway, and Mr. Josiah Briscoe, 17, Arlington-square, Islington, N.

## SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

**M**Y *first* is a luxury tending to health,  
 Which all may enjoy though possessed not of wealth.  
 My *second* is used when you speak of the Queen,  
 Or the lowliest maiden that ever was seen.  
 My *third* is a sound which most love to hear :  
 It is heard in the fields when summer is near.  
 My *whole* is the name of a lady renowned :  
 In Scripture her history soon may be found. J. H.

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**M**Y whole is a Bible sentence containing 43 letters. My  
 22, 15, 40, 43, 6, 10, 24, 23, 9, a river of Asia. My 7,  
 10, 16, 8, 23, 11, a prophet. My 13, 10, 17, 42, 32, 23, 4, a  
 disciple of Jesus Christ. My 31, 5, 9, 14, 22, 29, good  
 news. My 16, 10, 8, 35, a town mentioned in the Scriptures  
 only once. My 13, 39, 6, 6, 43, an odoriferous substance.  
 My 10, 16, 26, 41, a prophetess. My 31, 5, 18, 7, what the  
 Lord is to his people. My 32, 23, 6, 18, 7, a king of Judea.  
 A. B.

## ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS, &c.

1. RAIN-BOW.

2. "HAVE MERCY UPON ME, O GOD, ACCORDING TO THY  
 LOVING-KINDNESS." [Nineveh—Pergamos—Lot—Cyrus—  
 Coney—Lydda—Corn—Haggai—Naomi—Dove.]

Correct answers have been received from

|                                                        |                                     |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Miss C. Barmore, Homerton, 1, 2                        | Master A. Briscoe, Banner-street, 2 |
| " E. Butcher, Tring, 1, 2                              | " Chivers, High Wycombe, 1          |
| " A. Cursons, Park-street, Gros-<br>venor-square, 1, 2 | " Cursons, Park-street, 1, 2        |
| " Hubbard, Dickleburgh, 1, 2                           | " Harris, Pulham St. Mary, 1, 2     |
| " E. Iles, Banstead, 2                                 | " A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2        |
| " L. Millard, Islington, 1                             | " G. H. Iles, ditto, 1, 2           |
| " Last, Pulham St. Mary, 1, 2                          | " Sillett, Pulham St. Mary, 1, 2    |
|                                                        | " A. Thorne, Dunstable, 1           |
|                                                        | " Welch, Merton Abbey, 1, 2         |



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Vol. XI.

May, 1872.

No. 133.

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## A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

### CHAPTER IV.—RYDE—COWES—ALUM BAY AND NEEDLE ROCKS.

**A**FTER we had stayed at Sandown for a fortnight, we went to Ryde, where we were met by some of our London friends. It is a fine town, though in former times it was nothing but a collection of fishermen's huts. In the year 1814, a pier was erected, and from that time it has steadily progressed and improved. At low water, before the erection of this pier, visitors had to be carried or dragged from a small boat to the shore by fishermen through a vast expanse of mud. In the year 1861, at the taking of the census, its population was 9269.

On the Sunday we went to hear the Sunday-school anniversary sermons of the Congregational Chapel, which were preached in the Town Hall. It is a fine hall; there were two

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Buildings.



large paintings hung on the wall, one representing a regatta, and the other the "Monarch," bearing the remains of the late Sir George Peabody to America for interment.

There are very large schools, and I have seldom met with children whose behaviour was better, or whose singing was sweeter than theirs. There was one hymn they sang which I liked very much. I will copy one verse.

"They are launching on the river,  
From the calm and quiet shore,  
And they soon will bear my spirit  
Where the weary sigh no more;  
For the tide is swiftly flowing,  
And I long to greet the blest,  
'Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.'"

I always enjoy a hymn of this sort at the sea-side. It seems so much more telling and suggestive.

A few months past I was walking in one of our London streets when I heard some music; the strain was very sweet. I stood still and listened till the sound died away. It was the first time I had heard it since that Sunday morning, in the Isle of Wight, when it was sung by the children to the hymn, part of which I have transcribed for you above.

We went two or three times into the beautiful cemetery, which is laid out with very great taste and care, and abounds with fragrant flowers. It is so still and quiet, and the graves are so lovingly cared for. I did not see *one* which really looked *forgotten!* I had a little note-book with me, and copied some of the inscriptions. There was one which I thought very beautiful. It was a baby's grave.

"ETHEL MAY,  
Aged 15 months.

God took her from her mother's gentle arms;  
From present pain, and future unknown harms,—  
And baby sleeps!"

Then I saw four little white crosses, side by side. They marked the graves of three little brothers, and their sister, none of whom lived to be a week old. And, as I read the dates and found that the sorrowful parents had been bereft of their little ones, one after another, with little more than a year between each sad parting, I felt how stricken their hearts must be, and prayed God greatly to comfort them, if they had not already re-joined their little ones.

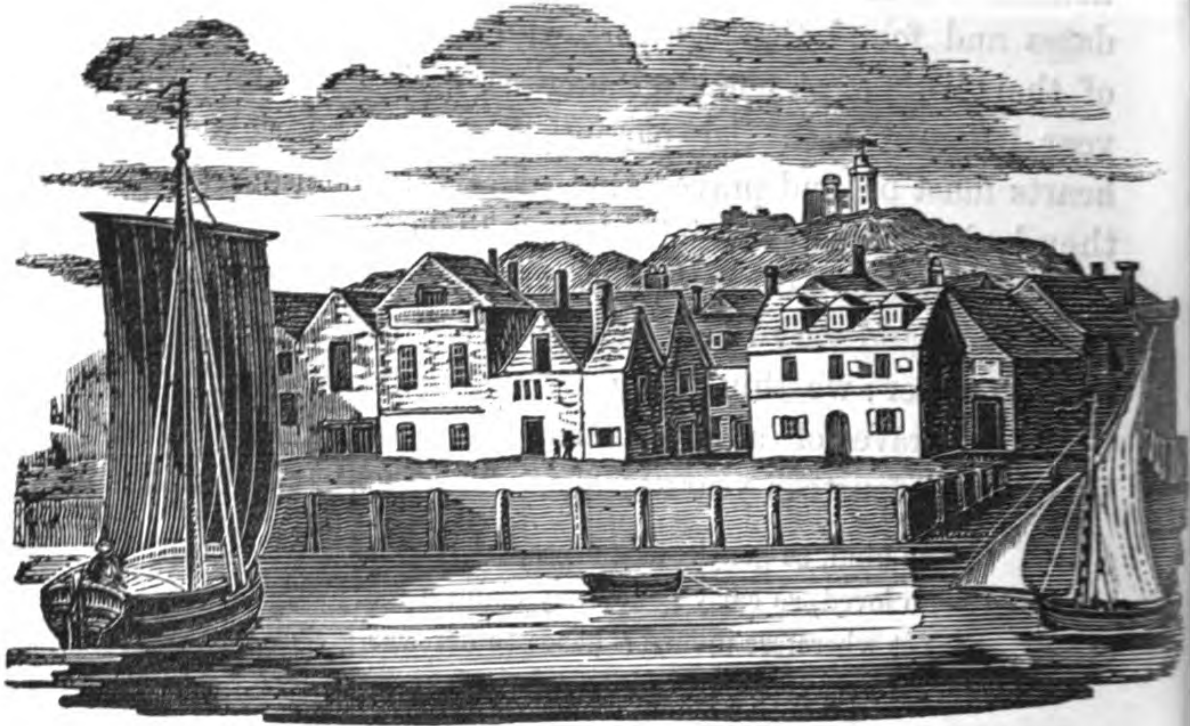
There were two others I noticed, they were far away from each other, and very likely in life the children were strangers to each other: we think *they are not strangers now!* They were the graves of a girl named Jane, and a boy named Willie, each fourteen years of age. This is what I copied:—

“So kind, so gentle, so sincere,  
So loved, so early gone, may claim a tear;  
Yet wherefore mourn? peace to her was given,  
’Tis only change of place—she’s gone to Heaven.”

Here was a blessed testimony, girls! Could it be truthfully said of you, “So kind, so gentle, so sincere?” If not, try and deserve it. And boys, what do you think of this for an epitaph over a boy fourteen years of age? “*Beloved by all who knew him!*” What a noble, generous, amiable lad must that Willie have been, for every one who knew him to love him! Try, boys, to be so noble and kind-hearted, that so it may be said of you.

We made up our minds while on the Island, one day to pay a visit to Alum Bay. So we fixed for the first “*calm*” day, as some of us, not being very good sailors, dreaded a rough sea. The day we chose was a warm clear day. We started by steamer from Ryde Pier a little before eleven. We passed several places of interest on our way. The town of Ryde looks exceedingly pretty from the sea. We had a good glass with us, by the aid of which we got a fine view of

Osborne, (the favourite marine residence of the Queen.)  
Then Norris Castle, and the pretty quiet town of East



Cowes, a view of which you have here before you. Can you see the castle? There was formerly a custom-house in this town, but owing to the extension of commerce in West Cowes, it was removed thither, and the old buildings have been converted into a coast guard station. The people who live there are mostly fishermen. Once while on a visit there, we went over to West Cowes on a floating bridge. We were riding in an open carriage then, and it seemed so strange for us to be sitting in the chaise, and the horses not moving, and yet *progressing* in our journey. On this occasion, we went to see the beautiful church at Whippingham, where Queen Victoria attends when staying at Osborne. We saw the royal pew, and a very chaste and elegant tablet erected to the memory of Prince "Albert the Good."

After passing many other places worthy of note, we came to Yarmouth, where some of our fellow passengers landed.

We saw Hurst Castle and Freshwater Bay. We very much wished to have seen the residence of our own English poet, Alfred Tennyson, but time would not admit of both, so we decided in favour of Alum Bay. Very soon we came in sight of the Needle Rocks, and in due time were landed at Alum Bay. I wish you could see how it looks, for description fails me. The cliffs are composed of sand of many bright colours, which, being reflected in the water, produce a very pretty effect. I brought away with me a little of each colour. It is beautifully fine sand; I have several tiny packets, two or three shades of yellow, some almost black, another nearly white, a pale pink, a deep red, brown, &c. After dinner we took a long walk, and climbed to the highest point, where we got a good view of the other side of the island; then slowly and carefully descending, went as close as we could get to the Needle Rocks; indeed, we stood on one of them, the first, and looked at the rocks beyond, and the blue waters beneath. They are huge mis-shapen masses of chalk, sharp and rugged, stretching out in nearly a straight line; they look like the detached pinnacles of some grand cathedral, but the action of the sea is continually changing the aspect of these singular rocks. They appeared very beautiful with the sunlight falling upon them that bright July afternoon, but I think they must be a far grander sight in the silvery moonlight, with their grotesque forms reflected in the sparkling waters.

The Needles Lighthouse was completed in the year 1858. We would fain have lingered, but our time was gone, so we hurriedly made our way back to the steamer which was awaiting us, and in due time arrived at our destination, Ryde.

*(To be continued.)*

L. A. G.



## THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE, AND WHAT THEY SAY TO MAN.

*(Continued from page 58.)*

### THE DOG.

**A**S a contrast to the two animals just described, I will now take the dog. Not, however, be it remembered, the dog of England, but the dog of the East, which is a very different creature. It is remarkable that in no passage of Scripture is the dog mentioned with any degree of regard or approbation. In all other parts of the world the dog is cherished and valued, but among Orientals he is detested and despised. Whether we turn to the five books of Moses, the Psalms, or the Prophets, the Old Testament or the New, he is always mentioned with reference to something unfavourable and blameworthy. Though it was so with the Jews, it was not so with other nations with whom they were brought into contact. The Egyptians appreciated the dog, as sculptures and hieroglyphics show. The Romans honoured the dog, and likenesses of faithful specimens of the race were placed in their houses. But Jews past and present, and Mahommedans likewise, treat dogs as the offscouring of the animal kingdom, as outcasts, and never as friends. Whether it be the cause or the effect of this feeling, it is remarkable that the dog of the East has nothing in it to excite admiration or liking. We have in Europe an immense variety of dogs, the bull-dog, the terrier, the Newfoundland, the spaniel, the greyhound, and many others, each good in its way and useful in its kind. But the ordinary dog of the East is a hungry, gaunt, savage, and yet cowardly animal, more like a wolf than a dog. He prowls about the streets of Eastern cities, living on such scraps of food as he can find, owning no master, and having no particular home. The dogs of Palestine acted as scavengers, and if the body of any

animal—not excluding their own kind—be found, they would assemble round it and tear it to pieces. And even a human body was not safe from their hungry attacks. No fate was thought so horrible as to be devoured by dogs, and accordingly some of the most terrible denunciations of God against the people when they became degenerate and impious idolaters include this among other calamities. “Him that dieth of Jeroboam in the city shall *the dogs* eat.” 1 Kings xiv. 11. And the same thing is said of “him that dieth of Baasha.” 1 Kings xvi. 4. Herein lay the terror and the shame of the fate which was predicted, and which befel Ahab and Jezebel. After Ahab’s murder of Naboth, which his wife Jezebel instigated, came the terrible sentence, “In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall *dogs lick thy blood, even thine.*” 1 Kings xxi. 19. And even worse is said of Jezebel, “The *dogs* shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel.” 1 Kings xxi. 23.

A dog, and especially a dead dog, was an emblem of all that was base. “Am I a *dog*?” 1 Sam. xvii. 43; “Is thy servant a *dog* that he should do this thing?” 2 Kings viii. 13; “Am I a *dog’s head*?” &c., 2 Sam. iii. 8, are expressions which are often found in the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles. And when Mephibosheth would abase and depreciate himself before the victorious David, he could find no more forcible language than, “What is thy servant, that thou shouldest look upon such a *dead dog* as I am.” 2 Sam. ix. 8.

A remarkable peculiarity of Eastern dogs is their habit of banding themselves together into a sort of society for attack and defence. The bands of dogs thus formed are most savage and dangerous. David in the Psalms often alludes to this feature of their character. “They make a noise *like a dog* and go round about the city:” Psalm lix. 6; “For dogs have compassed me: the assembly of the wicked have enclosed

me ;" Psalm xxii. 16. And again, " Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog." Psalm xxii. 20.

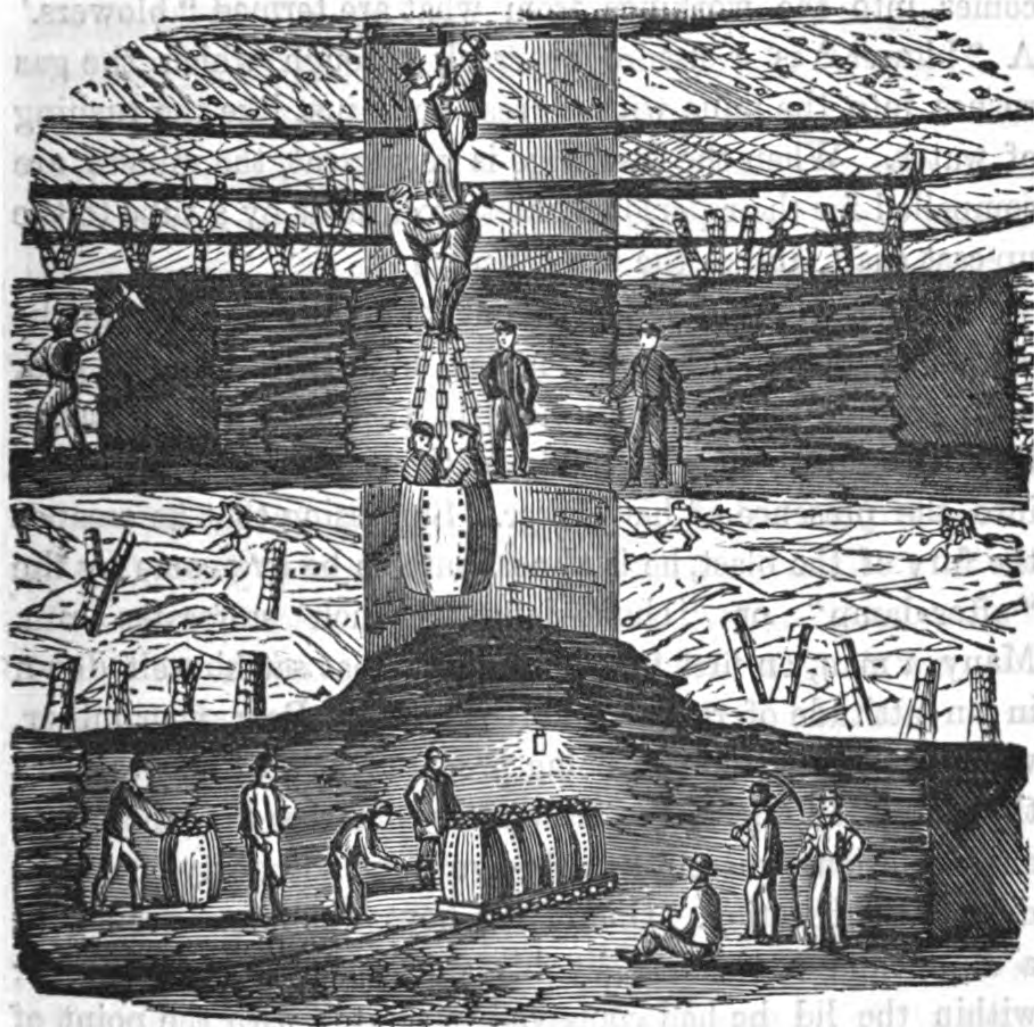
As is common with animals which go in troops, each band of dogs is commanded by a single leader, whose authority is recognized and his command obeyed by all. But what is more remarkable than all, is the fact that they divide a town or city into districts, and not one dog ventures out of the district to which he belongs. The invisible boundaries are so carefully maintained that not even a tempting morsel will induce a dog to cross the line of his own district.

The New Testament is not without allusions to dogs, in general in the same sense as those in the Old Testament. You remember the argument used by the woman of Canaan, that though the children's place at table were not her right, she would be content if but a small portion of the children's *fare* were her's, the crumbs which the dogs ate. Dogs were also, it seems, a recognized figure of those without the pale of the church. The Apostle Paul writes, " Beware of *dogs* : " Phil. iii. 2, and immediately goes on to speak of those whom he calls the *true* circumcision. And in the book of Revelation those who have " right to enter through the gate into the city " are called " blessed," but it is added, " *without are dogs.* " Rev. xxii. 14.

In concluding this brief notice of the Eastern dog, it may be mentioned that once and only once the " greyhound " is mentioned. In Proverbs among the things that go well, " and are comely in going," a " *greyhound* " is included. Prov. xxx. 29—31. But as the word simply means " one girt about the loins," it is conjectured that the horse, with his trappings on, or a human wrestler or racer, girded for the contest of strength or speed, may more probably be intended.

(To be continued.)

G. P.



INTERIOR OF A COAL MINE.

## “WHERE DO COALS COME FROM?”

*(Continued from page 62.)*

**B**EFORE speaking of the Davy lamp, as I promised to do in my last, let me tell you something about Fire-damp, which accumulates in mines, and renders the lighting of them so very dangerous. Chemically speaking, it is composed of two gases called hydrogen and carbon. It is given out from the coal in great quantities in some mines, especially those in the north of England. In general it comes out very gradually and slowly, but sometimes it



comes into the workings from what are termed "blowers." A "blower" is a fissure or crack through which the gas rushes into the mine with a great noise just like the rushing of water. When the discharge is very great, the miners are compelled for their personal safety to lead it by a tube to the up-cast shaft, and at the top consume it.

At other times it silently but gradually collects in the wastes or old workings of mines, and then when a poor unsuspecting miner comes near to that part with a naked light it ignites, and hurls him without a moment's warning into the presence of his Maker. Supposing that he escapes the fury of the blast, he is almost sure to be overcome by the "after-damp" or "choke-damp" which suffocates him. Many a man, on first feeling its effects has sat himself down in an attitude of repose, and thus died. Poor, poor miner, what need hast thou of being prepared at all times to meet thy God! In one of the Newcastle collieries once there was an explosion, whereby thirty-five men and forty-one boys died by suffocation. One of the boys was found dead with a Bible and a tin box by his side, such as colliers use; within the lid he had contrived to scratch with the point of a nail this message to his mother, "Fret not, my dear mother; for we are singing the praises of God while we have time. Mother, follow God more than ever I did. Joseph, think of God, and be kind to poor mother." Poor boy, let us hope he entered heaven there to praise God in deed and in truth.

I cannot finish this part of my subject without telling how its presence sometimes may be known. An old writer says, "At one time an odour of the most fragrant kind is diffused through the mine, resembling the scent of the sweetest flowers, and while the miner is inhaling the balmy gale, he is suddenly struck down and expires in the midst of his fancied enjoyment; at another it comes in the form of a globe of

air enclosed in a filmy case, and while he is gazing on the light and beautiful object floating along, and is tempted to take it in his hand, it suddenly explodes, and destroys him and his companions in an instant." How suggestive of the insidiousness of sin! Dear reader, beware lest you, while enjoying the balmy gales of this world's false pleasures, or while playing with its gilded baubles, are tempted to forget God, and at last find yourself in his presence an undone sinner. The frequency of explosions and the number of deaths from them, at length led Sir Humphrey Davy to direct his attention to so important a subject, and by careful thought and study, he at last invented a lamp made of fine wire gauze, which prevents the gas outside from catching light; for metal being a good conductor of heat, the gas in passing through the gauze loses its intensity, and is not inflammable.

One of the features of the Davy Lamp is, that it always tells the miner where there is danger; for should he unwarily go into a part of the mine where there is any gas, the lamp immediately burns with a blue flame. In fact there is a sort of mimic explosion inside the lamp, the fineness of the gauze not letting it extend outside. Too often we hear of explosions now, but these are generally through the negligence of the miners, who have even been known to break open the doors of their lamps (which are always locked) to light their pipes.

Let me now tell you how coal is obtained from the bowels of the earth. Presuming that its existence in a certain locality has been ascertained, (which, by the way, is the work of a geologist, who gives his time to the study of the different strata which compose the crust of the globe,) it then becomes necessary, before sinking a "shaft," to find out the direction or course of the seam, or else the risk is run of not only sinking the shaft to no purpose, but of sinking the money that the shaft costs, to no purpose, too.

The "shaft" of a mine is the entrance to it; it is exactly like a very deep well. By a process styled "boring," all the necessary information is furnished. The apparatus consists of a stout springing pole twelve or fourteen yards long, a stage or platform for the men to work upon, a triangle, and the rods or tools used for boring. The rods are fixed to the small end of the springing pole by a chain, and then by a sort of chopping and scooping operation, a hole is bored through the different strata, till the coal is reached. When the borers have thus got at the seam of coal, they put on to the end of the rods what is called a "shell," which brings up from the whole some of the loose matter, &c., for examination, and thus after boring in one or two places, all the requisite knowledge is obtained at a trifling expense, and with the greatest precision. The next thing is to sink the shaft. A good illustration of this was afforded in London when the main drainage was in course of construction a few years since. Those of my readers who live in the country, may form a good idea of it by watching the men at work wherever a well has to be sunk.

The sinking of a shaft is a very difficult, and, in some cases, a very expensive undertaking, especially where a great depth has to be reached, owing to the quicksands and springs of water met with as the men proceed; when such is the case, they are obliged to resort to what is called "Tubbing," to keep back the flow of water; that is, lining the shaft all the way down with either brick, wood, or iron. Latterly, iron has been employed with advantage, as it can be cast in segments to fit exactly. Having sunk the shaft the required depth, it becomes requisite to make arrangements for carrying off the overflow of water from the mine. This is done by "pumping engines," which they erect at the top of the shaft, which by means of a suction pipe, descending to the bottom, raise the water from a reservoir, or sump, (as it is called,) in which the water is made to collect.

In some pits the quantity of water that collects requires engines of immense power. At one colliery in the north there is a pumping engine of 180 horse-power, raising at each stroke of the rod 195 gallons; the average is six strokes a minute, therefore 1170 gallons are raised in a minute, or nearly a million and a half per day, or in weight about 6,000 tons per day, while the quantity of coal extracted from the same mine is only about 300 tons per day. At the South Hetton Colliery, there is a pumping engine of 300 horse-power.

When all this is satisfactorily arranged, the next thing is to cut a passage in the coal in two opposite directions, which is called a "bord," and then at right angles to this, smaller ones at intervals. Now ventilation must be provided, and for this purpose either the shaft must be divided from top to bottom into two compartments, or another one must be sunk. At the bottom of one a furnace is erected, which is constantly burning; this rarifies or thins the air, and causes it to ascend the "up-cast shaft," as it is called. The fresh air naturally descends through the other, which is called the "down-cast," and then by an ingenious arrangement of doors, the pure air is made to pass through all the workings, returning by the up-cast.

The coal is excavated by men called hewers,—put into baskets called corves, by boys called putters,—and then taken by these boys to the bottom of the shaft, where each corve is hooked to the chain, and drawn to the surface.

Miners are a short-lived race, and are generally deformed, owing to the peculiar nature of their work.

The engraving at the commencement represents part of the shaft of a mine, and part of the underground workings. There, at the bottom of the shaft, are some corves of coal waiting to be drawn up; meanwhile some miners are descending to their work. Several others are standing about,

you see—some of them, perhaps, waiting their turn to be drawn up to the top. In the picture there is represented a gallery, or another seam of coal above the other, which they are working at the same time as the seam underneath. In the stratum between, may be seen roots of trees turned into impure coal or shale, just in the position in which they grew.

There are many other things connected with this part of my subject, but which I cannot enter into here. However, I trust you have now a pretty general idea of how coal is obtained. In my next I will tell you about the operations above ground, connected with its delivery to consumers.

*(To be continued.)*

S. M.

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## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER XIII. 13—25.

**T**HOSE who despise the word of God  
 Shall, soon or later, feel his rod ;  
 But those who love it shall receive  
 The best reward the Lord can give.

From Wisdom's lips there sweetly flows  
 A healing fountain for our woes :  
 Her warning voice, her every breath,  
 Directs from snares which lead to death.

Discretion shall receive reward,  
 But the transgressor's way is hard.  
 A prudent man with knowledge deals,  
 A fool his folly soon reveals.

A wicked messenger shall fall ;  
 (Rabshakeh did at Zion's wall.)  
 A faithful messenger shall stand ;  
 (Elijah did in Israel's land.)

True honour ever shall reward  
 The erring who reproof regard.  
 But poverty and shame shall be  
 To those who from instruction flee.

Success is sweet to every heart ;  
 But fools from evil ne'er depart.  
 Who foolish company despise,  
 And walk with wise men, shall be wise.

Those who pursue and evil choose  
 Shall find that evil *them* pursues ;  
 And while they flee and are afraid,  
 Good to the good shall be repaid.

The sinner, cursed with blessings, dies,  
 And good men after him arise ;  
 They *use* his wealth till called to rest,  
 And afterwards their sons are blest.

But for the poor who till the land,  
 The rich would have an empty hand ;  
 Yet many a fortune fools destroy  
 For want of judgment to employ.

Who loves his son corrects betimes,  
 Lest youthful follies grow to crimes.  
 Contentment never craves for more :  
 The wicked crave, and still are poor.

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#### THE MISSIONARIES' WATCHES.

**T**HE following contributions received since our last, are also gratefully acknowledged :—

Mr. Williamson, 2s. 6d. ; Mr. Rowley, for Notting-hill, 6s. ;  
 Masters W. and J. Sweetman, 1s. 6d. Amount previously  
 acknowledged, £6 9s. 2d.

We have now in hand sufficient for the watches, but shall still need a little further assistance from our young friends to pay for engraving an inscription on each, and also for carriage. Further contributions will be gratefully received by Mr. G. Pearson, Dartmouth-villa, York-road, Upper Holloway; and Mr. Josiah Briscoe, 17, Arlington-square, Islington, N.

### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**O**NE of the men to Canaan sent as spies ;  
 An office Jesus fills above the skies ;  
 A season when the Spirit was outpoured ;  
 The father of a boy who served the Lord ;  
 A well-loved wife who near to Ephrath died ;  
 A name that was to Jesus Christ applied ;  
 A king who once did through a lattice fall ;  
 Then the relation Abner bore to Saul ;  
 And where Trophimus once was left by Paul.  
 The finals and initials, downward named,  
 Two cities show, in gospel history famed.

*Wellingborough.*

D. M. M.

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS, &c.

1. (CHARADE.) BATH-SHE-BA.

2. "THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET, AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH." [Euphrates—Daniel—Matthew—Gospel—Nain—Myrrh—Anna—Good—Herod.]

Correct answers have been received from

|                                                         |                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Miss C. Barmore, Homerton, 1, 2                         | Master A. Briscoe, Banner-street, 2 |
| " E. Butcher, Tring, 1, 2                               | " Chivers, High Wycombe, 1          |
| " A. E. Cursons, Park-street,<br>Grosvenor-square, 1, 2 | " Cursons, Park-street, 1, 2        |
| " Hubbard, Dickleburgh, 1, 2                            | " E. Ellis, Hoxton, 1, 2            |
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### FANNY MAY, OR HOW GOD PUNISHES.

**T**HE birds were welcoming with carol and with song the early spring, as the soft rays of the morning sun tipped the waves of the ocean, now calm and placid, and the fresh breeze kissed the cheek of Fanny May, as she bounded from the threshold of her grandfather's cottage, on her way to school.

An orphan from early infancy, Fanny had been brought up by her kind grand-parents. Her grandfather was a fisherman, and the cottage where they dwelt was close by the sea. Born near the ocean, Fanny was never more happy than when out at sea in a fisherman's boat; and like many others, she indulged too much in a favourite pastime. School was sometimes neglected for it, and she was often absent when she ought to have been helping her grandmother at home.

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London; HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Buildings.



This selfish gratification had many times brought her into trouble, but it was yet to bring her into greater.

As Fanny was leaving the cottage door her grandmother called after her, "Fanny, make haste home from school this afternoon, grandfather wants you to help him with those shrimp nets. (Fanny did not return till the afternoon ; having some distance to walk to school, she generally took her dinner with her.)

"Yes, granny, I will," was Fanny's reply, and off she went, meaning then to keep her promise, which however was soon broken.

Scarcely had she got half-way to school, when she saw an old friend of her grandfather's launching his boat, for he also was a fisherman.

"How I should like to go with him this beautiful morning!" thought Fanny, "I could be home in time, so that granny would never know but I had been to school. Ah, but I must make him think she told me to ask him to take me, or he will not let me go. I do not like to tell an untruth, I know it is wrong, but I won't do it again, it's such a lovely day, I must go."

How shocking that she would so soon stoop, nay, had so often given way to falsehood and deception,—always trying to quiet her conscience by saying it should be the last time."

Seeing Fanny approach, the old man gave her a friendly nod.

After answering one or two questions respecting the health of grandfather and grandmother, Fanny said, "Please, Williams, may I go with you ; granny said I might ask if I saw you, she's given me holiday from school to-day."

Williams looked earnestly at her as he asked, "Are you sure, Fanny, that granny said so?"

"Quite sure," answered Fanny unblushingly, the desire for the outing increasing as regard for truth decreased.

“Then jump in, my girl,” said Williams, and when the lad who was the fisherman’s assistant had done the same, away they went.

Fanny tried to enjoy herself, but she was not happy, she remembered at how dear a price she had purchased this pleasure, and this stung her with remorse, and as the brightness of the day gave place to darkening clouds, this feeling increased. Many times she wished herself in school.

Darker grew the clouds ; a storm was gathering, which ere long burst in frightful fury. Fanny had more than once been in a storm, but never in one so heavy as this. The little boat could not weather it, and soon it was capsized. Fortunately they were not far from land, but what a sea to fight through ! Williams and the boy could swim, Fanny could not. The boy reached the shore in safety, but this was a far harder task for Williams, who, less active, had also to support the now senseless Fanny. There was a cry, his strength was failing, he had lost his hold of his burden, and she sank just as eager hands saved the old man’s life ! Who will dare to plunge into those angry waves to rescue the sinking girl ? In another moment she will be lost ! A sailor, noble fellow ! braves the deep, and brings to the surface the apparently lifeless body of Fanny May. Some say she breathes,—others, “She is dead.” At length, however, she revived, and was restored to her distressed friends : but a long illness followed.

From that eventful day Fanny became an altered girl. She is now a treasure to her aged grand-parents ; beloved, too, by all in the village, and looked up to as an example of truth and uprightness. She has seen the merciful wisdom of God who corrected her for her sins by inflicting upon her so signal a punishment, and as her body had been rescued from the watery depths, so has her soul been saved from sinking eternally.

E. B.



## THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE, AND WHAT THEY SAY TO MAN.

(Continued from page 72.)

### THE CAMEL.

**L**ET us now pass on to the camel of scripture, on which I will be as brief as the numerous references to this animal will permit. The Bible begins its allusions to animal life in its connection with men, with the camel. Abraham had *camels* among his possessions, (Gen. xii. 16,) like all Bedouin Arabs, of which he was one, though a good one. Ten of his camels were sent to Mesopotamia with the expedition, in search of a wife for Isaac; and it was by her offering to water them that Rebekah became selected. Gen. xxiv. 10, 19. Job had three thousand camels, and in the end six thousand; (Job i. 3, and xlii. 12,) and even fifty thousand are mentioned in Judges as having been captured by the Reubenites. (Judges vii. 12.) Only imagine such a vast herd! each individual of which was of great value. For when Jacob would propitiate the anger of his brother

Esau, he included among his presents thirty milch camels with their colts. (Gen. xxxii. 15.) And camels were important enough to be guarded by men of position. Obil, an Ishmaelite, was David's camel keeper. (1 Chron. xxvii. 30.) The camel was by the Mosaic law forbidden to the Jews as food, because though it chewed the cud it did not divide the hoof. (Deut. xiv. 7.) Probably, however, they drank its milk, which is very nutritious. To the Arab a camel feast is the greatest treat. But it is for its endurance in journeying through sandy deserts that the camel is chiefly famous. I might give instance after instance in which its power in this respect has saved the life of its owners. By its wonderful sense of smell it can scent water at a very great distance.

We read in scripture of a *chariot* of camels, which shows that it was used much as a beast of draught, but only by the Assyrians and other nations, as is seen in sculptures; for in Palestine it was used almost exclusively for bearing burdens and carrying riders. Hazael's present to Elisha required forty camels to carry it. (2 Kings viii. 9.) And in Isaiah we read, "They will carry their riches upon the bunches (or humps) of camels." (Isa. xxx. 6.) And here I may say that the common idea that the difference between a camel and a dromedary, is that the camel has one hump and the dromedary two, is a false one, as they are the same species of animal, though as distinct from each other as a cart horse from a racer, while the two-humped camel is a distinct species altogether.

The art of riding a camel is not easily attained, and the preliminary operation of mounting is not the least difficult part of it. The animal is taught to kneel, for the rider can mount him in no other way. In rising, the novice is first thrown forward, then pitched backward, then forward, and then backward again, to his great discomfort, not to say danger. As to the movement of the animal as he goes

along, it is as unpleasant as can be conceived. Albert Smith says, "Take a music stool, screw it up as high as possible, put it into a cart without springs, sit upon the top of it cross-legged, then have the cart driven at full speed across a newly-ploughed field, and you have a slight idea of the miseries of camel-riding."

To this I may add, that those who suffer from sea sickness generally experience the same sensations when they make their first attempt at camel-riding, which vividly shows what it must be like to the beginner. The height from the ground at which the rider sits is not less than a foot or perhaps two feet above the top of an ordinary door; but then the elevation has this advantage, it lifts him above the waves of heated air that continually roll along the sand, and it enables him to catch the slight breezes which pass above the stratum of hot air, and which are like life to the parched traveller. The costly ornaments which are used to adorn camels in the East are mentioned in Judges, where Gideon took from the two kings of Midian "the ornaments which were on their camels' necks." Judges viii. 21. We read several times of the "*swift dromedary*," in distinction from the camel. Thus Isaiah prophesies, "The multitude of camels shall cover thee," (the word camel being '*gamel*,') "and the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah;" (Isa. lx. 6,) where the word is "*beker*," which word is used in Jeremiah, "Thou art a swift dromedary." (Jer. ii. 23.) The pace of an ordinary camel is three miles an hour, that of the dromedary nine or ten. The Bactrian, or two-humped camel is mentioned by Isaiah in ch. xxx. 6.

Though the camel is generally patient, he is liable to sudden fits of fury against his master, and he will, like the elephant, treasure up the remembrance of an injury or insult till a fit opportunity for revenge, of which many anecdotes might be given. He is also a very stupid animal, and yet with all these unamiable qualities, the drivers will talk to

them in the most endearing manner, and sing songs for their benefit, something like the following, which Miss Rogers thus translates :—

“ Dear unto me as the sight of my eyes  
 Art thou, my camel.  
 Precious to me as the health of my life  
 Art thou, my camel.  
 Sweet to my ears is the sound  
 Of thy tinkling bells, my camel ;  
 And sweet to *thy* listening ears  
 Is my evening song, my camel :”

and so on.

I must not, however, conclude without referring to the two singular references to the camel which occur in the New Testament. One is the well-known text, “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.” (Matt. xix. 24.) Of course this is a bold metaphor to set forth, (not the impossibility,) but the difficulty of a rich man’s entering heaven. But it may be understood in a simple sense, which doubtless was clear to those who heard it. In oriental cities, there are in the large gates small and low apertures called metaphorically, “needles’ eyes,” which are too narrow and low for a camel to pass through if loaded, or even in the ordinary way. When a laden camel has to pass through one of these entrances it kneels down, its load is taken off, and it shuffles through on its knees. Lady Duff Gordon, writing from Cairo, on one occasion says, “I saw to-day a camel go through a needle’s eye, that is, the low arched door of an enclosure ; he knelt and cleverly bent his head to creep through. What a striking figure of the necessity to divest himself of all trust in his riches, which a rich man must experience before he can enter into the kingdom of grace ! And accordingly while the apostle James calls upon the brother of low degree to rejoice in that he is exalted, he calls

upon the rich to rejoice "*in that he is made low*:" (James i. 9, 10.)

The other passage is the sentence uttered by our Lord, "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." (Matt. xxiii. 24.) It is to be regretted that a slight misprint robs this passage of its meaning. The proper translation is "which *strain out* a gnat," the Greek word meaning, to filter; and the allusion to the pharisaical practice of filtering liquids before drinking them, lest by chance a gnat, or some small insect forbidden as food should be accidentally swallowed, while the same persons would devour widows' houses, or swallow any moral enormity that would serve to enrich themselves and advance their own interests.

(*To be continued.*)

G. P.

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## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIV. 1—14.

**W**HILE every woman that is wise  
Builds on the Rock that storms defies;  
The foolish, building on the sands  
Pull down their house with both their hands.

Who walketh uprightly must fear  
The Lord, who made his heart sincere;  
But he whose conduct is perverse,  
Despising God, receives his curse.

When folly's mouth is opened wide  
'Tis frequently a rod of pride;  
But Wisdom's lips shall well preserve  
The men who from her never swerve.

Where no ox is, the crib is clean,  
Though little work is done, I ween;

But he who tends his stock with care  
Will seldom find his barns are bare.

A faithful witness will not lie,  
Whatever bait one may apply ;  
But he who lies for paltry gain  
Must often tell a lie again.

Knowledge is easy to the wise,  
But scorers seek, yet wisdom flies ;  
When these their want of knowledge show,  
Go quickly from their presence, go.

The prudent understands his way,  
But fools by folly go astray :  
They mock at sin with open face ;  
But with the righteous there is grace.

The heart its bitterness deplores  
Within, though cheerful out of doors :  
So also inward joys arise,  
Concealed from friends' and strangers' eyes.

Let not the wicked boast ; for, lo,  
The Lord their house will overthrow ;  
But upright men shall dwell secure,  
Their tabernacle shall endure.

There is a way which seemeth right,  
Which leads to death and endless night :  
A way which fools with mirth and song  
Still walk, although they know they're wrong.

While the backslider shall be filled  
With inward sins which sorrow yield,  
A good man with a well-stored mind  
Shall inward satisfaction find.

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## A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

CHAPTER V. — VENTNOR — ST. LAWRENCE — BLACKGANG  
CHINE, AND CHALE BAY.

**T**HE town of Ventnor is beautifully sheltered, and is especially beneficial to invalids. It has been said that there is no town upon the south coast which will bear comparison with it, and it is thought that Torquay is the only place on the south-west coast which will do so.

The growth of Ventnor has been exceedingly rapid. Thirty years ago it was but a village, with neither church nor chapel ; now it is a busy populous town, with a population of over 5,000, and, having churches, chapels, libraries, and other attractions and facilities,—it rivals Ryde as a sea-side resort.

In the graveyard of St. Catherine's, there is a stone which marks the resting-place of two little brothers, Charley and George, one nearly four years old, and the other not quite two. Beneath their names are these words :—

“ Dear to their parents, to their God more dear,  
Two little brothers sweetly slumber here;  
Blest is their lot, from sin and sorrow free,  
To us they're dead, but now they live with Thee !”

There are some very picturesque rambles in the neighbourhood of this pleasant town. There is the “Wishing Well” on St. Boniface Down. Then when the tide is down, it is a lovely walk along the beach to Sandown and its quiet bay ; or an equally interesting ramble to explore the geological wonders of Rocken End. Then there's the delightful stroll to the romantic little village of St. Lawrence-under-Wath. Passing a few ivied cottages, we come to the quaint little church, which is supposed to be the *smallest* ecclesiastical edifice of its kind in Great Britain. I have been in it. Formerly its dimensions were twenty feet in length by twelve

in width, the height barely exceeding six feet. It is enclosed in one of the quietest and fairest of churchyards. The well, dedicated from earliest times to St. Lawrence, is exceedingly picturesque. A leafy dell by the roadside is consecrated by a little gothic shrine. A bright little stream issuing from a dolphin's mouth scatters its spray into a shell, and then ripples away beneath the road to mingle with the sea.

Once when we drove through Ventnor, it happened to be election day. The candidates were Sir Charles Locock, and Mr. John Simeon. The supporters of the former wore blue as their badge, while those of the latter had adopted green. The people had assembled in great crowds in different parts of the town. They evidently thought us a family of distinction, as they made way for us with loud cheers. Now we, without supposing any interpretation would be put upon it, had been gathering some ferns, and each of us having some either in our hands or on our hats, they took it that we were voting for Simeon, so they redoubled their cheers, and shouted, "*Simeon for ever!*"

Attracted once while there by some very pretty drawings and illuminated cards exposed for sale in a shop window, we went in and purchased some. An elderly lady and her daughter served us. We found them affable, intelligent, and Christian persons. The old lady, who was a widow, spoke very feelingly about the cards we were buying. One in particular, bearing the words, "Let not your heart be troubled," she said had often comforted her. I selected one with these words:—

"Brief life is here our portion;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life is *there!*"

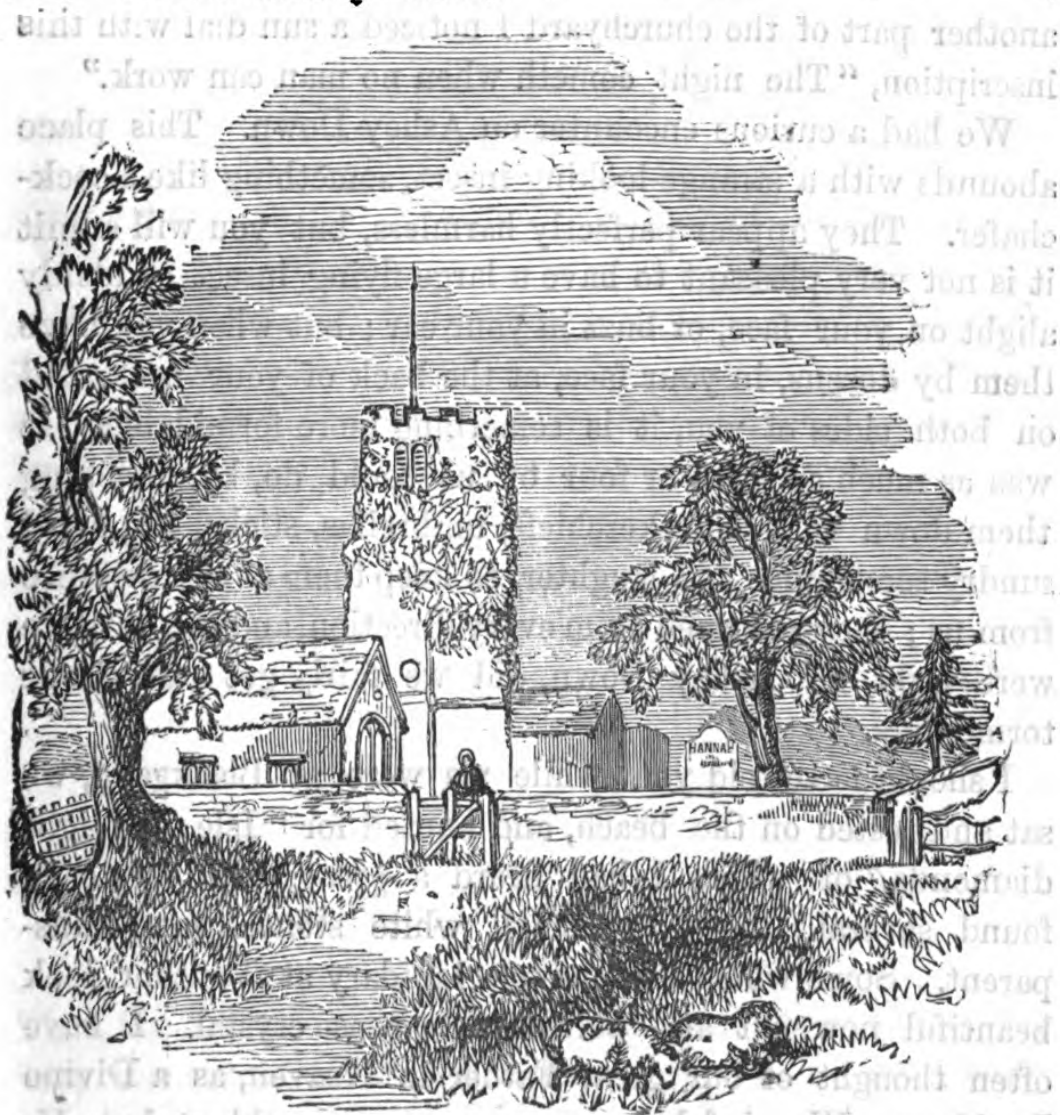
Around it is a beautiful wreath formed of the frail convolvulus,—fit emblems of life's brevity.

One day, during our stay at Ryde, we had a very pleasant drive of about thirty-six miles. We left "Dudley House" a little after ten in the morning in an open carriage. The day was beautifully fine. We passed through several little villages, and were attracted by many romantic and picturesque scenes in the landscape. I wish I could tell you of even half we saw. As for flowers, they seem to grow everywhere—wild roses, blue-bells, forget-me-nots, heather, and ferns. I could always have as many as I wanted, just imagine that!

I was struck with the singular circumstance that in some of the villages the gaol was situated next door to the Wesleyan Chapel, and, in one case, was beneath the chapel itself! Perhaps there was nothing meant by this, but I could not help thinking it peculiar.

In one or two places, where the practice of poaching had been carried on, the gamekeepers had placed a block pheasant up in the trees,—a decoy. It was ingenious, no doubt; but I didn't like the deceptive part of it. Omitting to speak of many places full of interest and beauty, I must say a few words about Blackgang Chine. This chine forms as striking a contrast to that of Shanklin as it is possible to conceive. There the foliage is luxuriant, wild flowers, lichens, and ferns grow in great profusion; but at Blackgang, all is wild and dreary beyond description; the gloomy sublimity of which form its distinguishing traits. There are no flowers, no fantastic trunks of old trees to break the monotony and oppressiveness of the scene, nor indeed the least sign of vegetation; but bare, bleak, frowning rocks, and a flashing stream, breaking into sparkling drops, in its descent of seventy feet. The adjacent shore is fatally noted for the ruin of many a brave vessel. A fearful scene was witnessed here in October, 1837, at the wreck of the "Clarendon," a gallant West Indiaman, commanded by Captain Samuel Walker, with an able crew of sixteen officers

and men, and ten passengers. The morning of the 11th came—the last that ever dawned on the ship and her freight. Right ahead of her rose the fatal cliffs of Chale Bay, and, in spite of all the brave-hearted sailors could do, the waters bore her swiftly to the shore. Twice she struck, reeled over, and then literally rent in twain, amid the despairing cries of the villagers on the beach, who saw and pitied, but could not save. All but three perished!



The engraving represents Chale Church, in the churchyard of which we saw the grave of Captain Walker, and some of the crew. Adjoining the Chine is a bazaar, where visitors

are expected to purchase a trifle. In one room we saw the skeleton of a whale, washed ashore about twenty years previously. We passed one very ancient church. I forget its name. We strolled into the churchyard and read some of the curious epitaphs, almost obliterated by age. On one little child's grave were these words, "*He sent from above ; He took me.*" I could not help exclaiming, "Happy child, thus early to be sent for, to *such a home too !*" In another part of the churchyard I noticed a sun dial with this inscription, "The night cometh when no man can work."

We had a curious encounter on Ashe Down. This place abounds with a strange-looking insect, something like a cockchafer. They appear perfectly harmless, but you will admit it is not very pleasant to have a large flying insect suddenly alight on your face, or buzz in your ear ; but when you have them by dozens, in your face, at the back of your neck, and on both sides of you, it is something more formidable. It was as much as three or four of us could do, by knocking them down with handkerchiefs, umbrellas, sticks, &c., amid sundry screamings and laughter, to keep them at any distance from us ; they swarmed from every direction, and not until we were right off Ashe Down, did we fairly get quit of our tormentors.

I should have told you while we were at Blackgang, we sat and rested on the beach, and hunted for "Isle of Wight diamonds," of which I had heard a great deal. We each found several. They are small white stones, semi-transparent. Some which we sent to a lapidary at Ventnor, look beautiful now, cut and polished, clear as crystal. I have often thought of our great Father in Heaven, as a Divine Lapidary. We, sinful as we are, appear worthless, but *He* sees under the rough surface, to the diamond beneath—the precious soul which *He* has redeemed ; and so, rather than let us lie useless and unnoticed, *He* takes us in hand. *He*

sends sorrow and trouble of varied kinds, all of which are intended to remove our roughnesses and defects, to reveal the true beauty of the hidden gem, and reflect His own glory. A disappointment sometimes comes, which is designed to knock off some unsightly corner of our character. Let us be patient beneath His chastening hand, and may we, in due time, free from the dress of sin, be made pure and beautiful enough to sparkle in the Saviour's crown!

(To be concluded in our next.) L. A. G.

### THE MISSIONARIES' WATCHES.

**W**E have to acknowledge the receipt of 1s. this month from E. B., making the total amount £7 Os. 2d.

We have also the pleasure of informing our friends that the watches are now complete, and most excellent ones they are. The inner case contains the following inscription beautifully engraved:—

P R E S E N T E D

TO

*Mr. Henry Thomas,*

BY SUNDAY-SCHOOL FRIENDS IN ENGLAND,

*In connection with the*

Strict Baptist Mission,

AS A

TRIBUTE OF CHRISTIAN AFFECTION,

*May, 1872.*

That for Mr. Coopoosawmy Row is the same as the above, with the exception of the name. We wish all our young friends could see them, but that is impossible. Some of them, however, have been thus gratified. They will now speedily be sent to the missionaries, and we hope soon to have the satisfaction of hearing they have arrived safely.

Meanwhile we may be excused for again reminding our readers that the amount received is not sufficient by more than £1 10s. for the watches themselves. Then there will be the expense of carriage. We mean this hint for those who have not at present contributed. Further subscriptions will be gratefully received by Mr. G. Pearson, Dartmouth-villa, York-road, Upper Holloway; and Mr. Josiah Briscoe, 17, Arlington-square, Islington, N.

### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**M**Y whole is a promise made by Jesus Christ to his disciples, and is composed of thirty-seven letters. My 2, 7, 18, 16, 6, we must have before we can claim the promise. My 23, 35, 5, 28, 11, give the name of a great and good man. My 27, 10, 14, 22, 13, name a wonderful food given by God to the Israelites. My 6, 26, 1, 9, one of the ten plagues. My 12, 26, 34, 28, 11, 17, a city on the south-western border of Canaan. My 6, 36, 14, a Hebrew measure. My 12, 4, 24, a small but powerful instrument. My 33, 36, 35, 25, an animal. My 35, 30, 32, a bird. My 20, 19, 13, 37, an insect. My 2, 31, 20, a fruit. My 32, 29, 33, 3, a flower. My 30, 21, 5, 4, what we all wish to be. My 17, 35, 8, 15, what we all must be before we can enter heaven.

L. A. G.

### ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA.

CAPERNAUM—BETHLEHEM.

[CaleB—AdvocatE—PentecostT—ElkanaH—RacheL—NazarenE—AhaziaH—UnclE—MiletuM.]

Correct answers have been received from

|                                |                                |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Miss C. Barmore, Homerton.     | Master A. Briscoe, Finsbury.   |
| „ E. Butcher, Tring.           | „ H. Harris, Pulham St. Mary.  |
| „ M. J. Collins, Deptford.     | „ J. Lloyd, Blaenavon.         |
| „ H. Hubbard, Dickleburgh.     | „ J. Meredith, Pontypool.      |
| „ S. E. Last, Pulham St. Mary. | „ W. Sillett, Pulham St. Mary. |
| „ Tessie Shuff, Tooting.       | „ James Tann, ditto.           |
|                                | „ E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey.   |

Several Enigmas are again unavoidably postponed.



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A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

CHAPTER VI.—NEWPORT AND CARISBROOKE.

**I** DON'T know how it is with my readers, but it is a fancy of mine, when away from home on a visit, to vary as much as possible our mode of travelling. As pedestrians, we had visited various places, down shady lanes, across sunny fields, had toiled up declivitous rocks, or strolled on "the calm and quiet shore;" besides which, we had been for pleasant drives in a chaise, had been half-way round the island in a steamer, and when time was more limited and precious, hurried off by train, but now we were bent upon novelty, and so, early one morning, a party of us started off by coach. *Not* the "old family coach" which you know so well about, but assuredly a "family coach."

In riding in an omnibus in London, it is taken as a matter of course, that any and every gentleman will willingly get

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London; HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Buildings.



outside, for a lady to ride inside, but *vice versa* seems the fashion with these coaches. The *outside* is the favourite place, and is given up for ladies. Should there be more travellers than the top will accommodate, a few unselfish and obliging gentlemen will give place and sit *inside*, unless those seats be already occupied by some stylish ladies who wish for a select company, and do not care to look about on the beauties of nature. We were in good time, and got a fine place outside. Our fellow-travellers were apparently good-natured people, who meant to enjoy themselves, and were sociable with us. Of course, high up as we were, we obtained fine uninterrupted views of the surrounding country.

A great attraction to Ryde is the wooded suburb of St. John's and Appley, memorable as the spot where the crew of the "Royal George" were buried. This vessel of 108 guns sank at Spithead, with Admiral Kempenfelt, and 1,000 men August 29th, 1782. Cowper's lines,

"Toll for the brave,"

were written in commemoration of this most lamentable event. After a very pleasant ride, we reached Newport, which is the principal town in the island. It is pleasantly situated in a valley, and the river Medina runs through it. The church of St. Thomas à Becket is a handsome building. Within, is a monument erected at the cost of Queen Victoria, to the memory of Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of King Charles I., who died at Carisbrooke Castle in 1650. There are several other churches and chapels, and other buildings, such as the Museum, containing fossils and other interesting curiosities, the Free Grammar School, and the Literary Institute, &c.

After dinner we had a pleasant walk of about a mile, to the village of Carisbrooke. The church of St. Mary is of

very ancient structure. There is a monument erected to William Keeling, which bears the date 1619. I have seldom met with more singular lines. I took the trouble to copy them, and here they are, so you can read them for yourselves :—

“Fortie and two yeares in this vessel fraile,  
 On the rough sea of life did Keeling saile.  
 A merchant fortunate, a captaine bould,  
 A courtier gracious, yet, (alas!) not old.  
 Such wealth, experience, honour, and high praise,  
 Few winne in twice soe manie yeares or daies.  
 But what the world admired he deemed but drosse,  
 For Christ; without Christ, all his gaines but losse.  
 For him and his dear love with merrie cheere  
 To the Holy Land his last course he did steere.  
 Faith serv'd for sailes, the Sacred Word for cord,  
 Hope was his anchor, glorie his reward,  
 And thus with gales of grace, by happie venter,  
 Through Straits of Death, Heaven's harbor he did enter.”

We saw a stone coffin which had been discovered a few months before, and two skulls. We also visited the remains of a Roman villa, discovered in 1859, supposed to be about 1600 years old.

Carisbrooke Castle is full of historic interest. It was erected by William Fitz Osborne, cousin to William the Conqueror. Of course it is now in ruins, as you can see by the engraving. I dare say most of you have read that it was here Charles I. was imprisoned. I saw the window from which he tried to make his escape. The keep stands on a site of the ancient Saxon fortress. We got a splendid view when we gained its summit, which however, was not until we had toiled up between seventy and eighty steps. The walls in some parts of the castle are said to be eighteen feet in thickness.

The well is, perhaps, the principal object of interest to



CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

youthful visitors. It was sunk by Baldwin de Redvers in 1150, and is about 310 feet deep. A bucket is lowered, and brought up by means of a wheel worked by a donkey. The guide testifies to the quality and purity of the water, which visitors have the opportunity of tasting. I had some, and found it remarkably clear and cold, very refreshing to us, tired as we were. As soon as it has done its work, the donkey steps out and advances towards you, for a biscuit, apple, or something of the sort, that he looks for as a matter of course, and seems to consider quite his due, *which it is*. Notwithstanding its monotonous life, its general appearance testifies that it has an easy time of it, rather different from the poor shamefully-used creatures at Blackheath! It has not been many years at the "trade," so is at present a compa-

rative novice, but yet is a great stickler for routine, walking out immediately after having drawn one bucket of water. He came close up to where I was standing, fixed his intelligent eyes on mine, let me pat his back, and then quietly fed out of my hand. His ancestors were remarkable for their tenacity to life. One drew water for more than half-a-century, and was then killed by falling over the ramparts; another is said to have drawn water for forty-five years, another for forty, and one, after having served for twenty-six years, retired on a pension of a penny loaf daily from the Duke of Gloucester.

We were not quite so fortunate coming home, for there was not room for us all on the top of the coach, so I went inside. There were three very grand ladies already seated there, they did not speak a single word to me all the way home, but I noticed they looked somewhat contemptuously at a few wild flowers I held in my hand, and then at their own bouquets of cultivated ones. I didn't mind this at all, but I couldn't help thinking how much I was losing by being inside.

There are many other places I went to see; a very old church at Binstead, and a lovely walk through a wood to the ruins of Quarr Abbey, so called from the quarries which existed in the vicinity. It was founded in 1132; there is but little now left of it. Then there's Sea View, and Spring Vale, Niton and Knighton; (this place is distinguished from the other by its being called "K-Nighton,") and the pretty little bridge at Wootton, and very many other places, but I think this lengthy description will suffice. I can only reiterate what thousands have said before me, that the Isle of Wight is a most lovely place. I wish I could have described it better. We were sorry to have to leave this place of so much beauty. It was such a change from the cool sequestered nooks of Shanklin, the roaring sea of Bonchurch, and the tranquil bay of Sandown, to return to hot, dusty,

restless London ; but after all our ramblings, it was a very refreshing and consoling thought that there *was* our own "home, sweet home," where we could rest our tired limbs.

Dear readers, we have travelled many pleasant miles together, but yet have never met face to face, and perhaps never shall in this world. *This* journey is done, but there is *one* we are *all* on. Along the dusty roads, some find more flowers than others. Some take winding paths which *seem* more pleasant, but they get far away from the right track, and some find much nearer and shorter roads, and soon get to the end. We are *all* on this journey. Are we all journeying to the *same place* ? Are *you*, reader, walking in the paths of righteousness which lead to glory and to God ? It may be that some of us have nearly finished our journey ! Shall we meet each other *there*, in Heaven ? God grant we may *all* safely reach our Home, when our wanderings here are over.

*Islington, June, 1872.*

L. A. G.

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## THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE, AND WHAT THEY SAY TO MAN.

(Continued from page 88.)

### BEHEMOTH.

**B**Y way of change let me now call your attention to the two remarkable animals so graphically and minutely described in the Book of Job, and which have been the subject of some debate and controversy. I allude to behemoth and leviathan. And first as to the behemoth. The word itself occurs only once, "Behold now *behemoth*, which I made with thee;" (Job xl. 15.)

Now some commentators think it is a collective term because of its plural form—behemoths—and that therefore it means *all* the larger animals, as the elephant, the hippo-

potamus, &c. Others think the *elephant* was intended. Others that it signifies some extinct animal like the *dinotherium*, a model of which may be seen in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. Respecting this it may be said that the whole account shows that it was an existing animal which was familiar to Job, and to which his attention was called for a special purpose, and I may say at once that the opinion held by the best biblical scholars and naturalists is that the hippopotamus and no other animal is or can be intended, and with this I fully agree. As to the elephant I would only say, can he be said to "eat grass like *an ox*," when it is well known that he plucks up the green tufts with his proboscis, and then puts them into his mouth, the gesture being one which could not fail to be noticed in a description so full of detail, if the elephant were really intended.

That the hippopotamus was known to the ancient Hebrews may be taken for certain. If, as is most probable, the book of Job was written soon after the liberation of the Israelites from Egypt, it may well be supposed that Job and his companions were well acquainted with the animal. I cannot, for want of time and space, go into the separate details given respecting behemoth in the book of Job, but I may say in brief that his eating grass like an ox, his lying in the covert of reeds and fens, the strength of his bones and their extreme hardness, his proud contempt of the swelling of the river and the rising of the waters, and lastly, his quick discernment of snares laid for his capture, (Job xl.) all agree exactly with the accounts given of the hippopotamus in his haunts in the Upper Nile, and in fact may be partly seen exemplified in his appearance and habits any day in our Zoological Gardens. The only passages which create any difficulty are the two following, "Surely the mountains bring him forth food," (Job xl. 20,) and "He moveth his tail like a cedar:" (Job xl. 17,) but when it is understood that the word

“*mountain*” is often applied to any elevated spot without reference to its actual height, and that nothing is said as to the length or size of his tail, but merely that it is stiff and inflexible as a cedar stem, all difficulty at once vanishes.

(*To be continued.*)

G. P.

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### ELIZABET AND HER COW.

A SWEDISH STORY OF A SINGULAR VOYAGE ON AN ICEBERG.

**M**ANY years ago dwelt on the sea-shore, in their humble cottage, Elizabet Strönberg with her father and mother. At least such is the name we will give to the subject of this narrative, which in other respects is perfectly true.

The Strönbergs had one cow, and it was Elizabet's duty to tend it. One day the animal strayed away; and when its young mistress found it, it had reached the ocean—then covered with large masses of floating ice. On one of these, which was attached to the land, stood Metta, poor cow—quite unconscious of her danger. Elizabet endeavoured by every means to induce her to return, and even ventured on the iceberg, which now became fearfully agitated. Filled with terror the poor girl attempted to return. It was too late, alas! the fragment of ice which had connected the mass with the headland broke away, and Elizabet and her dumb companion were adrift on the waters. There was no one near to hear her frantic cries for help, and away they drifted out to sea. To the right and left were floating masses of ice, but these were soon left behind, and around was the wild waste of waters. As the shore receded from her sight, Elizabet became petrified with terror. To add to her fears, the light of the setting sun which had made the ocean appear like a vast field of sparkling gold, now deepened into twilight; then night set in, and a terrible night it was for poor Elizabet. Still onward went the ice, tossed to and fro each

moment, it seemed as if its living load would be destroyed. The sound of the waves, the roaring of the winds, were as fearful voices in that dread darkness, while in her excited imagination grim monsters seemed to be surrounding her. "Metta, Metta," she cried, leaning her head against the side of the poor cow, "are we thus to perish?" Metta lowed mournfully as if she understood somewhat of their terrible danger.

Hope died within Elizabet; she almost longed for death: but then came the solemn question, was she prepared to meet it? How she shuddered as her heart answered, No! She prayed as she had never prayed before, imploring God to make her trustful in him, and if it was his will to deliver her from danger; but if she were thus to die to forgive her many sins and to take her to himself. Thus passed her first night on the iceberg. E. B.

*(To be continued.)*

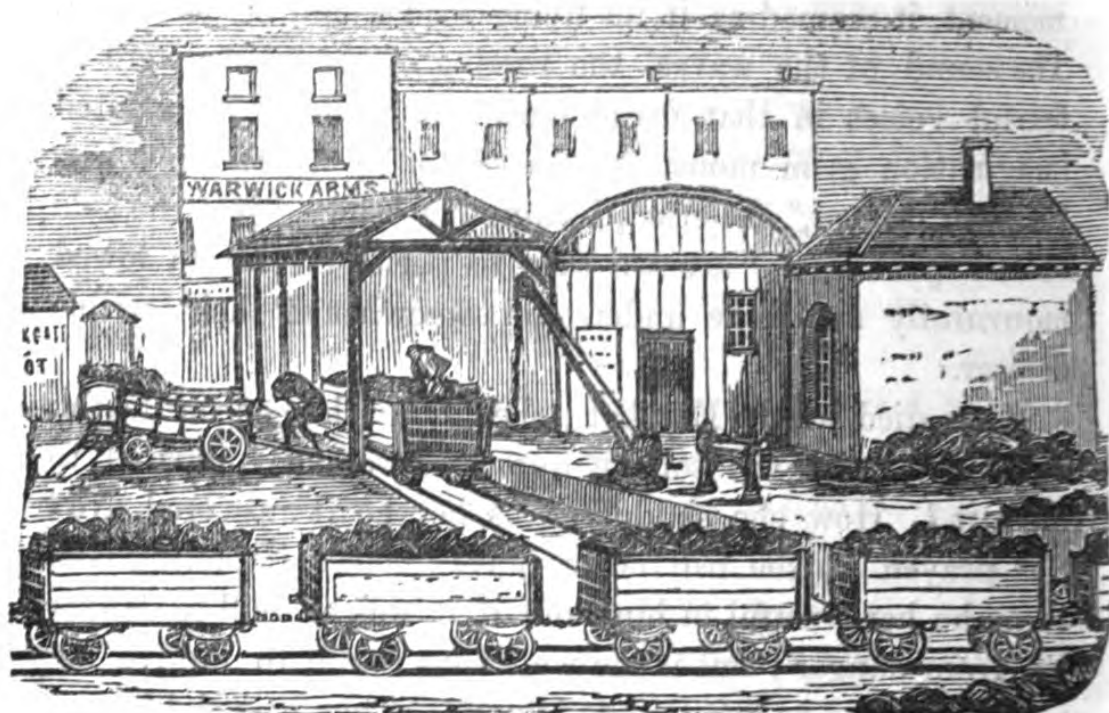
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## "WHERE DO COALS COME FROM?"

*(Continued from page 78.)*

**I**N my last chapter I explained to you very briefly the operations connected with raising coal to the surface of the earth. In this chapter I will tell you what has to be done before it reaches the cellars of the inhabitants of London or elsewhere. As soon as the corve or cage containing the coal reaches the surface, a man who is stationed at the mouth of the pit, and who is styled "the banksman," unhooks it from the chain or winding rope, and sends it off to the screens, over which it must be thrown in order to get rid of all the small and bad coal. It is then loaded into the merchants' railway coal-waggons, and thus conveyed, by the aid of the steam engine, to the different coal depôts in various parts of the kingdom.





This mode of conveying coal to the different depôts refers only to inland coals, such as the coals that come from Yorkshire or Derbyshire, but the coals that come from the north are mostly loaded into vessels at the sea-coast, called colliers and coals so brought to London are termed seaborne coals.

The operation in the first instance is the same, but as the pits mostly lie at a distance from the sea, they are obliged to have a railway run from the pit to the loading place ; when the distance is not too great they have it *inclined* so that the loaded waggons run down of their own accord, and the empty ones, by means of a long rope working over a drum-wheel at the pit end of the railway, and attached to either end of the loaded and unloaded waggons, are drawn up again from the loading place, (or in technical language called "the staith,") by the weight of the others going down. When the full waggons arrive at the staith, they are shot down a spout into the hold of the vessel laying underneath.

In the larger collieries they have a better means of doing it, so as to prevent the coal being broken so much. A pair

of gigantic wooden arms catch the waggon as it arrives at the end of the staith. The weight of the waggon gradually lowers the framework upon which it has been caught, till it reaches the mouth of the hold of the vessel. A man then undoes a bolt at the bottom of the waggon, which lets the bottom fall out, and of course the coals slide through the opening thus made, and are deposited in the vessel's hold. A weight then at the other end of the framework counterbalances the weight of the waggon, and causes the framework with the waggon to rise to its original position. Thus coals are shipped in the north.

When the laden collier arrives in the Thames, it is unloaded into barges belonging to the different buyers, who take it to their wharves and there load it into sacks and cart it away to their customers. Coals brought up by rail are served in the same manner. It is only in London that coals are delivered in sacks; in country towns they are brought to your door in a cart very much like a London rubbish cart, and there shot out on the ground for you to shovel into the coal-cellar.

I have now, in as simple and short a form as possible, given you the history of coals from their formation to their delivery into your cellars. I cannot, however, conclude without bringing before your minds the fact that, though the coal mines of this country are the sources of untold wealth to this favoured land, yet there is another mine of which the value is more than all the mines in the world put together. It has been the source of the riches of hundreds of thousands, and will be so till this world shall end. It is the mine of the Bible. Christ says, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." That's the treasure—"eternal life." Is not this worth everything this world can give? Therefore, my dear reader, whoever you may be, read your Bible and search for the treasure. Dig deep, and you shall be all the richer.

## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XIV. 15—32.

**N**ONE but the simple would believe  
 Every report he might receive :  
 A man who knows what he's about  
 Will frequently find cause to doubt.

A wise man fears, and flees from sin :  
 A raging fool still boasts therein.  
 A hasty temper folly proves :  
 And mischief-makers no one loves.

The fool 's a stranger to renown ;  
 But knowledge is a lasting crown.  
 The evil bow before the good ;—  
 'Tis only proper that they should.

The rich invite, and crowds attend—  
 The poor is hated by his friend ;  
 But happy is the man whose store  
 Is blest by giving to the poor.

Do they not err that evil plan ?  
 Why should we hurt our fellow man ?  
 But truth and mercy follow those  
 Who good devise and ill oppose.

Profit shall industry attend :  
 But idle talk in want shall end.  
 Riches shall crown where wisdom rules,  
 But folly is the boast of fools.

True witnesses deliver those  
 Who 're persecuted by their foes ;  
 But who can trust to their replies  
 Who speak and even swear to lies ?

What confidence have those who fear  
 The Lord, and seek their refuge here!  
 Fear is the very fount of life,  
 When snares of death around are rife.

The honour of the king must stand  
 In having subjects to command:  
 Thus Christ the King of kings shall be  
 Honoured at last beyond degree.

He that is slow to wrath is wise:  
 The hasty man is otherwise.  
 Contentment is a happy lot;  
 But envy makes the bones to rot.

Who rules the poor with iron rod  
 Reproaches his Creator, God;  
 But he who loves his Maker shows  
 His sympathy for others' woes.

The wicked like the chaff are driven,  
 And die without a hope of heaven;  
 But when the righteous yield their breath,  
 Their hope supports their soul in death.

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### PRAYER.

[A teacher in Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Deptford, has sent us the following short essay, written by one of his scholars, which we think is very creditable to its author, a lad thirteen years of age.]

**P**RAYER does not consist in the mere bowing of the knees, and the uttering of solemn words. It is the expressing of one's most earnest and sincere desires to God; desires that come from the heart, and that we feel will be granted. There is a great difference in saying prayers, and really praying to God. The one is a mere saying a form of words; the other is the heart speaking to God, as a child

would speak to his father, asking him for what he needs, taking to him all his troubles and cares, knowing that if his father sees fit, he will give him what he needs, and will comfort him and lighten him of his afflictions. Even so should we pray to our Heavenly Father, approaching him not as slaves or servants of a great King, but as his adopted children, trusting in him and believing that he will give us what would be good for us ; for Jesus Christ saith, " Whatsoever ye shall ask of God, believing, in my name, ye shall receive."

We cannot approach God in prayer, by any merits of our own, we have nothing to offer to God ; but we can get acceptance to the footstool of God, by the blood of Jesus, who died on the cross for the salvation of sinful men ; and tells us that if we ask in his name, God will grant our requests.

F. W. PORTER.

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### LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING AN AGED COUPLE PARTING AT A  
WORKHOUSE-DOOR.

OH it made my feelings *souple*,  
 More than aught for long before,  
 When I saw that aged couple  
 Kissing at the workhouse-door.

There they lingered, there they parted,  
 He to left and she to right ;  
 Oh it made me tender-hearted  
 When I heard them say " Good night !"

Many years, though small their pittance,  
 They had toiled, till, old and poor,  
 Then were forced to seek admittance,  
 Homeless, at the workhouse-door,

Though admitted, not together—  
 Parted, though they're man and wife ;  
 Parted, neither knowing whether  
 This might be their lot for life.

On the Sabbath-day, however,  
 When allowed to leave the "house,"  
 Arm in arm, as true as ever,  
 They recall their early vows.

But at night again they're parted ;  
 Still they hope to meet again :  
 For affection's tears that started  
 Each endeavoured to restrain.

Yet it made my feelings *souple*,  
 More than aught for long before,  
 When I saw that aged couple  
 Kissing at the workhouse-door.      JOSIAH B.

*(Written for M. B., who related the above circumstance to him.)*

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#### THE MISSIONARIES' WATCHES.

**WE** have now the pleasure of stating that the watches have been forwarded to Messrs. H. Thomas and Cooposawmy Row. Since last month we have received the following sums :—Mr. Collier, 2s. ; Friends per Mr. Walton, (additional) 10d. ; Mr. Sims, 5s. ; Mr. Dinham, 4s. ; per Miss Stubbins, (additional) 5s. 6d. These, with £7 0s. 2d. previously acknowledged, bring the total to £7 17s. 6d. This is still below the amount expended ; but we must trust to the goodwill of the Committee, to vote the remainder. We thank our young friends for their kind response, and hope they will realise that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

G. P. AND J. B.

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS, &c.

**M**Y whole is a sweet Bible sentence, and consists of sixty letters. My 59, 11, 35, 45, 2, 5, 30, a title of Christ. My 1, 17, 4, 28, 2, 25, 20, 18, 2, 9, 10, 57, a king of Elam. My 47, 59, 21, 51, 34, 32, a prophet. My 46, 51, 48, 44, 53, 30, 43, 58, 59, 59, the place where Christ fasted. My 32, 55, 59, 32, 40, 42, a son of Elah. My 59, 4, 41, 27, 38, 1, 32, 33, 25, 51, 22, a king of Assyria. My 59, 54, 1, 8, 3, 23, 57, 31, a tree. My 52, 56, 49, 19, 24, 57, 15, an unclean bird. My 26, 57, 29, 57, 11, 16, a mountain. My 3, 11, 57, 14, 3, 11, 50, 39, 42, 12, 58, 16, 10, one whom Christ first appeared to. My 32, 24, 3, 45, 37, 45, 7, 36, a Christian virtue. My 13, 2, 7, a patriarch.

*Pulham St. Mary.*

S. E. LAST.

**M**Y first a Jewish month will show,  
 My next you'll find in life, I know :  
 My third brave warriors used in war,  
 Before they knew the cannon's roar.  
 My whole rebelled, and soon God sent  
 The wicked man's just punishment.

T. W. WALTER.

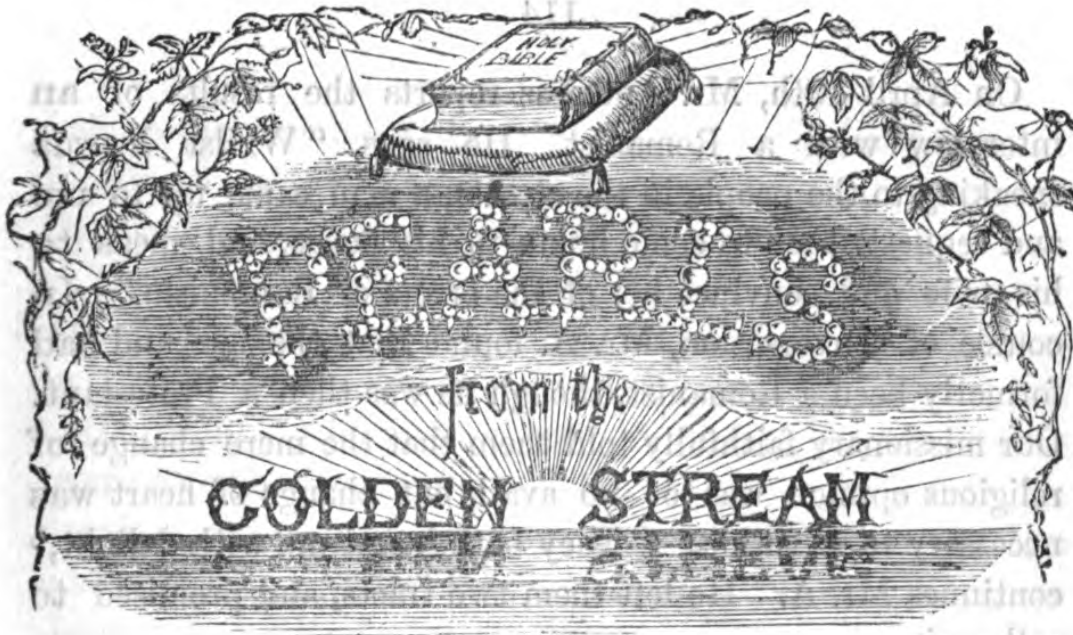
## ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA.

"IF YE SHALL ASK ANYTHING IN MY NAME, I WILL DO IT." [Faith—Moses—Manna—Hail—Kadesh—Hin—Key—Lion—Owl—Gnat—Fig—Lily—Wise—Holy.]

We are pleased with the number of correct answers received from the following :—

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Miss C. Barmore, Homerton.<br>„ M. J. Collins, Deptford.<br>„ A. Cursons, Park-street,<br>Grosvenor-square.<br>„ M. A. Field, Hertford.<br>„ H. E. Hubbard, Dickleburgh.<br>„ S. A. Thorne, Eaton Bray.<br>Master A. Briscoe, Finsbury. | Master C. J. Clifford, Deptford.<br>„ F. R. Cursons, Park-street.<br>„ Isaac Lloyd, Blaenavon.<br>„ John Meredith, Pontypool.<br>„ W. Sillett, Pulham St. Mary.<br>„ James Tann, ditto.<br>„ A. Thorne, Eaton Bray.<br>„ E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

BRISCOE & SONS, Printers, Banner-street, Finsbury.



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### OUR MISSION.

#### INTERESTING NEWS FROM CEYLON.

**T**HOSE of our young friends who love the Saviour will be pleased to hear of the progress of the work of the Lord in Ceylon.

Reports have been more regular of late, and those recently received are very pleasing and satisfactory.

On March 14th last, our missionary, Mr. Andriesz reports an interview he had had with a young woman who was under conviction for sin. She had been moral and upright, and thought that she was safe for heaven, until she heard Mr. A. preach a sermon against "those that are at ease in Zion." She then felt herself to be a great sinner, and her false peace of mind departed. Our missionary directed her to Jesus, and read to her many encouraging invitations of the gospel. She found peace in believing, and some time afterwards applied for baptism.

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London : HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Buildings.



On April 13th, Mr. Andriesz reports the results of an interview with a Romanist. He says, "Whilst I was speaking to the people in the streets, a man came up to me and requested me to come home to his house, and speak to his wife and convince her of the errors of Romanism." In course of conversation, Mr. A. found that the husband had formerly been a Romanist, though he was then a Protestant. Our missionary faithfully told them that the mere change of religious opinion was of no avail, but change of heart was necessary to salvation. "They both heard me with delight," continues Mr. A. He left them two tracts, and promised to call again.

"Since then," he adds, "I have often seen them.....I am glad to say that the man has confessed that a new light has dawned upon him." Up to the time of Mr. A.'s former visit, he confesses he was ignorant of true religion, but now he has come to know the truth. As for his wife she is now well aware of the absurdity of confessing to a priest, and the unprofitableness of attending the mass.

In a letter recently received from Mr. Van Geysel, (the superintendent of the Mission at Colombo,) he reports that on Sunday night, the 26th May, Mr. A. had the pleasure of baptizing four candidates—two male and two female, before a large congregation. "He preached," says Mr. V. G., "a very eloquent and heart-stirring sermon from the words, "Why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized." One male candidate is a shoemaker by trade, an elderly man; the other a young man, by trade a printer, and is connected as a scholar in our Pettah Sunday-school; the third an elderly woman, and the last our missionary's eldest daughter, about eighteen years old.....An elderly woman, a very old backslider, is also a regular attendant on Mr. A.'s ministry, and an applicant for church membership. After many storms and tempests we are enjoying a sweet calm.....Truly we can

believe the promise of the Lord, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." We have lately been sowing in tears, but the Lord is helping us to reap with joy."

Thus you see, dear young friends, the Lord is blessing the Mission to which so many of you contribute. Even scholars in the school are becoming church members. Is not this encouraging? Can you rejoice at this? Angels rejoice over one sinner that repents. Are we in sympathy with the angels? We sometimes use the prayer, "Thy kingdom come." Are we in that kingdom? Is that "other King, one Jesus," our King? Do we love him with all our heart? Are we serving him to the best of our ability? If so, we shall rejoice at every new convert we hear of, and yearn for the time when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever."

J. B.

P.S.—Since last acknowledgment, we have received the following sums towards the missionaries' watches, viz. :—Mr. and Mrs. VanGeyzel, 5s. ; Wilderness-row School, per Mr. Whittaker, 13s. 0½d. : making the total £8 15s. 6½d. This is a little more than the cost of the watches : we shall therefore apply to the Committee merely for the remaining amount of the postage.

## THE YOUNG WORKMAN OF GENEVA.

*From the French.*

**A** YOUNG man at Geneva, who worked for an engraver, had left off observing the Sabbath and attending public worship. But on one occasion, on a day which was observed as a national fast, his employers gave him a holiday ; and he went to church, where the good minister preached a powerful sermon against the profanation of the Sabbath. The young

man made up his mind that he would never again work on the Lord's day ; and on the following Sunday his place in the work-room remained empty. "Well," cried the master-engraver on the Monday morning, "you did not come yesterday. Were you out having a bit of fun?" "No, sir ; I went to church." The master gave a shrug and said, "I wouldn't advise you to do that a second time."

On the following Sunday, however, his place was again empty ; and the next day the master, highly indignant, told him, that if he absented himself another Sunday, he would be sent away.

The week passed on, and the grief of the poor young fellow at the idea of losing his means of subsistence may easily be imagined. He actually put on his working dress on Sunday morning, and was about to start for the engraver's ; but conscience gained the victory, and the Lord gave him grace to say, "Come what may, I'll go to God's house." The next day he went to the work-room, to await whatever might befall him. At about ten o'clock, his employer called him into his own little room. "You heard what I said," observed the master ; "here is what is still owing to you of your wages, take your tools, and look out for work somewhere else." The poor young man packed up his things, went down-stairs, and left the workshop. His thoughts were very sad ; for it was a melancholy thing for a young mechanic to be turned off for no fault from a factory where he got good wages, and not to know where to turn to find work. He was on his way to his little lodging, when he met an acquaintance who worked for another employer. His friend, observing how sad he looked, asked him if anything was amiss. The young man showed him his parcel of tools and said, "It was because I wouldn't work on Sundays." "You have a scrupulous conscience," said the other. "Never mind, we'll try whether we can't get you another place." He then had to bid him

goodbye, for he was on his way to his own workshop ; but he immediately related the circumstance to his master, who promised the young man work which should in no way interfere with his conscientious observance of the Sabbath.

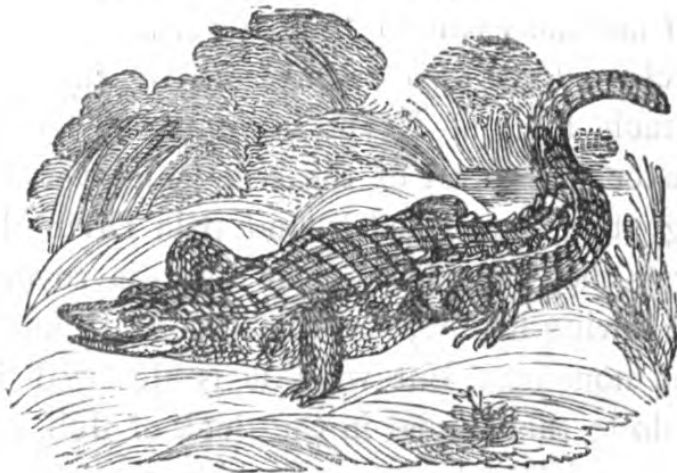
Most heartily did the youth return thanks to God ; and ever since that time he has continued to keep the Lord's-day as it *should* be kept : confident that we never lose anything by serving Him, since He will "not suffer the soul of the righteous to want," but makes "all things work together for their good."

JANET.

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## THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE, AND WHAT THEY SAY TO MAN.

*(Continued from page 104.)*



LEVIATHAN.

**L**ET us now turn to the other great animal mentioned in the Book of Job.

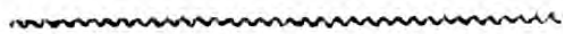
The word Leviathan signifies in general any large inhabitant of the waters, whether reptile or marine. In the latter sense it is used by the Psalmist, "So is this great and wide sea," (the Mediterranean, the Jews knew no other *great* sea ;)

“There is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein:” alluding to one of the larger whales which are found there. But in the Book of Job the description given of leviathan forbids us to refer it to the whale; in fact, the Jewish Bible gives the word crocodile, instead of leviathan, wherever it occurs. And the splendid description given of the animal in Job points as clearly to the crocodile as the description of behemoth points to the hippopotamus. (Job xli.) The difficulty of capturing the animal with the hook, the impenetrability of his scales, the strength of his tail, his flaming eye, his smoking nostrils, his bold and sudden onsets on his foe, and the commotion he makes in the water in his rage, all agree with the accounts given by modern travellers of the crocodile in the Upper Nile, when roused to defend himself from attack. Verse 13 speaks of the terror inspired by his open mouth, and alludes to his terrible teeth in a manner which shows that the alligator or crocodile was intended, and not the whale of the open sea.

In Ezekiel we have two descriptions of the crocodile, to which Pharaoh, King of Egypt, is compared. The crocodile was the master and terror of the Nile; and yet, in spite of this, the Egyptians venerated it, and paid Divine honours to it; exactly as they considered their despotic sovereign as a sort of god during his life, and after his death honoured him with Divine honours. But what it is declared impossible for man to do to this animal in the Book of Job, it is said to be the purpose of God to do in Ezekiel, viz., put a hook in his jaws, bring him up out of the river, and give him to be meat for the beasts of the field:” (Ezekiel xxix. 2,) thus predicting the downfall of the Egyptian power.

*(To be continued.)*

G. P.



## ELIZABET AND HER COW.

*(Continued from page 105.)*

**M**ORNING found Elizabet and her cow still on the floating ice. Day brought hope, which was strengthened by prayer. For the first time Elizabet felt hunger. When she had left home, she had, as she had frequently done, put some food into her pocket ; now she drew it forth, yet she tasted it not herself, but offered some to Metta, who, though hungry, refused at first, because it was not her natural food : afterwards, however, she gladly took it, for hunger is a sharp thorn. Elizabet was glad when she saw the poor beast eat, as by prolonging its life she hoped to prolong her own, for its milk would sustain her for a time.

A second day passed ; then again came the darkness of night—a darkness that might be felt. Yet though the dangers were equally threatening, Elizabet bore them better than she had done the night before ; for reliance on Him “ who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand,” gained by prayer, gave her strength to endure what no other power but His could impart.

For three days was Elizabet Strönberg exposed to the perils of the ocean. On the third day she saw land ; and to her inexpressible joy, the ocean about her was still frozen in many parts, and as the iceberg drifted closer to the shore, she saw some fishermen mending their nets. They noticed her. She called to them ; they answered, and quickly in one of their small vessels came to her rescue, while men, women, and children waited to give her greeting on the shore, all anxious to hear the strange story she had to tell.

Elizabet found herself in a foreign country ; her singular voyage having brought her across the Baltic Sea to Pomerania, in Prussia. In this land she made her home. She sent word of her wonderful escape to her parents by some

seamen ; but their death prevented her from again seeing them. She was afterwards married to the son of the fisherman, into whose cottage she was first taken.

Metta lived to become a venerable cow, the pet of Luisa, Elizabeth's little daughter, and the pet of all the children who had the honour of the acquaintance of an animal, who had been so great an adventurer. And she was doubly cared for by her mistress, who never thinks of her own preservation, but her heart rises in fervent gratitude to God.

From this true story of so miraculous an escape from death, learn, dear readers, in whatever danger, difficulty, or trouble you may be, to seek God. He ever hears true prayer, whether in the hour of joy or in the time of sorrow. Well might the Psalmist therefore exclaim—"Trust in Him at all times ; ye people, pour out your hearts before him : God is a refuge for us." E. B.

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### COME TO JESUS.

(A BIBLE LESSON FOR THE LITTLE ONES.)

**L**ITTLE ones, have you ever been one in a large crowd, waiting to see some great man? I have. You have doubtless heard of Garibaldi. Well, there was a large crowd waiting to see him, and I was on the top of a shop, watching. There was much confusion and noise, and often there were shouts that he was coming, and each time we were disappointed. At last, however, he really did come riding by, and the crowd was hushed into silence in a moment ; but, touched by the sight of the noble manly features, the genial smile, and the free courteous manner in which he welcomed them, they burst into one loud shout of applause.

This was a crowd of which *I* formed a part, now I am going to tell you of another crowd. I was not there ; for

what you are going to hear happened many hundred years ago, but I've read all about it, and now I'll tell it to you. There was a small company of men, and as they walked they engaged in deep conversation. There was One amongst them who seemed to be above them ; not that He was dressed better, for they were all poor people, and this One equally with the rest. But they all looked to Him, asked Him questions, and He answered them all in turn. The wind lifted His flowing hair, and shewed a face of perfect calmness, a look of quiet dignity and earnest thoughtful-ness.

Often they stopped on their way, for as they came to the little villages people came out to see that One in the crowd. He bore the sweetest name ever heard. Need I tell you, dear children, it was *Jesus* ? All had heard of His wonderful love and power : so the sick came to Him and were made strong and well ; the blind ; and He opened their eyes ; the deaf and dumb, and he made them to hear and speak ; the lame were carried to Him, and when He had *spoken* to them, they were able to walk !

Jesus and His disciples looked very tired, and well they might. They had walked through Galilee and Samaria, and were on their way to Jerusalem. And now they drew nigh to Jericho. I can fancy how the people came out of their houses to catch sight of this wonderful person who was to pass by. Mothers with little babies in their arms would be looking through the windows, and fathers and brothers would go out of doors to get a better view ; busy workmen, perhaps, hurrying along, would stop and ask what was going on, and they too would spare a few moments to get a glimpse of him. At last the expected little company came in sight. There were rows of eager faces on either side, and there were trees growing here and there—for it was not at all like our London streets. Now there was one man who wanted *very much* to see Jesus ; but he was quite afraid he



should not ; for he was very short, and he thought that most likely all the people would push before him, so that he would not be able to see at all. This would have been a very great disappointment, for he had *determined* to see Jesus this time. So what do you think he did ? Why, he climbed up into one of the trees, and there he waited quietly and patiently. He was almost hidden by the branches ; but he looked out, so as to be sure to see Him. He was sitting up there very quietly, as the Saviour was drawing nigh. Zaccheus (that was the little man's name) could see Him very well ; but he was startled by hearing his own name called ; and there stood Jesus, gazing up at him ! Oh that face ! it looked so calm, so earnest, so full of love ! And that *voice* ! surely *never* sounded another like that voice ! And then the words he heard—"Zaccheus, make haste and come down ; for to-day I must abide at thy house." How happy he was ! He could scarcely speak for joy ; he got down so fast from the tree, and walked by the side of Jesus, till they reached his home. And all this time the people were looking on, and wondering so that Jesus should go and stay with a man that was such a sinner ! Jesus knew this far better than any other ; but He knew, too, which the others did not, of the change already wrought in that man's heart,—of the inward love for Him, and the humble but earnest desire to live a new life, and of the inward struggles between right and wrong. And Jesus is still as loving and as kind to all who come to Him. If you feel yourself to be a sinner, come to Him, dear child, for He waits to be gracious.

Notice the *obedience* and *humility* of Zaccheus. As soon as he heard Christ's words, "Make haste and come down," he *immediately* obeyed, and directly he came to Jesus he confessed his sins.

May you, dear children, in like manner go to the Friend of sinners who has said He "will in no wise cast out" any who seek Him in sincerity and in truth.

L. A. G.



### THE TWO SERVANTS.\*

**H**ARRIET Jane, and Mary Bell, lived very near to each other in early infancy; always attended the same school, and walked to the house of God in company. But the education they received at home was very different, and this affected their future lives.

Harriet was the only child of a sailor. Her father's employment naturally took him much from his family; and when he was at home he was not often sober. Her mother was an untidy woman, who spent the greatest part of the day in idle gossip, and had no control over her child.

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\* We are indebted to the Tract Society for the substance of this article.

Quick and clever, Harriet was at the same time passionate, vain, and worldly. At times, when listening to the earnest preaching of her minister, she felt a wish to become a Christian. The feeling, however, was quickly effaced. The seed sown fell on a rocky soil; vanity and folly, like the fowls of the air, soon devoured it.

Harriet's companion, Mary, was the eldest in a family of ten children. Her father, a day labourer, was frugal and industrious; for both he and his wife found it necessary to work very hard to supply the wants of so many. Her mother took in washing, and Mary had very early been taught to assist her. When the day's work was over, it was Mary's business to make the kitchen tidy for her father's return at night; then, after she had put the little ones to bed, she sat down beside her parents, and helped her mother to make or mend their clothes.

Mary was a general favourite because of her meek and quiet spirit; and the secret of this was she had become a true Christian, and by God's grace was enabled to follow the worthy example of her parents.

Her father was to a great extent her instructor. Often, as he sat at the cottage door, with the little ones clustered at his knee, he would speak of the Saviour, explaining how he passed through a life of toil and suffering, and a death of agony and shame, to obtain even for little children an everlasting home in heaven. She was also a regular hearer of the preaching of God's word, and profited much from it. The seed sank deep into her heart, and brought forth fruit in her life.

Time passed on. Harriet becoming tired of remaining in her untidy, unhappy home, sought for a place, and was engaged to attend upon a family in the neighbourhood. Naturally quick and active, she for some time gave satisfaction. Her mistress took much interest in her, and hoped she had succeeded in training her into orderly ways.

Poor girl! after the first excitement of change was over, having no fixed principle, she grew tired of her work, and gradually became less anxious to please, and more eager for dress. The time allowed to attend a place of worship was spent in walks and foolish talk with idle and vain companions. Thus she took the first step towards evil.

It would be painful to trace her downward course; for she went on from bad to worse, until, after leaving her place, she continued a few years in sin, and then sank into a nameless grave. In her last hours she was visited by a kind lady; but her only words when told of the sinner's refuge, were, "Too late! too late!" The Bible was read to her, with its blessed messages of mercy and pardon. For a little while she appeared to listen; then again in anguish she exclaimed, "Too late! too late!" And in this state of mind she died.

It will now be a relief to trace the history of Mary.

Near Mary's home was an old hall, belonging for many years to a country family, whose representative at this time was an old gentleman, who, with his two daughters, lived there in great retirement. He had had a stroke of paralysis, which had left him dependent on their devoted attachment, and on the services of a favourite, much-trusted servant, who had lived with him as butler for thirty years. The ladies spent the time not claimed by their father in looking after their poor neighbours, to whom they were always kind. Unfortunately they took no part in the management of the house. The servants were supposed to be under the control of a housekeeper, who had superintended the affairs of the household for many years. Changes were seldom made. A favourite maid, however, having married, it was necessary to replace her. The clergyman's wife, who had long known Mary's conscientious, dutiful behaviour, recommended her to fill the vacant place.

The good character Mary bore, her modest looks and neat dress, much attracted Miss S—, and she was engaged. Mary's father expressed fears as to his daughter's getting on amongst the upper servants of the establishment. Her mother, who felt the necessity for her to do something for her own support, and whose second daughter was able to fill Mary's place at home, bade her do her duty, and trust the rest to God, when all would be well. She knew that her child's cheerful faith and wish to obey had already guided her in many difficulties.

It was a bright spring afternoon when Mary set out with her father to her new home. They walked on for some time in silence. At last her father said, "Mary, I hope you may be fit for your place, but I am uneasy about it; and those old servants—I don't think all they do would bear the inspection of their master. I have an idea that a good deal goes on unknown to Mr. S—. Do your duty, however, and pray to God for his strength. You are, I hope, one of his children; and no harm can happen to you so long as you keep close to Him. Be ready always to tell your trials to Him. His grace will enable you to keep a clear conscience, and not to do anything that will not bear the eye of your Master in heaven, and of your mistress upon earth." Mary looked up with a tearful smile, which expressed assent to his advice. They had now reached the house, and her father bade her good-night. "God bless you, my child," said he, "and guide you evermore."

Mary entered upon her work with a determination to do her best, but with a little fear as to the consequences, which was not lightened as night drew on. Sitting down to supper, she was surprised to see several persons who evidently did not belong to the house. There was much laughing, and some remarks were made in an under-tone about herself and her demure looks. She was much relieved when summoned

to attend the ladies ; after which, she went to bed. Having read a chapter in her Bible, and commended herself earnestly to God, she lay down, and being tired with the excitement of the day, was soon asleep. Many hours afterwards she was disturbed by the entrance of other servants who slept in the same room. "Is it not late?" she asked. "Yes," was the answer, "we are always late in this house."

A week passed, during which time Mary was convinced that the fears of her father were just. She became more and more unhappy. She saw dishonesty going on by day in many forms ; and at night one or more strangers always joined the supper party, where wine was produced by the butler, which Mary felt sure ought not to be there. The butler and the housekeeper, indeed, who should have preserved order, appeared to be the principal promoters of the wrong doings. Mary kept by herself as much as possible ; still she could not avoid seeing much that was bad, and which her conscience told her ought not to be concealed from her mistress.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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### SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS, &c.

**M**Y whole is a very precious Scripture statement, which is calculated to encourage us to put our confidence in the Lord, containing thirty-two letters. My 21, 31, 3, 9, 3, give the name of an inspired writer. My 24, 8, 29, 24, 19, 28, 21, a patriarch. My 32, 5, 7, 21, 24, 22, 15, 5, a province where the gospel was preached. My 25, 4, 31, 21, 28, 3, an apostle. My 1, 3, 24, 15, 28, 23, a prophet. My 9, 3, 2, 19, 11, 29, a queen. My 10, 5, 16, 27, 29, the means of great destruction. My 3, 24, 21, 5, 29, 15, 24, a territory through which Christ passed. My 24, 8, 3, 5, 7, 31, 21,

a disobedient son. My 8, 5, 12, 21, a precious gum. My 4, 24, 21, 5, 18, 17, a city of Napthali.

E. J. WELCH.

**T**HE son of Gadi; the mother of Timothy; the name of a short sword; the name of a province of Syria; the name of a king of Israel. The initials will give the name of a part of the kingdom of Persia; the finals the name of Saul's eldest daughter.

THOMAS HEATH, JUN.

**A** TOWN in which a woman was healed by Christ; a king of Israel; a fragrant substance much used by the Jews; a disciple of Christ. The initials and finals give the names of two brothers in early Scripture history.

G. R. M.

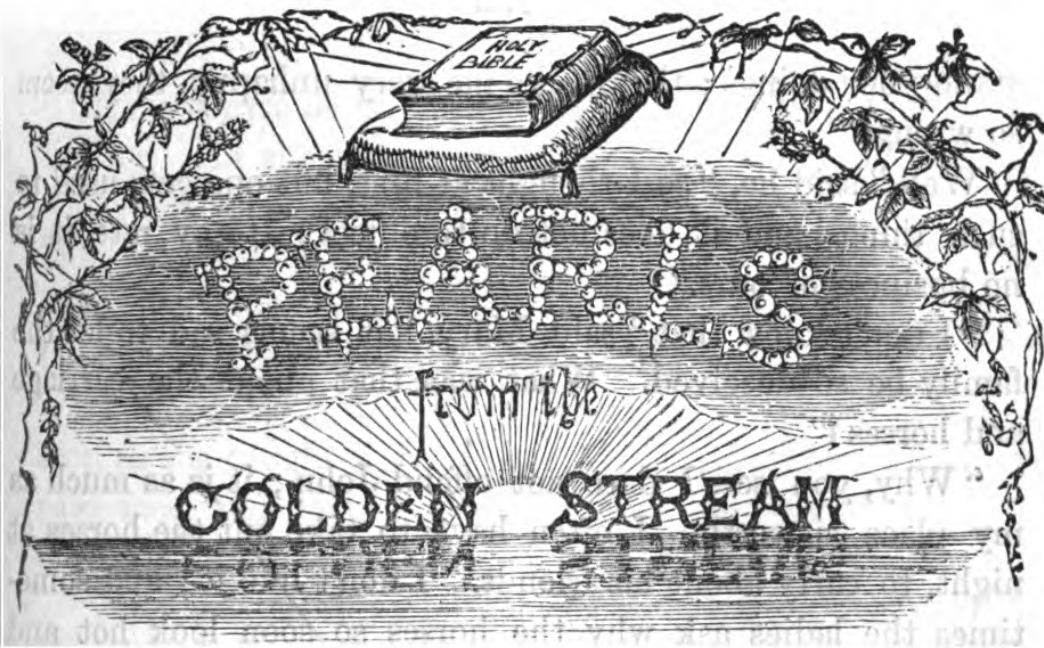
### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMA, &c.

1. "COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST." [Saviour—Chedorlaomer—Isaiah—Wilderness—Hosea—Sennacherib—Sycomore—Vulture—Ararat—Mary Magdalene—Humility—Lot.]

2. (CHARADE.) AB-I-RAM.

Correct answers have been received from:—

|                                                       |                                                      |
|-------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
| Miss E. Butcher, Brighton, 1                          | Master C. J. Clifford, Deptford, 1                   |
| " C. Barmore, Homerton, 1, 2                          | " A. Cursons, Park-street,<br>Grosvenor-square, 1, 2 |
| " M. J. Collins, Deptford, 1                          | " F. R. Cursons, ditto, 1, 2                         |
| " C. V. Cottebrune, Dean-street,<br>Soho, 1           | " E. Ellis, Hoxton, 1                                |
| " H. E. Hubbard, Dickleburgh, 1                       | " Henry Harris, Pulham St.<br>Mary, 1                |
| " S. E. Edwards, Dalston, 1                           | " A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2                         |
| " J. Martin, Hooper-st., Clerk-<br>enwell, 1          | " E. M. Iles, ditto, 1                               |
| " E. Richmond, 38, St. John-<br>street, Smithfield, 1 | " G. H. Iles, ditto, 1, 2                            |
| " S. A. Thorne, Eaton Bray,<br>Dunstable, 1           | " J. Lincoln, West Brompton, 1                       |
| " E. Titcombe, Gt. Sutton-street,<br>Clerkenwell, 1   | " I. Lloyd, Blaenavon, 1, 2                          |
| Master F. O. Bartington, Charter-<br>house-lane, 1    | " J. Meredith, Pontypool, 1, 2                       |
| " A. Briscoe, Finsbury, 1                             | " A. Ross, Deptford, 1                               |
|                                                       | " W. Sillett, Pulham St. Mary, 1                     |
|                                                       | " A. Thorne, Eaton Bray, 1                           |
|                                                       | " E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey, 1, 2                    |



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## THE TWO SERVANTS.

*(Concluded from page 127.)*

**O**NE morning Mary overheard the butler desire Thomas, the coachman, to take out the carriage and horses that evening, to bring back some friends. Unusual preparations appeared to be going on, and she heard the kitchen-maid speak with much glee of a dance.

It should be explained, that the servants' apartments being far from the rooms where the family usually sat, no noise was overhead. Besides which, Mr. S— always retired early; he had, moreover, perfect trust in his butler, John. On her way to the kitchen, Mary accidentally met Thomas, who said,

“I fear you do not like your place; you don't seem to join in.”

“I like my work,” she said, “but, indeed, I don't under-

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Buildings.



stand your doings ; they make me very unhappy, they seem so wrong."

Well," said he, "so I thought at first, but one gets used to such things, and it does not do to object ; at any rate, it is no business of ours."

"I don't know that," said Mary, "it seems sad to let the family be so deceived. What was that about the carriage and horses ?"

"Why, you see, I dare not offend John ; it is as much as my place is worth. I often have to take out the horses at night, to carry about his friends. I don't like it ; and sometimes the ladies ask why the horses so soon look hot and tired. One day I was obliged to say it was because the stable was close. It hurt me when master gave orders that it should be ventilated ; he could not bear, he said, that his horses should suffer. Our master and the ladies are very good, but I wish they would look more after the doings in this house. What would my poor mother say, if she thought I could have come to this ?"

"Is she alive, Thomas ?"

"No, she is dead, and a good Christian woman she was. I could hate myself when I think how little I am like what she hoped for, poor soul. I sometimes wish I was well out of this house."

"Ah ! Thomas, there is temptation everywhere," said Mary, "had you not better seek for strength to overcome it here !"

"But I am not fit to ask now, Mary."

"Remember," she earnestly replied, "who is ready to forgive us, even if we have long wandered from Him. He will not reproach you. He heard your poor mother's prayers. But there is the bell ; I must go."

"Ah !" said he, looking after her as she left him, "you are too good to be long here. You remind me of my mother. I had almost forgotten her," added he, sighing.

In the course of the day, Mary obtained leave to visit her mother. As she was leaving the house, she met the cook who stopped her, saying with anger, "Mary, I see you don't join us; but mind, we allow no talkers here. See," she added, showing a red-hot bar of iron, "with this we mark a tell-tale." The girl shuddered, and passed on.

"Well, Mary," was her mother's cheerful salutation as soon as she caught sight of her daughter. Then seeing her pale face and tearful eyes, "What," she exclaimed, "you have not lost your place?"

"No," said Mary; "but oh, mother, I cannot stay there." She went on to tell of all that had so distressed her; and ended by repeating the cook's fearful threat.

"Mary," said her mother, "your duty plainly is to tell your mistress. Trust in God for the consequences."

"Oh, mother, I dare not. Besides, she would not believe me."

"Well, Mary, if you do not, I shall; but here comes your father."

The history of Mary's painful discoveries was reported to him. When it was ended, looking at her earnestly, he said, "Let us pray:" and kneeling down with his wife and children, he uttered a simple prayer, that they might be enabled to think and act rightly in this matter—that God would guide and help.

"And now, Mary," said he, "your duty is to do as your mother advises, and at once."

Poor girl! she set out, walking quickly back, and without daring to take time for further thought, she went to her mistress. With a beating heart, she simply and falteringly told her tale.

"Is it possible?" said Miss S—. "Can we have been so long deceived? Well, don't tell my sister; it might frighten her. Take no notice, and go on as usual. I will judge of the matter when I have taken time to think."

Mary went early to bed. She could not sleep, nor avoid hearing the sound of revelry and laughter down stairs. One o'clock struck.

"Mary," said Miss S— at her door, "I am going down. Stay there ; only, if I call, awake my sister."

To the amazement of the excited domestics, then in the height of their revelry, Miss S— appeared suddenly amongst them. Shame and consternation were on their faces, as she authoritatively and quietly ordered them to bed, and desired the strangers to leave the house.

The next morning all was told to Mr. S—, who, much shocked, sent for his servants. When the butler entered, all he said was "John ! John ! and this from you ?" The man, hardened as he was, seemed moved ; a tear came into his eye as he looked towards the kind and helpless master who had trusted him so long.

All were dismissed but Mary, and Thomas, who appeared penitent, and anxious to redeem his character.

Other servants were engaged ; and from that day, Miss S—, regretting that she had not done so before, made it a matter of duty to superintend the affairs of her household. Mary had now a comfortable place, and Thomas became steady and trustworthy.

Mr. S— at length died ; a distant heir took possession of the estate, and retained Thomas as his coachman.

Mary removed with Miss S— to her new residence, a pretty cottage near the sea.

Miss S— often visited the village workhouse, and kindly read to the old people she found there. One day, on returning from thence, she desired Mary to take something to a man who was very ill, adding, "I think you will be surprised when you see him."

Mary went ; but at first failed to recognise the poor broken down creature she saw. It was John, the once stout, smart butler.

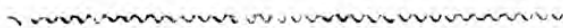
By degrees he told her that, after leaving Mr. S—, he went to a town in the north, where he had invested all he had saved in a shop. He had not prospered, however, and, after an unsuccessful struggle for some years, he had become poor, wretched, and unhappy.

When Mary left, he entreated her to send Thomas to see him. Their meeting was sad. At last he said, "Thomas, forgive me; I did you wrong, and I am glad that Mary rescued you in time from my evil example. I am glad to find you are doing well. I wish my end may keep others from the evil course I followed so long. Oh that I had served God whilst I had time and opportunity! But I have ruined my own soul, and, I fear, have helped to ruin others."

Mournful were Thomas's reflections as he walked away, yet he felt deeply grateful to Mary for leading him back by her example to his mother's God. Soon after he asked her to become his wife; and as his Christian principles had long been settled, she consented. They married and lived in a cottage near her parents, where through many years of mingled joy and sorrow, they realized the blessedness of those who, putting their trust in the Lord, strive patiently to do his will.

To return to John. Miss S— kindly pitied him. Whilst he lived she visited him daily, reading to him portions of the word of God, which he had once despised; and there was a hope that his heart was softened, and that his repentance was sincere. His course, however, teaches the solemn lesson that "the way of transgressors is hard."

Reader, are you a servant? Aim to act in all things as in God's sight, and may God's Spirit impart that grace to you, that, coming truly to Christ and seeking through His blood the pardon of your sins, you may faithfully serve Him all the days of your life.



## THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE, AND WHAT THEY SAY TO MAN.

(Continued from page 118.)

### THE UNICORN.

**T**HE previous references to behemoth and leviathan would not be complete without a short notice of the animal called in our version of the Bible the Unicorn.

The common idea of a unicorn is taken from the animal figured in the British coat of arms, a compound of an antelope, a horse, and a narwhal, which is a manifest absurdity. Yet at Venice in 1628, the tusks of the narwhal were publicly exhibited as the horns of a veritable unicorn. The Hebrew word is *reêm*, and this is used seven times in the Old Testament, and always rendered unicorn. It first occurs in the passage where Balaam likens the power displayed by God in bringing Israel out of Egypt to the "strength of a unicorn or *reêm*," (Numb. xxiii. 22,) thus showing that it was the strongest animal known to the prophet. Moses just before his death speaks of the tribe of Joseph having horns like the horns of a *unicorn*, with which he should push the people together. (Deut. xxxiii. 16.) We thus come to the important point that a two-horned animal is intended, and not as the word unicorn implies, an animal with one horn. From the Psalms we learn that it was a very violent and dangerous animal :—"Thou hast heard me from the horns of *reêm* or the unicorn," says David, (Psa. xxii. 21 ;) and again he speaks of his own advancement, as his horn being exalted, like the horns of a unicorn (Psalm xcii. 10.) From all this we learn that the animal was one well known and dreaded, and a kind of king among his fellows. In Job we find the same beast described in evident contrast with a tame animal of a similar kind :—"Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib? Canst thou bind the unicorn

with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee? Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy seed, and gather it into thy barn?" (Job xxxix. 9, 10, 12.) And in Isaiah he is classed with the ox tribe. "And the unicorns shall come down with them, and the bullocks with the bulls:" (Isa. xxxiv. 7.) And lastly in Psalm xxix., the cedars of Lebanon are said to skip like a young calf, or like a young unicorn.

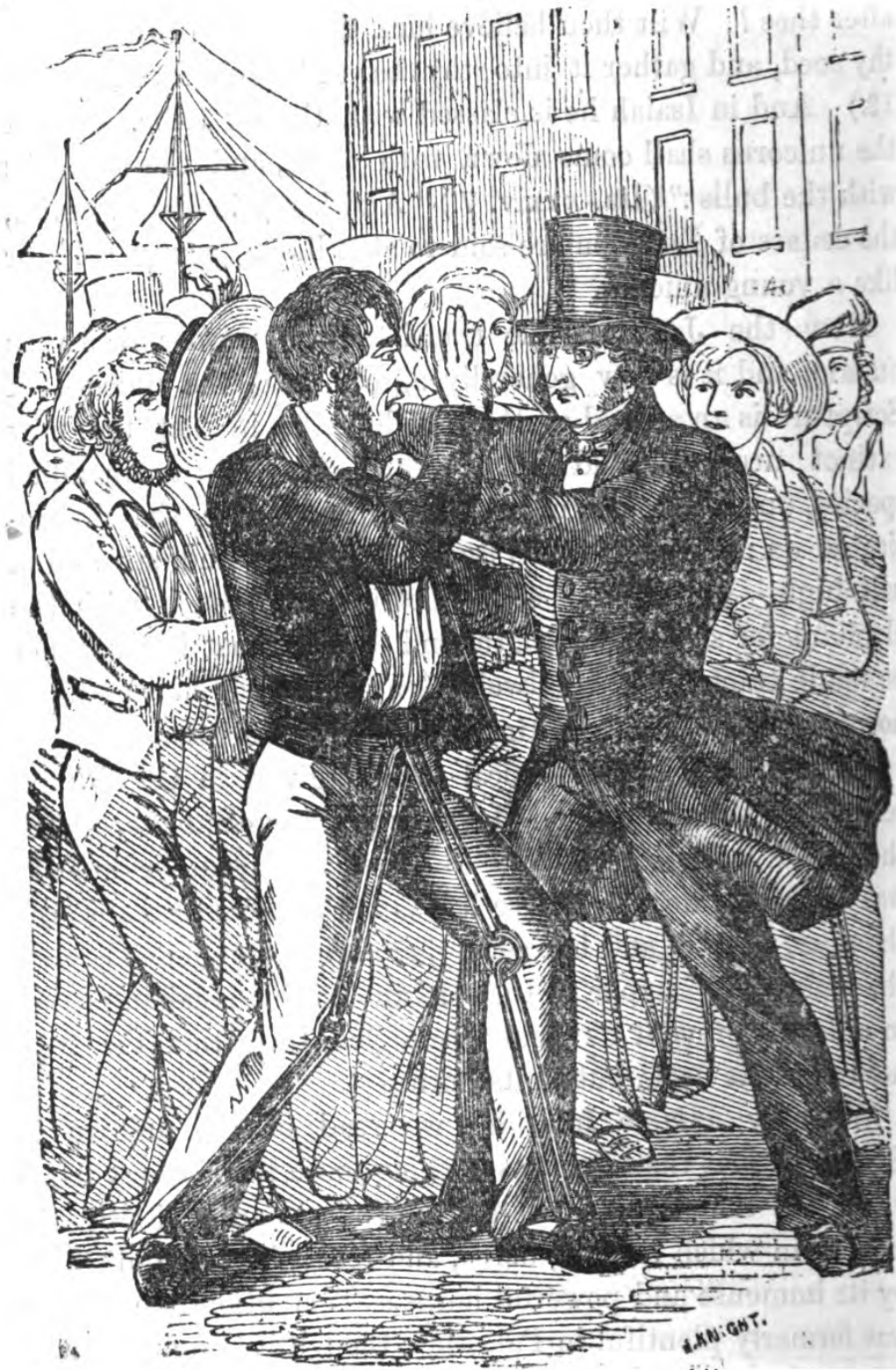
Now the Jewish Bible translates the word unicorn as buffalo, and it is now generally agreed that the unicorn of Scripture is an animal of the buffalo tribe, in fact the now extinct *urus*, or wild ox, of which the bison is an allied species, an enormous creature as compared with the domesticated ox: this animal was twelve feet long, and six and a half high. Cæsar in his commentaries compares it with the elephant for size and strength, and declares that it could not be made tractable. He dwells also much upon his enormous horns, which were his distinguishing characteristic.

There is a curious rabbinical legend given in the Talmud respecting the unicorn. When the ark was complete, and all the beasts were commanded to enter, the *reêm* or unicorn was unable to do so, because it was too large to pass through the door. Noah and his sons, therefore, were obliged to tie the animal by a rope to the ark, and to tow it behind; and in order to prevent its being strangled, they tied the rope not round its neck, but to its horn.

We may assume from all we read of the unicorn in Scripture, that the *reêm* was nothing more than a very large variety of the ox tribe, modified in aspect and habits by the locality in which it lived, fierce, and recognized at a distance by its immense and powerful horns. This bison-like animal was formerly plentiful in Palestine, though it is now extinct.

*(To be continued.)*

G. P.



## THE MEN IN IRONS.

I SHALL never forget my first trip in a steam-boat. I was older than some of you ; for steam-boats were a novelty when I was a boy, and so were railways. When my father said he was going to take me down the river, I *was* pleased, and very much I enjoyed the trip. But what I saw on board made a deeper impression on my memory than even the pleasures of the journey ; for just as we were about to land, I saw among the passengers two poor fellows in irons ; that is, they had an iron ring round each wrist, coupled together, so that they could not use their hands, and an iron ring fastened round each ankle, as represented in the engraving, so that they could not run away. What they had done I do not know ; but they looked very wretched as they walked up the steps of the pier, in charge of an officer.

Now although this occurred upwards of thirty years ago, the circumstance was recalled to my mind the other day when reading John viii. 36 : “If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” The poor men referred to were not free ; neither are you, dear reader, in another sense, unless the Son of God has made you so. Perhaps you are startled at this, for you have been accustomed to sing—

“I was not born a little slave.”

No, dear children, thank God, you were born in a free country. You are free as regards your bodies, but it is the soul to which I refer ; for it is quite possible for the soul to be bound with chains which are stronger than iron. For example, there is,—

*The chain of ignorance.*—The other day I saw a blind man being led by a poor ragged beggar. The blind man was decently clothed, and comparatively of respectable appearance ; but the beggar was so ragged that I thought as I



passed, He does not know what sort of a guide he has, or he would be ashamed to be seen with him. This led me to think of the condition we are all in by nature. For "the god of this world [Satan] has blinded the *minds* of those who believe not," and they are "led captive by him at his will." Ah, they do not know what a leader they have, or they would never follow him. They are willing slaves, but *slaves* nevertheless—bound with the chain of ignorance. They are ignorant of the pleasures of holiness, or they would never willingly be bound with—

*The chain of sin.* There is a pleasure in sin, and hence men love it ; yet it is brief and unsatisfying, and leads to everlasting pain.

The late Rowland Hill on one occasion observed a number of pigs being led by a butcher to the slaughterhouse, and he wondered to see how willingly they followed him, until he noticed that the butcher strewed a few beans along the path. The pigs followed him for the sake of the beans, but he led them to destruction. Now this is just how Satan destroys the soul. He studies the tastes of his followers, while he seeks their ruin. Oh beware of him, lest he lead you to hell !

But there is another chain which is stronger, perhaps, than either of those I have mentioned, although closely connected with them, as they are with each other. I mean—

*The chain of enmity.* "The carnal mind is enmity against God," our benevolent Creator, our bountiful Provider, our watchful Guardian, our sovereign King, our righteous Lawgiver and Judge. It is against the holiness of God that the human heart rebels. Sin has closed the heart against him—yes, *your* heart, young reader ; so that until he opens it as he did that of Lydia, you have no love to his gospel, you consider his religion irksome, you call not the Sabbath a delight. This is because Satan has bound you with the chain of *enmity*.

Now notice how Jesus breaks these chains; for "if the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." The allusion is to a son, after his father's death, setting free all the slaves that were born in his house. Such a man can easily do this if he will. But Jesus could not do this so easily. Yet said God, "I have found a ransom." But what a costly one! nothing but "the precious blood of Christ." This was the price he paid to set his people free.

He breaks the chain of ignorance by opening the eyes of the understanding, so that we discover the road we have been travelling, and who has been our leader. He shows us that Satan is a hard master, that "the wages of sin is death,"—"that it is an evil and a bitter thing to sin against God." He overcomes the love of sin by presenting Christ in all the loveliness of his character as the Saviour of sinners; so that where sin used to reign, now Christ reigns. Like the willing servant, whose ear was bored through with an awl, he now loves his new master, Jesus Christ, and serves him as faithfully as he formerly served Satan.

This is a *holy* freedom. The Christian is like a *kite*, and God's law is like the *string*. It allows it to *rise*,—it acts as a salutary check, but not as an irksome restraint.

This freedom is one of *relationship*, "the glorious liberty of the sons of God." What a privilege to draw near to God, to come even boldly to the throne of grace, and tell him all our sorrows!

It is also a freedom of *citizenship*. It was a great thing to be a Roman citizen in the Apostle's day—it is something to be a freeman of the city of London now; but it is much more to be a freeman of the city of Zion—the church of God on earth, and still more blessed to be a citizen of heaven.

J. B.

“I LOVE YOU, SO I MUST COME AFTER YOU.”

“I LOVE you,” said my little child one day,  
 “And so I must come after you, mamma ;”  
 Simple the words, and spoken half in play,  
 Yet full of meaning true they surely are.  
 To what it loves the human heart will turn,  
 As flowers to the sun that lights the skies ;  
 ’Tis sweet when in our homes we can discern  
 Heart drawn to heart by true affection’s ties.

But oh ! how solemn is the fact that all  
 By nature love and follow what is ill !  
 Not heeding or obeying wisdom’s call,  
 Led captive by the devil at his will.  
 Yes, if we look around we see the aim  
 Of hundreds, who by all their actions show,  
 That fleeting earthly pleasures, wealth, and fame,  
 They dearly love, and after them they go.

But what a blessed change when grace Divine  
 Teaches the soul all worldly things are dross,  
 Compared with glories that so brightly shine  
 Around the Saviour Jesus and His cross.  
 Ah, then how earnestly the Spirit cries,  
 “Draw me, O God, we will run after thee ;”  
 Tends upward to the home beyond the skies,  
 For where the treasure is the heart will be.

Dear reader, think, how is it now with you ?  
 After the world’s vain pleasures do you go ?  
 If only worldly good you here pursue,  
 The end, alas, must be eternal woe.

But should the Lord in sovereign mercy deign  
 To turn your heart his blessed ways to love,  
 When this brief life is over, you shall reign  
 In perfect endless bliss, with him above.

*Wellingborough.*

D. M. M.

## THE BOOK OF PROVERBS VERSIFIED.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XV.

**A** GENTLE answer turns away  
The wrath which nothing else could stay :

And yet how often men prefer  
The "grievous words" which anger stir !

The tongue that knowledge well applies  
Is properly accounted wise ;  
But he whose mind is folly's store  
Out of his mouth 'tis sure to pour.

In every place, Jehovah's eyes  
Look down upon us from the skies ;  
Beholding good and evil men,  
With a profound omniscient ken.

The tongue is like a tree of life  
That pacifies existing strife ;  
But lips perverse, like sharpened steel,  
May open wounds they cannot heal.

Reproof is pleasant to the wise,  
But fools their father's words despise ;  
The former knowledge will disperse ;  
Not so with fools when they converse.

Much treasure has the Lord bestowed  
In every righteous man's abode ;  
But revenues of wickedness  
Jehovah never deigns to bless.

The wicked sacrifice in vain,  
Their offerings are like that of Cain :  
Their spirit and their works accord,  
And both are hateful to the Lord.

Not so the righteous, God delights  
 To hear the prayer which he indites.  
 Who follows after righteousness,  
 The Lord will own, accept, and bless.

He who departs from wisdom's ways,  
 And scorns instruction when he strays ;  
 Who hates the truth and loves a lie,  
 The Bible says that he shall die.

Hell and destruction open lie  
 Beneath God's penetrating eye ;  
 Then how much more his glance surveys  
 All human hearts and human ways !

A merry heart we soon may trace,  
 Because it makes a cheerful face ;  
 But when the heart is full of grief,  
 The broken spirit seeks relief.

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### THE NATURE OF FAITH.

**I**T was a dark night, a high wind was blowing without, while all the family were lying quietly in their beds breathing calmly in the soundest slumber. Mr. H., the head of the family, all at once was roused by the terrible cry of "fire." The sound came nearer and nearer, and soon many were gathered under his windows, shouting, "Fire! Fire! get up! get up! your house is on fire!" Throwing a few clothes around him, he rushed to the door, and what was his consternation when he found that it was not a neighbour's house, as he at first supposed, but his own dwelling which was in flames! He hastily returned, called up his wife, and taking the babe and the next elder child, they quickly found a shelter in an adjoining house. Charles, his eldest son, slept in the upper part of the house, where the flames, now

spreading with dreadful rapidity, had first broken out. The father hastened to the spot opposite his son's room. The terrified youth had thrown up the sash, and standing by the window in an agony of mind, exclaimed, "Father! father! how shall I get out?" He could be seen by those below; but he himself, though hearing their voices, could see no one. "Here I am, my son," cried the father, greatly agitated; "Here I am, fear not; get out of the window, lay hold of the sill, and drop yourself down; I will catch you." He got out of the window, and clinging to the sill with the grasp of a drowning person, he hung trembling, and afraid to quit his hold. "Let go, Charles," cried the father. "I can't see you, father." "But I am here, my son." "I'm afraid, father, that I shall fall to the ground." "Let go, you need not fear; I am sure to catch you," shouted the father. The flames approached the window, the casement grew hot, the lad perceived that if he stayed where he was, he would be inevitably burned. He recollected that his father was a strong man, that his father loved him, and would not tell him to do anything to his injury. He drew in his breath, let go his hold, dropped himself down, and in a moment was in the arms of his fond father, who wept for joy at his child's merciful escape.

In the above incident we have an illustration of the nature of genuine Christian faith. This is exercised when, from an urgent sense of guilt and danger, coupled with a renunciation of our own righteousness and every other ground of hope, we believe the word of Jesus Christ; and though we see him not, trust implicitly in him.

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### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**M**Y whole is a solemn declaration, composed of thirty-nine letters. My 7, 1, 6, 19, and 34, 36, 30, 13, 23, are

two cities. My 12, 17, 18, 25, 17, a mountain. 10, 22, 13, 28, a king of Israel. 3, 24, 36, 37, 18, 21, a royal seat. 16, 37, 10, 35, grandson of Methuselah. 10, 25, 36, 5, 16, a priest. 13, 28, 2, 26, a shepherd. 6, 22, 30, 15, 10, and 27, 8, 15, 17, 25, two noted women. 33, 10, 17, 14, 28, 5, 38, 5, a coloured arch. 6, 21, 25, 23, 30, 16, a faculty. 29, 27, 2, 31, 19, 39, and 3, 38, 19, 14, 34, 11, two numbers. 3, 17, 39, and 26, 32, 13, 15, two metals. 38, 35, 13, 26, 2, a fish. 28, 32, 25, 6, and 35, 13, 33, 29, two animals. 33, 10, 20, 19, 14, and 9, 37, 20, 21, two birds. 24, 30, 6, 39, 29, 34, and 28, 32, 29, two insects. 33, 5, 12, 21, and 9, 25, 17, 12, 8, two flowers. 4, 2, 36, 18, a very pretty plant. 4, 17, 27, 28, 32, 36, 3, a fruit. 38, 10, 7, 21, 36, one of our greatest blessings. 19, 7, 32, 33, 16, 17, 34, 1, the lifetime of the soul. 4, 33, 17, 29, 39, 9, what none of us would like to be without.

L. A. G.

## ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1. "IT SHALL BE WELL WITH THEM THAT FEAR GOD."  
[Moses—Abraham—Dalmatia—Thomas—Isaiah—Esther—  
Water—Samaria—Absalom—Balm—Hamath.]

2. MEDIA.—MERAB. [MenaheM—EunicE—DaggeR  
—IdumeA—AhaB.]

3. CAIN — ABEL. [CanA — AhaB — IncensE — Na-  
thanieL.]

Correct answers have been received from—

|                                                        |                                      |
|--------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Miss E. Butcher, Tring, 1, 2, 3                        | Miss T. Shuff, Camberwell, 1, 2      |
| " C. V. Cottebrune, Dean-street,<br>Soho, 1, 3         | " S.A. Thorne, Eaton Bray, 1, 2      |
| " I. Martin, Hooper-st., Clerk-<br>enwell, 1, 3        | Master H. Harris, Pulham St. Mary, 1 |
| " E. Titcombe, Gt. Sutton-street,<br>Clerkenwell, 1, 3 | " A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2, 3      |
|                                                        | " G. H. Iles, ditto, 1, 2, 3         |
|                                                        | " A. Thorne, Eaton Bray, 1, 2        |
|                                                        | " E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey, 2, 3    |

Several others arrived too late for acknowledgement.



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## THE SLOAK GATHERERS.

### A BLIND BOY'S TALE.

**I**N one of the sweetest of rural spots, dwelt William and Norah Darcy with their widowed mother. Their home was a small thatched cottage, which stood in the midst of a large garden, rich in flowers, and fruit-trees, and vegetable productions. Under the latticed windows were rows of beehives, and these, with the garden, a pig, and a cow, formed their main support.

From the cottage-door was seen the tall spire of the village church, from which the bells were ringing forth their call to the Sabbath evening worship, mingling their tones with the soft gurgling of a clear running brook which skirted the green churchyard. The villagers were slowly wending their way to the house of prayer, and with them Norah and her brother. The still calmness of the evening, and the beauty of everything around, seemed to bring the humble worshippers nearer to their God.

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Buildings.



“There is such a beautiful sunset, William ;” said Norah, “it seems to me as if the sun, as he sinks yonder in the west, were kissing the earth. I suppose that is his way of saying good-night.”

“Oh that I might once more look upon his blessed face!” sighed William, “but it is not my heavenly Father’s will. Yet I will not repine ; for if I had not been blind we should not have been so well off as we are now.” What a comfort it is to know that our dear mother will never again have to struggle for bread, and that you, Norah, have a home for life !”

“Yet our comforts have been purchased at a dear price, William ; for you not to be able to see the birds, nor the flowers, nor to read or work, is so sad.”

“Hush, Norah ! This is like rebelling against God, whom it hath pleased to afflict me. Remember the Bible says, ‘Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth ;’ how sweet the thought to know, then, that he loves me ! You say, I cannot see to work. No. But I can feel to work ; and you read to me, and take me out long walks, while our faithful dog, Trip, leads me about our own garden : so I think I have a very happy life.”

“As we have yet some distance to go, dear William, if it will not give you pain to speak of the past, will you tell me once again of the sad circumstance which caused your blindness ?” asked Norah.

“It was a sad but blessed circumstance, as but for it we must all have gone to the workhouse,” returned William. “You were too young, Norah, to remember father ; but you know he was a parish schoolmaster in Ireland, and a Roman Catholic. Before his death, mother, it seems, often had a leaning towards the Protestant faith which had taken possession of her mind years before, when she had passed much of hertime, as seamstress, in the family of a Protestant lady”—

“Kind Mrs. Gorden,” interrupted Norah.

“After father’s death,” continued William, “mother became more and more convinced that the Protestant was the true religion ; and though she knew the injury it would do her to make this known, yet she could not act a deceitful part, and be false to God and man. Up to this time, she managed to support herself and us by means of her needle ; but when it was known she was no longer a Papist, no one would employ her. As the priest, after in vain persuading her to return to his faith, pronounced vengeance upon her, and judgments upon those who should assist her ; so the people, who were nearly all Roman Catholics, dared not help her. Not knowing what to do, as we were starving, she, with me, took to gathering sloak.\* This she sometimes managed to sell, it being considered a great luxury. It is most dangerous to gather it ; we had to walk many miles, and the rocks were steep and slippery : one false step might have sent us into eternity.

“I had often noticed a fine young gentleman, about my own age or older, ride through the village on a beautiful black pony. I did not know his name ; but they said he was staying at the next town with his tutor. One morning he spoke to me, and would follow us ; he was not on horse-back then. Mother and I did all we could to dissuade him ; telling him of the great danger. But it was useless ; the self-willed boy would go. As we went on, the wind rose, blowing in sudden squalls, the sea running very high ; and again we entreated him to return. But he only laughed, saying he loved danger, and wished to see the sloak gathered ; and still followed us, carefully treading his way around the steep rocks, when, setting his foot on a piece of wet seaweed, he slipped, and fell into a deep gulf below.

*(To be continued.)*

E. B.

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\* A seaweed, which, when boiled, is eaten as a vegetable.



## THE SHEPHERD OF THE DANUBE.

**O**UR picture represents a German shepherd keeping his sheep, in one of the mountainous districts near the banks of the Danube, which abound with rich pasturage for flocks.

The occupation of a Danubian shepherd is very different from that of the ordinary shepherds of our country. He would, perhaps, feel quite at home on the mountains of Northumberland, and so would his sheep. But much of his skill would not be required in less romantic places. He looks a sturdy weather-beaten fellow, and no doubt, if we could converse with him, he could tell us of some strange adventures and narrow escapes. Perhaps he has risked his life many times for the sake of his flock; but you can tell me of a Shepherd who *gave his life* for his sheep.

The shepherd of the Danube has a rod, like Eastern shepherds; and like some of them, too, he has the care of both *sheep* and *goats*. You remember the solemn lesson the Saviour gave, when he used this as an illustration, referring to the time when "before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left." On which side shall *you* be, dear young friend? On which side shall *I* be? This is a most momentous question. Let us seek to decide it at once. Do you ask, How may I know whether I am one of Jesus' sheep? The Saviour himself says—"My sheep *hear my voice*, and I know them, and *they follow me*:" Do we know the voice of the Good Shepherd? and are we following him—seeking to be like him—taking him as our Pattern as well as our Saviour? If so, he says of all such—"They shall NEVER PERISH."

J. B.

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## OUR HARRY.

**N**OT long since, I walked in one of the most beautiful cemeteries I have ever seen. I have views of different parts of it, and no doubt I shall visit it many times before I leave this beautiful quiet place—Bournemouth. The cemetery is like a large plantation; the graves are not crowded together, but are scattered, a few here and there, covered with the choicest and most fragrant flowers, and shaded by the tall pine-trees. And I thought of a little grave far away, where rests our darling little Harry, and fancied that it looked like these. Many of you didn't know our Harry, never saw him; but I feel sure you would like to hear about him; and those who knew and loved him dearly will not weary of anything I can tell of their departed little favourite.

“Our Harry”—for so we always called him, he seemed to belong to us all,—was the first-born child of my only brother. His mamma is a French lady; so our Harry was taught both the English and French languages, and he made rapid progress in each.

He was a wonderful child. It is astonishing how readily he understood and remembered anything that was told him; and yet there was nothing at all old-fashioned about him. Such a dear little fellow he was, not a bit of a baby, though little more than two years old when he left us! He had a round face, bright intelligent eyes, long soft hair, which shaded his high, noble brow, and hung in curls over his dimpled shoulders. But there was such a winning look, a sweet expression, on the little face, such as I have never seen on any other, and such as I cannot explain. When he was about thirteen months old, his likeness was taken. He sat in a chair by himself, and just at the moment it was taken, *he looked up*. It gave a singular effect to the picture; but *now* there seems a *meaning* in it which adds to its beauty and interest. Soon after this, he had a sister, a

fragile little thing. Harry was very fond of her, and seemed to consider her quite his plaything. He had a wonderful memory. When very young he knew us all perfectly well, and could distinguish us individually in the album. He loved us all so much ; but it was his grandma whom he loved so very dearly. Whenever she went to see him, he would exclaim with delight, "Gra'ma !" and always felt in her pocket to see if there were anything for him in it. He always found it too. She doted on him so ; but he was not spoilt. From her lips he learned to say—

" Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"

and one or two other little pieces which he used to repeat very prettily, but sometimes caused us to smile by the very curious alterations he would make.

If he wanted anything he would look up into our faces, and say, "*pour* Harry," in such a coaxing way, no one could resist such pleading.

His intelligence was far beyond his age. If he wanted anything that was not good for him, you could reason with him and be well understood. Everybody who knew him loved him, and no wonder, he was so merry and good-natured. I don't want you to think our Harry was perfect—that he never did anything wrong like other children. At times he was passionate and impatient ; but it was soon over, and he would put up his dear little mouth for a kiss of forgiveness. Amongst a group of children, he chose a boy named Charlie, about eight years old, for his friend and playmate, and he never forgot him ; and on Sundays he always looked out for his other friend—Annie.

He was very fond of a parrot belonging to a lady who lived in their house ; and his sweet voice made the common name "*Polly*," sound really pretty and musical ! Just before my last birthday, his papa taught him the customary greeting ; and very quickly he mastered it, and often after-

wards repeated it. Some time after, he was in Victoria Park with his mamma and baby sister, and, as usual, he soon attracted the attention of persons near, more especially a French lady ; so she talked to Harry, and made good friends with him. He chatted away very pleasantly to her in French, when, all on a sudden, he greatly surprised her by exclaiming in English, "Many—happy—returns—of the day!"

When the two little ones were taken out in the perambulator, he would squeeze himself into the smallest possible space, so as to make room for "dear baby" as he called her.

His sweet loving disposition, his sunny temper, gained him many friends. How he brightened up our homes when we were sad ! How this sunbeam of ours dried up the tears from our eyes, and lit up the darkest corner in our hearts ! He always seemed so happy.

It was a fancy of his of an evening, to get up into a corner of the room and favour us with *impromptu* speeches : a number of incoherent words strung together and uttered as rapidly as possible, interspersed with very lively actioning. He amused us and himself, too, in this way ; for when we laughed at him, he laughed too, very heartily, and became yet more enthusiastic. He was very fond of music. He could always point out the page with the music in the different magazines we had. Sometimes he would go to the piano, play a few notes, and then get off the stool, saying, "Harry *fini* !" He had the sweetest, most musical little voice I ever heard. There was only *one* piece he really knew, and he seemed to think all music must be that same piece. It was one which I dare say you all know—

"Will you go to that beautiful land with me?"

I fancy I can hear him singing it now ! Ah, little one ! how gladly *would* we have gone with you to that "beautiful land !" *We* must wait a little longer, till our Father calls

us ; but, while we linger here in sadness, we know that thy little voice, hushed to us, is singing sweeter songs in Heaven !

He was particularly fond of pictures. His papa spared no trouble or expense, and was preparing two beautiful scrap-books for him : one of English history, and the other of Natural history. There they are at home, unfinished ; he will never want them now !

*(To be continued.)*

L. A. G.

## THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE, AND WHAT THEY SAY TO MAN.

*(Continued from page 135.)*

**B**ESIDES the animals we have mentioned, other animals are particularly referred to and described in the Book of Job ; viz., the war horse, (chap. xxxix. 19—25 ;) the wild ass, (chap. xxxix. 5—8 ;) and the mountain goat, (chap. xxxix. 1—4.) Also the ostrich, (chap. xxxix. 13—18 ;) and the eagle, (chap. xxxix. 36—30.) In fact the 39th, 40th, and 41st chapters of the Book of Job contain the most magnificent and sublime, as well as graphic, descriptions of the animal creation, that are to be found in the whole Word of God—not to say any uninspired writer however eminent.

And here it will be worth our while to enquire WHY these lengthened notices of animals and birds are given in the Book of Job. You know the general argument of that book. It was written at a period when but little, if any, of the other books of the Bible were written, and when there was not the light which we have now thrown upon the mysteries of Divine Providence—especially the mysterious problem of the righteous suffering adversity, and the wicked enjoying great prosperity. Job's friends argued that since he was visited with such a succession of dire calamities, he must have been secretly a bad man, let his outward aspect



and profession have been what they might. They even urge him to confess his wickedness, that so he might be restored to health and prosperity again. Their insinuations and taunts exasperate the afflicted man, and goad him on to many expressions of self-justification which savour doubtless of a self-righteous spirit; especially as they are directed against God as well as against his so-called friends and comforters. Still, who can but think with compassion of the distressed patriarch, when we hear his plaintive cry, "Have pity upon me, O my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me," and struggles against their unmerited reproaches. Still it does not satisfy Job that they are wrong. He wants still to know how God can be right in thus dealing with him, and so he cries out in his distress, "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat. I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments." Still he gets no relief, and at length a better man, Elihu, comes forward, rebukes the three friends, and then turns to Job, and shows God's manner of dealing with good men in another light, when he brings him low by sickness and sorrow, even to withdraw him from "his purposes" of self-seeking and self-confidence, as if he could in his prosperity do without God, and hides pride from man, bringing him down into his proper position as a dependent creature, and as a lost and needy sinner. These things, says Elihu, God works oftentimes with man. The whole of the 33rd chapter, in which his reasoning occurs is worth reading and pondering again and again. But even this was not enough; and in a storm of thunder, lightning, and whirlwind, God himself appears on the scene, and grants Job his rash request, even a personal interview with his Judge. And what does God say to his afflicted servant? Does he justify his dealings by carefully showing the reasons for all that he has done? By no means. On the contrary,

he begins by calling attention to the displays of his vast power which nature everywhere presents. It is the attribute of *power* and not of righteousness that he unfolds to view, as it is seen in the original creation of the heavens and the earth, in the stars in their courses, in the processes of nature, as seen in the formation of hail, rain, and dew, and in the wonderful instincts of wild animals. All through it is a series of questions. Hast *thou* seen this and that? Canst *thou* do this and that? &c. Till at length overwhelmed with God's personal appeals to himself, Job cries out, "Behold I am vile! what shall I answer thee?" and then in the 40th chapter God still proceeds, and describes to him behemoth, and in the 41st, leviathan, whom he calls the "chief of the ways of God" in the animal creation, until the 42nd chapter, when the end is obtained, the drama is ended, and Job falls prostrate with the words, "I have heard of thee: by the hearing of the ear, and now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

But some may say, Is not this rather crushing Job by power than convincing him by reason? Job himself had previously said, "Would he plead against me with his great power? No, but he would put strength in me." Then the righteous might dispute with him. But he did not know that God must first plead with him with his great power for the very end that he might be strengthened and restored. He must first be brought into a proper frame of mind before he could ever be convinced and reasoned with. He must know, and feel, and acknowledge, that God is so infinitely above man, that it is impossible that man can understand all his ways—that his ways are to a finite creature necessarily involved in much mystery, and that he giveth not account of his matters to any who ask in a complaining or self-sufficient spirit. And so when God shows Job from the instincts of

animals his own infinite wisdom, and from the strength and power with which many of them are endowed, his own infinite power and majesty, and did all this in a personal interview with him, he brought him to confess that God was wiser and stronger than he, and that his will and sovereignty were supreme. Job was now in his proper place, and the sight of God did what no argument could have done, it produced both penitence and humility. There is no lesson of higher value than this, to bow with submission to a sovereign God, without knowing the reason of his doings. We may well suppose that Job was now favoured with discoveries of the Divine favour towards him as a forgiven sinner, and when restored to his home and his possessions, was a wiser and happier, because a more humble man. The lesson which Job learned is still needed. There are still proud, self-confident, philosophic minds, who undertake to unravel all mysteries, and who would, to judge from their language, have been in no way abashed by the display of Divine power in creation, seeing they refer all to the laws of nature, and politely bow the Almighty out of his dominions. Not so the great Newton, and the great Faraday, who while penetrating into the secrets of nature farther than any either before or since, saw God in all, and received the kingdom of God as little children.

*(To be continued.)*

G. P.

### A MISSIONARY'S FURLOUGH.

**M**ANY young people are apt to think that a missionary's life must necessarily be a life of adventure and sensation, simply because he *is* a missionary. And to some extent this idea is well founded ; for it is not to be supposed that a missionary's work in heathen lands is so quiet and regular as that of a minister in England. In the first place, it is in a foreign land, usually in a hot climate, and always among

people who more or less hate and oppose his preaching, that a missionary labours. He has to expect abuse and ridicule, if not blows, wherever he goes and whenever he opens his lips to speak of Christ and salvation. Still, in a country like India, which is under British rule, the law throws its shield of protection around him, and no man can touch the missionary with impunity—though redress for injuries is not always easy to be obtained.

There is, however, one form of sensation from which no missionary is exempt,—that of being “taken ill.” Not only Europeans, but native preachers, are liable to the wasting sicknesses which prevail at certain seasons in Hindoostan. Our good missionary Coopoosawmy Row, of whose labours we have often written, and to whom some of our readers have recently contributed to send a watch as a present,) has but lately recovered from a long and severe illness, which threatened his very life. Of course he had to be absent from his post, on sick-leave. In our title we have called this a *furlough*, which, as most of our readers know, is a term for a soldier’s leave of absence, whether to visit his friends or for rest and recreation. We do not think the term is an unsuitable one for a missionary also. He is essentially a soldier, and there is this about his life which differs from a soldier in our Queen’s army, he is *always fighting*. Every time he preaches he is “laying about him,” right and left, with his trusty sword—the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, and with this he is bound to smite at the darling sins of his hearers, so as to wound their consciences, as well as to thrust at their country’s idols; and then when they cry “Hold, it is enough; what shall I do to be saved?” he assumes another character, and, like a good Samaritan, binds up their wounds, pouring in the consolations of the gospel, and taking care of them till they are perfectly healed.

But we are forgetting that we meant to speak of Coopoo-

sawmy's illness and restoration. The writer received a letter from him while he was 500 miles away from his sphere of labour, at a place called Coonoroon, on the Neilagery Hills; and how he came to be so far away from home we will briefly proceed to tell. He says that before he left Poonamallee he had lost both appetite and sleep, and was scarcely able to stand. First he went to the house of a Christian friend at Vellore, 80 miles from Madras, who asked him to stay with him twelve or fifteen days. Here he got worse rather than better: dysentery seized him, and he seemed to be in a dying state, when a Christian friend, Mr. Z. John, of the American Reformed Church—a true Samaritan—who we hope will read these lines and receive our grateful acknowledgments for his kindness, “came where he was,” looked on him and saw his condition, and instead of “passing by on the other side,” took him with him to the place we have first named, a very healthy spot, many thousand miles above the level of the sea; at the same time bearing all the expense of his journey and maintenance while there. Well may our missionary call him a “new Samaritan.” Here he was, after a time, restored to health, and we owe his life, humanly speaking, to this act of Christian kindness.

But how was he to get back to Poonamallee, the distance being great, and the expense so heavy? Here again the Lord interposed, in answer to our missionary's prayer, and we commend it to the attention of our young friends, as a proof that God hears and answers prayer, in the fervent hope that when they are in danger or distress they will go and do likewise. Thomas Stains, Esq., a gentleman possessing several coffee estates in the neighbourhood, liberally bore all the expense of his journey home; and to him also our thanks are hereby respectfully presented.

Cooposawmy Row begs us all to thank the Lord with him for his great mercy in restoring him to health. He says,—

“ Oh pray that I may be a faithful, laborious minister to the last. The friends in England have been very kind to me, as is fully seen and appreciated by the actions of their love. My prayer to God is, that he will bless and prosper you in all your works for his cause and the good of souls.” Will not all our readers pray constantly for Coopoosawmy and our other missionaries more than they have ever yet done ?

*Strict Baptist Mission, Sept. 1872.*

G. P.

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### SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

**M**Y whole is worn in Eastern climes,  
**M** In modern as in ancient times ;  
 Now take away my final e,  
 'Twill shew what you have done to me.  
 Another letter take away,  
 But let the final letter stay ;  
 An animal will then appear  
 As fleet as antelope or deer.  
 But now transposed my whole will shew  
 An act performed that all might know,  
 A servant was well satisfied  
 With a good master to abide.

JOSIAH.

- 
1. One who entertained Paul and Silas. 2. A patriarch.  
 3. A city that was overthrown. 4. A Jew who obeyed the Lord amidst persecution. 5. One of the sons of Jacob.  
 6. A king of Israel. The Initials will give the name of an unclean quadruped ; and the finals the name of a tree.

T. W. WALTER.

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**M**Y whole is a promise containing forty-six letters. My 19, 25, 4, 10, 31, gives the name of a leader. My 8, 9, 8, 26, 17, 27, the name of a celebrated mount. My 9, 8,

38, 12, 10, 2, the mother of an eminent young man. My 22, 21, 15, 16, a Moabitess. My 1, 3, 18, 28, 6, 34, a sacred place. My 38, 20, 43, 40, 42, 43, 33, 23, 44, an unclean bird. My 19, 17, 9, 14, the name of several females mentioned in the New Testament. My 5, 39, 35, 42, 40, 20, 23, a king of Israel. My, 7, 17, 23, one of the tribes of Israel. My 32, 33, 23, 23, 8, 12, the mother of a youthful prophet. My 24, 13, 8, 43, what all who love the Lord possess. My 41, 8, 11, 16, 45, 26, what God is to his people.

ANNIE AMEY.

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

“YET FORTY DAYS, AND NINEVEH SHALL BE OVERTHROWN.” [Tyre—Troas—Sinai—Ahab—Throne—Noah—Aaron—Abel—Rhoda—Lydia—Rainbow—Reason—Eleven—Twenty—Tin—Lead—Whale—Bear—Hare—Raven—Dove—Hornet—Bee—Rose—Daisy—Fern—Filbert—Water—Eternity—Friend.]

Correct answers have been received from—

|                                |                                  |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Miss Annie Amey, Stratford.    | Miss S. E. Last, ditto.          |
| „ Mary L. Amey, ditto.         | „ E. Parker, Havant. „           |
| „ C. Barmore, Homerton.        | „ S. A. Thorne, Eaton Bray,      |
| „ E. Butcher, Tring.           | Master C. J. Clifford, Deptford. |
| „ Sarah J. Clifford, Deptford. | „ A. T. Iles, Banstead.          |
| „ Maria J. Collins, ditto.     | „ G. H. Iles, ditto.             |
| „ Caroline V. Cottebrune,      | „ I. Lloyd, Blaenavon.           |
| „ Dean-street, Soho-square.    | „ W. Sillett, Pulham St. Mary.   |
| „ Mary Ann Field, Hertford.    | „ A. Thorne, Eaton Bray.         |
| „ H. E. Hubbard, Dickleburgh.  | „ E. J. Welch, Merton Abbey.     |

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. I. and W. S.—Thanks for the Charades ; but they are not quite up to our standard of poetic excellence.

E. J. W.—We shall be glad to hear from you again.

G. H. I.—In our next.



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No. 139.

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### THE SLOAK GATHERERS.

#### A BLIND BOY'S TALE.

*(Concluded from page 147.)*

**I**T was agonizing to hear the cries of the drowning boy as the waves mercilessly dashed him with repeated blows against the rocks. Without a rope to throw to him, no human aid near, how could we save him? yet I would, I must try in this horrible situation my only hope.

“Mother,” I cried, “quick! take off your clothes; I will tie them together with my own for a rope.” I could see mother was turning faint; and as her life was more precious to me than the stranger’s, fearing she too might fall, I led her to a safer part of the rock, instantly returning to the poor boy’s rescue. Brief as was my absence, it must have seemed an age to him; perhaps he thought I had deserted him. He was getting exhausted, I must haste or my efforts would be of no avail. I tied the clothes together as a rope;

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London: HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Buildings.



twice he caught it ; twice it slipped from his grasp ; a third time he held it : my own strength was failing, several times I was all but over the precipice. I made one last effort—it was successful : I had saved him. He was insensible,—I thought dead ; but mother found he still breathed. With much difficulty we got him to the village, when a doctor and his tutor were instantly sent for. For a time life was despaired of ; he was fearfully bruised and lacerated by contact with the rocks.

“In less than a week came a lady and gentleman, his mamma and uncle, who it appeared were travelling about, the latter being an invalid. I had felt ailing for several days ; when they sent for me it was as much as I could do to walk to the house where they were staying, and when I got there I fell down, I believe, in a fit. They sent for mother, whom I had not told of feeling ill, knowing, poor soul, she had trouble enough, while they had me put to bed. The doctor said that my system had sustained a terrible shock, which together with my exertions in saving the young gentleman was the cause of my illness. Often, Norah, we have had to live for days together upon the sloak we could not sell ; it is well you were too young to remember this.

“But in the midst of her grief respecting me, mother had a joyful surprise. In the young gentleman’s mother she recognized Mrs. Gordon. Master Edmund, (this was his name,) was her only child, the joy of her heart, for she was a widow. He recovered before I did, his illness happily leaving him uninjured, while I rose from my sick bed with incurable blindness.

“Mrs. Gordon was most indignant when she heard of the cruel manner in which mother had been treated by the people of the place. She would not hear of our remaining longer there, but sent us to our present home, near an estate of her own. She gave us the cottage and everything belonging to

it. This was a rich reward for doing what was but my duty ; They said I was brave : if so, God had made me thus. We can do nothing of ourselves alone, but by his will. I know all praise was due to him.

“As you are aware, Master Edmund, now Captain Gordon, allows me so much a quarter, to be continued till my death. This, together with my basket-making, and what you and mother gain by the garden, the bees, the cow, and the pig, makes us quite rich.

“It was only the last time Captain Gordon came to see us, that he said to me, ‘I often think of the accident that made us acquainted. I have since trod the spot on that Irish coast where it took place. While I marked the wild beauty of the scenery around, the huge masses of broken and barren rocks, with the broad ocean at their feet, now blue, now green ; now like the rainbow of many hues, with shoals of fish sporting in the bright sunbeams. I have thought of the past, of the wilfulness that brought me near to death ; the narrow escape from which has cast a lasting benefiting influence over my whole life. As a soldier, I fear danger as little as I did then ; yet I do not rush purposely or heedlessly into it. In battle and out of it has this lesson been most beneficial to me. I thank God who cannot err for such a life-long lesson.’ And Captain Gordon is right.”

As William Darcy ceased speaking, the brother and sister reached the church door and were joined by their mother.

“I now see,” whispered Norah, “how wrong it is to find fault with what God ordains.”

“Yes,” replied the blind youth ; “for truly he worketh in a mysterious way, bringing forth from the cloud of sorrow the bright sunshine of happiness.”

E. B.

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“SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.”

**W**HAT sweet words are these! So simple that every little child may understand them. So surprising too, when we think who spoke them—and yet not surprising; for as the old black woman said when the missionary asked her if she were not surprised at the mercy of Christ towards her, “No, massa, it be *just like him.*” True, it is “just like him,” to be kind and loving. Yet when we think how great Jesus was—when we remember that he was God come down from heaven—that he had come to be a great prophet and a great preacher to men upon earth,—but for this loving invitation, we, like the disciples, might have thought that Jesus had something more important to do than to talk to *little children.*

I remember reading about a little boy who said he would

not like to go to heaven ; and when asked why, he replied, "Because grandfather is there, and I would not like to be where he is : for he always used to drive us away, and say, 'Get along, boys.'" Now Jesus Christ was not at all like this old gentleman. He was attractive even to little children. I fancy I can see him—a poor working-man, very meanly dressed.—It was not his fine clothes that made the children notice him. Neither had he any money to give them that made them run after him. But there was something lovely in his face—something charming in his manners, that won their attention, and drew them to him, although the disciples would have driven them away. Ah ! they little understood what he had come into the world for ! But Jesus called the little ones to him and said—"Suffer the little children to come unto me." He had been a little child himself ; and he had not forgotten this : neither does he forget it now. We who are older should not forget that we were once children. When I am about to tell my little ones a story, if I begin by saying—"When I was a boy," they prick up their ears directly. And Jesus has not forgotten that he was a boy. But what a boy was Jesus—the "holy child Jesus !" He always minded his parents. Once, you remember, they lost him ; but when they found him he did not refuse to return with them. He never said a wicked word—never grumbled at what his parents gave him—never envied anyone who was better off than himself—never quarrelled with his playmates—never did anything wrong nor had an evil thought ; but was holy, harmless, undefiled,—“separate from sinners” as to his character. Yet he lived among sinful men, and talked to them day by day, and even to little children. Yes, he understands what little children feel ; so that they may go to him and tell him all that troubles their mind, and he will understand them at once.

*Little children may go to Jesus ; for he has said—Let them*

come. Do you ask, How can I go to him. He is now in heaven? Let me try to explain. But first let me ask—What do you want to go to Jesus for? Do you really want to talk to him? What about? Perhaps you would not like to tell me. For I can remember when I was a little boy, what a burden I had on my mind.—I felt that I was a sinner; and when I thought of God's commandments I was greatly troubled. I considered I had kept most of them, but there were some which I knew I had broken; and when I was alone I used to shed bitter tears of repentance: but this I felt could not take away my sins. Oh how delighted should I then have been if I had known anyone who really understood my feelings—but I dared not tell them. I did not know then that Jesus knew all, or at least that he sympathized with me. I went to God *as God* to pray for pardon. I had not then been led to Jesus as a Saviour—much less as *my* Saviour.

Now let me tell you that the love of Jesus is the same as when he was here on earth. Yet now—as then—he never loves *sin*; neither does he love those who love sin. But if we hate sin—mourn over it and try to keep from it, we need not be afraid to go to Jesus; for he has said—“Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out.”

JOSIAH.

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## OUR HARRY.

(Continued from page 153.)

**T**HIS spring, he and his mamma and little sister went to spend a few weeks in France. They started at midnight. I saw him a few hours before. He was dressed ready for the journey, and was lying fast asleep on the bed. The dear little fellow had been so lively and merry all day, that now he was quite tired out. He had on a little plaid

frock, his cheeks were very rosy, and the dear hands, which had been so busy all day, were lying quiet now. I felt disappointed that he was not awake. I was sorry not to look again into those clear, thoughtful eyes, and hear the dear merry voice bidding me good-bye ; but he was sleeping so peacefully I would not disturb him. I pressed a long kiss on the coral lips and pure forehead, gave a long earnest look at the beautiful little sleeper, and came away sorrowfully ; for I could not bear the idea of the little pet being away from us for so long—perhaps, too, he might *forget* us ! Again I stole into the little room—took the dear little hands in mine, and then, in tears, left him. What was it that made me linger so, and leave him in such sadness, as though certain it was the last time I should see him ? We have all, more or less, felt this vague indefinable dread of coming gloom. But this feeling wore off, as we received, week by week, cheering news of the absent ones. The account of the journey we heard from his papa himself, who accompanied the travellers as far as Boulogne. Harry went on deck, and was greatly delighted at the “big boat,” and the white foaming waves, which he thought were swans. Some horses also on board, with horse-cloths on their heads, took his fancy ; he directed attention to them by saying, “*Garde, papa, chevaux avec chapeaux*”—(horses with hats on ! ) When they reached Boulogne, his quick eyes espied a basket of bread belonging to one of the market-women. He dragged it along in great glee, exclaiming, “*Garde, papa !*” Of course it was carried back to the owner, with an apology ; but she seemed much amused herself, and didn't mind in the least. Harry's papa saw them safely into the train to finish their journey, and then had to say good-bye. Poor little Harry sobbed bitterly at parting ; he said he wanted to go in the “big boat” with him. Nothing would pacify the child, so his papa had to hide away where Harry could

not see him—poor little fellow, he seemed heart-broken. Ah! there was soon to come a much more bitter heart-rending parting for that devoted father, who thought nothing too good for his boy! When they reached Amiens, his grandpa and aunt were at the station, waiting to receive them. Harry had not seen them since he was a few months old, but he had often looked at their portraits, so he knew them directly; and at once making friends with his grandpa, he told him that “Harry” had come to have dinner with him. From that time they were firm friends, and the child was almost always with him. Sometimes he would peep into the school-room, have a chat with one or two of the elder boys, and then run off. Once he went with his mamma to spend the day with some friends—a beautiful place, and very kind generous people, who loved our Harry directly they saw him. They called him a little girl; for his long flowing hair made him look so different from the little French boys, who have theirs cut so short. But they soon found out their mistake, when our Harry was discovered with a chicken in his hand, which was in great danger of being strangled. *He* formed the chief topic in every letter, his sayings and doings, his daily walks and games with his grandpa.

He would walk round the table at dinner-time, and set the forks and spoons, always saying who they were for: “*Pour bon père, pour Harry; pour mamma, pour baby, pour tante Loza!*” Always *his* place next to his grandpa.

The very last letter that I received from his dear mamma told me how well and happy he was, how delighted with birds, flowers, and everything he saw, and he was continually exclaiming, “*Magnifique!*” That once she found him quite alone, talking about us all, and seeming so very happy; “for,” she said, “he was *singing* as I have never heard him before!”

He was not at all a selfish child, but was always anxious

to share whatever he had with others. He would claim all he saw which pleased him, but not for himself, no, it was all for his grandpa. The beautiful cathedral of Amiens he said was "la grande église pour bon père." (Large church for grandpa.)

One day the two had a long walk together; and Harry collected a number of little stones, and made a heap of them, telling his grandpa to see what he was building. Then he gathered a great bunch of wild flowers, buttercups, daisies, and others, as many as he could carry, all of which he said were for his mamma. When he got home, he put them into a jug, and asked for some water for them. Before those flowers were withered, *our* fair little flower had faded! The little heap of stones, made almost sacred to that devoted grandfather, because *his* dear little hands had touched them, have, I believe, since been taken home, to be treasured up. A day or two after this memorable walk, little Harry was taken ill. A doctor was fetched, who said he was suffering from croup. The next day his mamma wrote home to London to his papa, to tell him of his darling's illness. The letter, alas! never was delivered to its owner till too late! That same afternoon, Harry was so much better, that he got up and had a game with his grandpa. The day after, the doctor said he might go out for a little while, so his mamma took him—the last little stroll they were ever to have! He seemed very sadly, so they very soon returned. The next day, Sunday, very early in the morning, his mamma heard him get out of his little bed, and asked him where he was going; he replied, "Only going to kiss Bichette." "*Bichette*" is a pet name he had given to his little sister, Héloïse, it means, "little dear." So baby is always to be called "*Bichette*" now, *because Harry called her so!* At his own earnest request, he got up and fed the fowls as usual. He seemed very ill every now and then, but at times so lively



and cheerful that those who watched him so anxiously quite hoped he was recovering. And the doctor himself, although he that day pronounced it diphtheria, anticipated no danger. But of course the weary sorrowful watchers were in great suspense ; for the merry voice, which all loved so to hear, was hushed. And all this time *we* knew nothing of our darling's illness, knew not that our sunbeam was fading, and that our home was growing dim. And the poor sorrowful mother was watching by the little one, and wondering so that his papa did not come. How gladly would that poor father have been there could he have known ! Very early on Monday morning, little Harry appeared so much worse that a telegram was sent to his papa. It was in French, saying how very ill Henri was, and that his papa must go immediately. Then in English were these three short significant words, "*God help us !*" This was our first intimation of his illness, but from the very first we feared the worst. Without a moment's delay, the telegram was delivered to the papa, and the time for the next train ascertained. The sorrowful grandpa, grandma, and aunt of little Harry were at the station to see the distressed father start on his sad journey. With feelings too sad to describe they parted, and a telegram was promised to be sent as soon as he arrived. And then, in terrible suspense, we waited all that day and night. How slowly the hours went ! That evening the chapter read was John xiv., and the sweet beautiful words comforted us, and calmed our troubled spirits. None of us slept *much* that night ; but a few minutes sleep for *me* brought with it a soothing comforting dream that our darling was a little better and would yet be spared to us. Morning came, and by ten o' clock the hope was dashed by the brief words that telegram contained. It was from my brother. How we opened it I cannot tell, but in a moment the terrible truth came full upon us, "*Too late*, our poor little one had

gone!" A deep and bitter cry broke from us all; the blinds were drawn, and the light has never seemed fully to come again into the house since that sad morning. His grandma, overcome with grief, said she must go—she felt she *must* see the dear little face once more, so, in an hour or two after, she, and one of little Harry's aunts started off on their sorrowful journey. They reached Amiens a little before eleven o'clock that same night. A most painful meeting. There were the bereaved parents, the distressed grandfather, and his equally sorrowful daughter, the little unconscious baby, the weary heart-broken travellers, and up-stairs lay the beautiful little sleeper. On the table lay the little Bible which his grandma had given him for his first birthday present, when he was one year old; for it was the fervent desire of us all, that had his dear life been spared, it should be guided by its holy and beautiful precepts. The simple motto written on the fly-leaf was "Search the Scriptures." May you, my dear little readers, make the Scriptures the guide of your youth.

The agonized father told how he was *too late* for one look or farewell word from his beautiful boy, *too late* to hear his last little prayer for "Papa, mamma, grandpa, and grandma." Then he opened a paper containing a number of little curls of long fair hair tied with blue ribbon, and sobbing over them exclaimed, "That's all that's left of him!" Say not so, poor stricken parents, his dear memory is left, his beautiful presence will always be with you: not always, perhaps, to be realised; but none the less ever with you. His short and beautiful life has fulfilled its mission, and now you have a child in Heaven. *He is still yours!*

Softly the mourners entered the still chamber, and gazed on the spiritual little face, so cold and white now, but so calm and happy. The beautiful curls shading the marble brow, little rose-buds strewn around the fair sleeper, and the dear hands clasped in each other as in prayer—fit and

beautiful attitude, for *the little one's last conscious act was prayer!* When he was lying there so still, only the morning before, his poor mamma, in agony, longed to hear him speak, and asked him if he would like to say his little prayer. The little dear tried, but after he had named his papa, mamma, and grandpa, his strength seemed gone. With a great effort he said, "*Grandma,*" and he could say no more. He fell asleep very calmly at about twelve o'clock on Monday, June 17th, some hours before his poor father could reach him. *What his feelings were, when, with a great hope struggling against dread he entered the house and they met him with the words, "He is no more!" is far too crushing for anyone who has not experienced it to realize.*

(*To be concluded in our next.*) L. A. G.

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### THE MISSIONARIES' WATCHES.

**O**UR young friends who contributed to the above, will doubtless read with pleasure the following letters acknowledging the receipt of them:—

*Poonamallee, August 10, 1872.*

*To the Sunday School Children and Friends in connection with the Strict Baptist Mission in England.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS AND BELOVED BRETHREN.—  
Last Saturday, the 3rd August, was a joyful day with me. The beautiful strong English lever watch, which you so liberally bought and so kindly sent, was presented to me by Brother Doll, the Mission Superintendent, in your names. I love it very much, and very highly I value it, since it is from your loving hearts and hands. This is another token of your love and liberality. Truly I am at a loss how to be sufficiently grateful at such generosity as this, much more to express it either in words or deeds. To appreciate its value

and use is not the work of a day, it must be done daily, yea, every time I see my time in it. I desired very much a watch like this. "Redeem the time" is the Divine injunction. Practical punctuality must be the particular practice of every preacher; to accomplish it, a true watch is indispensably necessary. This now I have. This I owe to you. I now look for grace and strength to the only perfect Preacher and my only Master, that commanded, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," in order that I may redeem my time, and apply it first in getting understanding and wisdom from above, and secondly in imparting the same to them that are below.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dearly beloved, I pray to God to bless you more and more, and prosper you and your Sunday Schools, and keep you all from sin and Satan. He will reward you for this and other practical deeds of love and sympathy to his humble disciples (Matt. x. 42.) Now in conclusion, I beg you to accept heartfelt and best thanks from

Ever your humble and obedient servant,

M. A. COOPOOSAWMY ROW,  
*Strict Baptist Missionary.*

Gal. i. 3—4.

*To MR. G. PEARSON, Secretary of the Strict Baptist Mission.*

MY DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER PEARSON.—I received from Mr. Doll, our Superintendent, your loving letter, together with the silver watch so kindly presented to me by the Christian friends and Sunday-school children in England connected with the Strict Baptist Mission. With very great joy and delight I received that nice watch on which is engraved, "A token of Christian affection." I trust I shall be enabled ever to show my love and esteem in return by greater diligence and more faithful performance of the work

so near and dear to my heart, and so cheerfully supported by you all, viz., the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in this heathen land, and the conversion of its idolatrous people, by the preaching of the blessed Gospel of our God. I beg to offer my heartfelt thanks to every one of you for so *valuable* and *useful* a gift, which will always remind me of those kind and loving hearts in far-off England. I will add that although I feel the infirmities of old age coming on me very fast, yet, thank God, he gives me strength to work for him. I go out almost every day preaching in the streets, public fairs, &c., &c., visiting the hospital, dwelling houses, &c.

The Sunday and day schools are doing well. In the former we have eight, and in the latter eighteen children, six boys and one girl, who were once in our school, but have been withdrawn by their parents because of our religious instruction, still prove the influence of good and early training. They refuse to worship images and idols, and pronounce them false and nothing. Consequently they suffer abuse and cruel treatment from their parents, and yet these children are firm, and acknowledge Jesus *alone* as God and Saviour. It is true no conversions have been reported: yet I believe there are many secret disciples, but are afraid to profess Jesus openly on account of caste and family connections. Christian brethren and friends, pray for these. Pray for me and my labours for Christ. Do the Sunday School children supporting the Strict Baptist Mission love and serve Jesus?

Now I wish to tell you that I want a male and a female teacher for our school. I also want our kind friends and children to send remnant pieces of chintz and some sewing cotton to make our scholars caps, jackets, and petticoats, because they are very poor, and often come to school in rags, sometimes almost naked. Mr. Doll will tell you all these things.

I must close, praying that God will bless you all, old and young ; and with my best respects,

I remain thankfully and humbly your old friend and servant of Jesus Christ,

H. THOMAS, *Missionary.*

*September 4th, 1872.*

Need we say a word on behalf of the poor little ragged children referred to in Mr. Thomas's letter? We think not. The things he asks for are so inexpensive that we may safely leave it to the spontaneous generosity of those who "love Jesus Christ." How shall we answer the question which Mr. Thomas has put? Let our young friends ask themselves this question ; and may their response to his request be a *practical* answer. Mr. Doll, remarking on this part of Mr. T.'s letter, says :—

"The major portion of Mr. T.'s school are really destitute children, though *all* of them are very poor. All the children in Keeyrlparcherry school, as well as all the girls in the Poonamallee girls' school are almost naked ; and if the friends of the Mission can collect and occasionally send remnant pieces of chintz, [or coloured cotton print,] and some sewing cotton, they would certainly confer a great boon on the poor children of our Mission schools, which will not only help them to come decently clad, but also induce them to be regular in attendance. We require *nothing* more."

The Secretaries of the Mission will be happy to receive any articles or contributions for the above purpose. G. Pearson, Dartmouth Villa, York-road, Upper Holloway, N; Josiah Briscoe, 17, Arlington-square, Islington, N.

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#### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

**M**Y first a high-priest's name will spell,  
 My second shews the God he served ;  
 My whole a prophet's name will tell,  
 Whom God by miracles preserved.     E. J. W.

**M**Y first in Palestine is grown,  
 And many other places known.  
 My next a priest ordained by God,  
 Who meekly yielded to his rod.  
 My third, applied to God, may be  
 Employed, to prove the Trinity.  
 My whole through faith in Christ became  
 A man of wisdom and of fame. W. S.

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

1. ROBE. (Rob—Roe—Bore.)
2. LIZARD—ALMOND. [LydiA—IsraeL—ZeboiM  
 AbednegO—ReubeN—David.]
3. "BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN; FOR THEY SHALL  
 BE COMFORTED." [Moses—Ararat—Rachel—Ruth—Bethel  
 Cormorant—Mary—Solomon—Dan—Hannah—Fear—  
 Father.]

Correct answers have been received from—

|                                             |                                        |
|---------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| Miss Susan Amey, Stratford, 3               | Master J. T. Giles, Ashburton, 3       |
| " CharlotteBarmore, Homerton,<br>1, 3       | " A. T. Iles, Banstead, 1, 2, 3        |
| " E. Butcher, Tring, 3                      | " E. Iles, ditto, 1, 2, 3              |
| " S. J. Clifford, Deptford, 1, 3            | " G. H. Iles, ditto, 1, 2, 3           |
| " M. J. Collins, Deptford, 1, 3             | " I. Lloyd, Blaenavon, 1, 3            |
| " C. V. Cottebrune, Dean-street,<br>Soho, 3 | " J. Tann, Pulham St. Mary,<br>2, 3    |
| " S. Edwards, Dalston, 1, 3                 | " W. Sillett, Pulham St.<br>Mary, 2, 3 |
| " E. Parker, Hayling Island, 3              | " G. E. Styles, High Wy-<br>combe, 3   |
| " T. Shuff, Camberwell, 3                   | " A. Thorne, Eaton Bray, 1,<br>2, 3    |
| " S. A. Thorne, Eaton Bray, 1, 2            | " E. J. Welch, Merton, 1, 2, 3         |
| Master C. J. Clifford, Deptford, 1, 3       |                                        |
| " J. Franklin, Richmond, 3                  |                                        |

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. HEWES.—Many thanks. We had read it previously,  
 and are very sorry that we cannot possibly find room for it  
 this month.

C. K. F.—Postponed for the same reason.



Vol. XI.

December, 1872.

No. 140.

### OUR HARRY.

*(Concluded from page 172.)*

**T**HE next morning, Wednesday, they all went to take a farewell look at our Harry. A long passionate kiss from each on the calm still face, a long earnest look at the little waxen hands so strangely beautiful in their mute appeal for sorrowing ones left behind, a sad good-bye, and the loved form of our darling was gone from their eyes for ever in this world. A simple white pall covered the little coffin, and a wreath of pure white flowers was laid on the top. At about nine o'clock that morning, a number of friends met at the house of mourning. The minister read a few appropriate selections from the Bible, and then they adjourned to the Temple. There, where three years before had sat the happy bridal pair, now rested a little coffin, and, in mournful garments and with aching hearts, near at hand sat the bereaved parents and relatives. Then after a short

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service, the long sad procession followed the little body to its resting-place.

The cemetery of La Madeleine is about two miles away from the town. A great number of friends went, and many little children who had known and loved our Harry, and who mourned for the loss of their little play fellow. The empty carriages followed. Every stranger as he passed, took off his hat when he approached the little coffin, to give a last salute—a custom in France. A short and affecting address was given at the grave, by the minister who was much overcome, for he had known our Harry so well, and got to look for his daily visits with much pleasure; he felt as if the little one had almost belonged to him.

Then in simple touching language, he looked down into the grave, and addressed the little sleeper. He said how much joy he had brought into their hearts by his bright and happy little life; said what a sunbeam he had been, and how we all loved him, and hoped one day to be with him again. Some branches of fir, from some trees near, were then lightly strewed over the little coffin; he looked down, and in a choking voice said—"Good-bye, *dear* little Harry!" and then the grave was filled in. When all was done, his grandma placed the wreath of delicate white flowers on the top, and then they returned to their saddened home.

Dear children, you who may happen to be reading this, love your little brothers and sisters. You may soon have to part with them; perhaps they will die as suddenly as our little Harry did: and if so, think how grieved you would feel if you had been unkind to them, or refused to do some little thing which you knew would please them. Be kind and forbearing when they trouble you with their little wants; it may be, those little feet have almost finished their journey. Then love them dearly now; it will save many a heart-pang, when the merry voice is hushed, and the little cot vacant,

for you to think, that during the little one's short life, you did what you could to make it happy, and never wilfully brought the tears into those blue eyes.

It was a very sad parting and return home ; to leave the little grave alone, though we know our Father watches over it. His little boots in the corner, his hat on the rail, his toys scattered about, something of his everywhere. His mamma and little sister did not return to London. She felt she must at any rate, for a time, be near the resting-place of her little one. She went away from home, a few miles off, for a week or two. Almost the first thing she found on her return was a little paper rolled up tightly with a pencil in it, which she remembered having seen Harry with a day or two before his illness. She found him on the floor, and he said he was writing a letter to his papa. Every day his grandpa goes to visit the little grave ; and he says he shall go as long as ever he is able, regardless of weather. We, too, would fain do so ; but this painful pleasure we are denied.

When first I thought of our Harry having left us, although I knew he was safe in Heaven, I felt almost as if he must be lonely, even there ! This was the first break in our family, and I kept thinking of the merry little thing there with no one he knew. There was *one* friend of mine who had seen him, but she died when he was quite young. Our bright little Amy was named to me, and I instantly caught at the idea, and since then have always thought of them as being together. Their memorial cards are lying together, and I think of them as little companions in Heaven. Since I began to write this little sketch, I was walking through the beautiful churchyard here again, just at the time of even-song ; and while I was standing under the shadow of the trees, amongst the secluded peaceful graves, the grand and solemn tones of the organ burst forth in that fine chorus

from Handel's "Messiah"—"Lift up your heads;" and looking up where the sombre firs seemed to touch the deep blue sky, I almost fancied I could see the dear face of our little Harry smiling on me, and saying how happy he was. And I thought of Him who had listened to the child's simple prayer, "Suffer me to come to Thee;" and through my tears I thanked Him that He had answered it so soon!"

His papa and mamma have each written some beautiful verses in memory of their beloved child. The latter are in French; and perhaps you would not understand them; so I will only transcribe those written by his papa:—

### IN MEMORIAM.

HARRY.—JUNE 17TH, 1872.

So soon to sleep? so soon thy journey ended?  
 Those little feet scarce tired, and yet at rest?  
 Thy golden hair with snowy rose-buds blended,  
 And the dear hands clasped meekly on thy breast.

Yes, little loved one, thine the soft reposing,  
 For us the dusty life-path sad and drear;  
 Yet will we walk it bravely to its closing  
 With bleeding hearts, yet strong and free from fear.

We dreamed, how fondly! of a bright to-morrow,  
 Fraught ever with new joys and pure delight;  
 The dream has faded, and a nameless sorrow  
 Shrouds our warm hearts in cold and starless night.

We hear in Memory's inner chambers ringing  
 Each echo of thy simple childish song;  
 Could we but catch the strain that now thou'rt singing—  
 That sweeter music of that spirit-throng!

Through the dim veil of blinding tears beholding  
 Our hearts, alas! see but the floweret dead;  
 But Faith perceives thy angel-wings unfolding—  
 The Asphodels and Amaranth on thy head!

'Tis *we* who die—whose childhood long has faded,  
 And gone like waves receded from the shore;

*Thy* little life hath ne'er been sorrow-shaded,  
Where *thou* art, all are children evermore.

Adieu, dear child, on God's great heart reclining,  
Till we upon the frigid tides are borne.  
Be near us, Spirit, like a bright star shining,  
Rest, darling of our hearts, until the Morn.

We mourn for the little life so soon ended, and sigh for  
"the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

If this were all a terrible dream, from which we could awake, and find him still with us! Sometimes it seems as though it really can't be true; but yet we might know it is, for the house is silent and shadowy without our sunbeam. Yet we would not recall him. We know he is happy—for ever free from the care and suffering which is ours. His was throughout a bright happy life; he was never a care or sorrow to us. He never grieved us but by leaving us.

His mamma said he had grown so, she would have to lengthen his little dresses. No need, fond mother, the Saviour has clothed your child in a pure white robe now!

His little sister, fragile and short-lived as we thought her, yet lives; and although she will never know what a dear little brother and companion she has lost, amongst the very first words she speaks, they will teach her to say—"My dear little brother Harry is in Heaven!"

Farewell, little Harry, the pet, the companion, the darling of us all,—parted from us for a very little while, maybe,—we hope, ere long, to be with you, where no more partings shall break loving hearts.

"Fold him, O Jesus, in Thine arms,  
And let him henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee."

*Bournemouth, August, 1872.*

L. A. G.



### THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

**O**F all the trees I love to see,  
 There's none excels the Christmas Tree ;  
 I love it chiefly for this reason—  
 It bears its fruit in winter season.

The fruit-trees in the orchard now  
 Have not a leaf on any bough :

One kind of fruit is all they bear ;  
But this has *fifty*, I declare !

Now all is desolate and cold,  
The beauteous Christmas Tree behold ;  
Its boughs half bending to the floor,  
With rich and variegated store.

The wondrous things that here abound,  
Sparkle, as do the eyes around,  
As they behold its tempting fruit,  
Which every taste is sure to suit.

Ah, happy childhood ! full of joy,  
I would not mix the least alloy  
With youthful pleasures such as these—  
I love good boys and girls to please.

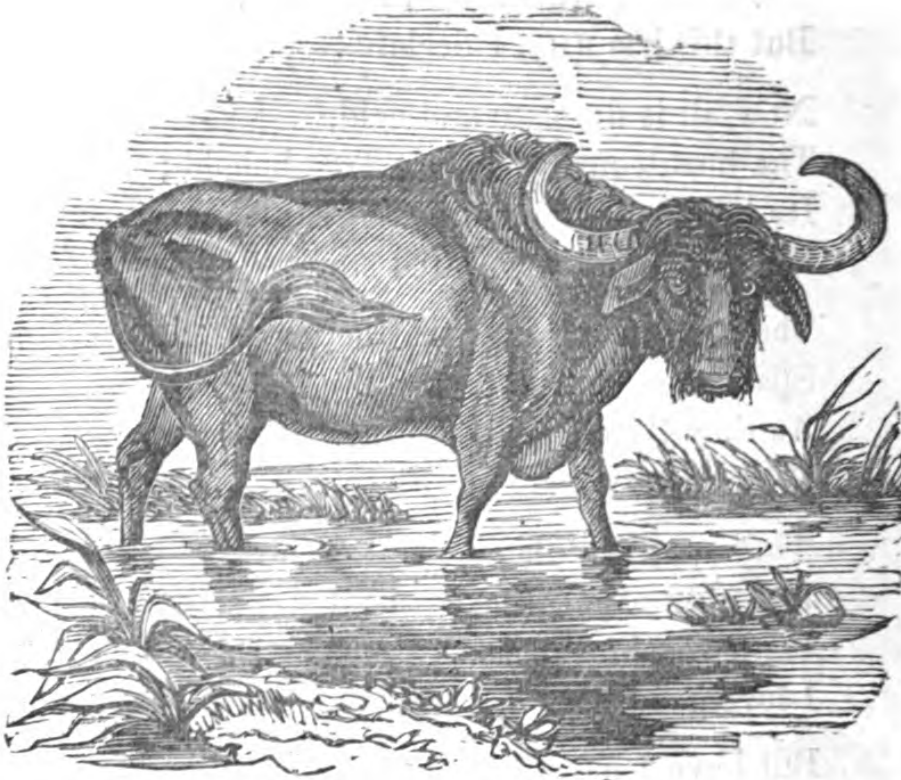
But have I not, like some of you,  
Pronounced, with but a passing view,  
Too soon, upon the Christmas Tree,  
Without reflecting—let me see.

Why, yes ; for, look, it has no root—  
Its fruit is artificial fruit ;  
And though to-night it looks so gay,  
What will to-morrow morning say ?

Too many persons I have known  
Were all for show—and they have shone :  
They dazzled one for certain ends,  
Yet proved but *artificial friends*.

Begone, ye giddy, false and gay,  
I covet not your vain display :  
Where moral worth refines, and blends  
With Christian grace, I seek my friends.

JOSIAM.



ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE, AND WHAT THEY SAY  
TO MAN.

(Continued from page 153.)

THE OX.

**T**HE words Ox and OXEN in the Scriptures may be taken as general terms, including the Bull, the Bullock, the Heifer, and the Cow, which are often in many passages referred to separately.

The Ox of Palestine was a variety of the same original species as our own; so that we need not describe its structure and appearance. We will therefore confine ourselves to a short account of its *uses* and its *management*; and conclude with a brief reference to various texts, which afford practical lessons for our own instruction and guidance.

First, then, we take the *uses* of the ox. These were, for *sacrifice*, for *food*, and for *agricultural labour*. Those intended

for sacrifice were picked animals. It was necessary that every ox or bullock brought to the altar should be absolutely perfect, a "male, without blemish." It is evident that great care would be required in order that the breed should not deteriorate; and the pains and skill required to keep up a supply of perfect animals for sacrifice would tend also to improve their quality for use as food, and would also increase their strength and value for agricultural labour. In fact one of the principal signs of wealth in the East was the possession of large herds of oxen. It will be remembered that the original occasion of the separation between Abraham and his nephew Lot, was the vast increase of their cattle, and the disputes that arose between their respective herdsmen, arising from the difficulty of finding sufficient pasturage for them. The office of *herdsman* was anciently one of great trust and responsibility. It was considered to be an honourable occupation, in which persons of high rank might engage without any loss of dignity. Saul himself was acting as herdsman when the people came to seek him, after he had been appointed king. Doeg, too, Saul's faithful companion was made his chief herdsman. And afterwards, when David was at the height of his power, and appointed the leading officers of his kingdom, we find that the names of his chief herdsmen were thought as worthy of mention as those of his military commanders and treasurers.

Besides the common ox of Palestine, there is a species found in the Jordan valley and the low-lying districts, of which the woodcut at the head of this article is a representation. It is more wild and less manageable than the domesticated variety, being more like a buffalo than an ordinary ox. It is an ungainly beast, and though sometimes made useful in drawing the plough, its temper makes it difficult to manage. It is seldom seen but in or near oozy marshes or damp places.

In the East, at the present day, the flesh of the ox is



seldom used for *food*, that of the sheep and goat being preferred. But in old time the ox was largely fed and fatted for table ; and those intended for this purpose were called "*stalled oxen*," (Prov. xv. 17,) or fat oxen, (1 Kings iv. 23,) and were kept apart from those employed in labour. In the parable of the Marriage of the King's Son, the "oxen and fatlings" are said to be killed for the feast, (Matthew xxii. 4.) But the young of the ox, the *calf*, was usually one of the animals kept in good condition against any festive occasion. From the time of Abraham, who "ran and fetched a calf tender and good," to kill and dress it for his three heavenly guests, to the times of the New Testament, when the calf was killed and eaten in honour of the return of the prodigal, and onwards to this very day, in the East, the fatted calf has been the favourite food for all special and festive occasions.

But all through the times when oxen were used for sacrifice and for food, their chief use was for *agricultural labour*. It would be tedious to enumerate all the passages so plentifully sprinkled through the Old and New Testaments, where reference is made to their being used for ploughing, threshing, and drawing wagons. Every one's recollection will serve on this point. But the numerous references to the word *yoke* in this connection require a few words of explanation. The yoke was, as is well known, the chief part of the harness of the oxen ; and as by it two were usually fastened together, the word itself came to have the same meaning as "a brace" or "a pair" with us. Thus we read of "a yoke of oxen," or as in Elisha's case of "twelve yoke." The yoke itself was a very simple affair. A beam or stout piece of wood was cut, of sufficient length to rest upon the necks of two oxen standing side by side, and a couple of hollows scooped out to fit the crest of the neck of each. Two sticks were then bent under their necks, with their ends turned upwards and fitted into holes in the beam above.

The pole of the plough or cart was fastened into the centre of the beam, and this rough and simple apparatus constituted all the harness required.

It will easily be understood that so rude a method as this would be likely to gall the necks of the animals. Consequently, the galling of the yoke is often used in Scripture as a metaphor for discomfort and oppression. Isaac, the patriarch, comforted Esau with the prophecy, that though Jacob would rule, he would break his *yoke* from off his neck (Gen. xxvii. 40.) And in Lev. xxvi. 13, God tells his people that he had broken the bands of their *yoke* and made them go upright. And again in Deut. xxviii. 48, the word is used to express the extreme of suffering by a forcible addition, "He shall put on thee a yoke of IRON, till he utterly destroy thee."

In the New Testament the same word is used to express not so much oppression as lawful service. Who does not recall at once the tender words of the gracious Saviour, "Take *my yoke* upon you and learn of me,.....for *my yoke is easy* and my burden is light." And in 1 Tim. vi. 1, it is brought down to the level of every-day life by being applied to domestic service: "Let as many servants as are *under the yoke* count their own masters worthy of all honour."

While the ox was harnessed with a yoke, it was driven with a *goad*. This was a rather formidable instrument; for Shamgar is said to have killed six hundred Philistines with an "*ox goad*." It was a long stout stick, with a spike at one end and a spud or scraper at the other. Thus *yoked*, and occasionally *goaded*, the oxen of the East might be seen any day engaged in either ploughing the land; ("the oxen were plowing," see Job i. 14,) or treading out the corn, ("Ephraim loveth to tread out the corn," see Hosea x. 11,) or drawing it home in carts, which were simply shallow boxes set upon a pair of wheels, something like a large costermonger's barrow of the present day. The threshing floor, upon which the

oxen were driven about over the corn which was strewed upon it, often served to distinguish a certain spot by name, just as we now refer to an inn by name (see 2 Sam xxiv. 18.) By the constant trampling of their feet the ripe grain was shaken out of the ears. This rough method was afterwards improved by the introduction of a "sharp threshing instrument having teeth" (Isa. xli. 17.) On one remarkable occasion the "threshing instruments" of the oxen were burnt for a special purpose ; and on another the "instruments of the oxen" also, meaning probably their yokes. Will our readers find out for themselves when these events took place ? One is mentioned in the second book of Samuel, and the other in the first book of Kings.

We have thus briefly explained the uses made in the East of that valuable animal and the method of its management. We have left ourselves no room to refer to those passages which speak *to us* by what they say of *the ox*. And yet the lessons they teach are very valuable. We will simply enumerate a few of them, hoping our readers will take the trouble to look out the passages referred to, and see whether or not they teach the lessons we name, which are all drawn from the ox.

1. From 2 Cor. vi. 14, we learn that we must be careful what companionships we form.

2. From Isaiah i. 3, we are taught how *unnatural* a thing it is to rebel against God.

3. From Lam. iii. 17, we find the benefit of yielding to discipline in early life.

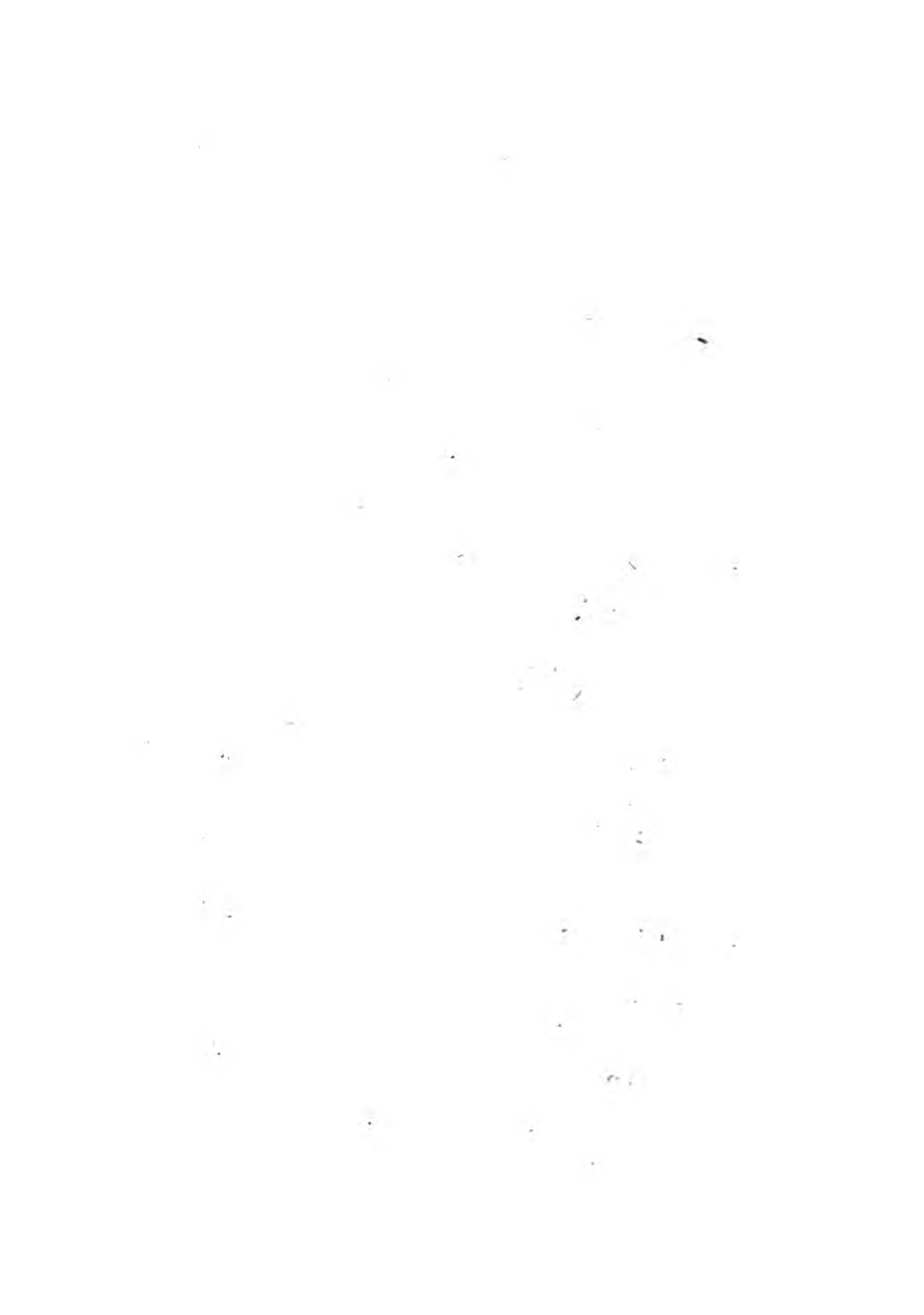
4. From Prov. xv. 17, we learn that poverty with love is better than wealth with anger and strife.

5. From Prov. vii. 22, we are warned not to go heedlessly into sin careless of its consequences.

Lastly. From Matt. xi. 30, we are taught that religion is not a hard task or painful burden, to those who take Christ for their Master, and his will for their law. G. P.

[The above exercises must suffice instead of Enigmas, for which we have no room this month.—ED.]





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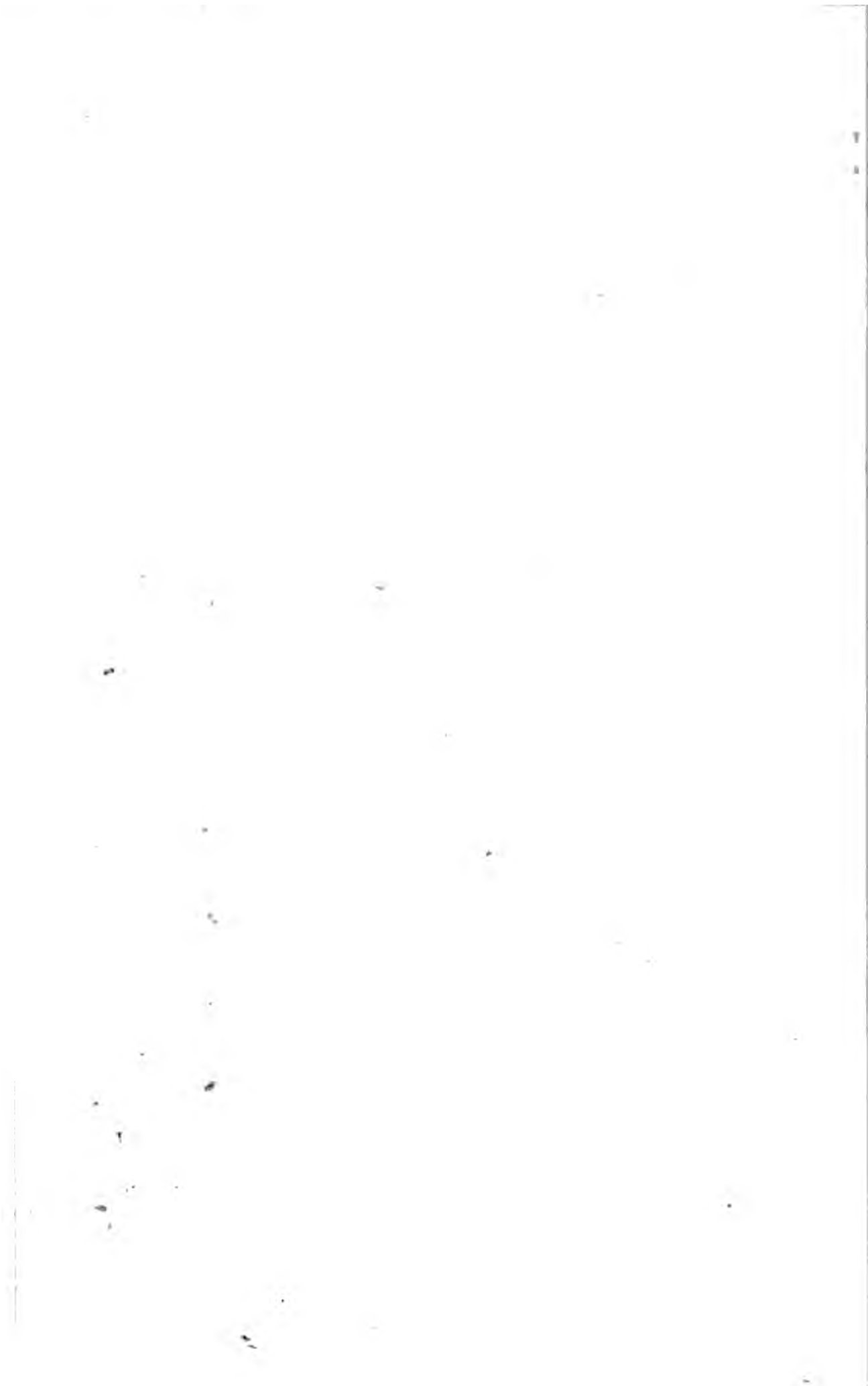
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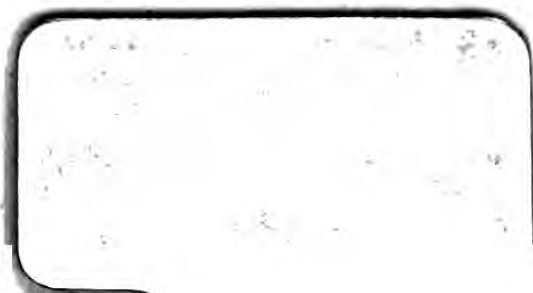
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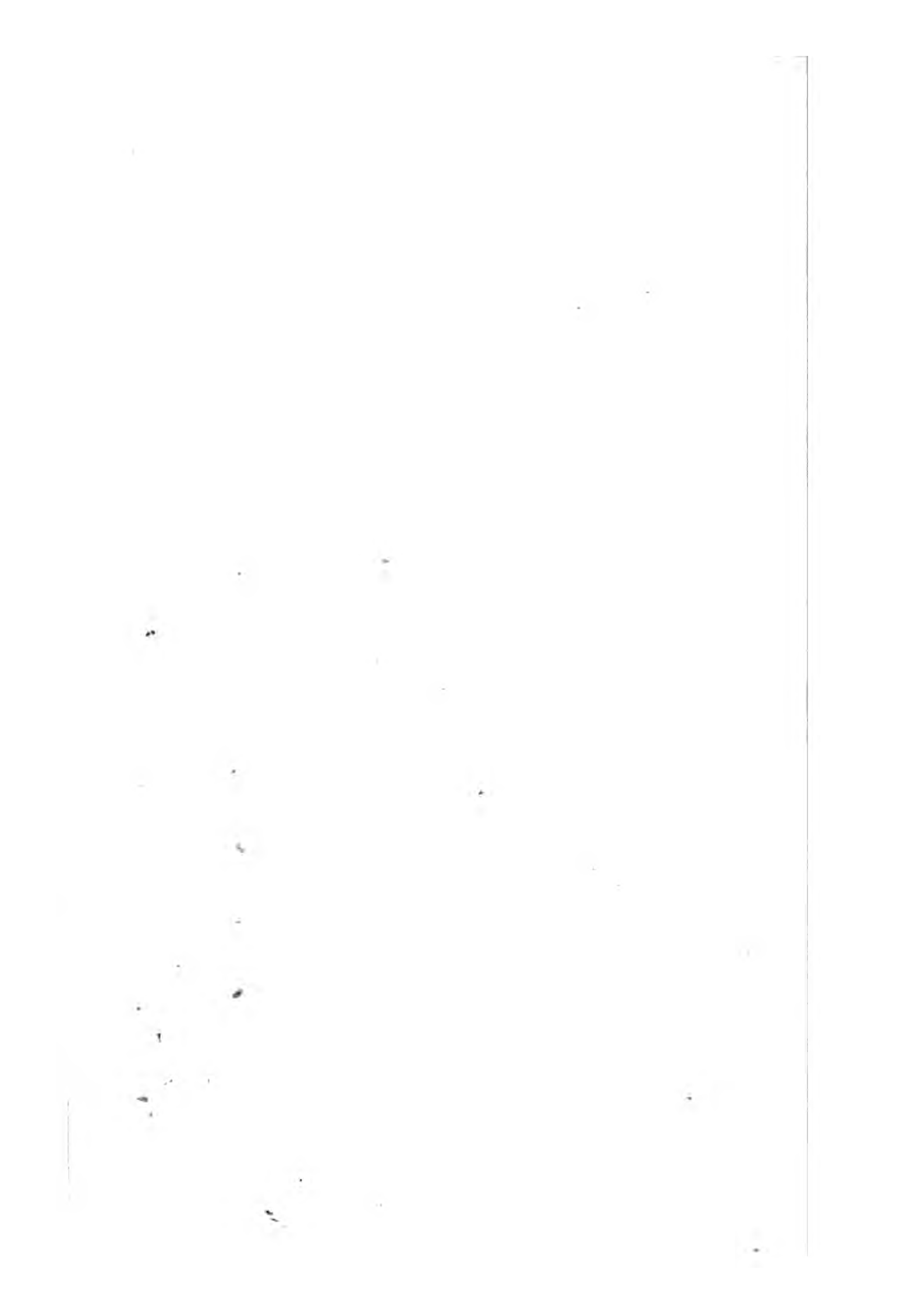
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