

## TO THE WOMEN OF THE CHURCH.

BY MISS HAVERGAL.

 H! for a fiery scroll, and a trumpet of thunder  
might,  
To startle the silken dreams of English women  
at ease,  
Circled with peace and joy, and dwelling where  
truth and light  
Are shining fair as the stars, and free as the western  
breeze!

Oh! for a clarion voice to reach and stir their rest  
With the story of sisters' woes, gathering day by day  
Over Indian homes (sepulchres rather than rest),  
Till they rouse in the strength of the Lord, and roll the  
stone away,

*Sisters!* scorn not the name, for ye cannot alter the fact!  
Deem ye the darker tint of the glowing south shall be  
Valid excuse above for the priest's and Levite's act,  
If ye pass on the other side, and say that ye did not see.

*Sisters!* yea and they lie, not by the side of the road,  
But hidden in loathsome caves, in crushed and quivering  
throngs,  
Down-trodden, degraded, and dark, beneath the invisible  
load  
Of centuries, echoing groans, black with inherited wrongs.

Made like our own strange selves, with memory, mind and  
will;  
Made with a heart to love, and a soul to live forever!  
*Sisters!* is there no chord vibrating in musical thrill,  
At the fall of that gentle word to issue in bright en-  
deavour?

*Sisters!* ye who have known the Elder Brother's love,  
Ye who have sat at His feet, and leant on His gracious  
breast,  
Whose hearts are glad with the hope of His own blest home  
above,

Will ye not seek them out and lead them to Him for rest?  
Is it too great a thing? Will not *one* rise and go,  
Laying her joys aside, as the Master laid them down?  
Seeking His loved and lost in the veiled abodes of woe,  
Winning His Indian gems to shine in His glorious  
crown?

THIRTY years ago, says a recent writer in a religious paper, the region about London Docks contained as large a heathen population as any disirict in Africa. Back of the huge warehouses were "innumerable courts and alleys filled with fog and dirt, and every horror of sight, sound and smell. It was a rendezvous for the lowest types of humanity." The wealthy and influential class in this settlement were the rum-sellers and keepers of gambling-hells. Children were born and grew to middle age in these precincts who never had heard the name of Christ, except in an oath. Thirty thousand souls were included in one parish here, but the clergyman never ventured out of the church to teach.

A young man named Charles Lowder, belonging to an old English family, happened to pass through the district just after leaving Oxford. His classmates were going into politics or the army, or the bar, full of ambition and hope to make a name in the world; but Lowder heard, as he said, "A cry of mingled agony, suffering, laughter and

blasphemy coming from these depths, that rang in his ears, go where he would." He resolved to give up all other work in the world to help these people. He took a house in one of the lowest slums, and lived in it. "It is only one of themselves that they will hear; not patronizing visitors." He preached every day in the streets, and for months was pelted with brickbats, shot at, and driven back with curses. He had, unfortunately, no eloquence with which to reach them; he was a slow, stammering speaker, but he was bold, patient and in earnest. Year after year he lived among them. Even the worst ruffian learned to respect the tall, thin curate, whom he saw stopping the worst street fights, facing mobs, or nursing the victims of Asiatic cholera.

Mr. Lowder lived in London Docks for twenty-three years. Night schools were opened, industrial schools, and refuge for drunkards, discharged prisoners and fallen women. A large church was built and several mission chapels. His chief assistants in the work were the men and women whom he had rescued from "the paths that abut on hell." A visitor to the church said, "The congregation differs from others in that they are all in such deadly earnest."

Mr. Lowder broke down under his work, and rapidly grew into an old, careworn man. He died in a village in the Tyrol, whither he had gone for a month's rest. He was brought back to the Docks where he had worked so long. Across the bridge where he had once been chased by a mob bent on his murder, his body was reverently carried, while the police were obliged to keep back the crowd of sobbing people, who pressed forward to get a glimpse of "Father Lowder," as they called him. "No such a funeral," says a London paper, "has ever been seen in England." The whole population of East London turned out, stopping work for that day. The special trains run to Chiselmhurst were filled, and thousands followed on foot—miserable men and women whom he had lifted up from barbarism to life and hope. Do we hear of "agnostics" doing such a work as that.

BISHOP PERRY, of Iowa, was favored when in England with a glimpse of the diary of Dr. Charles Inglis, the first bishop of Nova Scotia. The entries are brief and are simply statements of bare fact. Perhaps the most interesting is that which reads in this way:—"Mr. Gallagher began to dress my wigs at £5 currency a year, the wig to be dressed each day, and myself to be shaved once a week." Here we have an intimation that the Halifax charge for dressing a wig was about three cents. There is also the entry, "December 4th (1887), my son John began to go to Mrs. Harting's school. This was the future third bishop of Nova Scotia."

Full souls are double mirrors, making still an endless vista of fair things before repeating things behind.