

Loss of the Royal George.

BY W. COWPER.

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone!
His last sea fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our sup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main:

Put Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred,
Shall plough the wave no more.

THE STORY OF JESSICA.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

There was no coffee-stall opened under the railway-arch the following morning, and Daniel's regular customers stood amazed as they drew near the empty corner, where they were accustomed to get their early breakfast. It would have astonished them still more if they could have seen how he was occupied in the miserable loft. He had intrusted a friendly woman out of the court to buy food and fuel, and all night long he had watched beside Jessica, who was light-headed and delirious, but in the wanderings of her thoughts and words often spoke of God, and prayed for her Mr. Dan'el. The neighbour informed him that the child's mother had gone off some days before, fearing that she was ill of some infectious fever, and that she, alone, had taken a little care of her from time to time. As soon as the morning came he sent for a doctor, and, after receiving permission from him, he wrapped the poor deserted Jessica in his coat, and, bearing her tenderly in his arms, he carried her to a cab, which the neighbour brought to the entrance of the court. It was to no other than his own solitary home that he had resolved to take her; and when the mistresses of the lodgings stood at her door, with her arms a-kimbo, to forbid the admission of the wretched and neglected child, her tongue was silenced by the gleam of a half-sovereign, which Daniel slipped into the palm of her hand.

By that afternoon's post the minister received the following letter:

"Reverend Sir,
"If you will condescend to enter under my humble roof, you will have the pleasure of seeing little Jessica, who is at the point of death, unless God in his mercy restores her. Hoping you will excuse this liberty, as I cannot leave the child, I remain, with duty,
"Your respectful servant,
"D. Standing.
"P.S.—Jessica desires her best love and duty to Miss Jane and Winny."

The minister laid aside the book he was reading, and without any delay started off for his chapel-keeper's dwell-

ing. There was Jessica lying restfully upon Daniel's bed, but the pinched features were deadly pale, and the sunken eyes shone with a waning light. She was too feeble to turn her head when the door opened, and he paused for a minute looking at her and at Daniel, who, seated at the head of the bed, was turning over the papers in his desk, and reckoning up once more the savings of his lifetime. But when the minister advanced into the middle of the room, Jessica's white cheeks flushed into a deep red.

"Oh, minister!" she cried, "God has given me everything I wanted except paying Mr Dan'el for the coffee he used to give me."

"Ah! but God has paid me over and over again," said Daniel, rising to receive the minister. "He's given me my own soul in exchange for it. Let me make bold to speak to you this once, sir. You're a very learned man, and a great preacher, and many people flock to hear you till I'm hard put to it to find seats for them at times; but all the while, hearkening to you every blessed Sabbath, I was losing my soul, and you never once said to me, though you saw me scores and scores of times, 'Standing, are you a saved man?'"

"Standing," said the minister, in a tone of great distress and regret. "I always took it for granted that you were a Christian."

"Ah!" continued Daniel, thoughtfully, "but God wanted somebody to ask me that question, and he did not find anybody in the congregation, so he sent this poor little lass to me. Well, I don't mind telling now, even if I lose the place; but for a long time, nigh upon ten years, I've kept a coffee-stall on week-days in the city, and cleared, one week with another, about ten shillings; but I was afraid the chapel-wardens wouldn't approve of the coffee business, as low, so I kept it a close secret, and always shut up early of a morning. It's me that sold Jessica her cup of coffee, which you paid for, sir."

"There's no harm in it, my good fellow," said the minister, kindly; "you need make no secret of it."

"Well," resumed Daniel, "the questions this poor little creature has asked me have gone quicker and deeper down to my conscience than all your sermons, if I may make so free as to say it. She's come often and often of a morning, and looked into my face with those dear eyes of hers, and said, 'Don't you love Jesus Christ, Mr. Dan'el?' 'Doesn't it make you very glad that God is your Father, Mr. Dan'el?' 'Are we getting nearer heaven every day, Mr. Dan'el?' And one day, says she, 'Are you going to give all your money to God, Mr. Dan'el?' Ah! that question made me think indeed, and it's never been answered till this day. While I've been sitting beside the bed here, I've counted up all my savings: £397 17s. 6d. it is; and I've said, 'Lord, it's all thine; and I'd give every penny of it rather than lose the child, if it be thy blessed will to spare her life.'"

Daniel's voice quavered at the last words, and his face sank upon the pillow where Jessica's feeble and motionless head lay. There was a very sweet, yet surprised, smile upon her face, and she lifted her wasted fingers to rest upon the bowed head beside her, while she shut her eyes and shaded them with her other weak hand.

"Our Father," she said, in a faint whisper, which still reached the ears of the minister and the deacon. "I asked you to let me come home to heaven, but if Mr. Dan'el wants me, please to let me stay a little longer, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

For some minutes after Jessica's prayer there was a deep and unbroken silence in the room, Daniel still hiding his face upon the pillow, and the minister standing beside them with bowed head and closed eyes, as if he also were praying. When he looked up again at the forsaken and desolate child, he saw that her feeble hand had fallen from her face, which looked full of rest and peace, while her breath came faintly, but regularly, through her parted lips. He took her little hand into his own with a pang of fear and grief, but, instead of the mortal chilliness of death, he felt the pleasant warmth and moisture of life. He touched Daniel's shoulder, and, as he lifted up his head in sudden alarm, he whispered to him, "The child is not dead, but is only asleep."

Before Jessica was fully recovered Daniel rented a little house for himself and his adopted daughter to dwell in. He made many inquiries after her mother but she never appeared again in her old haunts, and he was well pleased that there was nobody to interfere with his charge of Jessica. When Jessica grew strong enough, many a cheerful walk had they together, in the early mornings, as they wended their way to the railway bridge, where the little girl took her place behind the stall, and soon learned to serve the daily customers, and many a happy day was spent in helping to sweep and dust the chapel into which she had crept so secretly at first her great delight being to attend to the pulpit and the vestry, and the pew where the minister's children sat, while Daniel and the woman he employed cleaned the rest of the building. Many a Sunday also the minister in his pulpit and his little daughters in their pew, and Daniel treading softly about the aisles, as their glance fell upon Jessica's eager, earnest, happy face, thought of the first time they saw her sitting amongst the congregation, and of Jessica's first prayer.

The End.

A LETTER FROM CHINA TO BOYS

BY CHARLES B. GALLOWAY.

There is a language in China known as "Pidgin-English" used more formerly than now. It first came into use on account of the foreigner's difficulty in learning Chinese, and the Chinaman's failure to learn English. So this "Pidgin-English" grew up, which is neither Chinese nor good English. It sounds very funny as spoken by the Chinese. For instance, they speak of me as a minister and of my office in the Church as the "Number one top side heaven pidgin man." The word "pidgin" means business, so they sometimes say: "It's none of my pidgin." The letter "r" is dropped and "l" used instead. In a book I was reading last night, the poem "Elders" was rendered into "Pidgin-English." I reproduce the first verse, hoping every boy who reads it will get the English copy and compare them:

That nightey tim begin chop-chop,
One young man walkee—no can stop.
Maskee snow! maskee ice!
He cally flag with chop so nice—
Topside Galow!

In a Buddhist temple yesterday I saw a lad of the higher class, about fourteen years old, worshipping in honour of his father who had recently died. He put on white clothes (white is the mourning dress in China), and wore shoes covered with sackcloth. His head was covered with a white napkin, also. Before the shrines, after lighting the candles, he bowed a number of times touching his head to the floor. Then back into another building, in which are ghastly looking figures representing the Buddhist purgatory, he went and performed certain devotions there. Incense sticks were burned, candles lighted, and a basket of imitation silver money made to go out in smoke and ashes. The poor boy believed that the burned money would reach his father in another world and be used by him there.

A lady told me that she saw some young men burning a paper house, in which were all kinds of furniture, with servants, cooks, etc. They thought it that way their dead father would be provided with a house, furniture, kitchen, servants, etc., in the world of spirits. Alas! for such ignorance and superstition. So you see how necessary it is for missionaries to come and teach these benighted millions the truth. I have also seen paper boats ready to be burned, the superstitious imagining that their friends in the other world travel on canals as they did here and will need little row-boats for their accommodation.

In China, nearly everything is done differently from our methods. A Chinaman shakes his own hands when he meets a friend, and puts on his hat when welcoming you to his house. He laughs when speaking of a death in the family, and a bride walks at her wedding. The Chinese compass points to the south, not to the north as with us. They do not walk by each other's side, but follow each other like the Indians of North America. The women wear socks and

the men sometimes wear stockings in America the ladies lace their bodices, in China they bind their feet. We blacken our shoes they whiten the sides of their soles. We have pockets in our pants, they make pockets of their long sleeves. In their books the bottom of the page is at the top, the beginning is at the end, and footnotes are put on the upper margin. The last chapter in their Bible if looked at as an ordinary book is the first chapter of Genesis, and the first verse is the last verse of Revelation. And many, many other things I could not mention.

In nearly all the cities of China (all of the walled cities) there are tall, almost round-topped, structures which can be seen for miles. These are called pagodas, and some of them are very high, the one here in Soochow is two hundred and fifty feet high. In some of these pagodas there are idols and shrines, and people probably worship there occasionally. I believe the word means "Holy House." They are supposed also to ward off evil influences and bring good luck to the cities. Immense sums of money have been spent in their erection, but most of them are decaying. In all probability they will never be rebuilt on the large scale of former years. In Soochow there is one painted black, called the "Ink Pagoda." May God stir the heart of every boy who reads these lines to be come a missionary in spirit, and to have a brotherly interest in the multiplied millions of Chinese youths who have no knowledge of our religion.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS

Keep all your school-books if you possibly can. Never sell them or dispose of them in any way unless it is very plainly your duty to somebody else to do so. For instance, in a family an older sister may let the younger children have her books when she is done with them. This may save her parents the expense of buying new ones, and having the same books duplicated in the household collection. Or there may be in your acquaintance a girl too poor to buy new books, who will be very glad and thankful to have yours as a gift. In this case it will be your pleasure, I am sure, to make this friend happy, and to relieve her of anxiety, and help her in procuring her education. But, as a rule, I would advise you to keep your books for your self. Even when you have finished studying in a particular book, you may want it to refer to, and after your school days are over, your books will be reminders of the delightful times you had when you used them. School-books are valuable because they are written in a clear, plain, straightforward style which it is quite easy to comprehend. They do not wander away from the point, and they give a great deal of information packed up in a small compass. A good school-book is a real treasure.

All books should be treated with respect. No nice person leaves books lying around heedlessly, with the bindings opened widely so that they become loosened, and the pages curling up at the corners. If a girl is neat about her room and her dress, she will surely be so in the care of her books. Never let books gather dust. They are as ornamental as pictures, or flowers, or vases, and a house in which there are a number of books is already half furnished.

If by any chance books have been used by a patient in illness, such as scarlet fever or any other contagious disease, they must immediately be burned up. This is the only safe way. A child recovering from such an attack may ask for his or her books to play with. Let the books be given, if the mother is willing, but they must be destroyed afterwards. Even if they have remained on shelves in the room and the patient has not so much as touched them, they must be burned, for books have a way of preserving germs of disease, and must be used only by people who are not ill with anything infectious or who are perfectly well.

Do I think books should be covered? To save the bindings, you mean? It depends on how very clean and dainty are the hands which hold them. Smooth white paper makes a good covering, and is easily renewed, and most publishers in these days provide attractive covers for the beautiful books they call—Harper's House Table.