

Selected Articles.

HELEN AND HER MOTHER'S UNLOCKED DOOR.

BAPTIST NOEL, one of the noblest and most eloquent of Christian ministers, took a great deal of interest in midnight meetings. One night there was one of those meetings at St. James Hall. There was a widow in London, not wealthy, but in a respectable position. She had one daughter, and that girl fell a prey to the vile seducer's art. She did not dare to go home again—not from terror of her mother's anger, but from the shame of seeing her mother's face.

The flower was cropped and cast into the mire, and that mother's heart was almost broken. She wept day and night; and one evening she said to her servant, "Mary, you must not lock the door to-night." "Not lock the door, ma'am? Why, I should be frightened. The thieves will come, and we shall be plundered!" She said, "I do not care who comes! It would break my heart if my poor Helen came and the door was locked. Leave it open."

That very night there was a meeting at St. James' Hall, and about 200 of these poor fallen ones were gathered there, and the speaker who gave the address was Baptist Noel. He talked to them as only he and the like of him could talk to them; and as he talked of their homes, and used those well-known words, "Home, home, sweet home," many a feathered head was bowed before him, and some were almost heart-broken; and when young Helen went out she was in no humour for her evil courses, and scarce knowing what she was doing, somehow her feet went home.

And when she got to the door she put her hand to the latch, and in another moment up the stairs went those light feet. When she got there she thought, "One o'clock! mother not in bed—kneeling prayer for her poor lost one!" And when the mother saw her child she said, "Why, Helen, is that you?" I think you will agree with the answer. It was, "Mother, I think the Lord Jesus sent me." In another moment she was wrapped in her mother's embrace.

Ah, what a deep is a mother's heart! She could not lock her door that night; but her Father in heaven has not locked His door for six thousand years. For every poor sinner there is an open door. It cost the love of Christ to keep those doors open; but He has kept them open. In any other hand but the Father's the doors would have been locked. It cost the blood of Christ; but there are the open doors—the four-sided city with open gates. May God grant that the day may soon come when millions shall enter in and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob at the marriage supper of the Lamb—*Christian Herald*.

THE ILLUSION DISPELLED.—A school mistress had among her scholars one incorrigible little miss, upon whom "moral sunsion" seemed to have no effect. One day, out of all patience with some misdemeanour on the part of the child, she

called her up to the desk, and expostulated with her on the impropriety of her conduct, setting forth the enormity of her offences, &c. The young girl paid little attention at first, but at length she seemed to realise her guilt more fully, and watching her teacher closely, seemed to drink in every word she said. The lady began to have hope; her instructions were evidently making an impression. At length she made a slight pause—for breath, I suppose—when up spoke the child, with eyes fixed upon her mistress, and with the utmost gravity—"Why, Miss Jones, your upper jaw don't move a bit!" That was the end of that discourse.

HOW THEY CONDUCT FUNERALS IN COCANADA.

From the *Port Hope Times* of the 14th ult., we extract the following interesting description contained in a letter from our well-beloved Missionary, Rev. John Craig, B.A.:

"There are about twenty thousand (20,000) natives in Cocanada, and perhaps forty or fifty Europeans in all. There is an old French Catholic church here, and also a small English church, in which services are held regularly every Sunday. At present there is no chaplain, but one is expected from Madras shortly. The last one was a Mr. Little, who died very suddenly about a month ago. Chaplains in India receive a very good pension when they retire at the end of twenty five years' service, and Mr. Little expected to complete his term of twenty-five years in August next. We had some very close weather on the 18th, 19th and 20th of May, and this proved too much for the late chaplain, especially as he undertook a journey of forty-five miles and back in order to preach at Rajahmundry, as it was his custom to do every fortnight. He died at a small building used as a rest house for travellers, and situated about eighteen miles from here. His body was brought in by his servant in the ox-cart in which he was travelling, and left at the house of some friends, who kindly attended to the preparations for the funeral, which was announced to take place at 5.30 p. m., but owing to some delay in procuring a coffin, it was after 6.30 p. m. before the procession moved from the house. I say "procession," though in reality there was no order observed by those who followed the bier. The coffin was carried on the shoulders of six natives who were dressed in white trousers and white jackets, with sailor collars of blue. I think these were some servants from the custom house. Three gentlemen walked on each side as pall-bearers; most of the European residents followed with heads uncovered, as the sun had set and the heat was oppressive; and quite a crowd of natives brought up the rear. We all walked, because the distance to the cemetery was so short. Just before this was reached a number of gentlemen united in singing a solemn hymn. Lanterns were used at the grave because it was growing dark, and the collector, the chief officer of the district, who read the burial service, needed more light. The rustling of the stiff leaves of the palms sounded sadly and strangely to my ears, and I combined with the heat to re-

mind me that one more Englishman was being laid to rest in burning India.

This was the first funeral that I had attended since reaching India, but in less than two weeks after it I attended another. The wife of the head man of the hospital died from the excessive heat on the first of this month, and was buried the next morning at six o'clock. She was one of the most intelligent and active of the native Christians here, so that her death was a great loss not only to her husband and children, but also to our church. My fellow missionary Mr. McLaurin, and I left the mission-house shortly before six, and when we reached the house of mourning we found quite a number of Eurasians and natives already assembled there. There was quite a sad scene before the lid was put on the coffin. The deceased's mother was there and broke out into a kind of hysterical laugh and cry, she al o sang part of a hymn as she bent over her dead daughter's face. I was told that some of these exhibitions of grief were relics of heathenism. The heathen idea is that you must show your sorrow by weeping in public. After the coffin was closed, Joseph, a native preacher conducted a funeral service in Telugu. The missionaries headed the procession, which wended its way to the cemetery under a burning sun. Six young men, friends of the deceased, carried the coffin on their shoulders. The Christians present, of whom there were a good many both male and female, sang a funeral hymn as we walked along, making some pause between the verses, and some sang as beautiful and solemn as that favourite hymn, "Abide with me." When we reached the grave the coffin was placed on the ground, and Mr. McLaurin conducted a funeral service in English. Then the coffin was lowered into the grave and many present threw in handfuls of earth, while some one scattered in some flowers that had been taken from the coffin just before it was closed."

ROBERT RAIKES' CENTENARY.

It has not been forgotten that 1881 completes the first century of Sunday school work as begun by Robert Raikes; but it is evident that not all of our readers have in mind the plans that are laid for the fitting observance of this centenary; hence, from time to time, we receive suggestions of the importance of duly commemorating the origin of this branch of Christian activity. Mr. E. H. Sawyer, secretary of the Missouri Baptist Sunday-school Convention, writes:

"In a recent survey of the stupendous work of modern Sunday-schools, I have been impressed with the fitness of a convocation of a World's Centennial Convention, in one of the large cities of the United States, or Europe, in 1881, to commemorate a completed century of Sunday-school work. A few days could be very profitably spent in historical reminiscences, and in concerting more comprehensive plans for the future. Should you concur in this view of the appropriateness and desirability of such convocation, I may ask brief space in your paper for the statement of a plan by which to accomplish the proposed object."

The committee of the London Sunday School Union has already taken steps for the