

Our Young Folks.

WHITE CLOVER.

My little maiden came to me,
Her small hands brimming over,
Not with the garden's choicest flowers,
But only sweet, white clover.

I took her gift, the while my thought
The long years travelled over—
When I, like her, with busy hands,
Made wreaths of sweet, white clover.

The green fields stretch before my eye.
To far-off tones I listen;
The while, beneath a summer sky,
I see the blue waves glisten.

I dreamt my childish dreams again,
In fairy lands a rover,
A magic garland, this I wren,
Though only sweet, white-clover.

Yet much of life's best sweetness we,
In homely things discover,
As honey-bees pass gaudy flowers,
To seek the low, white clover.

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

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GOD'S "NOW" I

This reveals the urgency of God's action, pressing us to duty at this moment, as it shows us His own action in this moment.

Of Help,	Psa. xxi. 5.
"Inspection,	Gen. viii. 21.
"Repentance,	1 Sam. ii. 30; Jer. xxv. 5.
"Judgment,	Isa. v. 5, 6; xxxiii. 10; Jer. iv. 11.
"Prophecy,	Isa. xvi. 14.
"Salvation,	2 Cor. vi. 2.
"Desire to bless,	Mal. iii. 10.
"Answer to prayer,	Dan. x. 11.
"Commission to preach,	Acts xxvi. 17.
Holy Spirit coming,	Acts ii. 33.

We may add a warning against trusting in the morrow, to which we do well to give good heed (Pro. xxvii. 1). God's time is always the best time. That gives us the tide at the flood; and, being taken, everything is prosperous and grandly successful.

HARRIET NEWELL.

All young American Christians in the early part of this century knew the name of Harriet Newell. A feeling of tender admiration and awe gathered about the memory of the girl who went out of a happy New England home into the almost unknown darkness of heathendom, and laid down her life for the Lord Jesus when only twenty years old. She was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1793, sailed for India with our first missionaries in 1811, and died at the Isle of France the same year. A story soon told, and yet a story without an end! That clear young voice rings on in the ears of this generation and its echoes will not cease.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.

The Christians of Harriet Newell's day were roused by her example to give, pray, and some of them to live and die, for the missionary work. Mothers named their little daughters for her, in the hope that they would walk in her steps, and, this very year, at least one "Harriet Newell" tells of the love of Christ on missionary ground.

It was in the year 1806 that Harriet Atwood (for this was her maiden name) began to think of living for Christ's service. She was then a gay girl of thirteen and a pupil at Bradford Academy, Massachusetts. After a three months' struggle with the love of the world and of self she gave her soul to the Saviour of sinners. She said: "My gay associates were renounced, and the friends of Jesus became my dear friends. I have enjoyed greater happiness than tongue can describe. I have indeed been joyful in the house of prayer. Oh, the real bliss I have enjoyed! Such love to God, such a desire to love Him I never possessed before."

She did not immediately enter the Church, and begin Christian work. As a consequence, she lost her joy, and drifted back into worldliness. It was not till 1809 that she was again aroused. Confessing that she had had no real happiness in the pursuit of worldly pleasure, she gave herself at the age of sixteen finally and publicly to the Lord, being received to the Church in Haverhill. Two years after she was

asked to go to India, as the wife of Rev. Samuel Newell. It was a far more difficult question than it would be now. No American had ever gone on a mission to the heathen. The idea was considered absurd by most. Little was then known about the Hindus, except their degrading and cruel superstitions. The climate was unfavourable. No one could say that life would be safe. The voyage was long, and letters must be infrequent. Harriet was a loving daughter, and she wrote at this time: "Never before did my dear mamma and brothers and sisters appear so dear to me. But God commands me. How can I ever pray for the promotion of the Gospel among the heathen if I am unwilling to offer my little aid when such an opportunity is given? Willingly will I let go my eager grasp of the things of time and sense, and flee to Jesus. Have I anything but an unfaithful and depraved heart to discourage me in this great undertaking? Here the Almighty God, the Maker of all worlds, the infinite Disposer of all events, has pledged His word for the safety of His believing children. The cause is good; the foundation is sure. Oh, could I be the instrument of bringing one degraded female to Jesus, how should I be repaid for every tear and every pain!"

Harriet Atwood was married to Mr. Newell, and they set sail from Salem, February 19, 1813, amid the prayers and blessings of multitudes. At that time she wrote to her mother: "I am tranquil and happy. The undertaking seems more noble than ever. Do not indulge one anxious thought relative to me. If you love your Harriet, mamma, commend her to God and the word of His grace, and then leave her." In the following June she wrote: "Rejoice with us, my dear, dear mother, in the goodness of our covenant God. After seeing nothing but sky and water for 114 days, we this morning heard the joyful exclamation of 'Land! land!'" The day before reaching Calcutta, she added: "I wish my own dear mother could be a partaker of our pleasures. . . . This is the most delightful trial I ever had." "Whenever you think of me, think I am happy and contented; that I do not regret coming here. I think I see you surrounded by your dear family, taking comfort in their society, and blessing God for one child to consecrate to the work of a mission."

The missionaries received a joyful welcome from Dr. Carey and the other English Baptists already at work in Calcutta. But their entrance was violently opposed by the British East India Company, which governed the country. The captain with whom they had come from America was even refused a clearance from the port of Calcutta unless the missionaries would engage to leave India with him. They remained six weeks, receiving every kindness in the hospitable home of Dr. Carey, enjoying the climate and the beautiful scenery, and continuing in perfect health. Mrs. Newell wrote: "Much as I long for the society of my dear absent mother and dear brothers and sisters, I am not willing to return to them. Yes, I am positively unwilling to go to America unless I am confident that God has no work for me to do here. My heart gladdens at the thought of commencing, with my dear companion, the missionary work." Finding that the East India Company would allow them to go to the Isle of France, it was decided that the Newells should begin a mission there. They heard that the English governor would favour it, and that there were "18,000 inhabitants ignorant of Jesus."

August 4, Mr. and Mrs. Newell sailed from Calcutta, and, after a long, stormy and dangerous voyage, reached the Isle of France early in November. The fatigue and exposure had, however, broken Mrs. Newell's health, and she died of quick consumption three weeks after landing. She met her end with joy, talking through the whole of her sickness with great delight of death and the glory that was to follow. The doctor told her these were gloomy thoughts, and she had better get rid of them. "On the contrary," she said, "they are cheering and joyful beyond what I can express." "Death is glorious, truly welcome. I have never regretted leaving my native land. . . . God has called me away . . . but I have had it in my heart to do what I can for the heathen." Thus was her victory won. "Comfort our dear mother," wrote her beloved husband to a brother in America. "Tell that dear woman that Harriet's bones have taken possession of the promised land, and rest in glorious hope of the final and universal triumph of Jesus over the gods of this world."

TRUE POLITENESS.

A kind heart is the first essential of true politeness. The other day we saw a poor woman, her arms laden with bundles, trying to open the lid of a street letter-box. Dozens of people jostled by without offering to help. But presently a finely-dressed young lady came along, who, with her daintily-gloved hand, lifted the lid, then smiled and passed on, as if she were in the habit of being thoughtful for others. The same spirit characterized the following incident which occurred lately:

An aged truckman bent under the weight of a big roll of carpet. His bale hook fell from his hand and bounded into the gutter out of reach. Twenty idle clerks and salesmen saw the old man's predicament, and smiled at his look of bewilderment. No one ventured to help him.

A fashionably-dressed young woman came along, took in the situation at a glance, and, without looking to the right or left, stepped into the gutter, picked up the hook in her dainty, gloved fingers, and handed it to the man with a pleasant smile.

The idlers looked at each other, and then at the fair young woman. The old truckman, in a violent effort to express his thanks politely, lost his hat. It rolled into the gutter where the hook had been.

This was almost too much for any woman, young or past young but this New York girl was equal to the occasion.

Into the gutter she tripped again, and got the soiled hat. When she handed it to the truckman a happy smile was seen to play about her lips. "God bless ye, miss," the old man said, as the fair maiden turned her back on the idlers, and went on her way.

MOTHER'S TURN.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh colour and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing about it; and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jenny gets the new dress, and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study, and must lie down in the afternoon, but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties, which for years they have patiently borne.

A PATIENT ELEPHANT.

"Tell my grandchildren," writes the Bishop of Calcutta, "that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he was completely blind. His owner, an English officer, asked my dear Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try the nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eyes. The large animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day when he was brought and heard the doctor's voice, he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk and drew in his breath (just like a man about to endure an operation), gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then by trunk and gesture evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson of patience!"

We should endeavour to promote the happiness of those with whom we dwell; for a selfish, churlish, silent person in the family, like a cloud obscuring the sun, soon casts a gloom over all around him, which is wholly inconsistent with Christianity. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."