

The Little Maid's Sermon.

A LITTLE maid, in a pale blue hood,
In front of a large brick building stood.
As she passed along her quick eye spied
Some words on a little box inscribed;
'Twas a box that hung in the vestibule,
Outside the door of the Charity School.

"REMEMBER THE POOR!" were the words
she spelled,
Then looked at the dime her small hands
held.

For chocolate creams were fresh that day,
In the store just only across the way!
But gleams of victory shone o'er her face,
As she raised her eyes to the "money place."

But her arm was short and the box so high,
That a gentleman heard, who was passing
by,

"Please, sir, will you lift me just so much?"
(For the tiny fingers could almost touch.)
The stranger stopped, and he quickly stood
By the sweet-faced child, in the pale blue
hood.

As he lifted her, she gently said,
"Would you mind it, sir, if you turned your
head?"

For, you know, I do not want to be
Like a proud, stuck-up old Pharisee!"
He humoured the little maid, but a smile
Played o'er his face, as he stood there the
while.

"Excuse me, child; but what did you say?"
The gentleman asked, in a courteous way,
As he took in his the wee, white hand,
"I believe I didn't quite understand."
"Oh! sir, don't you know? Have you never
read?"

Said the child, amazed, "what our Saviour
said?"

"We shouldn't give like those hypocrite
men,
Who stood in the market-places then,
And gave their alms, just for folks to tell,
Because they loved to be praised so well,
But give for Christ's sake, from our little
store,
What only he sees, and nobody more.

"Good-bye, kind sir, this is my way home;
I'm sorry you'll have to walk alone."
The gentleman passed along, and thought
Of large sums given for fame it brought.
And he said, "I never again will be,
In the market-places, a Pharisee!
She preached me a sermon, true and good—
That dear little maid, in the pale blue hood!"
—Congregationalist.

A Terrible Night.

BY MRS. M. E. BRADLEY.

HOLMAN DARROW had made up his
mind to go to sea. His father, who
was a wealthy merchant, and wished
his son to succeed him in his business,
had made up his mind the other way.
Naturally there was a good deal of
unpleasantness when the subject was
discussed.

His mother wished to compromise.
"Let him try one voyage," she said,
"and that will probably be enough
for him."

But his father refused.

"Let him learn obedience," he said,
"and give up his foolish, headstrong
notions. He may as well do it first
as last."

Holman set his teeth together with
angry determination when he heard
this.

"Good night, mother," he said, and
stooped to kiss her as he left the room.

"Good night, dear," she answered
lovingly, and whispered in his ear:

"Don't vex your father any longer
about this matter. It is right for you
to obey him. Try to do what is right,
dear boy, and wait patiently. It may
all come out as you wish in the end."

But Holman had no notion of pa-
tient waiting. He was sixteen years
old, and he was tired of going to
school, and hated the thought of being
a clerk in his father's office.

"There's no use in waiting," he said
to himself. "I mean to be a sailor,
and I don't mean to spend my days
over ledgers and account-books. That's
all there is about it; and there's no
time like now."

He put on his hat and went out of
the house.

"Let him walk off his temper," his
father said, when he heard the hall-
door shut behind him.

His mother did not answer, but her
heart was heavy, and it grew more
and more so as hours passed by and
her boy did not return. Bed-time
came, then midnight, then morning—
but Holman did not come, nor did
any tidings of him, though his father
scoured the town in search of him.
Weeks passed away, and months were
added up; still there was no news of
the missing boy. Gray streaks began
to show in his mother's hair; deep
wrinkles gathered on his father's fore-
head; the house was like a grave, it
was so sad and silent. And people
began to say poor Mrs. Darrow would
not live long if her son did not come
back.

Her son, meanwhile, was learning
the lesson that to have our own wilful
way does not make people happy; far
from it. In his anger and obstinacy
he had gone to sea, a green hand,
knowing nothing of the work he would
have to do, and less of the hardships
he would have to suffer. It was not
long before he discovered that a sailor's
life—

A life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep—

was much pleasanter to read about in
stories of adventure than to realize in
one's own person. He did not enjoy
sea-sickness, or salt pork, or the rough
treatment that he received. He was
utterly wretched; in fact, so much so
that he was almost ready to jump
overboard, and thus put an end to his
misery. But when he slipped on the
wet deck, one stormy night, and fell
overboard, he found that life was dear
to him still, unhappy as he was. The
wind was blowing a gale, and the ship
flew away from him like a bird. The
sailors threw out a rope, hoping that
he might catch it; and Holman saw
the black line against the pale moon-
light that was just struggling out after
the rain; but he was too far away to
reach it. In a minute it had vanished,
the ship had sped far away, and the
boy was tossing like a leaf on the wide
ocean, with no hope or prospect of
salvation.

Can you imagine how he felt in that

terrible hour! What unavailing re-
morse entered into his soul, what
longing thoughts of his mother and
the happy home he had forsaken, tor-
mented him; what fear and dread
appalled his spirit, as he waited for
the waves to swallow him up, and his
guilty soul to stand before its Maker!

It is not easy to describe such an
experience; but Holman Darrow tells
it, now and then, to some wilful boy
who rebels against authority, as a
warning. God was merciful to him
in his extremity, and he was rescued
by a passing steamer, after he had
given up all hope. He returned to
his parents in time to save his mother
from a broken heart, and his life since
has proved his repentance. He is
only anxious now to "obey his parents
in the Lord," and to show, by his up-
right Christian life, his gratitude for
a great deliverance.

What Christians they would Make!

How do we know but that the in-
tensity of religious enthusiasm needed
to speedily bring this world to Christ
we are to find in the Orient? Dennis
Osborne, in his book on *India and Its
Millions*, tells us of a famous Yogi,
who sits upon a stone on the banks of
the sacred Ganges, and has been sit-
ting there for more than fifty years,
without house or shelter of any kind.
Through the torrid, scorching heat,
through the freezing cold and drench-
ing rain, there he has been sitting for
half a century, until his head is white
and his eyes are sightless, and his form
is bent with age. Through the fearful
days of the Sepoy rebellion he left
not his place, but calmly braved the
cruelty of the bloodthirsty hordes
who ransacked the neighbouring city.
He is worshipped as a god now, and
he is exceedingly polite and gentle.
Dennis Osborne inquired:

"Why do you sit here?"

He answered: "To meditate on
him who is above?"

"But is he not everywhere pre-
sent?"

"True," he replied; "but we need
eyes to see him, and ears to hear his
voice."

"How are these to be obtained?"

"By shutting our eyes and ears to
the world."

"And does he communicate himself
to you?"

"Certainly he does. He speaks to
me by day and by night. While other
voices are falling on your ears, his
voice is in my ears; while other sights
fall on your vision, he reveals himself
to me."

"What is your ultimate hope and
wish?"

"I have neither hope nor wish. I
am satisfied to be absorbed in him."

"Have you no interest in this world
—no ties of affection?"

"None. The world is a delusion.
There is no reality here."

"Do you never feel afraid?"

"Afraid of what? Nothing can
harm me!"

"But do you not feel the inclemency
of the weather or the need of rest?"

"I have no feeling but in contem-
plating him who is above."

Dennis Osborne, himself a native of
India, told that old man of One who
said:

"Come unto me all ye that are
weary and heavy-laden, and I will give
you rest."

What One Young Christian Did.

METROPOLITAN is a mining town,
forty-five miles from Escanaba, Michi-
gan. The people of that place have
for seven years had almost no gospel
privileges—the nearest minister living
in Escanaba. One year ago a young
lady of that place was visiting friends
at Iron Mountain, and in the revival
that was in progress there, in the
Presbyterian church, she was brought
to Christ. The work was thorough.
She had always been very fond of
dancing, progressive euchre, and thea-
tre-going. But when she found Christ
and his love, she found something
better than these things, and her love
for them was lost. Returning home,
with her Bible and the Holy Spirit
as guides, she gave them all up, and
reasoning and entreaties from her
old associates could not induce her to
return to them. She started a Sunday-
school in the school-house. The cour-
age and grace required to do this is
best appreciated by those who know
the character of a mining town, and
the opposition she met, especially from
the Roman Catholics, whom the priest
forbade attending the Sunday-school,
or in any way encouraging it. Upon
the request of this sister, the Rev.
C. H. Tyndall and wife, of Escanaba,
recently spent nearly a week in the
place, holding gospel services and
visiting the people. Three or four
bachelors were brought into the
kingdom of Christ. In one of these
his husband and father, now happy in
Christ, had the preparations all made
to soon open a saloon in the place.
Christian mothers and fathers now
thank God, with tears of joy, that he
led his servant to start and maintain
a Sunday-school in their careless and
Christless place. In the absence of a
church, twenty-eight persons have
covenanted together to regularly en-
gage in family and secret prayer; to
study the Bible; to attend a weekly
prayer-meeting, and take part; to love
and encourage one another, and try to
bring the others, who are almost per-
suaded, to a knowledge of Christ.
One year of service by a loving, self-
sacrificing Christian, is of more value
to the world than the whole life of a
thousand worldly-minded professors.