

the end, the 'by and by.' It helps one in the stress and struggle.

'THE SHINING SHORE.'

There is another song that has a like origin, in that it sprung out of humble life, and interprets the heart. It is 'The Shining Shore.'

Dr. George Frederick Root, the author of 'Shouting the Battle-Cry of Freedom,' and of many army songs and home ballads, was sitting, in his younger days, at his desk on the old home farm at Reading, Mass., composing and compiling a music-book.

His mother, a saintly woman, entered the room softly, and placed over his shoulder before his eye a paper, in the poets' corner of which was a ballad full of spiritual figures.

'I wish, George,' said she, 'that you would some time write music for those words.'

She slipped away, leaving the composer the paper.

He dropped his eyes on the ballad. The words read strangely; there seemed to be some mystery in them,—

'My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly
Those hours of toil and danger;
For, O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.'

What followed was as tender, beautiful, and unexpected,—

'We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.'

The tune came to him immediately, after the manner in which inspirations suddenly come to tone-poets. He wrote down the music, put it aside, and some time afterward published it. The ballad went over the world. For many years there was scarcely a social religious meeting in certain parts of America, England, or Scotland at which 'The Shining Shore' was not sung.

The singers did not fully comprehend it, but they found in it something that met the needs of their souls. It entered into the inner consciousness.

Some years after it was published an aged man entered Dr. Root's office, and said: 'You have set to music some words of mine which people love to sing. You call it "The Shining Shore."'

Dr. Root started.

'I have hoped to meet the author of these words since I first saw them. How came you to write it? What does it mean? What is your name?'

'My name is Nelson. I am a clergyman. I was driven from my home by a mob in the times of the Kansas-Missouri troubles, and I hid in the river weeds of the Mississippi. I was a free-State man.

'It was near night, and I hoped that I could hail some boatman who would take me across the river.

'While I was hiding in the river weeds, the sunset passed, and the shadows of evening fell.

'Across the river was a city, a free city, and I saw a light shine out there in the street along the shore. Then another light, and another, as the lamplighter did his work. Then the stores and the houses shone down on the waters. It seemed as if the city were lighted for me. The shore shone. I gazed on that shining shore, and I longed to be there.

'While thus longing and waiting, the substance of the verses came to me. I found a

boatman, and was taken across the river to the shining shore; and there on the following day I wrote down my thoughts in the river weeds in the verses you have set to music.'

I was told the story by Dr. Root himself, after the manner in which I have given it, though not in the same words. I recently visited the old house at Reading where the song was written. The farm was very beautiful with its willows, gardens and orchards, but had passed out of the hands of the musical family, and was occupied by Canadians.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Victorian India Orphan Society.

Owing to the Secretary of this Society having been abroad for the summer, no notices of this work have appeared in our columns for some time. Steady, progressive work has been carried on, and the missionaries and the friends have great cause for deep thankfulness to our loving Father for the many special mercies he has granted. The following glimpses of life at the Orphanage are jotted down from the reports which are sent by the missionary to the society every month. They give us some idea of the busy lives of the dear children and of how devotedly they are cared for and trained.

'One very sad case was admitted some few months ago. The father, mother and all the children of a family had died from the terrible famine, except one boy and a little sister, Nabbi; but she had suffered so much that all the lower part of her body was paralyzed, so that she could only drag herself about on her hands and stomach. However, in some way she managed to cook and do for her brother and herself whilst he worked for their living. At last his work, driving an ox-cart between Dhar and Mhow, kept him a great deal away from his sister; and, as she was left so much alone and so helpless, he brought her to the Orphanage. Here our kind Dr. O'Hara did all she could to make the poor child better, and now one of her legs is getting a little strength in it. She is learning to use some crutches, so we hope she will soon be able to walk about. We are so glad she is now amongst happy children and others who will be kind to her and is learning about Jesus. She is also being taught to read and write, so we hope she will grow up to be a happy, useful woman.

'April 28—The children have had a gala day, the occasion being Mrs. Russell's birthday (the missionary's wife). The native Christian workers and their wives all came to the missionary bungalow (house), where tea was provided and Mr. and Mrs. Russell were the guests of honor. They gave Mrs. Russell little birthday gifts, and afterwards followed singing, prayer and speeches; then we went outside, and the married boys and girls, who had come for the occasion, crowned Mrs. Russell, the younger girls and boys putting garlands of flowers about her neck, arms and hair, after which they played games and sang some more hymns, finishing the happy day with "God Save the King."

'May 18—Several girls have had the mumps, but they are better now, and all so happy with the new matron, who is the sister of one of our best native preachers.

'June 29—We are all very busy, having had an epidemic of measles. Forty children were ill, and it took the best and largest of the girls to help with the sick ones, so that we were very shorthanded for the cooking and work of the orphanage, but I am thankful that so far all have recovered, and those who are still in quarantine are doing well. The

orphanage ground has been thoroughly cultivated and sown with corn. The children are preparing for the "All India Sunday-School Examinations."

Aug. 18.—All are well again, with the exception of a few who have had colds.

Sept. 20.—Three weeks ago we were rather afraid of plague, as about fourteen cases have occurred in the district, and two were put into premises adjoining the orphanage ground. It only took us a very few hours to get fifty-two of the youngest children away from the danger, whilst the older girls helped to wash the inside of the hospital and orphanage and thoroughly disinfect them. The very day the little ones went away the rains came on, the tents were blown down, and the children drenched to the skin, bedding and all getting soaked; but they got into ox-carts and every available place, and sang until the morning. They were so glad to see the rain, as we were threatened with famine again; food had risen a third in price, but the rain coming on has lowered it a little. Our field of corn turned out very well indeed; the children have been eating it green, and now they are cutting and husking the remainder. We hope to have the fields sown again with a winter crop. The children and all our people have been holding special prayer meetings asking that God would send rain and protect from plague; their faith has been greatly strengthened by the rains coming on, and they believe that God will save them from the plague. My furlough will be due in six months; I do not know how I am to leave the children—they seem to have become a very part of my life, indeed, all the work is very much to me, to say nothing of the friends here who are dearer than I can tell.

'Oct. 6.—We have had one mild case of smallpox, little Putley, so all have been vaccinated again. Between inoculation against plague and re-vaccination, the children have had a bad time.

Several of the girls are asking to leave the church.'

Many readers of the 'Northern Messenger' may not have seen previous articles about this work among the famine orphans, commenced in 1897 at Dhar, Central India; for their information we will state that the annual membership of the society, which is un-denominational, is \$1.00, and subscribers can have the privilege of supporting and training one of these desolate little ones for the Master for \$17.00 a year.

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.'

Further information can be obtained from the Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside Street, Winnipeg, to whom all contributions should be sent.

Varying Fates.

In a respectable boarding house in New York a number of years ago, were fifteen young men. Six of them uniformly appeared at the breakfast table on Sunday morning prepared as to their apparel for attendance on public worship. They also actually attended both forenoon and afternoon. All became highly respected and useful citizens. The other nine were ordinarily absent from the breakfast table on Sunday morning. At noon they appeared at the dinner table, dressed in a decent manner. In the afternoon they went out, but not ordinarily to church, nor were they usually seen in a place of worship. One of them is now living, in a reputable employment; the other eight became openly vicious. All of them failed in business, and are now dead. Several of them came to an untimely and awfully tragic end.