

"Then Mary came a-running, etc.,  
A-looking for her Lord.

"Oh, where have you laid Him, etc.,  
For He is not in the tomb.

"Oh, why stand ye gazing?  
Oh, ye men of Galilee!

"Don't you see Him now ascending? etc.,  
There to plead for you and me.

"By-and-by we'll go to meet Him, etc.,  
Where pleasures never fade."

While the incomparably superior lyrics of Wesley and Watts were generally sung in the public service of the Sabbath, when the preacher gave out the hymns from the book; yet these simpler and ruder strains were the greater favourites at the revival meeting. By the-<sup>o</sup> the godly forefathers of Methodism in Canada nourished their souls and braved their spirits for the heroic work in which they were engaged, of consecrating the virgin wilderness to God.

A LITTLE PILGRIM.

"Jesus paid the fare."

ONE summer's evening, ere the sun went down,  
When city men were hastening from the town  
To reach their homes—some near at hand,  
Some far—

By snorting train, by omnibus, or car,  
To be beyond the reach of the city's din,  
A tram-car stopp'd, a little girl got in;  
A cheery looking girl, scarce four years old;  
Although not shy, her manners were not bold;

But all alone! one scarce could understand,  
She held a little bundle in her hand—  
A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,  
But which did not some bread and butter hide;

A satin scarf, so natty and so neat,  
Was o'er her shoulders thrown. She took her seat,

And laid her bundle underneath her arm,  
And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,  
She to the porter said, "May I lie here?"  
He a swerd instantly, "Oh, yes, my dear."  
And there she seem'd inclined to make her stay.

While once again the tram went on its way.  
The tall conductor, over six feet high,  
Now scan'd the traveller with a business eye;

But in that eye was something kind and mild,  
That took the notice of the little child.  
A little after, and the man went round,  
And soon was heard the old familiar sound  
Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets too—

The tram was full, and he had much to do,  
"Your fare, my little girl," at length he said.

She look'd a moment, shook her little head:  
"I have no pennies; don't you know," said she,

"My fare is paid, and Jesus paid for me!"  
He look'd bewilderd—all the people smiled.  
"I didn't know—and who is Jesus, child?"  
"Why don't you know He once for sinners died,

For little children, and for me beside,  
To make us good and wash us from our sin?  
Is this His railway I am travelling in?"  
"Don't think it is! I want your fare, you know."

"I told you Jesus paid it long ago.  
My mother told me just before she died,  
That Jesus paid when He was crucified;  
That at the cross his railway did begin,  
Which took poor sinners from a word of sin;  
My mother said His home was grand and fair;

I want to go and see my mother there—  
I want to go to heaven where Jesus lives;  
Won't you go, too? My mother said he gives  
A loving welcome—shall we not be late?  
O let us go before He shuts the gate;  
He bids us little children come to Him."  
The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim,  
He knew not why—he fumbled at his coat,  
And felt a substance rising in his throat.  
The people list'nd to the little child;  
Some were in tears—the roughest only smiled,  
And some one whisper'd as they looked amazed;

"Out of the mouths of babes the Lord is praised."

"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing;  
"I'm going to heaven. My mother used to sing

To me of Jesus and His Father's love;  
Told me to meet her in His home above;  
And so to-day when aunt went out to tea,  
And looking out I could not father see,  
I got my bundle—kiss'd my little kit,  
(I am so hungry—won't you have a bit?)  
And got my hat, and then I left my home,  
A little pilgrim up to heaven to roam;  
And then your carriage stopp'd, and I could see

You looked so kind. I saw you beckon me;  
I thought you must belong to Jesus' train.  
And are you just going home to heaven again?"

The poor conductor only shook his head.  
Tears in his eyes—the power of speech had fled.  
Had conscience by her prattle roused his fears,  
And struck upon the fountain of his tears,  
And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl?

At last he said: Once I'd a little girl,  
I loved her much; she was my little pet,  
And with great fondness I remember yet  
How much she loved me. But one day she died!"

"She's gone to heaven," the little girl replied;  
She's gone to Jesus—Jesus paid her fare.  
Oh, dear conductor, won't you meet her there?"

The poor conductor now broke fairly down;  
He could have borne the harshest look or frown,  
But no one laugh'd; and many sitting by  
Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.  
He kiss'd the child, for she his heart had won.

"I am so sleepy," said the little one,  
"If you will let me, I'll lie here and wait  
Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate;  
Be sure you wake me up, and pull my frock,  
And at the gate just give one little knock!  
And you'll see Jesus there!" The strong man wept!

I could but think as from the car I stept,  
How oft a little one has found the road,  
The narrow pathway to that blest abode;  
Through faith in Christ has read its title clear,  
While learned men remain in doubt and fear.  
A little child! the Lord of uses such  
To break or bend, the stoutest heart to touch,  
Then by His Spirit bids the conflict cease,  
And once forever enter into peace.  
And then along the road the news we bear,  
We're going to heaven—that Jesus paid our fare!

—Selected.

THE RISK JUBILEE SINGERS.

THESE gifted children of song,  
are now making their tour  
through Canada. They have  
given three nightly successful  
concerts in the Horticultural  
Pavilion, the largest audience room in  
Toronto. We are glad to know, that  
the Toronto hotel-keepers did not dis-  
grace themselves, as they did a year  
ago, by refusing to entertain those  
Christian ladies and gentlemen because  
they were black. The following is the  
account of their singing before Queen  
Victoria:

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll  
were among the friends who gave the  
Jubilee Singers an early and hearty  
welcome to Great Britain. It was  
while spending an evening at Argyll  
Lodge, as their guests, that the singers  
had the honour of appearing before the  
Queen. At the Duke's request they  
sang for her, first, "Steal away to  
Jesus," then chanted the "Lord's  
Prayer," and sang, "Go Down, Moses."  
Her Majesty listened with manifest  
pleasure, and as they withdrew, com-  
municated through the Duke, her  
thanks for the gratification they had  
given her. There was no stage parade  
nor theatrical pomp in the scene; but  
the spectacle of Britain's Queen coming  
from her palace to listen to the songs  
which these humble students learned in

their slave cabins, and that not merely  
for her own entertainment, but to en-  
courage them in their efforts to lift up  
their fellow-freed people, was worthy a  
place in history.

Another interesting incident is their  
singing at the house of Whittier—the  
poet of the slave. It is thus described  
by one of their number.

Being about to depart, we sang a  
slave song, among the sweetest.

"Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home,"

and ending with the benediction,  
"The Lord bless thee and keep thee,  
The Lord make His face shine upon thee,  
And be gracious unto thee.  
The Lord lift up His countenance  
Upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen."

As Mr. Whittier listened to this he  
stood with bowed head, the tears  
rolling down his cheeks. It was with  
great difficulty that we could sing, so  
deeply were we touched by the ex-  
perience of this hour now closing. I  
shall never forget the expression upon  
that illumined face at that parting  
moment. He stepped forward and  
shook hands, but so deep were his  
feelings that he did not speak until he  
came to the two last. I was the last  
to shake hands with him, and he said,  
"Good bye; God bless you all!" I  
left my album, in which he promised  
to write. I called the next morning,  
just as he was finishing, and spent  
about a half hour with him. He  
showed me an old key to a slave-pen in  
Richmond, which had been sent him  
by some General, at which time, said  
he, "I promised it should never be used  
for that purpose again." I found that  
Mr. Whittier had written the following  
in my album:

Voice of a people suffering low,  
The pathos of their mournful song.  
The sorrow of their night of wrong!

Their cry like that which Israel gave,  
A prayer for one to guide and save,  
Like Moses by the Red Sea's wave.

The blast that started camp and town,  
And shook the walls of slavery down—  
The spectral march of old John Brown

Voice of a ransomed race! Sing on  
Till Freedom's every right is won,  
And slavery's every wrong undone!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OUR INDIAN SCHOOLS.

SOME people ask me if our  
Mission Schools are really  
doing any good among the  
Indian children? Let me  
tell them about four of my  
scholars who died during my  
stay in Alderville.

The first was Tommy  
Franklin, a bright little fel-  
low of nine, whose regular attendance  
at day and Sunday-school gave us great  
hope for his future. He retained a  
strong attachment to Miss Lottie  
Barret, a former teacher, and when  
dying, told his mother that he heard  
her singing with the angels. Miss  
Brooking, his gentle and faithful Sun-  
day-school teacher, was also very dear  
to him, and from her lips, in both  
text and song, he learned many sweet  
lessons about Jesus. His conscience  
became very tender during the study  
of the little Catechism. One day  
while reciting the 4th Sec., he seemed  
to feel very badly; when I said,  
"What ails my little man to-day?" he

laid his head on my shoulder and  
sobbed out, "Oh, I'm afraid Jesus  
won't love me!" "What makes you  
think that, Tommy?" I asked.  
"Cause I told a lie," he said, still  
sobbing as if his heart would break.  
I talked to him about Jesus, and how  
glad he is to forgive little children and  
help them to be good, and then we  
prayed together, and he seemed greatly  
comforted. Always after this, the  
question, "Tommy, do you think the  
dear Lord Jesus would like you to do  
that?" would bring a grave sweet look  
into the bright black eyes and stop  
any further waywardness. Towards  
the close of his last illness, which was  
long and severe, his face took on an  
unearthly beauty. The love-light of  
heaven seemed shining through his  
soft dark eyes whenever I spoke to  
him of the Saviour. A day or two  
before he died he called out, "Mammy,  
don't you see the angels? Oh, they  
are lovely! Why I feel the wind  
from their wings on my cheek," and  
the little wasted face fairly shone as  
he gazed upon the beautiful wings in-  
visible to our duller sense.

Then there was Hetty Black, who  
died of consumption last fall, at the  
age of fifteen. She had studied her  
Catechism and Bible lessons diligently,  
and in this way had gained several of  
Mrs. Brooking's beautiful prizes, one  
of which was a Bible which she valued  
very highly. I visited her often to-  
wards the last, and always found her  
gentle and patient, and glad to talk  
about Jesus. As long as she was able  
to sit up, even in bed, she was busy  
with patchwork or knitting, both of  
which she had learned to do very  
neatly. One day I asked her how she  
got through the long weary nights  
when her cough was troublesome.  
Her face grew wonderfully bright as  
she answered between her gasps for  
breath, "When my cough's bad I  
pray to Jesus, and then I feel better;  
He stays by me and helps me all the  
time." A day or two before she died,  
I said, "Almost home, Hetty, ain't  
you?" "Oh, yes, she replied, I'll  
soon be there!" and her large beauti-  
ful eyes shone with a light that was  
not of earth. Then something com-  
pelled me to say, "If you see my dear  
father, Hetty, will you give him my  
love and tell him I am coming?" I'll  
never forget the radiant look on her  
pale thin face as she said, "Oh, I'll  
be sure to tell him how you are help-  
ing us here and that you'll come by-  
and-by."

The next who went away was Mary  
Ann Bigwind, a child of nine. She  
was very shy, and did not come to  
school regularly, but she loved the  
hymns the other little ones had learned,  
and during the last few days of her  
life she talked about Jesus and heaven  
to all around her with the wisdom of  
a woman. The room, to her, seemed  
full of beautiful things waiting to  
carry her spirit home.

Just a week passed away and then  
we buried another of my "brown  
lambs," dear little Joe Simpson. He  
died very suddenly, but his sweet tem-  
per and loving ways, his tender con-  
science and uniform obedience needed  
no dying words to show that he be-  
longed to the Saviour's fold.

Hoping some one may be convinced  
that "our work of faith and labour or  
love is not in vain,"

MILLIE B. SANDERSON.

—The Outlook.