

THE LITTLE GIRL AT NYE'S.

"There's a little girl at Nye's,"
So the neighbors said with sighs ;
"She has lost her way, we fear,
Poor, lone birdie, nesting here
In a home so dark and dreary,
With a mother pale and weary,
With a father who is wasting
His strong life to ruin hastening;
Yes, she's surely gone astray,
God ne'er sent her here," said they.

Ah ! we've eyes, but cannot see;
Deaf, uncertain ears have we;
God is still a mystery.

For the "little girl at Nye's,"
With her sweet and sunny eyes,
In her home a very beam
Of the cheery sun did seem.

Till the mother half forgot
Of the hardships of her lot;
And the father with a smile,
Thought of each bewitching wile,
Toiling all the harder now,
And, as oft he wiped his brow,
Whispering softly, "I must go
Ere 'tis late, she loves me so.
Quickly must the work be done,
I must go at set of sun,
Or she grieves—my little one."

Drawn toward home by cords so slender,
Baby lips and cooings tender,—
Cords so slender, yet so strong,
Sure must keep his feet from wrong.

And his lawless friends of old
Succered, then coaxed, and then grew cold.

But, alas, one wintry day
Mournfully the neighbors say,
"Baby's dead !"
And they lightly tread, and low

Whisper of the parents' woe,
And sweet flowers they softly strew,
Wet with tears, as once with dew,
Round her head.

And the mother, day by day,
Folds so carefully away
Baby's things,
Thinking with a happy smile,
"Angels cannot stay below;
Heaven wanteth thee, and so
God sent wings.

But he'll take good care of thee,
He will keep thee still for me."

Paler grows the father's brow,
And the comrades whisper, "Now,
When his heart is crushed and sore,
He will come to us once more.
Let the foaming, sparkling glasses
Tempt him daily, as he passes?"

Tempt him ! Yes; but he is strong,
Hear his answer to the throng:

"I will give you this to ponder:
I've an angel waiting yonder,
Waiting, aye, though time be slow,
And years pass before I go.
Surely, surely, then 'tis meet
That my lips be pure and sweet
For her greeting
At the meeting.

Think you, comrades, that for this
I'd give up my baby's kiss?"

So the "little girl at Nye's"
Was an angel from the skies,
Was a bit of God's own smile
Shining on them for awhile,—
For awhile ! It shineth ever;
God's own smile is darkened never.

—*Christian Register.*

THE MONK.

I read a legend of a monk who painted,
In an old convent-cell in days by gone,
Pictures of maytyrs and of virgins sainted,
And the sweet Christ-face with the crown of thorn.

Poor daubs ! not fit to be a chapel's treasure !
Full many a taunting word upon them fell,
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but render
Honor to Christ as other painters do,
Were but my skill as great as the tender
Love that inspires me when His cross I view !

"But no—'tis vain I toil and strive in sorrow;
What man so scorns still less can He admire,
My life's work is all valueless—to-morrow
I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures on the fire."

He raised his eyes, within his cell—oh, wonder !
There stood a visitor—thorn-crowned was He,
And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder—
"I scorn no work that's done for love of Me."

And round the walls the paintings shone resplendent
With lights and colors to this world unknown,
A perfect beauty, and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in the strange old story—
Let none dare judge his brother's worth or meed;
The pure intent gives to the act its glory,
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed."

—*Home Journal.*

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