

The Brave Engineer.

B. MARGARET J. TRISTON.

Ript on the track of the flying train  
Lay the huge boulder. Quick as thought,  
Grasping the throttle with a strain  
Tightened and terrible, Pritchard caught  
Hold of the brake-bar. On its way  
Crashing to headlong ruin, rushed  
Madly the engine, till it lay  
Hulked on the boulder, wrecked and crushed.

Smitten with horror, pale with fear,  
Hastened the anxious crowd to see  
Whether the faithful engineer  
(Braver or better none than he)  
Breathed, as he stood there with his face  
Grand in its steadfast purpose set,  
Showing the ordeal's awful trace  
Stamped on the rigid features yet.

What did they find? One hand a-strain,  
Grasping the throttle with a clutch  
Closer than death's, and one in vain  
Climbing the brake-valve bar with such  
Spasm of grip they could undo  
Only with wrench of strength applied;  
Seeing the bolt that pierced him through,  
Failed to unclasp it—so he died:

Died at his post, as a brave man should,  
Shirking no duty, danger, strife;  
True to his trust, although it would  
Cost him—he saw it so—his life.  
These are the heroes noblest far—  
Men who can meet without a fear  
Death, with their hands upon the bar,  
Even as Pritchard the engineer!

A TALK ABOUT INDIA.

THE DIFFICULTIES AND TRIUMPHS OF A MISSIONARY.

ON Sunday evening, October 7, the Queen's Hall, Montreal, was well filled, the large congregation having gathered to hear an address by the Rev. W. Burgess, for twenty-two years a missionary, upon the theme "Triumphs of the Cross in India."

When the veteran missionary stepped to the reading desk to deliver his address it seemed almost incredible that so young and healthy looking a man could have faced the blazing sun of the Orient and its burning sands for more than a score of years. Mr. Burgess is rather tall, with dark hair and a light moustache. His eyes have the flash of intrepidity. His skin, being somewhat tanned, alone attests his trials. He possesses a strong, commanding voice, and has a faculty of accentuating a sarcastic sentence, or of emphasizing a denunciation, indicative of a strong individuality.

Mr. Burgess announced that he did not purpose preaching a sermon, but just giving a talk about India.

This prefaced an intensely interesting and sometimes exceedingly droll but always beautifully worded address, passage after passage being of the loftiest eloquence. After it was over the Rev. James Henderson voiced the unanimous opinion of the audience that Mr. Burgess had delivered probably the grandest missionary address ever listened to in Montreal.

A quaint allusion to his voyage to India twenty-two years ago, which occupied five months, brought out in strong relief a majestic description of his arrival in India, where the natural scenery had all "an Eastern tinge." Houses of one story, imposing temples, broad rivers, plains and mountains being included in a fascinating word picture, the background of which was the Himalayan range, covered with the stainless and untrodden snow, where from the streaming hair of the greatest Hindu god is supposed to flow the Ganges, carrying fertility and freshness to the plains below, and to the swarming myriads who inhabit those holiness and immortal life.

Touching on the turning incidents of the missionary's life, from the moment when he left his Methodist class-room in Manchester for long years in a Hindu town, where he was the only white man; the incident of learning the language, narrow escapes from imprisonment on four trumped-up charges; being bitten in the shoulder when attacked by a mob of natives who tried to tear from his protection a convert—with glowing descriptions of the theology, history, poetry and mental attainments of the high caste Hindu, Mr. Burgess impressed on his audience the missionaries' methods and their triumphs.

About eleven months' day and night work, in which to learn the language was a passion—he had it on the brain, or would never have had it on the tongue—he was able to preach his first sermon to the natives. His subject was the Prodigal Son. One method of preaching is to adapt the sermon to the metre of a Hindu poem, and, using the drolling tune used for thousands of years by the Hindu priests, stand at a street corner or in the centre of a market square. A crowd gathered on one occasion, and after his sermon upon his favourite theme, the Prodigal Son, a tall supercilious fellow stretched out his arm and clove his way to the front. Mr. Burgess surmised that mischief was brewing. The new comer complimented the missionary on the intensely interesting character of his address, his choice of words, perfect pronunciation, the divisions of his subject and so on—but from the smothered laughter among the crowd it was evident that there was something behind all this intended to put the missionary to confusion. The latter followed his honeyed words with the sequel—"but I think you are in error in your application." The Hindu then began to jeer,—“We are not the prodigals, we are at home; it is you—you are the prodigal, you have left your father's house and gone to a strange country, and” (he shot it out with a vindictiveness which disclosed his hate) “the sooner you go back home again the better.” In such instances it became necessary to use the lash of sarcasm or to answer a fool according to his folly.

Many exciting episodes rapidly followed each other in Mr. Burgess' address. “Sometimes,” he said, “those who would pit themselves against the missionary were men of intellect and power, with faculties of an iron grip, imaginations which would soar among the most sublime of poets' fancies and revel with the muses; but they were slaves to the myths of the past, and their slavery was all the greater because it was a slavery of a high mental nature.”

Turning to the triumphs of the Cross Mr. Burgess proclaimed with victorious accents, “These erroneous doctrines, though mellowed with the age of centuries, cannot live under the light of revelation.” He gave examples of how the story of the Cross awoke a chord in the Hindu heart which would vibrate with the sweetest harmony and inspire the convert to deeds of the grandest heroism. “No statistician,” said he, “can tabulate the success of Christian mission work in India, although to-day 2,000,000 native Christians acknowledge the Cross of Jesus.” Mr. Burgess' conclusion will not readily be forgotten. Having held himself, as well as his audience, under severe control during the whole of his masterly speech, he at last launched out, comparing the progress of Christianity with the course of a river from its mountain source to the mighty ocean, and concluded with the prophecy, “The glorious day shall dawn when India, yea, and the whole world shall be Christ's. Hallelujah!” A handsome collection was taken up on behalf of the mission work.

In the Printing-Office.

“I CANNOT read my father's name, see I cannot read my father's name,  
I thought that I could I think I know,  
But no, I can't, I really cannot do.”  
This spoke a little while at his father's side,  
Was it the first time that he had so bravely tried  
To read the type—the printer's name; laid  
Upon the press as if it were a book,  
“Come, little one, and try to read once more  
These letters for they were reversed before,  
But now they are plain—no clouds from that fair brow  
Have passed away, for he can read it now.

So with our Father's lessons: Day by day  
We tried to read and puzzled turn away,  
We do not understand, we cannot see  
Why this was done, or that allowed to be,  
But in the world to come, through his clear light,  
We, too, shall read the mystery aright.

READINESS.

YET often hear it said of old Christians that they are “ready for death,” “ready to go,” “ready for the Lord,” and the picture presented is that of patient waiting with folded hands. But this is not the most important sort of readiness. Young Christians must be ready too—ready for work, ready for duty, ready to go forward and ready—ay, even ready for suffering.

An intimate friend of Stonewall Jackson once asked him, wishing to test his faith, “If God called you to leave wife and child and go into the heart of Africa, there to end your days, could you do it?” Spitting to his feet, the blunt old soldier answered with thrilling earnestness, “Without my hat.”

Perhaps not many of our readers will be called to end their days in desert-wilds, but along each path there are to be dangers, temptations, trials, and daily you young pilgrims must be making yourselves ready by prayer, by Bible-study, by doing the nearest duty, to meet these oncoming events.

There is a motto better than the soldier's words just quoted; you may find it for yourself (with a slight verbal change) in the answer of the pure-minded maid of Nazareth, “Behold the servant of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy will.”

A DOZEN GOOD RULES.

WE were struck lately by the orderly behaviour of a large family of children, particularly at the table. We spoke of it to their father, and he pointed out a paper pinned to the wall, on which were written some excellent rules. We legged a copy for the benefit of our readers. Here it is:—

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Don't make a practice of running, shouting, or jumping in the house.
3. Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly to where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to everybody, if you would have them do the same by you.
5. When told to do or not to do anything by either parent, never ask why you should not do it.
6. Tell your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal.
9. Never sit down at the table or in the sitting-room with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last, and best confidants be your mother.—British Juvenile.