

now. Law, 'ow my legs do ache, an' I feel dizzy like. I shouldn't ha' been 'arf so tired if I'd been a-goin' my rounds."

"And yet you wanted to come up, Bessie?"

"Well, I know I did—else I shouldn't ha' come."

"There are other people besides you, Bessie, that want to get up in the world, and then, when they do get up, are half sorry that they took the trouble. So you may be content to carry about your tray."

But analogical moralising of this kind (as I might have expected, had not those been the salad days of my life) shot quite over Bessie's head.

"Who said I won't content?" she asked, in angry bewilderment. "What's the Monument got to do wi' creases? I shall work them till I can get sumfink better."

Bessie was more interested when I explained to her the meaning of the "gold colly-flower," as she called the gilt finial; but she was very much disappointed when she was told that the Great Fire after all had not been caused by Roman Catholics. "They'd a done it, if they could, though," she commented. "There's Blue Anchor Court close by the Rents as is full o' Romans, an' they's al'ays a-pitchin' inter each hother wi'out knowin' what's it all about. Law, 'ow they do send the tongues an' pokers flyin' of a Saturday night! An' the women is wuss than the men, wi' their back hair a-angin' down like a 'oss's tail. They'll tear the gownd hoff a woman's back, and shy bricks, an' a dozen o' 'em will go in at one, hif he's a-fightin' wi' their pal an' is a-lickin' on 'im, or heven hif 'e ain't—an' the men's as bad for that. Yes, the Henglish fights, but they fights proper, two and two, an' they knows what they's fightin' for, an' they doesn't screech like them wild H Irish—they's wuss than the cats. No, it ain't horien as H Irish hinterferes wi' Henglish hif the Henglish doesn't worret 'em. Why should they? What call 'as sich as them to come hover 'ere to take the bread hout of the mouth of them as 'as a right to't?"

Bessie's superciliously uncharitable comments on Irish character were suddenly interrupted by an expression of surprise at the number of churches she saw rising around her through the sun-gilt grey smoke. "Law, what a sight o' churches! Blessed if that ain't St. Paul's!" When Bessie had once found an object which she could recognize, she soon picked out others that she was familiar with—the Mansion House, the Bank, the Exchange, "the Gate," as she called Billingsgate, the Custom House, the Tower, etc. "Law, 'ow queer it looks hup 'ere!" she constantly kept on exclaiming. The sensation of seeing a stale sight from a novel standpoint seemed to give her more pleasurable excitement than anything she had yet experienced on this to her eventful day. Instead of leaving her to enjoy her treat, and the new experience to teach, on however small a scale, its own lesson, I foolishly again attempted to moralise.

"Yes, Bessie," I said, "things and people, too, look very differently according to the way they are looked at. You have been taught to hate the Irish, but if you could see them as some people see them, perhaps you would like them—if you could see them as God sees them, from a higher place

than the Monument, you would love them."

"Granny says they're nasty boasts," was Bessie's sullen answer.

"Yes, Granny has been taught to call them so, just as she teaches you; but if Granny, too, would look at them differently she would speak of them differently."

"I don't see as H Irish is much worth lookin' at any 'ow."

"Well, but Bessie, you said the churches, and the shops, and so on, that you've seen all your life, looked so different up here."

"They don't look a bit nicer," Bessie answered sharply, having at last got a dim glimpse of my meaning. "I'd rayther see the shop windows than them nasty chimbley pots;" and, fairly floored, I once more desisted from my very lame attempt at teaching by analogy.

"Now, the river do look nice," Bessie went on in triumph, as if pursuing her argument. "But law, what mitos o' thinx the bridges looks hup 'ere! My hif that ain't a steamer, an' there's a fojer hin it, I can see 'is red coat. It look jist like a fly a-puffin' about in a sarcer. Look at them barges, sir, wi' the brown sails, ain't that nice! Hif I won't a gal, I'd go in a barge. It 'ud be so jolly to doss a top o' the 'ay an' stror an' that, and not 'ave no walkin'. Ah, them's the docks—there where the ships is as hif they couldn't git hout. Yes, I've been in the docks—not horfen. They stops sich as me, and hif you do get hinside, they feels you hover when you comes out, as hif ye'd been a-priggin'. No, I never did nuffink o' that; Granny oodn't let me if I'd a mind, an' I shouldn't like to git locked up in the station-'us. Blessed hif the 'osses doesn't look as hif they was a-crawlin' on their bellies like black beads! An' there's a gal a shakin' a carpet in that yard, an' now there's a cove a-kissin' on 'er! He's cut in now, 'cos an old ooman 'as come hout. That's the gal's missis, I guess, but I don't think she seed 'im. Law, what jolly larks you might 'ave on this 'ere monument, watchin' the folks without their knowin' on it. If they was to put a slop hup 'ere he could see 'em a-priggin', but then he couldn't git down time enough to nail 'em."

"But God can always see us, Bessie, and reach us, too, when we do wrong."

"Then why don't He? What's the good o' the pollis? P'raps, though, God don't like to see the bobbies a-drivin' poor folk about. Granny says they're hawfir' ard on poor folk."

I had again been unfortunate. Of course it would have been easy to answer poor little Bessie with satisfaction to myself; but as I felt that it would be only with satisfaction to myself, I was the more dissatisfied that in my 'prentice attempts to sow faith in divine government, I should have generated doubts. As the best thing I could do under the circumstances, I tried to remove Bessie's prejudice against the police as a body, although I was disagreeably conscious that, owing to my clumsiness, I had mixed up the "station-'us" and Providence in a very bewildering fashion in my little hearer's mind.

"Are the police hard to you, Bessie?" I asked.

"Some on 'em is—wery," she answered.

"Well, Bessie, it was Sergeant Hadfield, that lodges at Mr. Wilson's, who told me where to find you. He

spoke quite kindly about you. If it hadn't been for him, you wouldn't have had your sun up here."

"I never said anythink agin' 'im."

"But if one policeman is kind, why shouldn't others be?"

"P'raps they may be, but there's a many as ain't."

Bessie was a very obstinate little reasoner; and when I parted from her in Monument Yard, I could not help contrasting with bitter humiliation the easiness of calling and fancying one's self a Christian teacher of Christianity, and the difficulty of acquitting one's self as such. Little Creases will turn up again in these loosely-strung jottings. I will only add here in reference to her, that I walked home to my lodgings puzzling over those words of the child-loved Lover of children, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." There seemed somehow an incongruity between them and the preciously shrewd, and yet lamentably ignorant, little Bessie; and yet I felt that the poor little Londoner must be as dear to Jesus as any Judean boy or girl He ever blessed.

IS RELIGION A HUMBUG?

PASSING up the street the other day, I came upon a company of young men, apparently laborers, sitting in front of a second-class hotel, engaged in an animated conversation. Perceiving that they were talking of religion, I paused to listen. One said:

"Religion is a humbug, anyway. Christians don't believe in it themselves."

"That's so," said another. "It's all stuff and nonsense. The minister stands up and preaches so as to get his living without work. I don't take no stock in your long-faced, sneaking hypocrites."

Another said: "Them Christ. 's pretend to be mighty good, but they'd skin your teeth if they got a chance."

Said another: "They talk about doing good, but when you come to simmer it all down it just amounts to nothing. I've got no use for churches. If I wanted any help they'd be the last fellows I'd go to."

Another broke in: "Such fellows as Mike Doyle (a saloon-keeper) are the men for me. You get into a scrape and they'll help you out, but you'd get a kick before you'd get a cent from those pious pups."

So it went, nearly all joining in jeering at Christianity and condemning Christians. One young man, who had seemed to take no part up to this point, now broke in, and I am sorry to say he also was profane.

"Now see here, boys, I've listened to your stuff long enough. You're just saying what ain't no such thing. And what's more, you know better when you say it. I tell you what it is, you're just blackguarding them as is your best friends, if you only knowed it. I've tried your saloon-keepers, and I know what they are; they'd steal the cents off a dead man's eyes, and kick him because they were not quarters. I stayed in Minneapolis last winter; out of a job, too, but I had money enough to pay my board, and that's what lots of fellows hadn't. Hundreds of them couldn't get anything to do. Did your saloon men club together and help them through? I guess not much. They'd just starved if it had not been for them Christians there. They helped them through. I

watched 'em. They got up a wood yard, and furnished tools, and any fellow as needed it could saw a few sicks of wood and get a good, square meal and a night's lodging. Lots of 'em would have starved to death if them Christians hadn't helped them. Your saloon men never lifted a finger, only to buy the saws for twenty five cents a piece as cost a dollar, that the sneak tramps would steal and carry off when they got a chance, so that they had to build a fence around the wood yard to stop them. I watched the whole thing. And they opened a mission on Washington Avenue south, where a fellow was welcome whether he had any money or not. You just bet them is the fellows to tie to every time." He had the floor to himself, and put an end to all talk against Christians. He scattered their prejudices, and he scattered them.

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER

HERE'S a wonderful weaver  
High up in the air,  
And he weaves a white mantle  
For cold earth to wear.  
With the wind for his shuttle,  
The cloud for his loom,  
How he weaves, how he weaves  
In the light in the gloom!

Oh, with the finest of laces  
He decks bush and tree,  
On the bare, stony meadows  
A cover lays he.  
Then a quaint cap he places  
On pillar and post,  
And he changes the pump  
To a grim, silent ghost!

But this wonderful weaver  
Grows weary at last,  
And the shuttle lies idle  
That once flew so fast.  
Then the sun peeps abroad  
On the work that is done,  
And he smiles "I'll unravel  
It all, just for fun!"

—New York Independent.

A WORD IN SEASON.

ONE day a missionary in India was going out into a country village to preach. He did not take a carriage, as people in one of our cities would do, but called his native servant to bring the palanquin. This is a conveyance borne by two or more natives on their shoulders by means of a pole passing through the centre.

When he reached his journey's end, he said kindly to the men who had brought him:

"Now, you have carried me so safely over this rough way, I want to tell you of One who will carry all your sins and burdens for you."

They listened eagerly as he told them of Jesus and His death on the Cross. A few weeks afterwards one of the men came to the missionary's house, and begged to be the bearer of his palanquin for life. It was a stranger request, and the missionary inquired what it meant.

"Well," said the man, "I want to help you preach."

"Help me? How can you?" was the next question.

"In this way," replied the man. "Many will not go to hear you; and while I am waiting, they will gather round me, and I will preach, too."

So now he accompanies his master in all his tours, and tells the gospel story to little groups.—Missionary Echoes.

UNION in Christ is one of the peculiar glories of the gospel.