

**The Workshops.**

BY GAY PAGE.

Clang! clang! clang! how the great hammers rang  
 With never a moment of quiet between;  
 From morning to night they were swung by the might  
 Of the strong arms, all brawny and blackened, I ween,  
 For the clang! clang! clang!  
 As it noisily rang,  
 Seemed over its deafening din to increase;  
 And a fair lady cried,  
 As she pensively sighed,  
 "How I wish that its horrible clamour might cease."  
 At soon came a day when the great workshops lay  
 All silent and dim, like a giant asleep,  
 And the strong arms that swung the great hammers now hung  
 Like the sails of a vessel becalmed on the deep,  
 For the clang! clang! clang!  
 No longer it rang:  
 And the stout heart grew faint and the calm eye turned wild,  
 For what can be worse,  
 Or more bitter a curse,  
 Than no work to win bread for the mother and child?  
 And then, once again, like a glad, joyous strain  
 Of music the sweetest, was borne on the air.  
 The hammer's quick blow, as it swung to and fro,  
 Keeping time to the music of hearts free from care.  
 For the clang! clang! clang!  
 Now joyfully rang,  
 Like a pean of victory, buoyant and free!  
 And the sad hearts grew light,  
 As lips whispered at night,  
 "Thank God, who sends labour for you and for me."  
 —Stratford Beacon.

**The Story of a Hymn-Book.**

**CHAPTER VII.**

A NEW OWNER.

"To the bottom of the sea!" Yes, such it might well be supposed by my late master, Gilbert Guestling, had been my fate. But while the greater part of the wrecked *Metropolitan* and her contents sank in the waters of the Straits, the sea-captain's chest, with other "flotsam and jetsam," was washed upon the shingly beach of the Kentish coast. Here I fell into the hands of a fisherman, who had built for himself a rude hut beneath the shadow of the towering chalk cliffs. It was not the first time he had won spoil from the sea; and, like many of his class at that day, he deemed that whatever the ocean might wash to his feet, like that which it yielded his nets and lines, was his lawful possession.  
 Thus it was that I found myself transferred to the dingy and dusty shop of a broker and dealer in second-hand books and curiosities. The little snuffy old man eyed my morocco cover with satisfaction, though he sought to give the lowest possible price for me. The fisherman cared nothing for me, for he could hardly spell the smallest words; and if he could have read my pages, would, I fear, have found delight in the perusal.  
 So I came to stand in the window of the broker's shop, side by side with several faded volumes of "Caskets of Poesy" and "Annual Remembrancers." There I remained for some weeks, until I began to assume the general tone and colour of the books and its contents. Many passers-by stopped for a moment or two to contemplate the medley of trinkets and books, oddments of china and glass, and faded pictures in gilded frames. But no one directed more than a passing glance to "Wesley's Hymns," though occupying a prominent place, and labelled "Cheap."  
 One day, however, a slender figure stood at the window, and a bright, intelligent face was turned towards me. The dark blue eye passed quickly over the miscellaneous wares, and then rested—rested—upon me.  
 In another moment the youth, for he was not more than eighteen, entered the

shop, and after a good deal of tapping and stamping to bring forth the broker from some remote retreat at the back, a short colloquy ensued between the old man and this new customer.

As the result, I was taken out of the window and examined by my young friend—for I could not help the feeling that such he was. The price was paid, and I was transferred to the possession of him whom I afterwards came to know as Henry Duncan.

My new owner placed me carefully in his pocket, and carried me to his home. His delight at becoming my possessor reminded me of the first hours I had spent with my beloved mistress, Alice Wilmot.

I was soon conveyed to Henry's own room. It was a large, old-fashioned garret, evidently running over the whole top floor of the house. The tastes and occupations of its tenant were indicated by many a token. While one side of the room was occupied by the bed and the usual furniture of a sleeping chamber, the remainder of the room was manifestly the study and museum of the occupant. A number of books filled a little range of shelves. Another part of the room displayed a collection of fossils, and coins, and antiquarian relics, varied by cases of butterflies, eggs of birds, and specimens of sea-weeds and grasses. On the walls were pencil-sketches and water-colour drawings, obviously the production of a juvenile hand, but bearing marks of taste and ability. A violin hung in a corner, while an ancient bureau stood open, strewn with papers and books.

Seating himself in one of the low and capacious window seats, Henry examined his new treasure; for as much, I was proud to feel, he esteemed me. First he did what I do not remember anyone else but Gilbert Guestling doing—he read my preface! Then he glanced at the general divisions of the book, and then, referring to another and larger book, he examined my index, evidently with a view to trace some quotation.

Henry Duncan became a diligent student of my pages, and read every hymn within my covers. He was as greatly delighted as surprised. For, like many others, especially thirty or forty years ago, he supposed that Methodism meant ignorance, vulgarity, and rant.

His study of the hymn-book, however, completely changed this opinion. He admired the Spiritual theology, the rich religious experience, and the lofty poetry by which the hymns were characterized. His soul had but lately been the subject of strong and deep religious feeling; for little more than a year had passed since his decision to lead a Christian life. As he read the hymns of the Wesleys, he felt a strong desire to know more of the writers, and of that great evangelical revival with which they had been associated. This led him to draw closer to his Methodist friend, George Butler, and to frequently converse with him, as well as through him to seek access to Methodist biography and history.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

THE TWO FRIENDS.

HENRY DUNCAN, my new owner, as I had already discovered, was a member of the Church of England. He had been baptized and confirmed therein, and always carefully educated in what are known as "sound Church principles." His parents and all his friends were active members of the congregation worshipping at St. Clements.  
 His friend Butler had been early instructed in the kingdom of God. He was the child of devoted Christian parents, who were possessed of experimental religion, and daily exemplified its joys and beauty before their children. Their prayers and counsel and example had resulted in the early conversion of all their children, and George, their youngest son, had been from about his thirteenth year a consistent member of the Church.

While Duncan loved and respected his friend for his own sake, he had no very high opinion of the Methodists. If he had been asked to give a reason for this, he would have found it difficult. Inasmuch as his opinions were the result of entire ignorance, they were only prejudices.

But he found by intercourse with Butler that there was real religion among these

people whom he had despised and even ridiculed. He found that they had a literature and a ministry by no means contemptible. As he read the books his friend supplied him, he found that the Methodists were a body of Christians whose doctrines were Scriptural, and whose Church polity seemed to approach very nearly to the New Testament model. The biographies of John and Charles Wesley had greatly increased him. And the hymn book with which he had now become acquainted, increased his admiration of the truth as held and practised by "the people called Methodists."

Duncan was deeply impressed by the fact that with Methodists religion was understood to be an experience and not a profession. The doctrine of a consciousness of pardon, and an assurance of Divine favour, was as delightful as it was new to him.

Delighted as George Butler was to see the progress of his friend in Christian life and knowledge, and earnestly as he sought to aid and counsel him, he very carefully abstained from anything like proselytizing. A week of special services occurring, he happened to speak of them, and to show Henry the announcement. The arrangements included sermons at an early hour in the morning, and the novelty of the idea of hearing a sermon before breakfast, as he expressed it, led Henry himself to propose going with Butler to one of them.

My owner attended the service, and for the first time since I had been used by Gilbert's mother, I found myself again at home, in a Methodist service, in a Wesleyan chapel. The freedom and fervour of the service made a deep impression upon Henry Duncan. For the first time he heard a preacher who made no use of liturgy for his prayers, or manuscript in the delivery of his sermon.

The subject and tenor of the discourse deeply interested and powerfully affected him. It was the deliverance of a man who felt the truths he spoke, and whose earnest eloquence was so accompanied by spiritual power that he made his hearers feel also. The hour was sped all too rapidly. Henry expressed his delight, and avowed his attention of being present again. This intention he fulfilled, and not only so, but attended also a social gathering, at which many ministers and people spoke of what the Lord had done for their souls. The simplicity and soberness, yet deep feeling, which marked these utterances moved Henry Duncan strangely. I felt his hand trembling as he held me while he joined in the closing hymn:

"Say, are your hearts resolved as ours?  
 Then let them burn with sacred love;  
 Then let them taste the heavenly powers,  
 Partakers of the joys above."  
 "Jesus, attend, thyself reveal!  
 Are we not met in thy great name?  
 These in the midst we wait to feel,  
 We wait to catch the spreading flame."  
 "Thou God that answerest by fire,  
 The spirit of burning now impart;  
 And let the flames of pure desire  
 Rise from the altar of our heart."  
 "Truly our fellowship below  
 With thee and with the father is:  
 In the eternal life we know—  
 And heaven's unutterable bliss."

(To be continued.)

**THE PYRAMIDS.**

THE old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. In the pyramids there are blocks of stone which weigh three or four times as much as the obelisk in Central Park. There is one stone the weight of which is estimated at eight hundred and eighty tons. There are stones thirty feet in length which fit so closely together that a penknife may be run over the surface without discovering the break between them. They are laid with mortar, either. We have no machinery so perfect that it will make two surfaces thirty feet in length which will meet to girdle in unison, as these stones in the pyramids do. It is supposed that they were rubbed backward and forward upon each other until the surfaces were assimilated. —Presbyterian Banner.

**TANGLES, THE CHINESE GIRL.**

TANGLES' feet are bound very tightly with white bandages; they are very small, and she wears red shoes embroidered with coloured silk, which are always very wet and dirty, for she has to go out in all weathers to feed the pigs and hens, and sometimes to the sea-shore to gather periwinkles to eat with her rice. I was in her home the other day, and there were three pigs, four geese, a number of chickens, two dogs, and twelve rabbits running about in the dining-room, which could not be very clean, could it? When Tangles is not busy feeding the animals, picking up shell-fish, or minding the baby, she has to make notes to sell. With so much to do she has little time for improving herself. I taught her the letters of the alphabet this morning; in the afternoon she knew them all, and now she can spell small words. I have told her that I will come back at the end of the year, and if she can read the Testament by that time I will give her a picture-book. She is so quick that I think she will earn the book. Her father can read, and he is to teach her in the evenings after his work is done.

**GIVING.**

THE teacher of a girls' school away in Africa, wished her scholars to learn to give. She paid them, therefore, for doing some work for her, so that each girl might have something of her own to give away for Jesus' sake. Among them was a new scholar,—such a wild and ignorant little heathen that the teacher did not try to explain to her what the other girls were doing.

The day came when the gifts were handed in. Each pupil brought her piece of money and laid it down, and the teacher thought all the offerings were given. But there stood the new scholar hugging tightly in her arms a pitcher, the only thing she had in the world. She went to the table and put it among the other gifts, but, before she turned away, she kissed it. There is One who watches, and still watches people casting gifts into his treasury. Would he not say of this African girl, "She hath cast in more than they all!"

**CLEAR THE WAY.**

BY J. R. MILLER.

A PARTY of us went out driving not long ago, and the young lady on the front seat aspired to being "whip" for the occasion. She was a novice in the art, and her father often stopped his talk to give her hints about it. By and by there came a big hay waggon lumbering slowly toward us, and the girl, of course, turned to the right. But her father leant across her, and, drawing in the rein more decidedly, said "Pull out further, my dear. Did you not know that you must give the whole line to a loaded team? That is part of a driver's code."

I wish it was part of everybody's code. In plain English, I wish, when we see some one struggling with all his might to carry forward a useful undertaking, we could have the grace to keep out of his way. How often we fail to do this! We criticize, ridicule, wonder, we want to see the "wheels go round," we count the wisps of hay that have fallen by the roadside, and gravely shade our heads, or perhaps list but not learn, we cup and talk about the weather.

Under this last head let me quote a gentle joke which went the rounds of the papers some time ago. It was something like this: "We request that any man who is going to kill time, please to confine himself to his own time." The caution is a wise one. When we have anything in especial to do, how great is the temptation to inflict ourselves on those who have probably

Again, there are many who will walk on unwearingly through people's eyes, and sometimes who are yet more temperate sometimes too ready to put down their flag before the forces of temptation. Those who cry, Ah, Ah, are responsible for much of the stultified effort of the world, and would do well to consider what the gentle "Prophet of Nazareth," in whose mouth dwelt the law of love, has to say of those who cause their brother to stumble.