

Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of earthly art:

Kingdoms may fall, and human works decay,
Nature moves on unchanged—Truths never pass away.

—'The Cottager and Artisan.'

The Beauty Which is to Come.

Bishop Nicholson has a story of personal experience to tell to those who seem swamped in worries, which carries with it its own simple yet unmistakable lesson. It happened during the first years of his ministry, when he was rector of a Philadelphia church. The parish matters, social and financial, were in a bad way, and straightening them out was slow work. He was distinctly discouraged one day, when, having gone to New York on business, he stopped to look at the Brooklyn bridge, then building. A man covered with dirt was working on the abutments. 'That's pretty dirty work you are engaged in,' said the bishop. 'Well, yes,' answered the laborer; 'but, somehow, we don't think of the dirt, but of the beauty which is to come out of our work.' Said Bishop Nicholson: 'It was the lesson I needed, and I went back to Philadelphia better for it.' It is a lesson which many of us need in every department of human life.—Selected.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

Christmas Day Amongst the Famine Orphans.

Dhar, Central India.

The following account of how Christmas Day was spent in our little community in far-off India will interest many readers: 'Christmas morning was ushered in by the Orphanage boys appearing in the verandah of our bungalow (house) long before daylight came. They sang Christmas carols until they were hoarse; then the girls took up the strain, and far and near might be heard songs of praise rising from happy hearts. At seven o'clock each girl was presented with a pretty bright jacket. The reason for this early distribution being that the boys' garments could not be ready, as Mrs. Russell had been away on account of her father's death, but the boys are very good, and they quite understood the difficulty and were happy without them. At eight o'clock we had a service, which was held in the large centre room of the new school building, because our church is closed, as people are dying of plague on all sides of it; after the service Mrs. Russell gave presents to each of the orphans, and they appreciated them all the more, coming from her hand. There were dolls for the little girls, and for the older ones pocket handkerchiefs, needle-cases, thimbles, pin-cushions, beads, and cakes of highly-colored scented soap. After this the girls and boys played and enjoyed themselves until their meal-time. When that was over, all the children, with their invited friends, some with babies, gathered about the Orphanage, and I wish you could have seen their games, dances, and pranks. There was the greatest fun and happiness, the girls all playing toge-

ther, and the boys following out their own games and devices. When the dinner hour arrived, all the Missionary friends joined us. When all were ready, the orphans and their guests, seated in rows, large cauldrons of palao (rice cooked in spiced soup with a goodly supply of meat), were placed before the crowd. Mr. Russell stepped up to the centre, and all stood up whilst he returned thanks for God's goodness, and asked His blessing for the future. The food was then distributed, and eaten as only hungry youth can enjoy it. After the palao was disposed of, a second course of sweet things was given; then followed songs of praise, after which all the invited guests left for their homes, but not before giving hearty salaams to all who had contributed to their enjoyment. I wish I could give you an idea of the hearty happy crowd who enjoyed your bounty. All united in sending you many loving salaams. (I think Dr. Mar. O'Hara forgot to name the presents the boys received.)—A. S. C.

At the annual meeting of the Society held on the first of February, the treasurer's statement showed that the income for the year had been \$1,849.58, of which \$1,200 had been sent to Dhar for the Orphanage, \$35 for the Christmas Treat, \$152 for Evangelists' salaries, and \$345 for the Industrial Fund now being raised; expenses \$549, leaving a balance in hand of \$62.68.
Mrs. A. S. CRICHTON,
Sec. Treasurer.

142 Langside Street, Winnipeg.

The Old Man's Prayer.

In one of our city hospitals recently, the physicians were getting ready to perform an operation. The patient, an old man, was stretched upon the operating table, and when at length all was in readiness, one of the physicians approached with chloroform. The old man raised his hand and said.

'Wait a moment,' then folding his hands

and closing his eyes, he began repeating the prayer which he used to say at night, at his mother's knee:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

The doctors bowed their heads reverently and waited, and when he had finished he looked up and calmly said:

'I am ready.'

Skilful tender fingers did their work, and after a time the eyes of the old man slowly unclosed again. As he took in the familiar surroundings, a look almost of disappointment crossed his face, and then he said softly, 'As Thou wilt Lord.'—Charlotte H. Tomlinson.

'Father Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.'

The most unfortunate people are sometimes the most useful. Socrates purblind, Seneca withered, Milton blind, Collins and Cowper distressed with the fear of insanity, Dr. Johnson carrying with him physical and mental infirmity from youth to age were among the world's benefactors notwithstanding these obstacles to success. From a blighted youth and life-long misfortune have often sprung works of benevolence and sympathy, such as only could result from the discipline of trial.

'There is a secret in the ways of God
With his own children which none others know,
That sweetens all he does.'

In nearly every collection of hymns, and specially in collections used in Baptist churches, the name of 'Mrs. Steele' is more frequently found than any other female writer. The address 'Mrs.' is more frequently found before her name, though the lady was never married. This usage is common, in England, with maiden ladies entitled to especial respect, and it has been retained by American compilers of devotional poetry and hymns.

She was the daughter of the Rev. William Steele, an English Baptist minister in Hampshire. She united with the church under her father's care, and was greatly beloved for her humility, piety, and Christian activities. She was a great sufferer, and from a life of severe discipline grew those sweet Christian graces which find expression in her hymns.

'Father, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise,

'Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free,
The blessings of thy love impart,
And help me live to thee.'

She met with an accident in childhood which made her an invalid for life. She was also engaged to be married to a gentleman whom she dearly loved, and the preparations were fully made for the wedding. At the very moment when she was expecting the bridegroom's arrival, the guests being already in part assembled, a messenger came with the news that he had just been drowned. Her life, now doubly blighted, sought only consolation in the exercises of piety, charity and the inspirations of her pen. Her father's death deepened her sorrows in her helpless situation, and weaned her heart from the vanishing things of the world. But she bore her lot in her most shadowed hours with resignation, 'looking unto Jesus.' Her exit was serene and happy. Wrinkled with sorrow and worn with age, she at last realized a full answer to the burden of her life-long prayer:

'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

Shortly before her departure, she said:

'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

Her life was told in that hymn, 'Earthly bliss' was denied her, but she had a 'calm and thankful heart.' God's 'presence' shone through her 'journey,' and crowned the 'journey's end.'—The 'Story of the Hymns.'

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