

Children's Corner.

WHITE CLOVER.

My little maiden came to me,
Her small hands brimming over,
Not with the garden's choicest flowers,
But only sweet, white clover.

I took her gift, the while my thought
The long years travelled over—
When I, like her, with busy hands,
Made wreaths of sweet, white clover.

The green fields stretch before my eye,
To far-off tones I listen;
The while, beneath a summer sky,
I see the blue waves glisten.

I dreamt my childish dreams again,
In fairy lands a rover,
A magic garland, this I ween,
Though only sweet, white clover.

Yet much of life's best sweetness we
In homely things discover,
As honey-bees pass gaudy flowers,
To seek the low, white clover.

HARRIET NEWELL.

All young American Christians in the early part of this century knew the name of Harriet Newell. A feeling of tender admiration and awe gathered about the memory of the girl who went out of a happy New England home into the almost unknown darkness of heathendom, and laid down her life for the Lord Jesus when only twenty years old. She was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1793, sailed for India with our first missionaries in 1811, and died at the Isle of France the same year. A story soon told, and yet a story without an end! That clear young voice rings on in the ears of this generation and its echoes will not cease.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.

The Christians of Harriet Newell's day were roused by her example to give, pray, and some of them to live and die, for the missionary work. Mothers named their little daughters for her, in the hope that they would walk in her steps, and, this very year, at least one "Harriet Newell" tells of the love of Christ on missionary ground.

It was in the year 1806 that Harriet Atwood (for this was her maiden name) began to think of living for Christ's service. She was then a gay girl of thirteen and a pupil at Bradford Academy, Massachusetts. After a three months' struggle with the love of the world and of self she gave her soul to the Saviour of sinners. She said: "My gay associates were renounced, and the friends of Jesus became my dear friends. I have enjoyed greater happiness than tongue can describe. I have indeed been joyful in the house of prayer. Oh, the real bliss I

have enjoyed! Such love to God, such a desire to love Him I never possessed before."

She did not immediately enter the Church, and begin Christian work. As a consequence, she lost her joy, and drifted back into worldliness. It was not till 1809 that she was again aroused. Confessing that she had had no real happiness in the pursuit of worldly pleasure, she gave herself at the age of sixteen finally and publicly to the Lord, being received to the Church in Haverhill. Two years after she was asked to go to India, as the wife of Rev. Samuel Newell. It was a far more difficult question than it would be now. No American had ever gone on a mission to the heathen. The idea was considered absurd by most. Little was then known about the Hindus, except their degrading and cruel superstitions. The climate was unfavourable. No one could say that life would be safe. The voyage was long, and letters must be infrequent. Harriet was a loving daughter, and she wrote at this time: "Never before did my dear mamma and brothers and sisters appear so dear to me. But God commands me. How can I ever pray for the promotion of the Gospel among the heathen if I am unwilling to offer my little aid when such an opportunity is given? Willingly will I let go my eager grasp of the things of time and sense, and flee to Jesus. Have I anything but an unfaithful and depraved heart to discourage me in this great undertaking? Here the Almighty God, the Maker of all worlds, the infinite Disposer of all events, has pledged His word for the safety of His believing children. The cause is good; the foundation is sure. Oh, could I be the instrument of bringing *one* degraded female to Jesus, how should I be repaid for every tear and every pain!"

Harriet Atwood was married to Mr. Newell, and they set sail from Salem, February 19, 1813, amid the prayers and blessings of multitudes. At that time she wrote to her mother: "I am tranquil and happy. The undertaking seems more noble than ever. Do not indulge one anxious thought relative to me. If you love your Harriet, mamma, commend her to God and the word of His grace, and then leave her." In the following June she wrote: "Rejoice with us, my dear, dear mother, in the goodness of our covenant God. After seeing nothing but sky and water for 114 days, we this morning heard the joyful exclamation of 'Land! land!'" The day before reaching Calcutta, she added: "I wish my own dear mother could be a partaker of our pleasures. . . . This is the most delightful *trial* I ever had." "Whenever you think of me, think I am happy and contented; that I do not regret coming here. I think I see you surrounded by your dear family, taking comfort in their society, and blessing God for one child to consecrate to the work of a mission."