

"She Hath Done What She Could."

WHAT we could! O Lord, we know not
All the things that we could do;
But to Thee our hearts are open,
Thou alone can'st read them true.

Strength and weakness blend together!
Evil good, work side by side!
All confusion, nought completed,
Attempted, thrown aside!

Strong in yearning to be holy!
Weak in purpose and in will!
Strong, when treading paths of pleasure!
Weak, when choosing good from ill!

If we have one talent only,
Help us, Lord! that it may be
Growing hour by hour more lovely,
Gilt all fair to yield to Thee.

Let Thy spirit breathe its beauty
On each word, and deed; we would
Hear as we lay them before Thee,
"She hath done all that she could!"

Jenny Fisher's School in a Coal Yard.

BY MRS. ANNIE A PRESTON.

"Let him know, that he which converteth
the sinner from the error of his way shall save
a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude
of sins."

JENNY FISHER repeated these words
over to herself as she sat upon a high
accountant's stool before the great
black walnut desk in her father's coal
office one April morning nearly nine
years ago. On looking over his accounts
the first of that month, Mr. Fisher
found himself rather cramped in money
matters, owing to the failure of two of
his heaviest customers who were largely
in his debt, and bright, amiable, intel-
ligent Jenny, having just graduated
from the grammar school, had volun-
teered to take the position of book-
keeper and cashier of his office.

Jenny was also a Christian girl,
and she was not only anxious to do
something for herself and for her parents
but she was desirous of doing some
humble work for her divine Master.
She had heard a sermon the evening
before from the words she was repeating,
and as she looked from the large office
windows out into the coal-yard and
upon the old black wharf near it, she
wondered how many of the men there
employed were Christians.

"I wonder if I can do anything for
them," she thought. "I might ask
each one as he comes to me here at my
desk on Saturday night for his pay if
he is a Christian. Or I might ask him
where he goes to church, and if he
says 'not anywhere,' I can invite him
to come to our church." She now
smiled to herself, however, over the
idea that any of these men about the
docks would come to the elegant,
"aristocratic" up-town church.

"No, that won't do," she went on
musing. "I must think of something
more practical, more befitting me.
Father said I would have a good deal
of spare time down here, and that I
must bring a book or some fancy work
so as not to get lonely. But I have
not much liking for fancy work, and as
for light reading, I have no special
taste for that—Oh, there are some
children in the yard! I wonder how
many of them know anything about
God, Jesus Christ, and sweet and holy
living in Him. If they do not," she
then queried, "and know nothing of
the nature of sin, can they be called
sinners?"

Just then her wonderings and her
speculation were disturbed by the
opening of the heavy office door. A
wee little smutty-faced girl, covered
with rags, with a basket in her bare,

red hand, shrank back at the unwonted
sight of a young woman at the cashier's
desk, and then piped up timidly, "Please,
miss, may I pick up a scatterin' bit o'
coal by the gate way?"

"Come here," said Jenny kindly.
"Come near the stove and warm your
fingers. Where do you live, child?"

"In Cat alley, up four flights, miss,
an' the winders is broke, an' the snow
blows in, an' granny is lame, and the
coal is jist gone, an' please, may I pick
up the bit o' coal?" replied the child,
growing courageous as she grew warm.

"Do you love God?" asked Miss
Jenny, speaking almost as timidly as
the child had.

"Don't know Him's I knows on,
'cept it's the boss in the coal-yard."

"Do you go to school?"

"No, miss, none of us young 'uns
down on this wharf goes to school;
we hain't got no clothes."

"You may pick up the coal," said
Miss Jenny, "and to-morrow morning
you may come in here with some of the
children you told me about, and I will
see what can be done about your going
to school."

It was a hasty speech, Jenny thought,
and as the door closed behind the child
she wondered what her father would
say were he to come into the office
the next morning with a gentleman
from the mines in Pennsylvania with
whom he was negotiating for a cargo of
coal, and find a group of dirty children
huddled about the office stove. "He
said I should have a good deal of time
to do as I pleased with," argued Jenny,
"and these poor children need instruc-
tion so much! If I do what I can for
them I shall only be 'doing what work
lies nearest my hand.' That was what
I told papa, when I offered myself as
his book-keeper, and here I am, so
quick, in still another new field of
duty."

This sort of thinking was kept up all
day in the intervals of book-keeping,
bill-filing and letter writing, and this
was the result: The next morning
when Miss Jenny went down town in
the horse cars, in her close-fitting, red-
brown coat and plain felt hat, she
carried a basket in which were a dozen
clean, new primers, with large letters
and pretty pictures, and two dozen
generous, well buttered ham sand-
wiches. "If only a few of the children
come in they will be glad of the sand-
wiches to take home," she said.

What was her surprise on reaching
the office to find her visitor of the day
before, sitting on the steps with a flock
of birds of the same feather perched on
the railings at her side, to whom she
was chattering.

"There she is!" she cried, as Jenny
Fisher came towards the door, "and I
telled ye so—the prettiest, neatest
little lady ever ye seed on this wharf,
an' it's our goin' to school she's to see
about."

Jenny felt quite embarrassed at first
among such an eager crowd of admirers,
but she invited her guests into the
warm office, stationed them at a com-
fortable distance from the big glowing
stove, showed them the books, and told
them if they came with clean hands
and faces the next morning they could
have them as their own and begin to
learn to read. She then talked to them
about God, who made them and loved
them and wanted them to be good,
about Jesus Christ, who gave His life
for them; and handing them the nice,
large sandwiches, sent them away.

You may be sure those children all

came with clean hands and faces the
next morning. Their progress, mental,
moral, and religious, was really won-
derful. As the days grew warm and
pleasant, Jenny taught them out of
doors, seated upon two white pine
benches that had been placed on a clean
grassy plot by the side of the coal office,
where they could look down the river
and far out upon the ocean and see the
ships on their outward voyage or sail-
ing proudly into the deep capacious
harbour.

Soon she interested her young friends
in her church who were eager to do
something for the Master, but did not
know how to begin, in her sweet love of
work for His sake. All the summer
there were divine services and a Sunday-
school held every week upon the wharf,
and when winter came there was a room
provided for them. Men and women as
well as children came to these meetings.
There were a good many conversions,
and the work grew until a mission church
was organized, and a neat chapel erected
in that part of the city.

For almost nine years this young
lady, whom I have named Jenny Fisher,
has kept up this noble work which was
begun as I have narrated, and the
blessed results will be beyond earthly
estimate.

This is a true story, and was recently
told me by a lady friend whose daugh-
ters help her in her work. May not
some young reader be inspired to go
and do likewise!

The Toper's Lament.

JOHN ALCOHOL, my Joe John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd money in my pocket, John,
Which now I know there ain't;
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But mark me how you've treated me,
John Alcohol, my Joe,
John Alcohol, my Joe John,
John Alcohol, my Joe.

John Alcohol, my Joe John,
We've been too long together;
So you must take one road, John,
And I will take the other.
For we'll come tumbling down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I will have the bill to foot,
John Alcohol, my Joe.
John Alcohol, my Joe John,
John Alcohol, my Joe.

BROOKLYN, New York, gives up half
a day in each year to its children, who
in the last week of May keep their
Sunday-school anniversary. "The traf-
fic of the great community is either
suspended or driven off the thorough-
fares, the police force is detailed to
keep the streets clear, citizens decorate
their houses, throw out their flags, and
crowd the windows and stoops, while
50,000 children are on parade. There
were this year in all 126 schools, with
a total of 52,500 teachers and scholars.
Services were held prior to the parade
in the various churches of the city, and
the schools afterward returned to their
rooms for refreshments. If nothing
else, the annual parade of the Brooklyn
Sunday-schools is a great object lesson,
emphasizing the importance of the
Sunday-school and the influential part
which it plays in the social and religious
life of that city."

THE diamonds worn by New York
bar-tenders are said to be worth \$350-
000. The Philadelphia News remarks
that the carbuncles worn on the noses
of New York bar patrons probably
cost about \$5,000,000.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

- 51.—Tester, teste, test.
52.—Trout, rout, out.
53.—Money.
54.—"Love thy neighbour as thy-
self."

NEW PUZZLES.**55.—CHARADES.**

A place of public sale; a personal
promise; clear profit. A strict disciplinarian.

56.—CURTAILMENTS.

Curtail a state, and leave a territory;
again, and leave a country.

Curtail to stain, and leave an apart-
ment in a Chinese temple; again, and
leave a metal.

57.—DIAMOND.

A consonant; an article; a country
of South America; a tree; a letter.

A letter; a prefix; a Judge of Israel;
the mother of Josiah; a King of Judah;
a son of Aaron; a letter.

58.—SQUARE WORD.

A cover for the head; a kind of
monkey; an instrument used for writ-
ing.

Varieties.

WE hear a good deal about the
"rage for speculation;" but the rage
generally comes after the speculation.

THERE is no power on earth that
can make a good citizen of a man who
does not work.

PUT a man into a factory as ignorant
how to prepare fabrics as some teachers
are to watch the growing of juvenile
minds, and what havoc would be made
of the raw material!—*Horace Mann.*

Two or three years ago some writers
were tracing the origin of the idea used
by Mr. Calhoun in the words, "masterly
inactivity," ascribing it to Sir James
Mackintosh and Edmund Burke. Per-
haps it found expression in the seventh
verse of the thirtieth chapter of Isaiah:
"For the Egyptians shall help in vain,
and to no purpose; therefore have I
cried concerning this, *their strength is
to sit still.*"

A PROFESSOR who got very angry at
the interruption of a working-man
while he was explaining the operation
of a machine in a factory, strolled away
in a huff, and asked another man:
"Who is that fellow that pretends to
know more than I do about that in-
strument?" "Oh, he is the man that
invented it," was the answer.

A DEAR old friend of mine used to
say, with the truest Christian charity,
when he heard any one being loudly con-
demned for some fault: "Ah! well, yes,
it seems very bad to me, because that's
not my way of sinning."—*Author of
"Old Jolliffe."*

Down in Salem, New Jersey, a case
was brought up in court, in which an
old boat was the property in dispute.
"Well, you see," said one of the wit-
nesses, "I owned one-third of the boat,
and Bill Monk owned one-third. So
we—" "but who owned the other one-
third?" asked the plaintiff's attorney.
"Heh!" queried the witness. "Who
owned the remaining one-third?" re-
peated the lawyer. "Oh!" exclaimed
the witness: "Nobody. There wasn't
only about two-thirds of a boat."