

## FAITHFULNESS IN HUMBLE PLACES.

**J**EAN INGELOW tells the following story of faithfulness in humble places:—

It was in one of the Orkney Islands, far beyond the North of Scotland. On the coast of this island there stood out a rock, called the Lonely Rock, very dangerous to navigators.

One night, long ago, there sat in a fisherman's hut ashore, a young young girl, toiling at her spinning wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds, and listening anxiously to the wind and sea.

At last the morning came, and one boat, that should have been riding on the waves, was missing. It was her father's boat and half a mile from the cottage her father's body was found, washed up upon the shore. He had been wrecked against this Lonely Rock.

That was more than fifty years ago. The girl watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people till it was laid in the grave; then she lay down on the bed and slept. When the night came she arose and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. All night long she sat by the candle, trimmed it when it flickered down, and spun.

So many hanks of yarn as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one hank over for her nightly candle. And from that time to the time of the telling of this story (for fifty years, through youth, maturity, into old age) she has turned night into day. And in the snowstorms of winter, in the serene calms of summer, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of that small candle. However far the fisherman might be standing out at sea, he had only to hear down straight for that lighted window, and he was sure of a safe entrance into the harbor. And so for all these fifty years that tiny light, flaming thus out of devotion and self-sacrifice, has helped and cheered and saved.

Surely this was finding chance for service in a humble place; surely this was lowliness glorified by faithfulness; surely the smile of the Lord Jesus must have followed along the beams of that poor candle, gleaming from that humble window, as they went wandering forth to bless and guide the fishermen tossing in their little boats upon the sea.

## ANGEL'S WORK.

In a palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman, with three children. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down on one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled. A smile of amusement

was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I'm going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car."

"Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered, "I had a good breakfast. She looked hungry, auntie; and so tired, too. I'll be back in a minute, auntie; I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to them."

About five minutes later, the lady saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they never had done before. The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said, "Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother, "but he's doing an angel's work, bless his dear heart."

## THE MISSIONARY VIOLIN.

The Rev. E. P. Scott, a missionary in India, saw one day in the street of the city where he was working, a queer-looking man, who had come down from some mountain village. Upon inquiry, Mr. Scott found that the people of that place had never heard the Gospel, and he made up his mind to carry it to them. His friends tried to dissuade him from his purpose, and told him that he would never come back. But he took his violin and started bravely off.

As he entered the village, he was at once surrounded by natives, and a dozen spears were pointed at his heart. Still he did not quail, but closing his eyes, lest the cruel faces so near his own should shake his courage, he began to play upon his violin the old hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." As the sweet notes fell upon the air, there was a sudden hush about him, and he wondered what had happened to his savage companions, but he did not pause until his arm was too tired to move the bow any longer.

Then glancing up, he saw that the men were standing motionless around him, and that tears were on many of the dusky cheeks. The power of that wonderful Name had made itself felt through the music, and awed them into silence. There was no further opposition to the messenger of good tidings.

Mr. Scott lived with these people for two years and a half, teaching them from the Bible and helping them in many ways. At the end of that time he was obliged to leave them, because his health was failing, but the inhabitants of the village went as far as possible with him on his journey, saying over and over, "Oh, missionary, do come back to us soon; there are tribes beyond us who must hear your story, too."